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POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL.

BY

PHILLIS WHEATLEY,

NEGRO SERVANT TO MR. JOHN WHEATLEY, OF BOSTON, IN NEW
ENGLAND.

WITH MEMOIRS,

BY W. ^A~~H~~ JACKSON.
↑

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DEDICATION.

To the Right Honorable the
COUNTESS OF HUNTINGTON

The following

POEMS

Are most respectfully inscribed, by her much
obliged, very humble, and
devoted servant,

PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

BOSTON, June 12, 1773.

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PREFACE.

The following poems were written originally for the amusement of the author, as they were the products of her leisure moments. She had no intention ever to have published them; nor would they now have made their appearance, but at the importunity of many of her best, and most generous friends, to whom she considers herself as under the greatest obligations.

As her attempts in poetry are now sent into the world, it is hoped the critic will not severely censure their defects; and we presume they have too much merit to be cast aside with contempt, as worthless and trifling effusions.

As to the disadvantages she has laboured under, with regard to learning, nothing needs to be offered, as her Master's letter in the following page will sufficiently show the difficulties in this respect she had to encounter.

With all these imperfections, the poems are now

humbly submitted to the perusal of the public. The following is a copy of a letter sent by the author's master to the publisher :

Phillis was brought from *Africa* to *America* in the year 1761, between seven and eight years of age. Without any assistance from school education, and by only what she was taught in the family, she in sixteen months time from her arrival, attained the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, to such a degree as to read any, the most difficult parts of the sacred writings, to the great astonishment of all who heard her.

As to her *writing*, her own curiosity led her to it, and this she learned in so short a time that in the year 1765, she wrote a letter to the Rev. Mr. Occum, the *Indian* minister, while in *England*.

She has a great inclination to learn the Latin tongue, and has made some progress in it. This relation is given by her master who bought her, and with whom she now lives.

JOHN WHEATLEY.

Boston, Nov. 14, 1772.

TO THE PUBLIC.

As it has been repeatedly suggested to the publisher by persons who have seen the manuscript, that numbers would be ready to suspect that they were not really the writings of PHILLIS, he has procured the following attestation, from the most respectable characters in Boston, that none might have the least ground for disputing their original :

We whose names are underwritten, do assure the world that the poems specified in the following page* were (as we verily believe), written by Phillis, a young negro girl, who was but a few years since, brought an uncultivated barbarian from *Africa*, and has ever since been, and now is, under the disadvantage of serving as a slave in a family in this town. She has been examined by some of the best judges, and is thought qualified to write them.

His Excellency, THOMAS HUTCHINSON, *Governor*.

The Hon. ANDREW OLIVER, *Lieutenant-Governor*.

The Hon. Thomas Hubbard,
 The Hon. John Erving,
 The Hon. James Pitts,
 The Hon. Harrison Gray,
 The Hon. James Bowdoin,
 John Hancock, Esq.,
 Joseph Green, Esq.,
 Richard Carey, Esq.,
 The Rev. Marcher Byles, D. D.,

The Rev. Charles Cheeney,
 D. D.,
 The Rev. Ed. Pemberton, D.D.,
 The Rev. Andrew Elliot, D. D.,
 The Rev. Samuel Cooper, D.D.,
 The Rev. Mr. Samuel Mather,
 The Rev. Mr. Joan Moorhead,
 Mr. John Wheatley, her master.

N. B. The original attestation, signed by the above gentlemen, may be seen by applying to *Archibald Bell*, Bookseller, No. 8, Aldgate Street.

* The words "following page" attached to the contents of the manuscript copy, which are wrote at the back of the above attestation.

POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

TO MÆCENAS..

Mæcenus, you, beneath the myrtle shade,
Read o'er what poets sung, and shepherds played.
What felt those poets but you feel the same ?
Does not your soul possess the sacred flame ?
Their noble strains your equal genius shares
In softer language, and diviner airs.

While *Homer* paints, lo ! circumfused in air,
Celestial gods in mortal forms appear ;
Swift as they move hear each recess rebound,
Heav'n quakes, earth trembles, and the shores
resound.

Great Sire of Verse, before my mortal eyes,
The lightnings blaze across the vaulted skies,
And, as the thunder shakes the heavenly plains,
A deep-felt horror thrills through all my veins.
When gentler strains demand thy graceful song,
The length'ning line moves languishing along.

When great *Patroclus* courts *Achilles'* aid
The grateful tribute of my tears is paid.
Prone on the shore he feels the pangs of love,
And stern *Pelides* tend'rest passions move.

Great *Maro's* strain in heav'nly numbers flows,
The *Nine* inspire, and all the bosom glows.
O could I rival thine and *Virgil's* page,
Or claim the Muses with the Mantuan Sage;
Soon the same beauties should my mind adorn,
And the same ardors in my soul should burn:
Then should my song in bolder notes arise,
And all my numbers pleasingly surprise;
But here I sit, and mourn a grov'ling mind,
That fain would mount, and ride upon the wind.

Not you, my friend, these plaintive strains become,
Not you, whose bosom is the *Muses* home;
When they from tow'ring *Helicon* retire,
They fan in you the bright, immortal fire,
But I, less happy, cannot raise the song;
The falt'ring music dies upon my tongue.

The Happier Terence* all the choir inspired,
His soul replenished and his bosom fired.
But say, ye *Muses*, why this partial grace,
To one alone of Afric's sable race;
From age to age transmitting thus his name
With the first glory in the rolls of fame?

Thy virtues, great *Mæcenas*, shall be sung
In praise of him, from whom those virtues sprung;
While blooming wreathes around thy temples
spread,
I'll snatch a laurel from thine honored head,
While you indulgent smile upon the deed.

As long as *Thames* in streams majestic flows,
Or *Naiads* in their oozy beds repose,
While *Phæbus* reigns above the starry train,
While bright *Aurora* purples o'er the main,
So long, great Sir, the muse thy praise shall sing,
So long thy praise shall make *Parnassus* ring.
Then grant, *Mæcenas*, thy paternal rays;
Hear me propitious, and defend my lays.

* He was an African by birth.

ON VIRTUE.

O, thou bright jewel, in my aim I strive
To comprehend thee ; thine own words declare
Wisdom is higher than a fool can reach,
I cease to wonder, and no more attempt
Thine height t' explore, or fathom thy profound
But, O my soul, sink not into despair,
Virtue is near thee, and with gentle hand
Would now embrace thee, hovers o'er thy head.
Fain would the heaven-born soul with her converse,
Then seek, then court her for her promised bliss.

Auspicious queen, thine heav'nly pinions spread,
And lead celestial *Chastity* along ;
Lo ! how her sacred retinue descends,
Arrayed in glory from the orbs above.
Attend me, Virtue, thro' my youthful years !
O, leave me not to the false joys of time !
But guide my steps to endless life and bliss.
Greatness, or *Goodness*, say what I shall call thee,
To give a higher appellation still,
Teach me a better strain, a nobler lay, [day !
O, thou ! enthroned with cherubs in the realms of

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE IN
NEW ENGLAND.

While an intrinsic ardor prompts to write,
The Muses promise to assist my pen ;
'Twas not long since I left my native shore,
The land of errors, and *Egyptian* gloom :
Father of mercy, 'twas Thy gracious hand
Brought me in safety from those dark abodes.
Students to You 'tis given to scan the heights
Above, to traverse the ethereal space,
And mark the systems of revolving worlds.
Still more, you sons of science, Ye receive
The blissful news by messengers from heav'n,
How *Jesus'* blood for your redemption flows,
See him with hands outstretched upon the Cross ;
Immense compassion in his bosom glows ;
He hears revilers, nor resents their scorn :
What matchless mercy in the Son of God !
When the whole human race by sin had fall'n,
He deign'd to die, that they might rise again,
And share with Him, in the sublimest skies,
Life without death, and glory without end.

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT
MAJESTY.

1768.

Your subjects hope, dread sire—
The crown upon your brows may flourish long,
And that your arm may in your God be strong!
O may your sceptre num'rous nations sway,
And all with love and readiness obey!

But how shall we the *British* king reward?
Rule thou in peace, our father and our lord!
Midst the remembrance of thy favors past,
The meanest peasant must admire the last.*
May *George*, beloved by all the nations round,
Live with heav'n's choicest constant blessings
crowned!

Great God, direct and guard him from on high,
And from his head let ev'ry evil fly!
And may each clime with equal gladness see
A Monarch's smile can set his subjects free!

*The Repeal of the Stamp Act.

ON BEING BROUGHT FROM AFRICA TO
AMERICA.

'Twas mercy brought me from my *Pagan* land,
Taught my benighted soul to understand
That there's a God, that there's a *Saviour* too;
Once I redemption neither sought nor knew.
Some view our sable race with scornful eye,
"Their color is a diabolic dye."
Remember, *Christians*, negroes, black as *Cain*,
May be refin'd, and join th' angelic train.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. SEWELL.

1769.

Ere yet the morn its lovely blushes spread,
See *Sewell* number'd with the happy dead.
Hail, holy man, arriv'd th' immortal shore,
Though we shall hear thy warning voice no more.
Come, let us all behold with wishful eyes
The saint ascending to his native skies;
From hence the prophet winged his rapt'ous way
To the blest mansions in eternal day.
Then begging for the spirit of our God,
And panting eager for the fame abode,
Come, let us all with the same vigor rise,
And take a prospect of the blissful skies;
While on our minds *Christ's* image is imprest,
And the dear Saviour glows in every breast.
Thrice happy saint! to find thy heart is at last,
What compensation for the evils past!
Great God, incomprehensible, unknown
By sense, we bow at thy exalted throne.

O, while we beg thine excellence to feel,
Thy sacred spirit to our heart reveal,
And give us of that mercy to partake,
Which thou hast promised for the *Saviour* sake!

“*Sewell* is dead,” Swift pinioned *Fame* thus cried.
“Is *Sewell* dead,” my trembling tongue replied,
O, what a blessing in his flight deny’d!
How oft for us the holy prophet prayed!
How oft to us the Word of Life conveyed!
By duty urged my mournful verse to close,
I for his tomb this epitaph compose.

“Lo, here a man, redeemed by *Jesus*’ blood,
“A sinner once, but now a saint with God;
“Behold ye rich, ye poor, ye fools, ye wise,
“Nor let his monument your heart surprise;
“’Twill tell you what this holy man has done,
“Which gives him brighter lustre than the sun.
“Listen ye happy, from your seats above,
“I speak sincerely, while I speak and love.
“Ye sought the paths of piety and truth
“By these made happy from his early youth!

“ In blooming years that grace divine he felt,
“ Which receives sinners from the chains of guilt.
“ Mourn him, ye indigent whom he has fed,
“ And henceforth seek, like him, for living bread ;
“ Ev’n *Christ*, the bread descending from above,
“ And ask an int’reast in his saving love.
“ Mourn him, ye youth, to whom he oft has told
“ God’s gracious wonder from the times of old.
“ I, too, have cause this mighty loss to mourn,
“ For he, my monitor, will not return.
“ O, when shall we to his blest state arrive ?
“ When the same graces in our bosoms thrive.”

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. GEORGE
WHITEFIELD. 1770.

Hail, happy saint, on thine immortal throne,
Possess of glory, life, and bliss unknown:
We hear no more the music of thy tongue,
Thy wonted auditories cease to throng.
Thy sermons in unequal'd accents flow'd,
And every bosom with devotion glow'd;
Thou didst in strains of eloquence refin'd
Inflame the heart and captivate the mind.
Unhappy we the sitting sun deplore,
So glorious once, but ah! it shines no more.

Behold the prophet in his tow'ring flight!
He leaves the earth for heav'n's unmeasured
height,
And worlds unknown receive him from our sight.
Where *Whitefield* wings with rapid course his way,
And sails to Zion through vast seas of day
Thy progress great saint, and thine incessant
cries
Have pierced the bosom of thy native skies.

Thou moon hast seen, and all the stars of light,
How he has wrestled with his God by night.
He prayed that grace in every heart might dwell,
He longed to see *America* excel;
He charged its youth that every grace divine,
Should with full lustre in their conduct shine;
That Savior, which his soul did first receive,
The greatest gift that ev'n a God can give,
He freely offer'd to the num'rous throng,
That on his lips with list'ning pleasure hung.

“Take him, ye wretched, for your only good,
“Take him, ye starving sinners, for your food;
“Ye thirsty, come to this life-giving stream,
“Ye preachers, take him for your joyful theme,
“Take him, my dear *Americans*, he said,
“Be your complaints on his kind bosom laid,
“Take him, ye *Africans*, he longs for you,
“*Impartial Savior* is his title due;
“Wash'd in the fountain of redeeming blood,
“Ye shall be sons, and kings, and priests to God.”

Great *Countess** we *Americans* revere
Thy name, and mingle in thy grief sincere ;
New England deeply feels, the *orphans* mourn,
Their more than father will no more return.
But, though arrested by the hand of death,
Whitefield no more exerts his lab'ring breath,
Yet let us view him in th' eternal skies,
Let ev'ry heart to this bright vision rise ;
While the tomb safe retains its sacred trust,
Till life divine reanimates his dust.

*The Countess of *Huntington*, to whom *Mr. Whitefield* was chaplain.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY OF
FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

From dark abodes to fair ethereal light
Th' enraptured innocent has wing'd her flight;
On the kind bosom of eternal love
She finds unknown beatitude above.
This know, ye parents, nor her loss deplore,
She feels the iron hand of pain no more;
The dispensations of unerring grace,
Should turn your sorrows into grateful praise;
Let then no tears for her henceforward flow,
No more distress'd in our dark vale below.

Her morning sun, which rose divinely bright,
Was quickly mantled with the gloom of night;
But hear in heav'n's blest bow'rs your *Nancy*
fair,

And learn to imitate her language there:

“Thou, Lord, whom I behold with glory crown'd,

“By what sweet name, and in what tuneful sound

“Wilt thou be praised? Seraphic pow'rs are faint

“Infinite love and majesty to paint.

“To Thee let all their grateful voices raise,
“And saints and angels join their songs of
praise.”

Perfect in bliss she from her heav'ly home
Looks down, and smiling beckons you to come.
Why then, fond parents, why these fruitless
groans?

Restrain your tears, and cease your plaintive
moans.

Freed from a world of sin, and snares, and pain,
Why would you wish your daughter back again?
No; bow resigned. Let hope your grief control,
And check the rising tumult of the soul.

Calm in the prosperous and adverse day,
Adore the God who gives and takes away;
Eye him in all, his holy name revere,
Upright your actions, and your hearts sincere,
Till having sail'd through life's tempestuous sea,
And from its rocks and boist'rous billows free,
Yourselves safe landed on the blissful shore,
Shall join your happy babe to part no more.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLE-
MAN.

Who taught the conflict with the pow'rs of
night

To vanquish Satan in the fields of fight?

Who strung thy feeble arms with might unknown,
How great thy conquest and how bright thy
crown!

War with each princedom, throne and pow'r, is
o'er,

The scene is ended to return no more.

O could my muse on high behold,

How deck'd with laurel, how enrich'd with gold!

O could she hear what praise thine harp em-
ploys,

How sweet thine anthems, how divine thy joys!

What heav'nly grandeur should exalt her strain!

What holy raptures in her numbers reign!

To sooth the troubles of the mind to peace,

To still the tumult of life's tossing seas,

To ease the anguish of the parents' heart,

What shall my sympathizing verse impart?

Where is the balm to heal so deep a wound?
Where shall a sovereign remedy be found?
Look gracious spirit from thine heavenly bow'r,
And thy full joys into their bosoms pour;
The raging tempest of their grief control,
And spread the dawn of glory through the soul,
To eye the path the saint departed trod,
And trace him to the bosom of his God.

TO A LADY ON THE DEATH OF HER
HUSBAND.

Grim monarch! see, depriv'd of vital breath
A young physician in the dust of death:
Dost thou go on incessant to destroy,
Our griefs to double, and lay waste our joy?
Enough thou never yet was known to say,
Though millions die, the vassals of thy sway;
Nor youth, nor science, nor the ties of love,
Nor aught on earth thy flinty heart can move.
The friend, the spouse from his dire dart to save,
In vain we ask the sov'reign of the grave.

Fair mourner, there see thy loved Leonard laid,
And o'er him spread the deep impervious shade;
Clos'd are his eyes, and heavy fetters keep
His senses bound in never-waking sleep,
Till time shall cease, till many a starry world
Shall fall from heav'n, in dire confusion hurled,
Till nature in her final wreck shall lie,
And her last groan shall rend the azure sky;
Not, not till then his active soul claim
His body, a divine immortal frame.

But see the softly-stealing tears apace
Pursue each other down the mourner's face ;
But cease thy tears, bid ev'ry sigh depart,
And cast the load of anguish from thine heart ;
From the cold shell of his great soul arise,
And look beyond thou native of the skies ;
There fix thy view, where fleeter than the wind
Thy *Leonard* mounts, and leaves the earth behind.
Thyself prepare to pass the vale of night
To join forever on the the hills of light ;
To thine embrace his joyful spirit moves
To thee, the partner of his earthly loves ;
He welcomes thee to pleasures more refin'd,
And better suited to th' immortal mind.

GOLIATH OF GATH.

I SAM. CHAP. XVII.

Ye martial pow'rs, and all ye tuneful nine,
Inspire my song and aid my high design.
The dreadful scenes and toils of war I write,
The ardent warriors, and the fields of fight:
You best remember, and you best can sing
The acts of heroes to the vocal string:
Resume the lays with which your sacred lyre,
Did then the poet and the sage inspire.

Now front to front the armies were displayed,
Here *Israel* rang'd and there the foes arrayed:
The hosts on two opposing mountains stood,
Thick as the foliage of the waving wood;
Between them an extensive valley lay,
O'er which the gleaming armour pour'd the day,
When from the camp of the *Philistine* foes,
Dreadful to view, a mighty warrior rose;
In the dire deeds of bleeding battle skilled,
The monster stalks the terror of the field.

From Gath he sprung, Goliah was his name,
Of fierce deportment and gigantic frame:
A brazen helmet on his head was placed,
A coat of mail his form terrific grac'd,
The greaves his legs, the targe his shoulders prest:
Dreadful in arms high tow'ring o'er the rest
A spear he proudly waved, whose iron head,
Strange to relate, six hundred shekels weighed:
He strode along and shook the ample field,
While *Phoebus* blaz'd refulgent on his shield
Through *Jacob's* race a chilling horror ran,
When thus the huge, enormous chief began:
"Say, what the cause that in this proud array
"You set your battle in the face of day?
"One hero find in all your vaunting train,
"Then see who loses, and who wins the plain;
"For he who wins in triumph may demand
"Perpetual service from the vanquished land:
"Your armies I defy, your force despise,
"By far inferior in Philistia's eyes:
"Produce a man and let us try the fight,
"Decide the contest, and the victor's right."

Thus challeng'd he, all Israel stood amazed,
And every chief in consternation gazed ;
But *Jesse's* son in youthful bloom appears,
And warlike courage far beyond his years :
He left the folds, he left the flowering meads,
And soft recesses of the sylvan shades.
Now *Israel's* monarch, and his troops arise,
With peals of shouts ascending to the skies :
In *Elab's* vale the scene of combat lies.

When the fair morning blush'd with orient red,
What *David's* sire enjoined the son obey'd,
And swift of foot towards the trench he came,
Where glowed each bosom with the martial flame,
He leaves his carriage to another's care,
And runs to greet his brethren of the war.
While yet they spake the giant-chief arose,
Repeats his challenge and insults his foes.

Struck with the sound and trembling at the view,
Affrighted Israel from its post withdrew.

“ Observe ye this tremendous foe, they cry'd

“ Who in proud vaunts our armies hath defi'd ;

“Whoever lays him prostrate on the plain,
 “Freedom in *Israel* for his house shall gain;
 “And on him wealth unknown the king will pour,
 “And give his royal daughter for his dow’r.”

Then Jesse’s youngest hope: “My brethren, say
 “What shall be done for him who takes away
 “Reproach from *Jacob*, who destroys the chief,
 “And puts a period to his country’s grief?
 “He vaunts the honors of his arms abroad,
 “And scorns the armies of the living God.”

Thus spoke the youth, th’ attentive people ey’d
 The wond’rous hero, and again reply’d:

“Such the rewards our monarch will bestow,
 “On him who conquers and destroys his foe.”

Eliab heard, and kindled into ire

To hear his shepherd brother thus inquire,

And thus begun? “What errand brought thee?

say,

“Who keeps thy flock? or does it go astray?

“I know the base ambition of thine heart,

“But back in safety from the field depart.”

Eliab thus to *Jesse's* youngest heir,
Express'd his wrath in accents most severe.
When to his brother mildly he reply'd,
“What have I done? or what the cause to chide?”

The words were told before the king, who sent
For the young hero to his royal tent:
Before the monarch, dauntless, he began,
“For this *Philistine* fail no heart of man:
“I'll take the vale and with the giant fight:
“I dread not all his boasts, nor all his might.”
When thus the king: “Dar'st thou a stripling go,
“And venture combat with so great a foe?
“Who all his days has been inur'd to fight,
“And made its deeds his study and delight:
“Battles and bloodshed brought the monster forth,
“And clouds and whirlwinds usher'd in his birth.”
“When David thus: “I kept the fleecy care,
“And out there rushed a lion and a bear;
“A tender lamb the hungry lion took,
“And with no other weapon than my crook
“Bold I pursued, and chas'd him o'er the field,
“The prey deliver'd, and the felon killed;

“As thus the lion and the bear I slew,
“So shall *Goliath* fall, and all his crew:
“The God who sav’d me from these beasts of prey
“By me this monster in the dust shall lay.”
So David spoke. The wond’ring king reply’d,
“Go thou with heav’n and victory on thy side:
“This coat of mail, this sword gird on,” he said,
And plac’d mighty helmet on his head.
The coat, the sword, the helm he laid aside,
Then took his staff, and to the neighb’ring brook
Instant he ran, and thence five pebbles took.
Meantime descended to Philistia’s son
A radiant cherub, and he thus begun:
“Goliath, well thou know’st thou hast defy’d
“Yon Hebrew armies, and their God denied;
“Rebellious wretch! audacious worm! forbear,
“Nor tempt the vengeance of their God too far:
“Them, who with his omnipotence contend,
“No eye shall pity, and no arm defend.
“Proud as thou art, in short liv’d glory great,
“I come to tell thee thine approaching fate.
“Regard my words. The judge of all the gods,
“Beneath whose steps the tow’ring mountain nods,

“ Will give thine armies to the savage brood,
“ That cut the liquid air, or range the wood.
“ Thee too a well aimed pebble shall destroy,
“ And thou shalt perish by a beardless boy:
“ Such is the mandate from the realms above,
“ And should I try the vengeance to remove
“ Myself a rebel to my king would prove,
“ Who dares heav’n’s monarch and insults his
 throne.”

“ Your words are lost on me,” the giant cries,
While fear and wrath contended in his eyes,
When thus the messenger from heav’n replies:
“ Provoke no more *Jehovah’s* awful hand
“ To hurl its vengeance on the guilty land:
“ He grasps the thunder, and he wings the storm,
“ Servants their sov’reign’s orders to perform.”

The angel spoke, and turned his eyes away,
Adding new radiance to the rising day.

Now *David* comes: the fatal stones demand
His left, the staff engaged his better hand:

The giant mov'd, and from his tow'ring height
Survey'd the stripling, and disdain'd the fight,
And thus began: "Am I a dog with thee?
"Bring'st thou no armor, but a staff to me?
"The gods on thee their vullied curses pour,
"And beasts and birds of prey thy flesh devour."

David, undaunted, thus: "Thy spear and shield
"Shall no protection to thy body yield:
"Jehovah's name — no other arms I bear;
"I ask no other in this glorious war.
"To-day the Lord of Hosts to me will give
"Vict'ry, to-day thy doom thou shalt receive;
"The fate you threaten shall your own become,
"And beasts shall be your animated tomb,
"That all the earth's inhabitants may know,
"That there's a God who governs all below;
"This great assembly too shall witness stand,
"That needs nor sword, nor spear th' Almighty's
hand;
"The battle his, the conquest he bestows,
"And to our pow'r consigns our hated foes."

Thus David spoke; *Goliath* heard and came
To meet the hero in the field of fame:
Ah! fatal meeting to thy troops and thee,
But thou wast dead to the divine decree;
Young *David* meets thee, meets thee not in vain;
T'is thine to perish on th' ensanguined plain.

And now the youth the forceful pebble flung,
Philistia trembled as it whizzed along;
In his dread forehead, where the helmet ends,
Just o'er the brows the well aimed stone descends,
It pierced the skull, and shattered all the brain,
Prone on his face he tumbled to the plain;
Goliath's fall no smaller terror yields
Than riving thunders in the aerial fields;
The soul still lingered in its lov'd abode,
Till conquering *David* o'er the giant stood,
Goliath's sword then laid its master dead,
And from the body hew'd the ghastly head;
The blood in gushing torrents drenched the plains,
The soul found passage through the spouting
veins,

And now aloud th' illustrious victor said,
"Where are your boastings now your champion's
dead?"

Scarce had he spoke, when the Philistines fled;
But fled in vain; the conqu'ror swift pursued;
What scenes of slaughter! and what seas of blood!
There *Saul* thy thousands grasp'd the impurpled
sand.

In pangs of death the conquest of thy hands;
And *David* there were thy ten thousands laid;
Thus *Israel's* damsels musically play'd.

Near *Gath* and *Ekron* many a hero lay,
Breath'd out their souls, and curs'd the light of
day;

Their fury, quench'd by death, no longer burns,
And *David* with *Goliath's* head returns,
To Salem brought, but in his tent he plac'd
The load of armour which the giant grac'd.
His monarch saw him coming from the war,
And these demanded from the son of *Ner*.
"Say, who is this amazing youth?" he cried,
When thus the leader of the host replied:

“ As lives thy soul I know not whence he sprang,
“ So great in powers though in years so young.”
“ Inquire whose son he is,” the Sovereign said,
“ Before whose conq’ring arm Philistia fled.”
Before the king behold the stripling stand,
Goliath’s head depending from his hand ;
To him the king : “ Say of what martial line
“ Art thou young hero and what sire was thine ? ”
He humbly thus : “ The son of Jesse I ;
“ I came the glories of the field to try,
“ Small is my tribe, but valiant in the fight ;
“ Small is my city, but thy royal right.”
“ Then take the promis’d gifts,” the monarch
cried,
Conferring riches and the royal bride ;
Knit to my soul forever thou remain
With me, nor quit my regal roof again.

THOUGHTS ON THE WORKS OF PROVIDENCE.

Arise, my soul, on wings enraptured rise,
To praise the monarch of the earth and skies,
Whose goodness and beneficence appear
As round its center moves the rolling year,
Or when the morning glows with rosy charms,
Or the sun slumbers in the ocean's arms;
Of light divine be a rich portion lent,
To guide my soul and favor my intent.
Celestial muse, my arduous flight sustain,
And raise my mind to a seraphic strain.

Adored forever be the God unseen,
Which round the sun revolves this vast machine,
Though to his eye its mass a point appears;
Ador'd the God that whirls surrounding spheres,
Which first ordained that mighty *Sol* should
 reign,
The peerless monarch of th' ethereal train;

Of miles twice forty millions is his height,
And yet his radiance dazzles mortal sight,
So far beneath — from him th' extended earth
Vigor derives, and ev'ry flow'ry birth;
Vast through her orb she moves with easy grace,
Around her *Phœbus* in unbounded space;
True to her course th' impetuous storm derides,
Triumphant o'er the winds and surging tides.

Almighty, in these wondrous works of thine,
What *Pow'r*, what *Wisdom* and what *Goodness*
shine!

And are thy wonders, Lord, by men explor'd,
And yet creating glory unador'd!

Creation smiles in various beauty gay,
While day to night, and day succeeds to day;
That *Wisdom* which attends *Jehovah's* ways,
Shines most conspicuous in the solar rays;
Without them, destitute of heat and light,
This world would be the reign of endless night;
In their excess how would our race complain,
Abhorring life! how hate its lengthen'd chain!

From air a-dust what num'rous ills would rise?
What dire contagion taint the burning skies?
What pestilential vapors, fraught with death,
Would rise and overspread the lands beneath!

Hail, smiling morn, that from the orient main
Ascending dost adorn the heavenly plain!
So rich, so various are thy beauteous dyes,
That spread through all the circuit of the skies,
That, full of Thee, my soul in rapture soars,
And thy great God, the cause of all adores.

O'er beings infinite His love extends,
His *Wisdom* rules them, and His Pow'r defends,
When talks diurnal tire the human frame,
The spirits faint, and dim the vital flame,
Then too that ever active bounty shines,
Which not infinity of space confines.
The sable veil, that *Night* in silence draws,
Conceals effects, but shows th' *Almighty Cause*;
Night seals in sleep the wide creation fair,
And all is peaceful but the brow of care.

Again, gay *Phæbus* as the day before,
Wakes ev'ry eye, but what shall wake no more;
Again the face of nature is renew'd,
Which still appears harmonious, fair and good.
May grateful strains salute the smiling morn,
Before its beams the eastern hills adorn!

Shall day to day, and night to night, conspire
To show the goodness of the Almighty sire?
This mental voice shall man, regardless, hear,
And never, never raise the filial prayer?
Today, O hearken, nor your folly mourn
For time misspent, that never will return.

But see the sons of vegetation rise,
And spread their leafy banners to the skies.
Allwise, Almighty Providence we trace
In trees, and plants, and all the flow'ry race;
As clear as in the nobler frame of man,
All lovely copies of the Maker's plan.
Th' pow'r the same that forms a ray of light,
That call'd creation from eternal night.

“ Let there be light,” He said : from His profound
Old *Chaos* heard, and trembled at the sound :
Swift as the word, inspir’d by pow’r divine,
Behold the light around its Maker shine,
The first fair product of th’ omnisc God,
And now through all his works diffus’d abroad.

As reason’s pow’rs by day our God disclose,
So may we trace him in the nights repose !
Say, what is sleep ? and dreams, how passing
strange !

When action ceases, and the ideas range
Licentious and unbounded o’er the plains,
Where *Fancy’s* queen in giddy triumph reigns.
Hear, in soft strains, the dreaming lover sigh
To a kind fair, or rave in jealousy ;
On pleasure now, and now on vengeance bent,
The lab’ring passions struggle for a vent.
What pow’r, O man ! thy reason then restores,
So long suspended in nocturnal hours !
What secret hand returns the mental train,
And gives, improv’d, thine active pow’rs a gain ?
From thee, O man, what gratitude should rise !

And when from balmy sleep thou op'st thine
eyes,

Let thy first thoughts be praises to the skies.
How merciful our God who thus imparts
O'erflowing tides of joy to human hearts,
When wants and woes might be our righteous lot,
Our God forgetting by our God forgot!

Among the mental pow'rs a question rose,
"What most the image of th' Eternal shows?"
When thus to *Reason* (so let *Fancy* rove)
Her great companion spoke immortal *Love*.

"Say mighty pow'r, how long shall strife prevail,
"And with its murmurs load the whisp'ring gale?
"Refer the cause to *Recollection's* shrine,
"Who loud proclaims my origin divine,
"The cause whence heav'n and earth began to be,
"And is not man immortalized by me?
"Reason let this most ceaseless strife subside."
Thus *Love* pronounced and *Reason* thus reply'd:

"Thy birth, celestial queen! 'tis mine to own,
"In thee resplendent is the God-head shown;

“Thy words persuade, my soul enraptur’d feels,
“Resistless beauty which thy smile reveals.”
Ardent she spoke, and, kindling at her charms,
She clasp’d the blooming goddess in her arms.

Infinite *Love* where’er we turn our eyes
Appears: This ev’ry creature’s wants supplies;
This most is heard in Nature’s constant voice,
This makes the morn, and this the eve rejoice;
This bids the fost’ring rains and dews descend
To nourish all, to serve one general end,
The good of man: yet man ungrateful pays
But little homage, and but little praise,
To Him, whose works array’d with mercy shine,
What songs should rise, how constant, how divine!

TO A LADY ON THE DEATH OF THREE
RELATIONS.

We trace the pow'r of Death from tomb to tomb,
And his are all the ages yet to come.

'Tis his to call the planets from on high,
To blacken *Phæbus*, and dissolve the sky ;
His too, when all in his dark realms are hurl'd,
From its firm base to shake the solid world ;
His fatal sceptre rules the spacious whole,
And trembling nature rocks from pole to pole.

Awful he moves and wide his wings are spread :
Behold thy brother numbered with the dead !
From bondage freed, the exulting spirit flies
Beyond *Olympus* and these starry skies,
Lost in our woe for thee, blest shade, we mourn
In vain ; to earth thou never must return.
Thy sisters too, fair mourner, feel the dart
Of Death, and with fresh torture rend thine heart.
Weep not for them, who wish thine happy mind
To rise with them, and leave the world behind.

As a young plant by hurricanes uptorn,
So near its parent lies the newly-born—
But 'midst the bright ethereal train behold
It shines superior on a throne of gold!
Then, mourner, cease! let hope thy tears restrain,
Smile on the tomb, and soothe the raging pain.
On you blest regions fix thy longing view,
Mindless of sublunary scenes below;
Ascend the sacred mount, in thought arise,
And seek substantial, and immortal joys;
Where hope receives, where faith to vision springs,
And raptur'd seraphs tune th' immortal strings
To strains ecstatic! Thou the chorus join,
And to thy Father tune the praise divine.

TO A CLERGYMAN ON THE DEATH OF
HIS LADY.

Where contemplation finds her sacred spring,
Where heav'nly music makes the arches ring,
Where virtue reigns unsully'd and divine,
There sits thy spouse amidst the radiant throng,
While praise eternal warbles from her tongue ;
There choirs angelic shout her welcome round,
With perfect bliss, and peerless glory crown'd.

While thy dear mate, to flesh no more confin'd,
Exults a blest, an heaven-ascended mind,
Say, in thy breast shall floods of sorrow rise ?
Say, shall its torrents overwhelm thine eyes ?
Amid the seats of heav'n the place is free,
And angels ope their bright ranks for thee ;
For thee they wait, and with expectant eye
Thy spouse leans downward from th' emperial sky ;
“ O come away, her longing spirit cries,
“ And share with me the raptures of the skies,
“ Our bliss divine to mortals is unknown ;
“ Immortal life and glory are our own.

“ There, too, may the dear pledges of our love
“ Arrive, and taste with us the joys above ;
“ Attune the harp to more than mortal lays,
“ And join with us the tribute of their praise
“ To Him, who died stern justice to atone,
“ And make eternal glory all our own.
“ He in His death slew ours, and, as He rose,
“ He crush’d the dire dominion of our foes ;
“ Vain were their hopes to put the God to flight,
“ Chain us to hell, and bar the gates of light.”
She spoke, and turn’d from mortal scenes her eyes
Which beam’d celestial radiance o’er the skies.

Then thou, dear man, no more with grief retire,
Let grief no longer damp devotion’s fire,
But rise sublime, to equal bliss aspire.
Thy sighs no more be wafted by the wind,
No more complain, but be to heav’n resign’d.
’Twas thine t’ unfold the oracles divine,
To soothe our woes the task was also thine ;
Now sorrow is incumbent on thy heart,
Permit the muse a cordial to impart ;
Who can, to thee their tend’rest aid refuse
To dry thy tears how longs the heav’nly muse !

AN HYMN TO THE MORNING.

Attend, my lays, ye ever honor'd nine,
 Assist my labours, and my strains refine;
 In smoothest numbers pour the notes along,
 For bright *Aurora* now demands my song.

Aurora hail! and all the thousands dies,
 Which deck thy progress through the vaulted
 skies.

The morn awakes, and wide extends her rays,
 On every leaf the gentle zephyr plays;
 Harmonious lays the feathered race resume,
 Dart the bright eye and shake the painted plume.
 Ye shady groves, your verdant glooms display
 To shield your poet from the burning day;
Calliope awake the sacred lyre,
 While the fair sisters fan the pleasing fire;
 The bow'rs, the gales, the variegated skies
 In all their pleasures in my bosom rise.
 See in the east th' illustrious King of day!
 His rising radiance drives the shades away,
 But oh! I feel his fervid beams too strong,
 And scarce began, concludes the abortive song.

AN HYMN TO THE EVENING.

Soon as the sun forsook the eastern main
The peals of thunder shook the heav'nly plain;
Majestic grandeur! From zephyrs wing,
Exhales the incense of the blooming spring.
Soft purl the streams, the birds renew their notes,
And through the air their mingled music floats
Through all the heav'ns what beauteous dyes are
spread,

But the west glories in the deepest red;
So may our breasts with ev'ry virtue glow,
The living temples of our God below!

Filled with the praise of him who gives the light,
And draws the sable curtains of the night,
Let placid slumbers sooth each weary mind,
At morn to wake more heav'nly, more refin'd,
So shall the labours of the day begin
More pure, more guarded from the snares of sin.

Night's leaden sceptre seals my drowsy eyes,
Then cease, my song, till fair *Aurora* rise.

ISAIAH LXIII, 1-3.

Say, heav'nly muse, what king or mighty God,
That moves sublime from *Idumea's* road?
In *Bozrah's* dies, with martial glories join'd,
His purple vesture waves upon the wind.
Why thus enrob'd delights he to appear
In the dread image of the Pow'r of war!
Compress'd in wrath the swelling wine-press
groan'd,
It bled, and pour'd the gushing purple round,
"Mine was th' act" the Almighty Savior said,
And shook the dazzling glories of his head,
"When all forsook, I trod the press alone
"And conquer'd by omnipotence my own;
"For man's release sustained the pond'rous load,
"For man the wrath of an immortal God;
"To execute th' Eternal's dread command,
"My soul I sacrific'd with willing hand;
"Sinless I stood before the avenging frown,
"Atoning thus for vices not my own."

His eye the ample field of battle round
Survey'd, but no created succours found ;
His own omnipotence sustained the fight,
His vengeance sunk the haughty foes in night ;
Beneath his feet the prostrate troops were spread,
And round him lay the dying and the dead.

Great God, what lightning flasbes from thine
eyes?

What pow'r withstands if thou indignant rise ?
Against thy *Zion* though her foes may rage,
And all their cunning, all their strength engage,
Yet she serenely on thy bosom lies,
Smiles at their arts, and all their force defies.

ON RECOLLECTION.

Mneme begin. Inspire, ye sacred nine,
 Your vent'rous *Afric* in her great design.
Mneme, immortal pow'r, I trace thy spring,
 Assist my strains, while I thy glories sing,
 The acts of long departed years, by thee
 Recover'd, in due order ranged we see,
 Thy pow'r the long forgotten calls from night,
 That sweetly plays before the fancy's fight.

Mneme, in our nocturnal visions pours
 The ample treasure of her secret stores;
 Swift from above she wings her silent flight,
 Through *Phoebe's* realms, fair regent of the night,
 And in her pomp of images display'd,
 To the high raptured poet gives her aid,
 Through the unbounded regions of the mind,
 Diffusing light celestial and refin'd,
 The heav'nly phantom paints the actions done
 By ev'ry tribe beneath the rolling sun.

Mneme, enthron'd within the human breast,
 Has vice condemned and every virtue blest,

How sweet the sound when we her plaudit hear?
Sweeter than music to the ravish'd ear,
Sweeter than *Maro's* entertaining strains,
Resounding through the groves, and hills and
plains.

But how is *Mneme* dreaded by the race,
Who scorn her warnings, or despise her grace?
By her unveil'd each horrid crime appears,
Her awful hand a cup of wormwood bears.
Days, years misspent, O what a hell of woe!
Hers the worst torture that our souls can know.

Now eighteen years their destin'd course have run,
In fast succession round the central sun.
How did the follies of that period pass
Unnoticed, but beheld them writ in brass!
In Recollection see them fresh return,
And sure 'tis mine to be ashamed, and mourn.
O, *Virtue*, smiling in immortal green,
Do thou exert thy pow'r, and change the scene;
Be thine employ to guide my future days,
And mine to pay the tribute of my praise.

Of *Recollection* such the pow'r enthron'd
In every breast, and thus her pow'r is own'd.
The wretch who dared the vengeance of the skies,
At last awakes in horror and surprise,
By her alarm'd, he sees impending fate,
He howls in anguish, and repents too late.
But O! what peace, what joys are hers to impart
To ev'ry holy, evr'y upright heart!
Thrice blest the man, who, in her sacred shrine,
Feels himself shelter'd from the wrath divine!

ON IMAGINATION.

Thy various works, imperial queen, we see,
How bright their forms! how decked with pomp
by thee!

Thy wond'rous acts in beauteous order stand,
And all attest how potent is thine hand.

From *Helicon's* refulgent height attend,
Ye sacred choir, and my attempts befriend;
To tell her glories with a faithful tongue,
Ye blooming graces, triumph in my song.

Now here, now there, the roving *Fancy* flies,
Till some lov'd object strikes his wand'ring eyes,
Whose silken fetters all the senses bind,
And soft captivity involves the mind.

Imagination! who can sing thy force?
Or who describe the swiftness of thy course?
Soaring through air to find the bright abode,
Th' empyreal palace of the thun'dring God,
We on thy pinions can surpass the wind,
And leave the rolling universe behind:

From star to star the mental optics rove,
Measure th' skies and range the realms above,
There, in one view, we grasp the mighty whole,
Or with new worlds amaze th' unbounded soul.

Though *Winter* frowns to *Fancy's* raptur'd eyes
The fields may flourish, and gay scenes arise;
The frozen deeps may break their iron bands,
And bid their waters murmur o'er the sands.
Fair *Flora* may resume her fragrant reign,
And with her flow'ry riches deck the plain;
Sylvanus may diffuse his honors round,
And all the forest may with leaves be crown'd
Show'rs may descend, and dews their gems disclose,
And nectar sparkle on the blooming rose.

Such is thy pow'r, nor are thine orders vain,
O thou the leader of the mental train:
In full perfection all thy works are wrought,
And thine the sceptre o'er the realms of thought.
Before thy throne the subject passions bow,
Of subject passions sov'reign ruler thou;
At thy command joy rushes on the heart,
And through the glowing veins the spirits dart.

Fancy might now her silken pinions try
To rise from earth and sweep th' expanse on high
From *Tithou's* bed now might *Aurora* rise,
Her cheeks all glowing with celestial dyes,
While a pure stream of light o'erflows the skies.
The monarch of the day I might behold,
And all the mountains tipt with radiant gold,
But I reluctant leave the pleasing views,
Which *Fancy* dresses to delight the *Muse*;
Winter austere forbids me to aspire
And northern tempests damp the rising fire;
They chill the tides of *Fancy's* flowing sea,
Cease then, my song, cease the unequal lay.

A FUNERAL POEM ON THE DEATH OF C.
R., AN INFANT OF TWELVE
MONTHS.

Through airy roads he wings his infant flight
To purer regions of celestial light ;
Enlarg'd he sees unnumber'd systems roll,
Beneath him sees the universal whole,
Planets on planets run their destin'd round,
And circling wonders fill the vault profound.
Th' ethereal, and now th' empyreal skies
With glowing splendors, strike his wond'ring eyes ;
The angels view him with delight unknown,
Press his soft hand, and seat him on his throne ;
Then smiling thus: " To this divine abode,
" The seat of saints, of seraphs and of God
" Thrice welcome thou." The raptur'd babe re-
plies :
" Thanks to my God, who snatched me to the
skies,
" E'er vice triumphant had possess'd my heart,
" E'er yet the tempter had beguil'd my heart,
" E'er yet on sins base actions I was bent,

“ E’er yet I knew temptations dire intent ;
“ E’er yet the lash of horrid crimes I felt,
“ E’er vanity had led my way to guilt,
“ But soon arrived at my celestial goal,
“ Full glories rush on my expanding soul.”
Joyful he spoke : exulting cherubs round
Clapt their glad wings, the heav’nly vaults resound

Say, parents, why this unavailing moan ?
Why heave the pensive bosoms with the groan ?
To Charles the happy subject of my song,
A brighter world, and nobler strains belong.
Say, would you tear him from the realms above
By thoughtless wishes, and prepost’rous love ?
Doth his felicity increase your pain ?
Or could you welcome to this world again
The heir of bliss ? with a superior air
Methinks he answers, with a smile severe,
“ Thrones and dominions cannot tempt me there.”
But still you cry, “ Can we the sigh forbear,
“ And still and still must we not pour the tear ?
“ Our only hope, more dear than vital breath,
“ Twelve moons revolv’d, becomes the prey of death ;

“ Delightful infant, mighty visions give
“ Thee to our arms, and we with joy receive,
“ We fain would clasp the *Phantom* to our breast.”
The *Phantom* flies, and leaves the soul unblest.
To yon bright regions let your faith ascend
Prepare to join your dearest infant friend
In pleasures without measure, without end.

TO CAPTAIN H—D, OF THE 65TH
REGIMENT.

Say, muse divine, can hostile scenes delight
The warrior's bosom in the fields of fight?
Lo! here the christian, and the hero join
With mutual grace to form the man divine,
In H—d see with pleasure and surprise,
Where *valour* kindles, and where *virtue* lies;
Go, hero brave, still grace the post of fame,
And add new glories to thine honor'd name,
Still to the field, and still to virtue true,
Britannia glories in no son like you.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM,
EARL OF DARTMOUTH.

His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for North America, etc.

Hail, happy day, when smiling like the morn,
Fair *Freedom* rose New England to adorn;
The northern clime beneath her genial ray,
Dartmouth congratulates thy blissful sway;
Elate with hope her race no longer mourns,
Each soul expands, each grateful bosom burns,
While in thine hand with pleasure we behold
The silken reins, and Freedom's charms unfold.
Long lost to realms beneath the northern skies
She shines supreme, while hated faction dies;
Soon as appeared the *Goddess* long desir'd,
Sick at the view, she languish'd and expir'd;
Thus from the splendor of the morning light
The owl in sadness seeks the caves of night.

No more *America*, in mournful strain
Of wrongs, and grievance unredress'd complain,
No longer shall thou dread the iron chain,

Which wanton *Tyranny* with lawless hand
Had made, and with it meant to enslave the land.
Should you, my lord, while you peruse my song,
Wonder from whence my love of *Freedom* sprung,
Whence flow these wishes for the common good,
By feeling hearts alone best understood,
I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate
Was snatch'd from Afric's fancy'd happy seat ;
What pangs excruciatingly must molest,
What sorrows labour in my parent's breast ?
Steel'd was that soul and by no misery mov'd
That from a father seized his babe belov'd ;
Such, such my case. And can I then but pray
Others may never feel tyrannic sway ?

For favors past, great Sir, our thanks are due,
And thee we ask thy favors to renew,
Since in thy pow'r, as in thy will before,
To sooth the griefs, which thou didst once deplore.
May heav'nly grace the sacred sanction give
To all thy works, and thou forever live
Not only on the wings of fleeting *Fame*,
Though praise immortal crowns the patriot's name,

But to conduct to heav'n's refulgnet fane
May fiery coursers sweep th' etherial plain,
And bear thee upwards to the blest abode,
Where, like the prophet, thou shalt find thy God.

*

ODE TO NEPTUNE.

ON MRS. W——'S VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

I.

While raging tempests shake the shore,
While Æ'lus' thunders round us roar,
And sweep impetuous o'er the plain,
Be still, O tyrant of the main!
Nor let thy brow contracted frowns betray,
While my Susannah skims the wat'ry way.

II.

The Pow'r propitious hears the lay,
The blue ey'd daughters of the sea
With sweeter cadence glide along,
And *Thames* responsive joins the song.
Pleas'd with their notes *Sol* sheds benign his ray,
And double radiance decks the face of day

III.

To court thee to *Britannia's* arms,
Serene the climes and mild the sky,
Her region boasts unnumber'd charms,
Thy welcome smiles in ev'ry eye.
Thy promise *Neptune* keep, record my prayer
Nor give my wishes to the empty air.

BOSTON, October 10, 1772.

TO A LADY ON HER COMING TO NORTH
AMERICA WITH HER SON, FOR
THE RECOVERY OF HER
HEALTH.

Indulgent muses! my grov'ling mind inspire,
And fill my bosom with celestial fire.

See from Jamaica's torrid shore she moves,
Like the fair mother of the blooming' loves,
When from above the Goddess with her hand
Fans the soft breeze, and lights upon the land ;
Thus she on *Neptune's* wat'ry realm reclin'd,
Appear'd, and thus invites the ling'ring wind.

“ Arise ye winds, *America* explore,
“ Waft me, ye gales, from this malignant shore ;
“ The *Northern* milder climes I long to greet,
“ There hope that health will my arrival meet.”
Soon as she spoke, in my ideal view,
The winds assented, and the vessel flew.
Madam, your spouse bereft of wife and son,
In the grove's dark recesses pours his moan ;

Each branch, wide spreading to the ambient sky,
Forget his verdure, and submits to die.

From thence I turn, and leave the sultry plain,
And swift pursue thy passage o'er the main ;
The ship arrives before the fav'ing wind,
And makes the *Philadelphian* port assign'd,
Thence I attend you to *Bostonia's* arms,
Where gen'rous friendship ev'ry bosom warms ;
Thrice welcome here ! may health revive again,
Bloom on the cheek, and bound in ev'ry vein !
Then back return to gladden ev'ry heart,
And give your spouse his soul's far dearer part,
Received again with what a sweet surprise,
The tear in transport starting from his eyes !
While his attendant son, with blooming grace,
Springs to his father's ever dear embrace,
With shouts of joy Jamaica's rocks resound,
With shouts of joy the country rings around.

TO A LADY ON HER REMARKABLE
PRESERVATION IN A HURRICANE
IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Thou did'st hear the tempest from afar,
And felt'st the horrors of the wat'ry war,
To me unknown, yet on this fearful shore
Methinks I hear the storm tumultuous roar,
And now stern Boreas with impetuous hand
Compell'd the Neriads to usurp the land.

Reluctant rose the daughters of the main,
And slow ascending glided o'er the plain,
Till *Eolus* in his rapid chariot drove
In gloomy granduer from the vault above:
Furious he comes. His winged sons obey
Their frantic sire, and madden all the sea.

The billows rave, the wind's fierce tyrant wars,
And with his thund'ring terrors shake the shores;
Broken by waves the vessels frame is rent,
And strews with planks the wat'ry element.
But thee, *Maria*, a kind *Neriad's* shield

Preserv'd from sinking, and thy form upheld;
And sure some heav'nly oracle designed
At that dread crisis to instruct my mind,
Things of eternal consequence to weigh,
And to thine heart just feeling to convey
Of things above, and of the future doom,
And what the births of the dead world to come

From tossing seas I welcome thee to land,
"Resign her, *Neriad*," 'twas thy God's command.
Thy spouse late buried, as thy fears conceiv'd,
Again returns, thy fears are all relieved;
Thy daughter blooming with superior grace,
Again thou see'st, again thine arms embrace;
O come, and joyful show thy spouse his heir,
And what the blessings of maternal care!

TO A LADY AND HER CHILDREN,

ON THE DEATH OF HER SON AND THEIR BROTHER.

O'erwhelming sorrow now demands my song :
From death the overwhelming sorrow sprung ;
What flowing tears ? what heart with grief oppress'd ?
What sighs on sighs heave the fond parent's
breast ?

The brother weeps, the hapless sisters join
Th' increasing woe, and swell the crystal brine ;
The poor, who once his gen'rous bounty fed,
Troop, and bewail their benefactor dead.
In death the friend, the kind companion lies,
And in one death what various comfort dies !

Th' unhappy mother sees the sanguin rill
Forget to flow, and nature's wheels stand still,
But see from earth his spirit far removed,
And know no grief recalls your best belov'd ;
He upon pinions swifter than the wind,
Has left mortality's sad scenes behind
For joys to this terrestrial state unknown,
And glories richer than the monarch's crown.

Of virtue's steady course the prize behold !
What blissful wonders to his mind unfold !
But of celestial joys I sing in vain :
Attempt not muse, the too advent'rous strain.

No more in briny show'rs, ye friends around,
Or bathe his clay, or waste thine on the ground :
Still do you weep, still wish for his return ?
How cruel thus to wish, and thus to mourn ?
No more for him the streams of sorrow pour,
But haste to join him on the heav'nly shore,
On harps of gold to tune immortal lays,
And to your God immortal anthems raise.

TO A GENTLEMAN AND LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF THE LADY'S BROTHER AND SISTER,
AND A CHILD OF THE NAME ARIS, AGED ONE YEAR.

On Death's domain intent I fill my eyes,
Where human nature in vast ruin lies ;
With pensive mind I search the drear abode,
Where the great conqu'ror has his spoils bestow'd
There, there the offering of six thousand years
In endless numbers to my view appears ;
Whole kingdoms in his gloomy den are thrust,
And nations mix with their primeval dust ;
Insatiate still he gluts the ample tomb,
His is the present, his the age to come.
See here a brother, here a sister spread,
And a sweet daughter mingled with the dead.
But, madam, let your grief be laid aside,
And let the fountain of your tears be dry'd,
In vain they flow to wet the dusty plain,
Your sighs are wafted to the skies in vain,
Your pains the witness, but they can no more,
While *Death* reigns tyrant o'er this mortal shore.

The glowing stars and silver queen of light
At last must perish in the gloom of night;
Resign thy friends to that Almighty hand,
Which gave them life, and bow to his command;
Thine *Aris* give without a murmuring heart,
Though half thy soul be fated to depart.
To shining guards consign thine infant care
To waft triumphant through the seas of air;
Her soul enlarg'd to heav'nly pleasures springs,
She feeds on truth and uncreated things.
Methinks I hear her in the realms above,
And leaning forward with a filial love,
Invite you there to share immortal bliss
Unknown, untainted in a state like this.
With tow'ring hopes, and growing grace arise,
And seek beatitude beyond the skies.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SAMUEL MAR-
SHALL, 1771.

Though thickest glooms look back immortal
shades.

On that confusion which thy death has made ;
Or from *Olympus*' height look down and see
A *Town* involved in grief bereft of thee.

Thy *Lucy* sees thee mingle with the dead,
And rends the graceful tresses from her head,
Wild in her woe, with grief unknown opprest
Sigh follows sigh, deep-heaving from her breast.

Too quickly fled, ah ! whither art thou gone ?
Ah ! lost forever to thy wife and son !

The hapless child, thine only hope and heir,
Clings round his mother's neck and weeps his
sorrows there.

The loss of thee on Tyler's soul returns,
And *Boston* for her dear physician mourns.

When sickness called for *Marshall's* healing hand,
With what compassion did his soul expand ?

In him we found the father and the friend ;
In life how lov'd ! how honour'd in his end !

And must not then our *Æsculapius* stay
To bring his ling'ring infant into day ?
The babe unborn in the dark womb is tost,
And seems in anguish for its father lost.

Gone is *Apollo* from his house of earth,
But leaves the sweet memorials of his worth ;
The common parent, whom we all deplore,
From yonder world unseen must come no more,
Yet midst our woes immortal hopes attend
The spouse, the sire, the universal friend.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

ON HIS VOYAGE TO GREAT BRITAIN FOR THE RECOVERY
OF HIS HEALTH.

While others chant of gay *Elysian* scenes,
Of balmy zephyrs, and of flow'ry plains,
My song more happy speaks a greater flame.
For thee, O. R—, the Muse attunes her strings,
And mounts sublime above inferior things.

I sing not now of green embow'ring woods,
I sing not now the daughters of the floods,
I sing not of the storms o'er ocean driv'n,
And how they howl'd along the waste of heav'n,
But I to R— would paint the British shore,
And vast *Atlantic*, not untry'd before.
Thy life impaired commands thee arise,
Leave these bleak regions and inclement skies,
Where chilling winds return the winter past,
And nature shudders at the furious blast.

O thou stupendous, earth-inclosing main,
Exert thy wonders to the world again!

If ere thine air dispens'd an healing pow'r,
Or snatch'd the victim from the fatal hour,
This equal case demands thine equal care,
And equal wonders may this patient share.
But unavailing, frantic is the dream
To hope thine aid without the aid of Him
Who gave thee birth, and taught thee where to
 flow,
And in thy waves his various blessings show.

May R— return to view his native shore
Replete with vigor not his own before ;
Then shall we see with pleasure and surprise,
And own thy work, great Ruler of the Skies.

TO THE REV. DR. THOMAS AMORY,

ON READING HIS SERMONS ON DAILY DEVOTIONS, IN
WHICH DUTY IS RECOMMENDED AND ASSISTED.

To cultivate in ev'ry noble mind
Habitual grace, and sentiments refin'd,
Thus while you strive to mend the human heart,
Thus while the heav'nly precepts you impart,
O may each bosom catch the sacred fire,
And youthful minds to *Virtue's* throne aspire.

When God's eternal ways you set in sight,
And *Virtue* shines in all her native light,
In vain would *Vice* her works in night conceal,
For *Wisdom's* eye pervades the sable veil.

Artists may paint the sun's effulgent rays,
But *Amory's* pen the mightier God displays:
While his great works in *Amory's* pages shine,
And while he proves his essence all divine,
The Atheist sure no more can boast aloud
Of chance, or nature, and exclude the God;
As if the clay without the potter's aid

Should rise in various forms and shapes, self-made,
Or worlds above, with orb o'er orb profound,
Self-moved could run the everlasting round.
It cannot be — unerring *Wisdom* guides
With eye propitious, and o'er all presides.

Still prosper *Amory*! Still may'st thou receive
The warmest blessings which a muse can give;
And when this transitory state is o'er,
When kingdoms fall, and fleeting *Fame's* no more,
May *Amory* triumph in immortal fame:
A nobler title, and superior name!

ON THE DEATH OF J. C., AN INFANT.

No more the flow'ry scenes of pleasure rise,
Nor charming prospects greet the mental eyes;
No more with joy we view that lovely face,
Smiling, disportive, flush'd with ev'ry grace.

The tear of sorrow flows from ev'ry eye,
Groans answer groans, and sighs to sighs reply;
What sudden pangs shot through each aching
heart,

When *Death*, thy messenger, dispatch'd his dart.

Thy dread attendants, all destroying *Pow'r*,
Hurried the infant to his mortal hour.

Could'st thou unpitying close those radiant eyes?

Or fail'd his artless beauties to surprise?

Could not his innocence thy stroke control,

Thy purpose shake, and soften all thy soul?

The blooming babe, with shades of *Death* o'er-
spread,

No more shall smile, no more shall raise its head,

But like a branch that from a tree is torn,
 Falls prostrate, wither'd, languid, and forlorn.
 "Where lies my James?" 'tis thus I seem to
 hear

The parent ask, "some angel tell me where
 "He wings his passage through the yielding air?"
 Methinks a cherub bending from the skies
 Observes the question and serene replies:
 "In heav'n's high palaces your babe appears:
 "Prepare to meet him and dismiss your tears."
 Shall not th' intelligence your grief restrain,
 And turn the mournful to the cheerful strain?
 Cease your complaints, suspend each rising sigh,
 Cease to accuse the Ruler of the sky.
 Parents, no more iudulge the falling tear,
 Let Faith to heavn's refulgent domes repair,
 There see your infant, like a seraph glow:
 What charms celestial in his numbers flow
 Melodious, while the soul-enchanting strain
 Dwells on his tongue and fills th' ethereal plain?
 Enough—forever cease your murmuring breath;
 Not as a foe, but friend converse with *Death*,
 Since to the port of happiness unknown

He brought that treasure, which you call your
own.

The gift of heav'n intrusted to your hand
Cheerful resign at the divine command:
Not at your bar must sov'reign *Wisdom* stand.

A HYMN TO HUMANITY.

TO S. P. G., ESQ.

I.

Lo! for this dark terrestrial ball
Forsakes his azure paved hall
A prince of heav'nly birth!
Divine *Humanity* behold,
What wonders rise, what charms unfold
At his descent to earth!

II.

The bosoms of the great and good
With wonder and delight he view'd
And fixed his empire there;
Him close compressing to his breast,
The sire of gods and men address'd,
"My son, my heavn'ly fair!"

III.

"Descend to earth, there place thy throne;
"To succor man's afflicted son,

“Each human heart inspire;
“To act in bounties unconfin’d
“Enlarge the close contracted mind,
“And fill it with thy fire.”

IV.

Quick as the word, with swift career
He wings his course from star to star,
And leaves the bright abode.
The *Virtue* did his charms impart;
Their G——y! there thy raptured heart
Perceiv’d the rushing God.

V.

For when thy pitying eye did see
The languid muse in low degree,
Then, at thy desire
Descended the celestial nine;
O’er me methought they deign’d to shine,
And deign’d to string my lyre.

VI.

Can *Afric’s* muse forgetful prove?
Or can such friendship fail to move

A tender human heart?
Immortal *Friendship* laurel crown'd
The smiling *Graces* all surround
With ev'ry heav'nly *Art*.

TO THE HONORABLE T. H., ESQ.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

While deep you mourn beneath the cypress shade
The hand of Death, and your dear daughter laid
In dust, whose absence gives your tears incessant
flow,

And racks your bosom with incessant woe,
Let recollection take a tender part,
Assuage the raging tortures of your heart.
Still the wild tempest of tumultous grief,
And pour the heav'nly nectar of relief;
Suspend the sigh, dear Sir, and check the groan,
Divinely bright your daughter's *Virtues* shone;
How free from scornful pride her gentle mind,
Which ne'er its aid to indigent declin'd!
Expanding free, it fought the means to prove
Unfailing charity, unbounded love!

She reluctant flies to see no more
Her dear loved parents on the dusky shore;
Impatient heav'n's resplendent goal to gain,
She with swift progress cuts the azure plain,

Where grief subsides, where changes are no more.
And life's tumultuous billows cease to roar;
She leaves her earthly mansion for the skies,
Where new creations feast her wond'ring eyes.

To heav'n's high mandate cheerfully resign'd
She mounts, and leaves the rolling globe behind;
She, who late wish'd that *Leonard* might return,
Has ceas'd to languish, and forgot to mourn;
To the same empyreal mansions come,
She joins her spouse, and smiles upon the tomb;
And thus I hear her from the realms above:

“Lo! this the kingdom of celestial love!

“Could ye, fond parents, see our present bliss,

“How soon you would each sigh, each fear dismiss.

“Amidst unutter'd pleasures whilst I play

“In the fair sunshine of celestial day,

“As far as grief affects an happy soul

“So far doth grief my better mind control,

“To see on earth my aged parents mourn,

“And secret wish for T——l to return;

“Let brighter scenes your ev'ning hours employ,

“Converse with heav'n, and taste the promis'd joy.”

NIOBE,

IN DISTRESS FOR HER CHILDREN SLAIN BY APOLLO : FROM
 OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK VI., AND FROM A VIEW
 OF THE PAINTINGS OF MR. RICHARD WILSON.

Apollo's wrath to man, the dreadful spring
 Of ills innum'rous, tuneful goddess sing!
 Thou who didst first th' ideal pencil give,
 And taught'st the painter in his works to live,
 Inspire with glowing energy of thought,
 What Wilson painted, and what Ovid wrote.
 Muse! lend thy aid, nor let me sue in vain,
 Tho' last and meanest of the rhyming train!
 O guide my pen in lofty strains to show
 The *Phrygian* queen, all beautiful in woe.

'Twas where *Maconia* spreads her wide domain
Niobe dwelt, and held her potent reign;
 See in her hand the regal sceptre shine,
 The wealthy heir of *Tantalus* divine,
 He most distinguish'd by *Dodenean Jove*,
 To approach the tables of the gods above;
 Her grandsire *Atlas*, who with mighty pains

Th' ethereal axis on his neck sustains ;
Her other grandsire on the throne on high
Rolls the loud pealing thunder thro' the sky.

Her spouse *Amphion* who from Jove, too, springs,
Divinely taught to sweep the sounding strings.

Seven sprightly sons the royal bed adorn,
Seven daughters beauteous as the op'ning morn,
As when *Aurora* fills the ravish'd sight,
And decks the orient realms with rosy light
From their bright eyes the living splendors play,
Nor can beholders bear the flashing ray.

Wherever, *Niobe*, thou turnst thine eyes,
New beauties kindle, and new joys arise !
But thou hadst far the happier mother prov'd
If this fair offspring had been less belov'd ;
What if their charms exceed *Aurora's* tint,
No words could tell them, no pencil paint,
Thy love too vehement hastens to destroy
Each blooming maid, and each celestial boy.

Now *Manto* comes, endu'd with mighty skill,
The past to explore, the future to reveal

Thro' *Thebe's* wide streets *Tiresia's* daughter came,
Divine *Latona's* mandate to proclaim ;
The Theban maids to hear the orders ran,
When thus *Maconia's* prophetess began :

“Go, Thebans! great *Latona's* will obey,
“And pious tribute at her altars pay ;
“With rights divine, the goddess be implor'd,
“Nor be her sacred offspring unador'd.”

Thus *Manto* spake. The Theban maids obey,
And pious tribute to the goddess pay.

The rich perfumes ascend in waving spires,
And altars blaze with consecrated fires ;
The fair assembly moves with graceful air,
And leaves of laurel bind the flowing hair.

Niobe comes with all her royal race,
With charms unnumber'd, and superior grace ;
Her Phrygian garments of delightful hue,
Inwove with gold, refulgent to the view,
Beyond description beautiful she moves
Like heav'nly *Venus* 'midst her smiles and loves ;
She views around the supplicating train,
And shakes her graceful head with stern disdain,

Proudly she turns around her lofty eyes,
And thus reviles celestial deities :

“ What madness drives the Theban ladies fair

“ To give their incense to surrounding air ?

“ Say why this new sprung deity preferr'd ?

“ Why vainly fancy your petitions heard ?

“ Or say why Coesis' offspring is obey'd,

“ While to my goddessship no tribute's paid ?

“ For me no altars blaze with living fires,

“ No bullock bleeds, no frankincense transpires,

“ Tho' Cadmus' palace, not unknown to fame,

“ And Phrygian nations all revere my name.

“ Where'er I turn my eyes vast wealth I find,

“ Lo ! here an empress with a goddess join'd,

“ What ! shall a *Titaness* be deified,

“ To whom the spacious earth a couch denied ?

“ Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor sea receiv'd your queen,

“ Till pitying Delos took the wanderer in.

“ Round me what a large progeny is spread !

“ No frowns of fortune has my soul to dread.

“ What if indignant she decrease my train

“ More than Latona's number will remain ?

“ Then hence, ye *Theban* dames, hence haste away,

“Nor longer off’rings to Latona pay :
 “Regard the orders of Amphion’s spouse,
 “And take the leaves of laurel from your brows.”
Niobe spoke. The Theban maids obey’d,
 Their brows unbound and left the rites unpaid.

The angry goddess heard, then silence broke
 On Cynthus’ summit, and indignant spoke :
 “*Phæbus!* behold thy mother in disgrace,
 “Who to no goddess yields the prior place,
 “Except to *Juno’s* self, who reigns above,
 “The spouse and sister of the thund’ring *Jove*.
 “Niobe, sprung from Tantalus, inspires
 “Each Theban bosom with rebellious fires,
 “No reason her imperious temper quells,
 “But all her father in her tongue rebels ;
 “Wrap her own sons with her blaspheming breath,
 “*Apollo!* wrap them in the shades of death.”
Latona ceased, and ardent thus replies
 The God, whose glory deck th’ expanding skies :
 “Cease thy complaints, mine be the task assign’d
 “To punish pride, and scourge the rebel mind.”

This *Phæbus* joined.—They wing their instant flight:

Thebes trembled as th' immortal pow'rs alight.

With clouds encompass'd glorious Phœbus stands,
The feather'd vengeance quiv'ring in his hands.
Near Cadmus' walls a plain extended lay,
Where *Thebes'* young princes pass'd in sport the day:

There the bold coursers bounded o'er the plains,
While their great masters held the golden reins.
Ismenus first the racing pastime led,
And rul'd the fury of his flying steed.

“Ah me!” he sudden cries, with shrieking breath,
While in his breast he feels the shaft of death
He drops the bridle on his courser's mane,
Before his eyes in shadow swims the plain.
He, the first-born of great Amphion's bed,
Was struck the first, first mingled with the dead.

Then didst thou, Sipylus, the language hear
Of fate portentous whistling in the air?
As when th' impending storm the sailor sees
He spreads his canvas to the fav'ring breeze,

So to thine horse thou gav'st the golden reins —
Gav'st him to rush impetuous o'er the plains;
But ah! a fatal shaft from *Phœbus'* hand
Smites through thy neck, and sinks thee on the
sand.

Two other brothers were at wrestling found,
And in their pastime claspt each other round;
A shaft that instant from Apollo's hand
Transfixt them both, and stretch'd them on the
sand:

Together they their cruel fate bemoan'd,
Together languish'd, and together groan'd;
Together, too, th' embodied spirits fled,
And sought the gloomy mansions of the dead.

Alphenor saw, and trembling at the view,
Beat his torn breast, that changed its snowy hue.
He flies to raise them in a kind embrace;
A brother's fondness triumphs in his face:
Alphenor fails in his fraternal deed,
A dart dispatched him (so the fates decreed):
Soon as the arrow left the deadly wound,
His issuing entrails smoked upon the ground.

What woes on blooming Damasichon wait!
His sighs portend his near impending fate.
Just where the well-made leg begins to be,
And the soft sinews from the supple knee,
The youth sore wounded by the *Deilian* god
Attempts to extract the crime-avenging rod,
But whilst he strives the will of fate t' avert,
Divine Apollo sends a second dart;
Swift thro' his throat the feather'd mischief flies,
Bereft of sense, he drops his head, and dies.

Young Ilioneus, the last, directs his prayer,
And cries: "My life, ye gods celestial! spare."
Apollo heard, and pity touch'd his heart,
But, ah! too late, for he had sent the dart;
Thou, too, O *Ilioneus*, are doom'd to fall,
The fates refuse that arrow to recall.

On the swift wings of our flying *Fame*,
To *Cadmus'* palace soon the tidings came;
Niobe heard, and with indignant eyes
She thus express'd her anger and surprise:
"Why is such privilege to them allow'd?

“Why thus insulted by the Deilian god?
“Dwells there such mischief in the pow’rs above?
“Why sleeps the vengeance of immortal *Jove*?”
For now Amphion, too with grief oppress’d,
Had plunged the deadly dagger in his breast.
Niobe now, less haughty than before,
With lofty head directs her steps no more.
She, who late told her pedigree divine
And drove the Thebans from *Latona*’s shrine,
How strangely changed!—yet beautiful in woe,
She weeps, nor weeps unpity’d by the foe.
On each pale corse the wretched mother spread,
Lay overwhelm’d with grief, and kiss’d her dead,
Then rais’d her arms, and thus, in accents slow:
“Be sated, cruel *Goddess*! with my woe;
“If I’ve offended, let these streaming eyes,
“And let this seven-fold funeral suffice;
“Ah! take this wretched life you deigned to save,
“With them I, too, am carried to the grave.
“Rejoice triumphant, my victorious foe,
“But show the cause from whence your triumphs
 flow?
“Though I unhappy mourn these children slain,

“Yet greater numbers to my lot remain.”

She ceased, the bow-string twang'd with awful
sound,

Which struck with terror all th' assembly round,

Except the queen, who stood unmov'd alone,

By her distresses more presumptuous grown.

Near the pale corpses stood their sisters fair

In sable vestures and disheveled hair;

One, while she draws the fatal shaft away,

Faints, falls, and sickens at the light of day.

To sooth her mother, lo! another flies,

And blames the fury of inclement skies,

And while her words a filial pity show,

Struck dumb—indignant seeks the shades below.

Now from the fatal place another flies,

Falls in her flight, and languishes, and dies.

Another on her sister drops in death;

A fifth in trembling terrors yields her breath;

While the sixth seeks some gloomy cave in vain,

Struck with the rest, and mingled with the slain.

One only daughter lives, and she the last;

The queen close clasped the daughter to her
breast:

“Ye heav’nly pow’rs, ah, spare me one,” she
cry’d,

“Ah , spare me one,” the vocal hills reply’d;
In vain she begs, the Fates her suit deny,
In her embrace she sees her daughter die.

TO S. M., A YOUNG AFRICAN PAINTER,

ON SEEING HIS WORKS.

To show the laboring bosom's deep intent,
And thought in living characters to paint,
When first thy pencil did those beauties give,
And breathing figures learnt from thee to live,
How did those prospects give my soul delight,
A new creation rushing on my sight?
Still wondrous youth! each noble path pursue,
On deathless glories fix thine ardent view;
Still may the charms of each seraphic theme
Conduct thy footsteps to immortal fame!
High to the blissful wonders of the skies
Elate thy soul, and raise thy wishful eyes.
Thrice happy, when exalted to survey
That splendid city, crown'd with endless day,
Whose tuneful gates on radiant hinges ring;
Celestial Salem blooms in endless spring.
Calm and serene thy moments glide along,
And may the Muse inspire each future song.
Still, with the sweets of contemplation bless'd,

May peace with balmy wings your soul invest ;
But when these shades of time are chas'd away,
And darkness ends in everlasting day,
On what seraphic pinions shall we move,
And view the landscapes in the realms above.
There shall thy tongue in heav'nly murmurs flow,
And there my muse with heav'nly transport glow :
No more to tell of *Damon's* tender sighs,
Or rising radiance of *Aurora's* eyes,
For nobler themes demand a nobler strain,
And purer language on th' ethereal plain.
Cease, gentle muse! the solemn gloom of night
Now seals the fair creation from my sight.

TO HIS HONOR, THE LIEUTENANT-GOV-
ERNOR,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS LADY, MARCH 24, 1773.

All conquering Death! by thy resistless pow'r
 Hope's tow'ring plumage falls to rise no more!
 Of scenes terrestrial how the glories fly,
 Forget their splendor, and submit to die!
 Who e'er escap'd thee, but the saint* of old
 Beyond the flood in sacred annals told,
 And the great sage † whom fiery coursers drew
 To heav'n's bright portals from *Elisha's* view;
 Wond'ring he gazed at the refulgent car,
 Then snatch'd the mantle floating on the air.
 From Death these only could exemption boast,
 And without dying gain'd th' immortal coast,
 Nor falling millions sate the tyrant's mind,
 Nor can the victor's progress be confined.
 But cease thy strife with *Death*, fond *Nature*
 cease:

He leads the virtuous to the realms of peace,

*Enoch.

†Elijah.

His to conduct to the immortal plains
Where heav'n's Supreme in bliss and glory reigns.

There sits, illustrious Sir, thy beauteous spouse,
A gem-blazed circle beaming on her brows,
Hail'd with acclaim among the heav'nly choirs,
Her soul new kindling with seraphic fires,
To notes divine she tunes the vocal strings,
While heav'n's high concave with the music rings.
Virtue's reward, can mortal pencil paint?
No—all descriptive arts, and eloquence are faint;
Nor canst thou *Oliver*, assent refuse
To heav'nly tidings from the Afric muse.

As soon may change thy laws, eternal fate,
As the saint miss the glories I relate;
Or her *Benevolence* forgotten lie,
Which wiped the trick'ling tear from Mis'ry's eye.
Where'er the adverse winds were known to blow,
When loss to loss* ensued, and woe to woe,
Calm and serene beneath her father's hand
She sat resigned to the divine command.

*Three amiable daughters who died when just arrived to woman's estate.

No longer, then, great Sir, her death deplore,
And let us hear the mournful sigh no more ;
Restrain the sorrow streaming from thine eye,
Be all thy future moments crowned with joy !
Nor let thy wishes be to earth confined,
But soaring high pursue th' unbodied mind.
Forgive the muse, forgive th' adventurous lays,
That fain thy soul to heav'nly scenes would raise.

A FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

TO MRS. S. W.

I.

Adieu, New England's smiling meads,
Adieu, the flow'ry plain ;
I leave thine op'ning charms, O, spring,
And tempt the roaring main.

II.

In vain for me the flowrets rise,
And boast their gaudy pride,
While here beneath the northern skies
I mourn for health den'yd.

III.

Celestial maid of rosy hue,
O, let me feel thy reign !
I languish till thy face I view,
Thy vanish'd joys regain.

IV.

Susannah mourns, nor can I bear
To see the crystal show'r,
Or mark the tender falling tear
At sad departure's hour.

V.

Not unregarding can I see
Her soul with grief opprest;
But let no sighs, no groans for me,
Steal from her pensive breast.

VI.

In vain the feathered warblers sing,
In vain the garden blooms,
And on the bosom of the spring
Breathes out the sweet perfume.

VII.

While for Britannia's distant shore
We sweep the liquid plain,
And with astonish'd eyes explore
The wide extended main.

VIII.

Lo, Health appears! celestial dame!
Complacent and serene,
With Hebe's mantle o'er her frame,
With soul-delighting mien.

IX.

To mark the vale where London lies
With misty vapors crown'd,
Which cloud *Aurora's* thousand dyes,
And veil her charms around.

X.

Why, Phœbus, moves thy car so slow?
So slow thy rising ray?
Give us the famous town to view,
Thou glorious king of day!

XI.

For thee, Britannia, I resign
New England's smiling fields:
To view again her charms divine,
What joy the prospect yields!

XII.

But thou! Temptation hence away,
With all thy fatal train,
Nor once seduce my soul away
By thine enchanting strain.

XIII.

Thrice happy they whose heav'nly shield
Secure their souls from harms,
And feel Temptation on the field
Of all its pow'r disarms!

BOSTON, May 7, 1773.

A REBUS.

BY I. B.

I.

A bird, delicious to the taste,
On which an army once did feast,
Sent by a hand unseen ;
A creature of the horned race,
Which Britain's royal standards grace,
A gem of vivid green ;

II.

A town of gaiety and sport,
Where beaux and beautiful nymphs resort,
And gallantry doth reign ;
A Dardan hero fam'd of old
For youth and beauty, we are told,
And by a monarch slain.

III.

A peer of popular applause,
Who doth our violated laws

And greivances, proclaim. *
Th' initials show a vanquish'd town
That adds fresh glory and renown
To old Britannia's fame.

AN ANSWER

TO THE REBUS, BY THE AUTHOR OF THESE POEMS.

The poet asks, and Phillis can't refuse
To show th' obedience of the infant muse.
She knows the *Quail* of most inviting taste
Fed Israel's army in the dreary waste ;
And what on Britain's royal standard borne,
But the tall, graceful, rampant *Unicorn!*

The *Emerald* with a vivid verdure glows
Among the gems which regal crowns compose ;
Boston's a town polite and debonair,
To which the beaux and beauteous nymphs repair
Each Helen strikes the mind with sweet surprise,
While living lightning flashes from her eyes.
See young *Euphorbus* of the Dardan line
By Menelaus' hand to death resign :
The well known peer of popular applause
Is *C—m* zealous to support our laws.

Quebec now vanquish'd must obey,
She, too, must annual tribute pay
To Britain of immortal fame,
And add new glory to her name.

FINIS.

MEMOIRS.

In the summer of 1619 a Dutch trading vessel dropped her anchor in the harbor of Jamestown, Va., and the commander sold to some of the planters fourteen negroes as slaves.

From that time until the close of the war of the Rebellion, the negro in the United States was no more than a horse, a cow, or any other personal property. Very stringent laws were in force in many of the states, prohibiting him from learning to read and write; the penalty for the teacher being a fine of from ten to five hundred dollars, or imprisonment, or both at the discretion of the courts.

A negro slave found with books or papers or any means of education in his possession, was considered a dangerous character and was punished with the lash or thumb-screw. Notwithstanding these difficulties in the paths of learning, there were a few negroes, even in the latter part of the last century, who by their inborn intelligence and energy, to-

gether with the help of friends, and sometimes by the consent and with the assistance of their masters, became striking examples of ability and learning.

Phillis Wheatley, whose name during her life was almost as well known as any of the modern poets, was a remarkable woman, and a most striking illustration of genius in the negro race. She was born in Africa about 1753. She belonged to the Kaffir race, a people characterized by intelligence, industry and uprightness. She was kidnapped and sold to the master of a slave ship bound for Boston. She was imprisoned on the middle deck of the ship with about seventy-five other girls, in a room thirteen by twenty-five feet, and five feet eight inches high. The allotted space for each girl being four feet six inches by one foot. Her food consisted of rice, yams and horse beans, twice a day, which diet was occasionally varied by boiled beef. She arrived in Boston weary and broken down from her long sea voyage. She was placed in a building as unhealthy as the hold of the ship she had just left, and was clothed only by a piece of soiled carpet

about her waist, in which shameful condition she awaited the coming of a purchaser.

Mr. John Wheatley, a rich merchant of Boston, being attracted by her modesty and intelligent appearance, purchased her and took her to his home. After a few days rest, Mrs. Wheatley commenced to teach her the English language, and to instruct her in the principles of the Christian religion. Clean clothes and wholesome food, combined with the motherly kindness of her mistress, wrought a great change in Phillis. It was the intention of Mrs. Wheatley at first, to teach her the ordinary duties of a domestic, but she exhibited such a love for books that she was given private lessons by Miss Wheatley, who took a great interest in her little sable student. Being possessed of more than ordinary ability she learned very fast, and in sixteen months she was able to read the most difficult parts of the Bible with ease and accuracy, and in four years she was so well versed in the art of writing that she carried on an extensive correspondence with persons of note, both in America and England. Among her admirers in England was the Countess of

Huntington, a devout Christian lady who was, at that time, leader of the Calvinistic Methodists. At the age of fourteen, to the astonishment of her mistress, Phillis began to give evidence of her ability by writing short poems. In 1769, during a great revival, she professed religion, was baptized, and joined the old South Church. A year later her first volume of poems was published in Boston. Her letters and poems attracted the attention of scholars, many of whom visited her, loaned her books, and offered their assistance in her studies. She had so won the confidence and respect of the refined people of Boston that they frequently honored her with invitations to take part in literary entertainments. Being well versed in Latin, she translated one of Ovid's odes which was published in Boston, and republished in England, and was well spoken of by the critics. Being naturally delicate, constant study began to impair her health. Mrs. Wheatley, who loved her as one of her own children, became alarmed for her safety, and, upon consulting medical authority, who recommended a sea voyage, sent her to London in company with young Mr. Wheatley

who happened, at that time, to be going to England on business. Upon her arrival in London she was kindly received by the Countess of Huntington, and many other friends who did all they could to make her happy. During her stay in England she was the guest of the Countess. In London, as in Boston, her color was overlooked and she was ever welcome to a seat in the carriage or at the table of persons of nobility and rank. The change of climate quite restored her health. While in London her "Poems on Various Subjects" was published. Her stay in England was short, on account of serious changes at home. Mrs. Wheatley was taken sick and began to grieve after her. On one or two occasions when neighbors called to see her she would call their attention to the picture of Phillis, which had been enlarged from one sent from London, and, with all the affection of a mother, would exclaim: "Look at my Phillis, does she not seem as if she would speak to us?" Receiving a letter that Mrs. Wheatley was failing, Phillis hastened home and found her dear friend slowly passing away. Mrs. Wheatley died in a few days sur-

rounded by relatives and friends, and resting in the arms of her trusted Phillis. It was not long before Miss Wheatley and her father followed the mother to the grave. Young Mr. Wheatley married and went to England to live. Phillis was now left alone, but in good circumstances, and with a large circle of friends. She now turned her attention to writing for religious papers. In 1776 she published a number of poems, and addressed one to General Washington which he acknowledged in the following letter :

“ CAMBRIDGE, FEBRUARY 28, 1776.

“ *Miss Phillis :*

“ Your favor of the 26th of October did not reach my hands till the middle of December. Time enough, you will say, to have given an answer ere this. Granted. But a variety of important occurrences continually interposing to distract the mind and withdraw the attention, I hope will apologize for the delay and plead my excuse for the seeming but not real, neglect. I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me in the elegant lines you inclosed ; and however undeserving I may be of

such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibited a striking proof of your poetical talents, in honor of which, and as a tribute justly due to you, I would have published the poem, had I not been apprehensive that, while I meant to give the world this new instance of your genius, I might have incurred the imputation of vanity. This and nothing else determined me not to give it place in the public prints. If you should ever come to Cambridge, or near headquarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favored by the muses, and to whom nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations.

“I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,
“GEORGE WASHINGTON.”*

In a letter to Adjutant-General Joseph Reed, dated at headquarters, Cambridge, February 10, 1776, General Washington says: “I recollect nothing else worth giving you the trouble of reading unless you can be amused by reading a letter and a poem addressed to me by Miss Phillis Wheatley. In searching over a parcel of papers the other day,

* Sparks Washington, Vol. iii., pages 297, 298.

in order to destroy such as were useless, I brought it to light again. At first, with the view of doing justice to her poetical genius, I had a great mind to publish the poem; but not knowing whether it might not be considered rather as a mark of my own vanity than as a compliment to her, I laid it aside till I came across it again in the manner just mentioned.”*

In 1777, Phillis married John Peters, a colored man, who was at different times a shopkeeper, a journeyman baker and a self-styled lawyer and physician (†) who brought her to poverty and distress. She had one child which died young. Her married life was short. Death released her from the distressed condition into which she had been dragged. She died December 5, 1784, being then thirty-one years of age.

Sparks, in speaking of her poems and letter to General Washington, also mentions her politics. He says: “I have not been able to find among Washington’s papers the letter and poem addressed

* Ibid, Vol. iii., page 288.

† Allibone’s Dictionary of American authors.

to him. They have doubtless been lost. From the circumstance of her invoking the muse in his praise, and from the tenor of some of her printed pieces, particularly one addressed to King George, seven years before, in which she compliments him on the repeal of the Stamp Act, it may be inferred that she was a Whig in politics after the American way of thinking; and it might be curious to see in what manner she would eulogize liberty and the rights of man, while herself nominally, at least, in bondage (*). —Vol. iii.

Miss Wheatley was one among the brightest minds of the negro race, refuting in her own powers the long standing theory that it was an innate inferiority of the negro that rendered him only fit for a slave. Her writings were pointed to, to prove the arguments of those who advocated the rights of humanity, and as an evidence of what the negro could do under favorable circumstances. And as late as 1863-4 Abolitionists published accounts of her achievements.

* Sparks, Washington, vol. iii, page 299, notes.

BENJAMIN BANNEKER.

SONS OF THE COLORED RACE.

One of the most celebrated was Benjamin Banneker, who was born free at Ellicott's Mills, Md., November 9, 1731. He learned to read at home, but subsequently attended a school taught by a white man, who admitted colored children among his pupils. After leaving school, his attention was turned to farming. When he was thirty-nine years of age he constructed a wooden clock that kept correct time, his only model being a watch borrowed for the purpose. Near Ellicott's Mills was a general store and post-office, kept by Mr. George Ellicott, where the farmers were accustomed to meet and discuss subjects of public interest. To those discussions Banneker was always admitted, and was often selected as referee, he being so well versed in the affairs of the country. When fifty years of age, he turned his attention to the study of mathematics and astronomy. Mr. Ellicott loaned him books and instruments. He applied himself to his studies with

great energy. He had a peculiar mode of studying. As soon as night came he would wrap himself in a heavy blanket or coat and lie prostrate upon the ground or the top of his house, and, with his instruments, study the heavens. In 1790, at the request of Mr. Andrew Ellicott, United States Surveyor-General, he assisted in laying out the boundary lines of the District of Columbia and the city of Washington. In 1791, with the assistance of May's tables, Ferguson's astronomy and Leadbeator's lunar tables, he completed his first almanac, a copy of which he sent in manuscript to Thomas Jefferson, who, in turn, sent it to Monsieur de Condorcet, of the Academy of Science at Paris. His almanac was published in 1792 by Goddard & Angell, of Baltimore. Mr. Norris, in speaking of Banneker during his engagements in the Federal territory, says: "Banneker's deportment throughout the whole of the engagement secured their respect, and there is good authority for believing that his endowments led the Commissioners to overlook the color of his skin, to converse with him freely, and enjoy the clearness and originality of his remarks on various

subjects. It is a fact that they honored him with an invitation to a daily seat at their table; but this, with his usual modesty, he declined. They then ordered a side-table for him in the same apartment with themselves. On his return he called to give an account of his engagements at the house of one of his friends. He arrived on horseback, dressed in his usual costume: A full suit of drab cloth, surmounted by a broad brim beaver hat. He seemed to have been reanimated by the presence of the eminent men with whom he had mingled in the district, and gave a full account of their proceedings." He died in October, 1806. A book of his city calculations is preserved in the Maryland Historical Society of Baltimore, which association has published two sketches of his life.

BANNEKER'S LETTER TO HON. THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"MARYLAND, BALTIMORE COUNTY, AUGUST 19, 1791.

"*Sir* :

"I am fully sensible of the greatness of the freedom I take with you on the present occasion, a liberty which seemed scarcely allowable, when I reflected on that distinguished and dignified station

in which you stand, and the almost general prejudice which is so prevalent in the world against those of my complexion.

“It is the truth too well attested, to need a proof here, that we are a race of beings who have long labored under the abuse and censure of the world; that we have long been looked upon with an eye of contempt, and considered rather as brutish than human, and scarcely capable of mental endowments.

“I hope I may safely admit, in consequence of the report which has reached me, that you are a man far less inflexible in sentiments of this nature, than many others; that you are measurably friendly, and well disposed towards; and that you are willing to lend your aid and assistance for our relief from those many distresses, and numerous calamities, to which we are reduced.

“If this is founded in truth, I apprehend you will embrace every opportunity to eradicate that train of absurd and false ideas and opinions which so generally prevail with respect to us; and that your sentiments are concurrent with mine, which are,

that one universal Father hath given being to us all; that he hath not only made us all of one flesh, but that he hath also without partiality, afforded us all the same sensations, and endowed us all with the same faculties; and that however variable we may be in society or religion, however diversified in situation or in color, we are all of the same family, and stand in the same relation to Him.

“If these are sentiments of which you are fully persuaded, you cannot but acknowledge, that it is the indispensable duty of those, who maintain for themselves the rights of human nature, and who profess the obligations of Christianity, to extend their powers and influence to the relief of every part of the human race, from whatever burden or oppression they may unjustly labor under; and this, I apprehend, a full conviction of the truth and obligation of these principles should lead all to.

“I have long been convinced that if your love for yourselves, and for those inestimable laws which preserve to you the rights of human nature, was founded on sincerity you could not but be solicitous that every individual, of whatever rank or distinc-

tion, might with you equally enjoy the blessings thereof; neither could you rest satisfied short of the most active effusion of your exertions, in order to their promotion of any state of degradation, to which the unjustifiable cruelty and barbarism of men may have reduced them.

“I freely and cheerfully acknowledge that I am of the African race, and of that color which is natural to them, of the deepest dye; and it is under a sense of the most profound gratitude to the Supreme Ruler of the universe, that I now confess to you, that I am not under that state of tyrannical thralldom and inhuman captivity to which too many of my brethren are doomed, but that I have abundantly tasted of the fruition of those blessings, which proceed from that free and unequalled liberty with which you are favored; and which I hope you will willingly allow you have mercifully received, from the immediate hand of that Being from whom proceedeth every good and perfect gift.

“Suffer me to recall to your mind that time in which the arms of the British Crown were exerted, with every powerful effort, in order to reduce you

to a state of servitude; look back, I entreat you, on the variety of dangers to which you were exposed; reflect on that period in which every human aid appeared unavailable, and which even hope and fortitude wore the aspect of inability to conflict, and you cannot but be led to a serious and a grateful sense of your miraculous and providential preservation; you cannot but acknowledge that the present freedom and tranquility which you enjoy, you have mercifully received, and that it is the peculiar blessing of heaven.

“This, sir, was a time when you clearly saw into the injustice of a state of slavery, and in which you had just apprehensions of the horrors of its condition. It was then that your abhorrence thereof was so excited, that you publicly held forth this true and invaluable doctrine, which is worthy to be recorded and remembered in all succeeding ages: ‘We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.’

“ Here was a time in which your tender feelings for yourselves had engaged you thus to declare: you were then impressed with proper ideas of the great violation of liberty, and the free possession of those blessings, to which you were entitled by nature; but, sir, how pitiable is it to reflect, that although you were so fully convinced of the benevolence of the Father of mankind and of his equal and impartial distribution of these rights and privileges which he hath conferred upon them, that you should at the same time counteract his mercies, in detaining by fraud and violence, so numerous a part of my brethren under groaning captivity and cruel oppression, that you should at the same time be found guilty of that most criminal act, which you professedly detested in others, with respect to yourselves.

“ Your knowledge of the situation of my brethren is too extensive to need a recital here; neither shall I presume to prescribe methods by which they may be relieved, otherwise than by recommending to you and all others, to wean yourselves from those narrow prejudices which you have imbibed with respect to them, and as Job proposed to his

friends, 'put your soul in their soul's stead;' thus shall your hearts be enlarged with kindness and benevolence towards them; and thus shall you need neither the direction of myself or others, in what manner to proceed herein.

“And now, sir, although my sympathy and affection for my brethren hath caused my enlargement thus far, I ardently hope, that your candor and generosity will plead with you in my behalf, when I state that it was not originally my design; but having taken up my pen in order to present a copy of an almanac which I have calculated for the succeeding year, I was unexpectedly led thereto.

“This calculation is the production of my arduous study, in my advanced stage of life; for having long had unbounded desires to become acquainted with the secrets of nature, I have had to gratify my curiosity herein through my own assiduous application to astronomical study, in which I need not recount to you the many difficulties and disadvantages which I have had to encounter.

“And although I had almost declined to make my calculation for the ensuing year, in consequence

of the time which I had allotted for it, being taken up at the federal territory by the request of Mr. Andrew Ellicott, yet I industriously applied myself thereto, and hope I have accomplished it with correctness and accuracy. I have taken the liberty to direct a copy to you, which I humbly request you will favorably receive; and although you may have the opportunity of perusing it after its publication, yet I desire to send it to you in manuscript previous thereto, that thereby you might not only have an earlier inspection, but that you might also view it in my own handwriting.

“And now, sir, I shall conclude, and subscribe myself, with the most profound respect,

“Your most humble servant,

“BENJAMIN BANNEKER.”*

Thomas Jefferson's reply to Benjamin Banneker's letter :

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 30, 1791.

“*Sir:*

“I thank you sincerely for your letter of the 19th inst., and for the almanac it contained. Nobody

*William's History of the Negro in America, page 394.

wishes more than I do to see such proofs as you exhibit, that Nature has given to our black brethren talents equal to those of the other colors of men, and that the appearance of a want of them is owing only to the degraded condition of their existence, both in America and Africa. I can add, with truth, that no one wishes more ardently to see a good system commenced for raising the condition, both of their body and mind, to what it ought to be, as fast as the imbecility of their present existence, and other circumstances, which cannot be neglected, will admit. I have taken the liberty of sending your almanac to Monsieur de Condorcet, secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, and member of the Philanthropic Society, because I considered it a document to which your whole color had a right, for their justification against the doubts which have been entertained of them.

“ I am, with great esteem, sir,

“ Your most obedient servant,

“ THOMAS JEFFERSON.”*

“ Mr Benjamin Banneker, near Ellicott's)
Lower Mills, Baltimore County.” }

*Jefferson's works, vol. iii., page 291

This letter was addressed to Mr. J. S. Norris, giving a general description of Benjamin Banneker and his home. It also speaks of his almanac, clock and mathematical poem :

“In the year 1800, I commenced my engagements in the store of Ellicott’s Mills, where my first acquaintance with Benjamin Banneker began. He often came to the store to purchase articles for his own use ; and, after hearing him converse, I was always anxious to wait upon him. After making his purchases, he usually went to the part of the store where George Ellicott was in the habit of sitting, to converse with him about the affairs of our government and other matters. He was very precise in conversation and exhibited deep reflection. His deportment, whenever I saw him, appeared to be perfectly upright and correct, and he seemed to be acquainted with everything of importance that was passing in the country.

“I recollect to have seen his almanacs in my father’s house, and believe they were the only ones used in the neighborhood at the time. He was a large man, inclined to be fleshy, and was far ad-

vanced in years when I first saw him. I remember being once at his house, but do not recollect anything about the comforts of his establishment, nor of the old clock, of which you inquired. He was fond of, and well qualified to work out, abstruse questions in arithmetic. I remember he brought to the store one which he had composed himself and presented to George Ellicott for solution. I had a copy which I have since lost; but the character and deportment of the man being so wholly different from anything I have ever seen from one of his color, his question made so deep an impression on my mind, I have ever since retained a perfect recollection of it, except two lines, which do not alter the sense. I remember that George Ellicott was engaged in making out the answer, and cannot now say that he succeeded, but have no doubt that he did. I have thus briefly given you my recollections of Benjamin Banneker. I was young when he died, and doubtless many incidents respecting him have, from the time which has since elapsed, passed from my recollection.

“CHARLES W. DORSEY, of Elkridge.”*

* William's History, page 390.

The following Rebus was propounded to Mr. George Ellicott and solved by Benjamin Hallowell, of Alexandria.

“A Cooper and Vintner sat down for a talk
Both being so groggy, that neither could walk,
Says Cooper to Vintner, ‘I’m the first of my trade,
There’s no kind of vessel, but what I have made,
And of any shape, Sir — just what you will —
And of any size, Sir — from a ton to a gill!’

‘Then,’ says the Vintner, ‘you’re the man for me,
Make me a vessel, if we can agree.

The top and the bottom diameter define,
To bear that proportion as fifteen to nine;
Thirty-five inches are just what I crave,
No more and no less, in the depth will I have;
Just thirty-nine gallons this vessel must hold,
Then I will reward you with silver or gold.

Give me your promise, my honest old friend?’

‘I’ll make it to-morrow, that you may depend!’

So the next day the cooper, his work to discharge,
Soon made the new vessel, but made it too large;
He took out some staves, which made it too small,
And then cursed the vessel, the vintner and all.

He beat on his breast, 'By the Powers!' he swore,
He never would work at his trade any more!
Now my worthy friend, find out if you can,
The vessel's dimensions and comfort the man."

"BENJAMIN BANNEKER."*

AN ACCOUNT OF BANNEKER, BY SUSANNA MASON.

"We found the venerable star-gazer," says the author of the Memoir of Susanna Mason, "under a wide spreading pear tree, laden with delicious fruit; he came forward to meet us, and bade us welcome to his lowly dwelling. It was built of logs, one story in height, and was surrounded by an orchard. In one corner of the room, was suspended a clock of his own construction, which was a true herald of departing hours. He was careful in the little affairs of life as well as in the great matters. He kept a record of all his business transactions, literary and domestic. The following extracts from his account book exhibit his love for detail.

"Sold on the 2nd of April, 1795, to Butler, Edwards & Kiddy, the right of an almanac, for the year 1796, for the sum of \$80, equal to £30.

* William's History, page 388.

“‘ On the 30th of April, 1795, lent John Ford \$5 ;
£1 17s 6d.’

“‘ 12th of December, 1797, bought a pound of
candles at 1s 8d.’

“‘ Sold to John Collins two quarts of dried
peaches 6d. One quart mead 4d.’

“‘ On the 26th of March came Joshua Sanks
with three or four bushels of turnips to feed the
cows.’

“‘ 13th of April, 1803, planted beans and sowed
cabbage seed.’

“He took down from a shelf a little book,
wherein he registered the names of those by whose
visits he felt particularly honored, and recorded my
mother’s name upon the list ; he then diffidently,
but very respectfully, requested her acceptance of
one of his almanacs in manuscript.”*

The following is part of a poetical letter sent to
Benjamin Banneker, in 1796, by Mrs. Mason, and
was published in several newspapers :

“ Transmitted on the wings of Fame,
Thine *eclat* sounding with thy name,

* Williams’ History, page 391.

Well pleased, I heard, ere 'twas my lot
To see thee in thy humble cot.
That genius smiled upon thy birth,
And application called it forth;
That times and tides thou could'st presage,
And traverse the Celestial stage,
Where shining globes their circles run,
In swift rotation round the sun;
Could'st tell how planets in their way,
From order ne'er were known to stray.
Sun, moon and stars, when they will rise,
When sink below the upper skies:
When an eclipse shall veil their light,
And hide their splendor from our sight.

* * * * *

Some men whom private walks pursue,
Whom fame ne'er ushered into view,
May run their race, and few observe
To right or left, if they should swerve,
Their blemishes would not appear,
Beyond their lives a single year.—
But thou, a man exalted high,
Conspicuous in the world's keen eye,

On record now, thy name's enrolled,
And future ages will be told,—
There lived a man named *Banneker*,
An African Astronomer!—
Thou need'st to have a special care,
Thy conduct with thy talent square,
That no contaminating vice,
Obscure thy luster in our eyes." *

* Ibid, page 392.

THOMAS FULLER.

Thomas Fuller, known as the Virginia calculator, was one of the most remarkable men of modern times, and one who earned a reputation which still lives among mathematicians. He was born in Africa in the early part of the eighteenth century, and was brought to Virginia when fourteen years of age and sold to a planter living a few miles from Alexandria. Although he could neither read nor write he had a wonderful capacity for calculation. Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, having heard of him, paid him a visit in company with a number of other gentlemen. Upon being asked, by one of the gentleman, how many seconds there were in seventy years and some odd months, weeks and days, he gave the answer in one minute and a half. One of the gentlemen, after figuring it out with a pencil, told him that his answer was too great. Fuller called his attention to the fact that he left out leap years, and, upon including leap years, the answer was found to be correct. He could answer ques-

tions in vulgar fractions with ease. He had a very peculiar manner of conducting himself while working out answers to the most difficult examples: he would grasp the rung of a ladder or cross-piece of any kind that would hold him, and remain suspended in the air a minute or two, and, upon resuming his natural position, would give the answer.

He was visited by William Hartshorn and Samuel Coats, says Mr. Needles, of Philadelphia, and gave correct answers to all questions, such as how many seconds are there in a year and a half? In one minute and a half he answered, 46,304,000. How many seconds are there in seventy years, seventeen days and twelve hours? In one and a half minutes he answered, 2,110,500,800. *

The following obituary appeared in a Boston paper at the time of his death:

“Died.—Negro Tom, the famous African calculator, aged eighty years. He was the property of Mrs. Elizabeth Cox, of Alexandria. Tom was a very black man. He was brought to this country

* Needle's Hist. Memoir of Penn. Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery, page 32.

at the age of fourteen, and was sold as a slave, with many of his unfortunate countrymen. This man was a prodigy. Though he could neither read nor write, he had perfectly acquired the use of enumeration. He could give the number of months, days, weeks, hours, minutes and seconds, for any period of time that a person chose to mention, allowing in his calculations for all the leap-years that happened in the time. He would give the number of poles, yards, feet, inches and barley-corns in a given distance—say the diameter of the earth's orbit—and in every calculation he would produce the true answer in less time than ninety-nine out of a hundred men would take with their pens. And what was, perhaps, more extraordinary, though interrupted in the progress of his calculations and engaged in discourse upon any other subject, his operations were not thereby in the least deranged. He would go on where he left off, and could give any and all of the stages through which the calculation had passed.

“Thus died Negro Tom, this untaught arithmetician, this untutored scholar. Had his opportuni-

ties of improvement been equal to those of thousands of his fellow-men, neither the Royal Society of London, the Academy of Science at Paris, nor even a Newton himself need have been ashamed to acknowledge him a brother in science.”

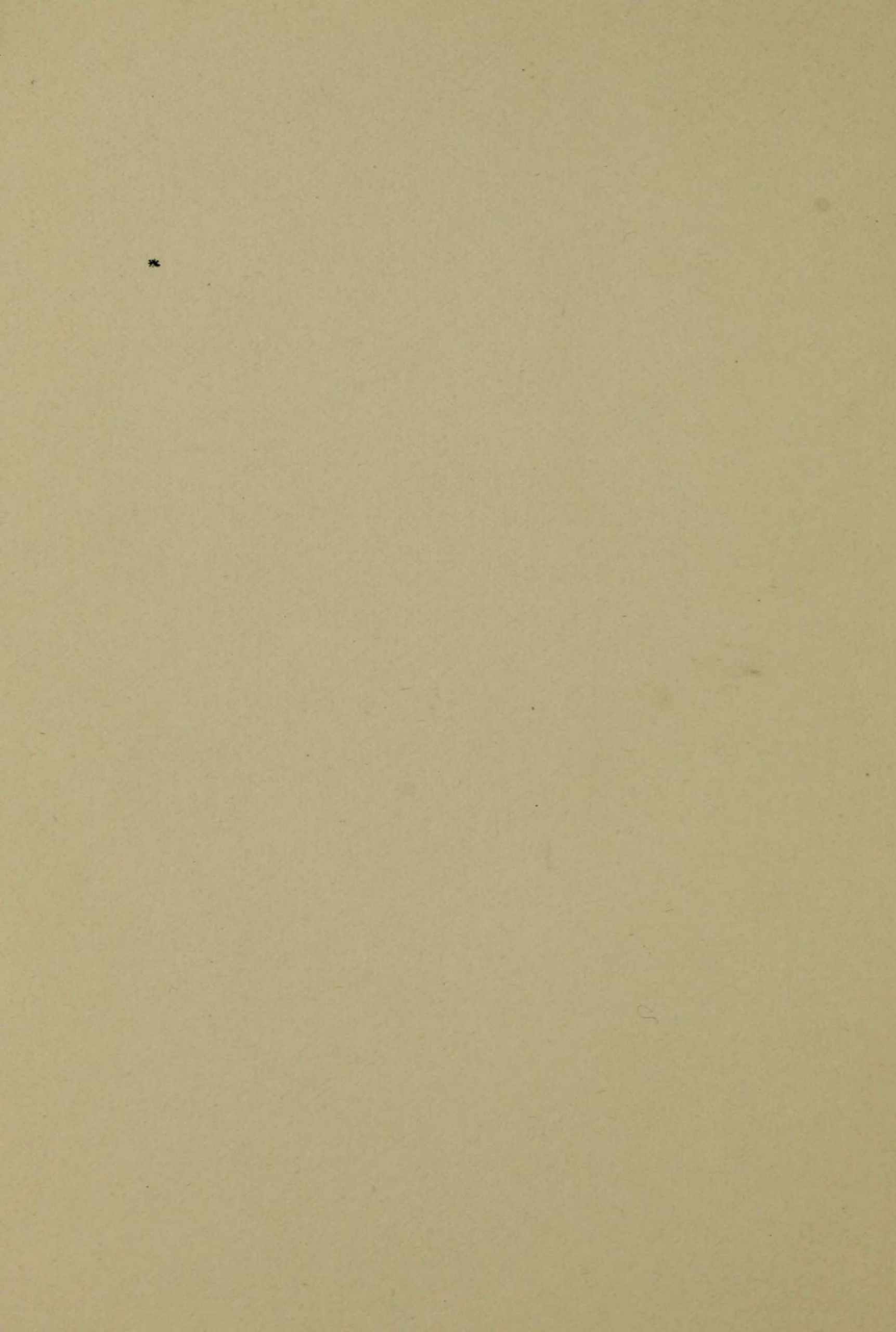
JAMES DURHAM.

James Durham was born in Philadelphia in 1792. He was owned by a doctor who sent him to a school for children of color. Being eager for knowledge he soon learned to read and write. When quite young he expressed a desire to study medicine. Being a boy of more than ordinary intelligence he was soon able to render valuable assistance to the doctor. James was about sixteen years of age when his master died. He was sold to a surgeon of the British army, who was stationed at Philadelphia with General Clinton. He soon became a favorite of the British medical staff. At the close of the war he was purchased by Dr. Robert Dove, of New Orleans, who made him his assistant. By the prompt and faithful discharge of his duties he soon won the confidence of the doctor that he gave him his freedom. Through the assistance of Dr. Dove and other prominent physicians he obtained the necessary credentials and began the practice of medicine on his own account. He built up a practice in

a short time worth \$3,000 a year.* At the age of twenty-six he was regarded as one of the most prominent physicians in New Orleans. His name was soon known to the medical fraternity throughout the country, and he was often consulted in most difficult cases.

Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, in the *Museum* for 1789, in speaking of Dr. James Durham, says: "I have conversed with him on the most acute and epidemic diseases of the country where he lives. I expected to have suggested some new medicines to him, but he suggested many more to me. He is very modest and engaging in his manners; he speaks French fluently, and has some knowledge of Spanish. Dr. Durham married, and attached himself to the Episcopal church.* Thus this negro, by his energy and the assistance of his white brothers, mastered one of the most intricate and delicate professions.

* Williams' History, page 401.





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