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 thro' 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'ft thou unpitying close those radiant eyes?
Or fail'd his artless beauties to surprize?
Could not his innocence thy stroke controul,
Thy purpose shake, and soften all thy soul?

The
The blooming babe, with shades of *Death o'erspread*,
No more shall smile, no more shall raise its head,
But, like a branch that from the tree is torn,
Falls prostrate, wither'd, languid, and forlorn.
"Where flies my *James*?" 'tis thus I seem to hear
The parent ask, "Some angel tell me where
"He wings his passage thro' 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 chearful strain?
Cease your complaints, suspend each rising sigh,
Cease to accuse the Ruler of the sky.
Parents, no more indulge the falling tear:
Let *Faith* to heav'n'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? 35
Enough— for ever cease your murm'ring 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 40
Chearful resign at the divine command:
Not at your bar must sov'reign Wisdom stand.
An HYMN to HUMANITY.

To S. P. G. Esq.

I.

LO! for this dark terrestrial ball
Forfakes 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 fix'd his empire there:
Him, close compressing to his breast,
The fire of gods and men address'd,
"My son, my heav'nly fair!

III. "Descend
III.

"Descend to earth, there place thy throne;
To succour man's afflicted son
Each human heart inspire:
To act in bounties unconfined
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! then thy raptur'd heart
Perceiv'd the rushing God:

V.

For when thy pitying eye did see
The languid muse in low degree,
Then, 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 Honourable 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 to 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 tumultuous grief,
And pour the heav'ly 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 indigence declin'd!
Expanding free, it sought the means to prove
Unfailing charity, unbounded love!

She reluctant flies to see no more
Her dear-lov'd parents on earth's dusky shore:
Impatient
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 wondering 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 high 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 would you each sigh, each fear dis-
"miss?
"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 em-
ploy:
Converse with heav'n, and taste the promis'd
joy.
ARIOUS SUBJECTS.

NOBE in Distress for her Children slain by
Apollo, from Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book VI.
and from a view of the Painting 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 Meonia 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 Dodecan Jove,
To approach the tables of the gods above:
Her grand sire Atlas, who with mighty pains
Th' ethereal axis on his neck sustains:
Her other gran' sire 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 turn'st thine eyes,
New beauties kindle, and new joys arise!
But thou had'st far the happier mother prov'd,
If this fair offspring had been less belov'd:

What
What if their charms exceed Aurora's teint,
No words could tell them, and 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' Thebes' wide streets Tiresea's daughter came,
Divine Latona's mandate to proclaim:
The Theban maids to hear the orders ran,
When thus Maonia'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 spoke. 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 Cœurs' offspring is obey'd,
While to my goddefship no tribute's paid?
For me no altars blaze with living fires,
No bullock bleeds, no frankincense transtpires,
Tho' Cadmus' palace, not unknown to fame,
And Phrygian nations all revere my name.
"Where'er
"Where'er I turn my eyes vast wealth I find.
"Lo! here an empress with a goddess join'd,
"What, shall a Titaness be deify'd,
"To whom the spacious earth a couch deny'd?
"Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor sea receiv'd your queen,
"Till pitying Delos took the wand'rer 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 offerings 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 rights unpaid.

The angry goddess heard, then silence broke
On Cynthus' summit, and indignant spoke;
"O "Phæbus!
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 for her blaspheming breath,
Apollo! wrap them in the shades of death.”

Latona cease'd, and ardent thus replies,
The God, whose glory decks th' expanded skies.

"Cease thy complaints, mine be the task af-
sign'd
To punish pride, and scourge the rebel mind.”
This Phæbe join'd.—They wing their instant flight;
Thebes trembled as th' immortal pow'rs alight.

With clouds compass'd glorious Phæbus stands;
The feather'd vengeance quiv'ring in his hands.
Near
Near Cadmus' walls a plain extended lay,
Where Thebes' young princes pass'd in sport the day:
There the bold couriers bounded o'er the plains,
While their great masters held the golden reins.
Ifmenus 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 shadows 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 horle thou gav’st the golden reins,
Gav’st him to rush imperuous o’er the plains:
But ah! a fatal shaft from Phebus’ 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 stretcht them on the sand:
Together they their cruel fate bemoan’d,
Together languish’d, and together groan’d:
Together too th’ unbodied spirits fled,
And sought the gloomy mansions of the dead.

Alphanor saw, and trembling at the view,
Bent his torn breast, that chang’d its snowy hue.
He flies to raise them in a kind embrace;
A brother’s fondness triumphs in his face:
Alphanor fails in this fraternal deed;
A dart dispatch’d him (so the fates decreed.)

Soon
VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Soon as the arrow left the deadly wound,
His issuing entrails smoak'd upon the ground:

What woes on blooming Damasficion wait!
His sighs portend his near impending fate.
Just where the well-made leg begins to be,
And the soft sinews form the supple knee;
The youth fore wounded by the Delian god
Attempts t' 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 pray'r,
And cries, "My life, ye gods celestial! spare."
Aphra 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 recal.
On the swift wings of ever-flying Fame
To Cadmus' palace soon the tidings came:
Niobe heard, and with indignant eyes
She thus express'd her anger and surprize:
"Why is such privilege to them allow'd?"
"Why thus insulted by the Delian 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 plung'd 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 chang'd!—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 low,
"Be fated cruel Goddess! with my woe;"
"If
"If I've offended, let these streaming eyes,
And let this sev'nfold funeral suffice:
Ah! take this wretched life you deign'd 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?
Tho' I unhappy mourn these children slain,
Yet greater numbers to my lot remain."
She ceas'd, 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 dishevell'd hair;
One, while she draws the fatal shaft away,
Faints, falls, and sickens at the light of day.
To soothe 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 least;
The queen close clasped the daughter to her breast:
"Ye heav'nly powers, 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.

* "The queen of all her family bereft,
"Without or husband, son, or daughter left,
"Grew stupid at the shock. The passing air
"Made no impression on her stiff'ning hair.

* This Verse to the End is the Work of another Hand.

"The
"The blood forsook her face: amidst the flood
"Pour'd from her cheeks, quite fix'd her eye-balls
"flood.
"Her tongue, her palate both obdurate grew,
"Her curdled veins no longer motion knew; 220
"The use of neck, and arms, and feet was gone,
"And ev'n her bowels hard'ned into stone:
"A marble statue now the queen appears,
"But from the marble steal the silent tears."
To S. M. a young *African* Painter, on seeing his Works.

To show the lab’ring 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, wond’rous youth! each noble path pursue,
On deathless glories fix thine ardent view:
Still may the painter’s and the poet’s fire
   To aid thy pencil, and thy verse conspire!
   And 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 twice six gates on radiant hinges ring:
Celestial *Salem* blooms in endless spring.

Calm
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 heavenly murmurs flow,
And there my muse with heavenly 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 Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, 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 splendors, 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 courses drew
To heav'n's bright portals from Elisba's view,
Wond'ring he gaz'd at the resplendent ear,
Then snatch'd the mantle floating on the air,
From Death the only could exemption boast,
And without dying gain'd th' immortal coat.
Not falling millions fate the tyrant's mind,
Nor can the victor's progress be confin'd.
But cease thy strife with Death, fond Nature,

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-blaz’d 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 rewards 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 faint mists the glories I relate;
Or her Benevolence forgotten lie,
Which wip’d the trick’ling tear from Mis’ry’s eye.
Whene’er the adverse winds were known to blow,
When los’ to los’ * enlu’d, and woe to woe,

* Three amiable Daughters who died when just arrived to
Womens Estate.
Calm and serene beneath her father's hand
She sat resign'd to the divine command.

No longer then, great Sir, her death deplore,
And let us hear the mournful sigh no more,
Refrain the sorrow streaming from thine eye,
Be all thy future moments crown'd with joy!

Nor let thy wishes be to earth confin'd,
But soaring high pursue th' unbounded mind.
Forgive the muse, forgive th' advent'rous lays,
That fain thy soul to heav'nly scenes would raise.

A Farewel
A Farewel 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 flow'rets rise,
And boast their gaudy pride,
While here beneath the northern skies
I mourn for health deny'd.

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
IV.
Distraught mourns, nor can I hear
To see the crystal shower,
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 feather'd warblers sing,
In vain the garden blooms,
And on the bosom of the spring
Breathes out her sweet perfumes.

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

VIII. Lo!
VIII.
Lo! Health appears! celestial dame!
Complacent and serene,
With Hebe's mantle o'er her Frame;
With foul-delighting mehit.

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

X.
Why, Phæbus, 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
Not once seduce my soul away,
By thine enchanting strain.

XIII.

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

Boston, May 7, 1773.