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[Inside cover]

the 13, 1787

Poems [*three words erased and written over*] written between the
Years 1770 and 1787 [*original writing underneath shows 1772 and 1777*]
at Graeme Park
by Laura
by Mrs Fergusson
a few of them by Betsy Graeme

but all Written at Graeme park

[Full page pasted over top of inside front cover]
[one word illegible] 98 Extract from [M Addison?] [*top half of words covered*] in praise of
Poetry

“ I have always been of opinion that Virtue Sinks deepest
in the heart of man when it is recommended by the
powerful Charms of poetry. The most active principle in
our Mind is the imagination: To it a good Part
makes his Court immediatly, and by this
Fairly Takes Care to Gain it first, Our Passions
And Inclinations come over next. And our
Reason Surrenders it Soly at pleasure in the End
Thus the whole Souls is insensibly betrad into
morality.

There is a certain Elevation of Soul a Sedate
imagining and a noble turn of virtue that
raises the Hero from the plain honest man,
To which Verse can only raise as the Bold
Metaphors And Sounding members peculiar
To the Parts, Rouse up all our Sleeping faculties
And alarm all the power of the Soul like
Virgils Exclent Tumpet

[Page Break]

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Ode to Melancholy. No 11. The Recluse No 12.

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N 1 Ode To Spring
Each youthfull Bard chaunts forth a verse,
To Springs Refulgent Beam;
[Her?] Infant Lays Her Charms Rehearse,
And Trouble his early Theme.

2

But not thy gandy Garb gay Maid;
Alone inspires my Song;

Nor by thy shining of Robe betrayed;
Would I thy Stay prolong.

3

But after Winters Dark Domain;
To See all Nature Bloom;
To Mark the vegetable train,
Escape their Frozen Tomb.

4

This Hints the Thought that after Death,
Developed of Earths Clay;
When I Resign my flirting Breath,
I shall awake to Day.

[Page Break]

5

For sure the dead and Sapless Bush;
As Shift And Torpid Seems;
As the pale Maid when no faint Blush,
With Lifes last Current Beams ?

6

Cold as the Virgins once sweet face;
The Snow Clad Bush appears;
No Vivid luster can you trace;
It droops with Wintry tears.

7

The Grove, the Garden, And the Hill,
Which did bleak Rain show;
Now Shade the Murmuring tinkling Rill,
Which faint begins to flow.

8

All Nature Rises gay to View,
A Resurrection Strange;
Then sure we may the hint pursue
And hope a greater Change Laura 1773 April

↑↑ This Corruptible Shall put on Incorruption And this Mortal by Imortality
Pauls Epistle to the Corinthians 15 Chapter 53 Verse ↓↓ [*text appears inserted sideways on left margin*]

[Page Break]

No 11 Ode to Melancholy Music lovely Nancy

1

Adieu to trifling Foly.
No more let me pursue

Come Meek Eyed Melancholy!
Ill pass my Days with you;
To thy Calm complaints Ill harken!
And Seek Thy lonely Shade!
Thy Cypress Grooms shall Darken;
And no gay Beams pervade:

2

The pensive Stoke Doves Cooing
Shall murmur thro the Vale;
Their tender plaintive woosings,
Sound Mellow oer the Dale:
A Curtain Thin and Snowy;
Shall Cynthian Luster Shroud;
Een her Mild Light too Showy
Till Softened by a Cloud

[Page Break]

3

The Bubbling Waters Falling;
The broken Sounds Ill hear;
And Distant Echo calling;
Shall Sooth the Cheated Ear.
The Weeping Willows bending;
Shall tremble oer the Brook;
A pensive Nymph attending;
Shall in this Fountain look.

4

There Sigh And think of pleasure;
She never more must haste!
Deprived of her Souls ~~pt~~ treasure:
Now Weary Days to Waste.
To know no Change of Sorrow;
But each Returning year;
Springs Earliest Blooms to borrow;
And bath Them with a tear;

[Page Break]

5

To Recollect The Bounty:
Of the Departed Swain:
This Love, This Filial Duty;
The Pride of all the Plain!
To Swear Eternal union;
To This ~~Day~~ Translated [~~one word illegible~~] Ghost.

To herld no fond Communion;
With ought the World can Boast!
Quite dead to all Perfection.
That may be found below!
Nor Claim the least protection
To Mitigate Her Woe!

6

On Collins Grave, when Strewin'g!
Sweets to the Sweets The Crys!
With Virgin tears bedewin'g
And wafted with her Sighs
And while This tribute paying
Upon her Collins Tomb
With Constant Heart oft Saying
I Come my Love [may?] I Come!

↑↑

Laura

July the 22

1773

↓↓ [*inserted bottom right on margin*]

[Page Break]

No 12 The Recluse The Music Farewell to
Lochaber. 1
Adieu to Light pleasure; Adieu to vain Charms,
And Farewell the flutter of Follys alarms!
The World is a Phantom too Slight to [mentin?]
No Object but Heaven the Soul Should Detain
Then Welcome thrice Welcome These Vallys and [shades?]
These deep Cloisterd Cells a soft pensiveness Aids;
Here Sad Gloiser Shall wear out her Life:
No Jarring Emotions shall [kimble?] to strife.

2

Then Loves thats Celestial Shall kindle a Fire;
That shall damp each Sensation of Rissing Desire;
Suspended from Rapture, Suspended from Pain;
Content Shall at least an Asylum Regain
Her Mattins and Vespers shall Bound the Dark Day
And all Life's Employ be to Chaunt and to pray;
To forget a false world, if forget it I can;
And what is Severer forget a Fake Man!

[Page Break]

3

How hard is the Conflict How dreadfull my Lot,
To Say that my Abelard must be forgot!
Alternative painfull That Heaven or Thee;
Cannot be united Connected in Me!
Then aid, then assist me ye Saints of each Shrine
Force me, Oh teach me this youth to Resign
No Human Exertion can vain quite the fame
It lives it Rekindles at Aberlards name.

4

But See you bright Phantom that Glides from on high
Come Come my deaf Sister it seems fit to Cry
To Bowers of Ropes to Springs of Delight!
¥i You Soon shall be wafted from all Human Sight
Break all fond Endearments which tye you below
You Shall such [pan?] transports: Such Extasses know
As Shall Sink all Earths Pleasures Shall melt
Them away
Unfading Eternal and free from Decay:

[Page Break]

5

Believe me, Oh try it! The passion of Love
When find in a Mortal or raisd far above;
Is such a sweet Contrast so worthy the Soul!
That no human language its worth can Extoll
The first is all flutter uncertain Oh paind!
And keen Disapointment as soon as obtaind
The Second is lasting Seraphic And pure!
And will in the End perfect I as procure.”

6

Come all ye blest Sisters ye Virgins Refind!
Like you let my Spirit a Sanctng Find;
Compose each Emotion Compose Each Vain Wish
Not pant after Objects Which draw ye from Bliss:
Let Angels, let Spirits Speak peace to my Soul!
And Sing a Calm Requieum my Grife to Controll
For These And these Only can Soften the Smart.
Which Corrodes like a poisen And [Wrankels?]
(my Heart.)

The End Laura
 May 1774

[Page Break]

No 13 Ode to Health and Complement

1

Come Health Returning Health bright Maid!
Thy Vivid Blush around impart!
Now Joyless all without thy aid;
No Rapture can Dilute the Heart;
Friends Pleasure, Honor, [Hope?], and Wealth
But lighter treasons in Life's Scale!
All yield the Palm to Rosy Health.
The Scents with Sweets the humble Vale.

2

Nor Wand Refines the smallest Good;
And animates the Rural Grove;
Gives Relish to the Coarsest food!
Makes plainest Features wake to Love
With Thee fair Nymph And Mild Content
O let me pass Lifes Sliding hours!
With these to mark times Calm Desent
In Rosy Vale And Woodline Bowers.

[Page Break]

3

For me Ambition Spreads no Baits,
My Pulse beats not for honours Cause;
No bringing Votarys haunt my Gates;
Rest Health my morning Curtain Draws
Content a Veil Celestial weaves;
The World glides off in Empty Air;
No traces on the Soul it leaves
No Sordid Wish no Anxious Care!

4

What is the Flatering Breath of Fame;
But Error [praising?] paintd Vice;
Folly will Follys Charms proclaim!
The Mind from Viture to Intice.
But in ths Silent Scent Shade,
When pleasures trivial Phantom fail
Truth will the inmost soul pervade
And Sink the Beam in Virtues Scale.

The End

1770

[Page Break]

No 14 Hymn to the Morning

Music a Dawng Hope

1

See yon' bright beam of Orient Light!
Dark from the Blushing Day Sky!
Dispells the Even Shades of ~~Silver~~ Night;
And Hangs Days Lamp on High.

2

Another morning Springs to View!
A present Sent from time;
Let me the Welcome beam persue;
Spring from Some Distant Chime.

3

In Darkness Thus these hearts are left.
Where Heaven hast Breathd a Ray.
Of every Virtous Gift bereft!
The mourn the Loss of Day.

4

Sin is the Veil This fatal Screen;
Which doth Gods Visage Shroud
Celestial Mary Steps between
And Melts the Gloomy Cloud

[Page Break]

5

As the Sun Guides my Footsteps here;
And points each Danger round;
A Glorious Beacon whence to Steer;
And [Shrew?] the Depths profound;

6

So Truth Divine my soul inform;
That it can never Rise,
Till Grace with Vital Spirit warm,
And wafts it to the Skies.

7

For Here tis Clogd with [terrene?] weights
Attracting still [*two words written over*] to Evil
But God in Mercy it translates
And wafts it up to Heaven.

8

That is its native Soil tho Sunk,
And Buried and deformd;
It seems almost a lifeless trunk
Till God the Spirit Warmd

Laura

[Page Break]

No 15

Ode to the Evening

Music Bush above Fragrances

1

The Shuder of pensive twilight Grey,
Proclaim the Day Declining!
How gently Slides the Light away,
The Suns last Beam faint Shining!

2

The Calmy Zephur Scent the Grove;
And breaths forth Sweets inviting!
The Soul feels harmony'd to Love;
What Thrilling Joys delighting.

3

O Waft me to those pure abodes!
Where holy Spirits blessed!
Glide through the Calm aerial Roads
Of every Joy prophessed.

[Page Break]

4

When Sleep has Seald my Eyes to Rest;
And noon Tyde Bustles over;
In Vision let me Join the Blest;
Their Sacred Haunts discover.

5

That fortaste of Superior Joy;
Lifes dreary vale Shall Brighten;
Shall dark Caroding Doubts Distroy;
And Deaths drear path Enlighten.

6

Hope faverd Daughter from on High!
shall travel to Lifes Ending!
The blooming Handmaid from the Sky
Sweet Cheerfull Condesending!

7

Her Silver Rays Shall Gild the Scene
And finely tinge the Shade;
Develope every deep brown Screen;
And Send her Sprightly Aid

The End

Lara My 1777

[Page Break]

No 16 Hallelujah Hymn

1

Chaunt the praises of our God, Hale Halejah
Attending to this Grand abode: Hale Halejah
And let each Created Thing; Hale Halejah
Tribute to This concert bring. Hale Halejah.

2

Each bright Orb that Rolls above, Hall Halej
Moves in token of this Love; Halle Halj
Speak in order as they shine, Hally Hal
That they sprang from hands Divine Hale

3

Each fresh Stream which cools the Dales,
Each Soft Landsip of the Vales Hallj,
Darting Sun and Solumn Shade, Halj
For mans use were kindly made Hallj

4

All the treasures of the Main; Hally Hall
All the Beauties of the Plain! Hally Hall
Were for Mans indulgence Sent Halj Ha
For a Season fondly lent Halj Hall

[Page Break]

5

Then let praises Echo Round; Haly Hallj
Let the greatfull Heart Rebound; Haly
Cheerfull thanks the Lord Delight; Haly
And is pleassing in This Sight. Hally

6

Raise the Vocal note on High, Hally Halj
To the Ruler of the Sky: Halle Haj
Let the Harp And Lute unite, Hally Hall
And The Sacred name Recite. Hallj

7

He who gave each thing on Earth;
And to man this Vital Birth; Hal
Should the greatfull praises Claim, Hale
All should Echo forth His name. Halj

8

The First of Monarchs on the Throne Hale
Ones His Rise to God alone; Halj
As much His Creature on the poor Hal
Who asks a Crust from door to Door.

[Page Break]

No 17 Ode to Sensibility

Come Sensibility Divine!
Thy Vivid Joys impart;
Let thy bright beams Extatic Shine.
And animate my Heart;
Tis thou that waviest the mantling Blush,
Quick through the Azure Veins!
Swift as the wand of Magic touch;
Which wandrous Spells Contains.

2

A vital Spark of Heavens own Soil;
Is this keen Sense of Heart!
Tis this which Heigthens pleasures Smile!
And Sharpens Sorrows Dart.
Language here fails to Show thy force!
Words are a medium faint.
The Soul alone Contains that Source!
Which Eloquence cant paint.

[Page Break]

3

Thy Sympathetic tears are formd;
By Mingled Various turns:
Of Thee the mental Thrillings warmd;
With Fire that Sweetly burns.
In it the nerves fine torture wrought?
Or dwells it in the Brain?
Is it the pure Etherial Thought,
Which doth this Spark Contain?

4

Thy Joys near Verge upon Distress;
Thin Barriers mark Thy Line;
We allmost wish thy Rapture Less,
Thy Beans less keen to Shine;
In Social Life How Soft thy Charm,
When Kindred Spirits meet!
Now delicate your fine Alarms,
In Bowers of Calm Retreat.

[Page Break]

5

Beauty it Self a Lifeless Form!

If thou art absent flown;
Thy touch alone plain features Warm,
Expressions all Thy own!
Without Thy presence what were Love,
Gross, Sensual, unrefined!
But would if Then The Soul doth move,
To hail its Kindred mind.

6

As Chaos lay a Sordid heap!
When first Creation Sprung!
A Dark Abyss profound and Steep!
Unlightened by The Sun.
Gods Spirit darted forth a Ray!
Earth Instant Breathd Delight.
Burst forth a Blaze of Shining Day,
And Chacd the Folds of Night.

7

So dost thou then wake us from the Sleep
Which dull Indifference Sheds

[Page Break]

An let not Nor a Mansion Keep;
Nor Never o'er our Heads!
But if in Future tis my Lot
To Meet some Joyless Mind;
Be every Former Scene forgot;
Not more with Fancy Joind.

8

For sure The Heighth of Human Woe
Is to Compare the past!
If Streams of pleasure soft did flow,
Short Moments not to last!
Compare last Joy with prsent pain;
And mourn The Lot Severe.
The Mind can not the task Sustain
Without a Bitter tear.

9

The Conflict Steals our peace away;
Keen feelings are a Curse;
The Bearded Dart doth Peace betray
And makes each Anguish Worse

[Page Break]

Then Sensibility no more

Breaths forth her Train of Joys!
She the dread Perhaps Bars the Door
And Placid Sweets Distroys.

10

But in thy Room Celestial Power!
Let Cold Indifference Stay;
With me Glide Through Lifes Costly [Tower?]
And Saunter Time away.
So If I breath no Rapturd Wish!
I Shun Each pang Severe
I shall each keen Sensation Miss!
With Calm Indifference near.

The End Laura 1770

Written before Laura was Married. Ths was
Written on Reading Mrs Chapons Elegant
Prayer to Indifference But Sensibilty is a
Blessing or not acording to the Scenes that
we have to pass through in Life. If we are
to [Walk?] Through Bowers of Roses the Sun
of [Swelling?] is fine to have in a High [dyer?]

[Page Break]

French Verses Said to be written by the late King
of Prussia to Marshall Keith in favor of
Materialism.

No 18 [set aside in a box]

“D’Caveiro Cher Keith Jongrous par la Pafss.
Comment avant que Te fustr, il n’avoit pause:
De Memo, apres ma mort quand toutes mes Parties
Par la Coruption serait Aneanties,
Par inn meme Dartion il ne personne Plus.”

Translated by [Betsy?] Graeme

If from the past we may Conclusions Norm;
No Vital Spark the fleeting Soul shall Warm
No Sense of Being [*one word illegible*] an Asylum find,
No future Consciousness Shall haunt the Mind
Eer I came here no Ray of thought was found;
Dark non Existance hoverd all around;
Thus afater Death this Organizd Mass;
Shall thro’ Couruptions balefull Regions Pass
As that desolves and dwindles to decay
So Melts the Spirit which [is?] found the Clay.

[Page Break]

No The Same translated another way
19

Of the Future dear Keith if we Judge from the Past
Sure nothing here after of Being shall last;
As before I launc'd forth on this Region of Earth
No Conscious Existance had Sprung into birth
So the same after Death when each Particle falls
And balefull Corruption the Body Dissolves:
Then shall Annihilation the Spirit unbind;
As Volatile Other disperse with the Wind;
One Fate in Both Cases, for Body And Soul,
A total unhingement distroys the Whole.

Lara

If the King of Prussia is Right he cant know it now.

If these were the Sentiments of the Royal -
Frederic He can not now have even the
Triumph to know that he had adopted
the Right Side of the Faction Which those
have who believe in the Souls Immortality
Provided they are Right E F n

[Page Break]

No 20 In Favour of the Souls Immortality in
Opposition to the Former by Laura

Transporting hope Extatic Bliss Supream!
Bright Ray of Glory Animating Beam!
To think the Soul Shall yet Exalting Rise;
And Waft immortal to her native Skies;
When the ~~frail~~ fine Spark Shall its Frail fetters Burst
And bound Elastic from its Crumbling Dust
Rejoin their Fountain its grandparent Source
Which gives to nature And preserves its Course
Burst with Earths pressure, yet to Heaven it turns
With Vital Ardor to perfection Burns;
These are the Whispers of the Godlike past
The Virtuous pantings of the virtuous Heart
Earth, Objects draw while Truth in evry Breast
Is Conscious felt and powerfully Confest
Tis Gods vice gerent Sent to man on Earth
The breathing Embrio of the heavenly Birth

[Page Break]

The Still Small voice, (not Earthquake wind not Fire)
That does their gently Erring man inspire
Oh hear the Summons to the voice attend
Mark the Soft whispers of This Guardian Triad!
Leave Nobly Leave This Evanescent Spot!
And Rise Superior to the Brutal Lot!
24 Lines Laura Graeme park
 Octort 24 1784

No 21

The Rose Bark Lifes Emlen:
The Blooming Blushing fragrant Rose!
A Few short Suns Remains!
It transient doth its Sweets Disclose;
Then Droops upon the Plains.

Not so the Rugged prickly Thorn!
Which doth the Stallk Surround;
That from the Bush is never Shorn,
But Constant Lives to Wound.
 The End

[Page Break]

No 22 A Song written during the
Time of the War 1782, written to be sung at a
Spinning Frolic, where it is the Custom
in the Country for a number of young
Women to Collect together And Spin a Web
of Linnen: And Have a little Hope in the
Evening.
 A Song

1

Since Fate hath assignd us these Rural abodes
Far distant from Honour, and Fortunes High Roads
Let us Cheerfully pass thro' Lifes innocent Dale,
Not look up to the Mountain when fixd in
 the Vale.
When Storms Rage the fiercest, And mighty tress fall
The Low Shrub is Sheltrd that Clings to the
 wall,
Let our Wheels, and our Reels go Merrily Round,
While Health, Peace and Virtue among us
 are found.

[Page Break]

2

Tho the great call us little, and do us despise,
yet Sure it is Wise to make Little Suffice;
In this we will teach them altho they are Great
It is allways true Wisdom to bend to our Fate
For tho King or Congress Should Cary the Day;
We Farmers And Spinners must learn to Obey
Let our Wheels And our Reels go Merily Round;
While Health Peace and Virtue among us

3

are found.

Our Hair hath its Beautys: an Elegant Green
When it Shoots from the Earth Enamels The Scene
When moistend and broken to

(Filaments fine;)

Our Maidens they draw the flexible Line;
Then the Wheels And the Reels go Merily Round
While Health, Peace, And Virtue among us are
found.

Some fine as a Cobweb while some is more Coarse
To Wear but in Common of Substance and force

These two Lines to go above next the Chorus

[Page Break]

Lines all have assembled to Card And to Spin,
Come girls quick be nimble and Shortly begin
To help Neighbor Friendly And whom we have done,

The Boys they Shall Join us at Set of the Sun
Perhaps our Brisk partners may lead us thru' Life
And The Dance of the Night End in Husband and Wife
Let the Wheel and the Reel a
[two obscured words] The End

No 22

On the ummolested State Birds Enjoy in
The Sequesterd Shades of Graeme Park.
Patronized by my dear Friend Miss Stedmore

No Urchin School Boy, here disturbs their Rest
And Drags them feeble from their Callow Nests;

Full plumd They Soar, And have their downy Bed
Then Woo in quiet And quiet Wed.
No Gun, no Arrow Stops then in their Flight;
And Veils them instant in the shades of Night
Laura

[Page Break]

Verses to a Married Gentleman who made a Laura
Some very good Penns, which Invited her hand
To write to Mr F n in Britain at that time
Graeme park 1777

1

How can we term a Feather Light!
And Trifling as air!
When it conveys such High delight;
As find Epistles bear?

2

Your Friendly Hand with nicest art,
Above a Common Skill!
Fashions the Feather for the Heart,
And finely points the Quill.

3

The Painters Pencil paints alone,
One Object to our view;
But By the Happier Pen is Shown,
What kindred Souls pursue.

[Page Break]

4

Sweet Sentiment And pure deprive;
Which kindred Spirits Move;
The Vestals Chaste Seraphin Pure;
And mild Connubial Love.

5

Oh may this Instrument Convey,
To Distant Henry's Eyes;
Thoughts Such as Delia [Sebt?] would Say
Thus tender Good and Wise.

6

Then might I hope to wake each String
Which Glows in Henry's Breast
Soon waft Him Home on Love soft Wing
And be like Delia Blest.

To Mr Powel of Philadelphia

Graeme park July 13 1777

Mr. Ferguson I thought then was in Britain
as I had not heard from Him a year But
He was then on the point of Joining the British
at New York.

[Page Break]

To a Gentleman in Philadelphia
When That City was in possession by
the British in the winter 1778, and
The Lady was on her own Farm in the
Country about 20 miles from the City and
in possession of the Americans The
Gentleman disires the Lady to come to
Town And Join the British Amusements
No 24

When in The Dawn of artless youth!
I Read Old Isops tales!
I there perusd This homely Truth!
For Beauties of the Vales.

2

A City Mouse in pompous phrase;
Describes the happy State;
Of Such as pass their joyous Days,
Within the Pallace Gate.

3

A Rural Mouse, Stard And admird
To Hear of Things so fine:
With ardent Wish She found asspired
Her Polished Life to Shine

[Page Break]

4

She tript it off with Lady Mouse;
Disdaining Former Fare;
And enters Soon a spacious house;
Delighted with all There.

5

Grey Rooms adornd with taste Surperb;
Quite dagled her weak Mind:
She Smiles Contemptous on the Herd;
She lately left Behind.

6

But Soon the Scene is quite Reversd;
Her Mind is filled with Dread:
She-wishes for a Early Crust;
Beneath her Humble Shed

7

No friendly Hand; no little Track
Point out Her Lowly Cell
No Light gleams forth to herd her Back
Where Peace and Comfort Dwell

[Page Break]

The moral Holds If right applyd,
At least it suits my Case;
Warnd by Her Fate I will abide!
Within This lowly place.

Graeme park December the 7 1777

You Madam will know all the pains
I Sufferd that Winter; Mr. Fergusson was
never here ater he Returned from England
not a Single moment; I begd and Entreated Him
never to come out as it might Create
Suspicious; And I would go to town as
glee as I Could; But not without a Pass
And I in the Course of the Winter and
Spring and Summer I believe put it all
together past about a fortnight with Him
He Never has been in a House of His
own Since the 10 of September 1775 when
he left This and went with your Brother
Mr. Stocton to England And this is Dcembr
this 1787

[Page Break]

No 25

Lines on a Gentlemans Country Pent in Scotld
written By Mr. F n in 1776:

Extract. all local productions require notes or
an Explanatory preamble, to make you understand;
This Slight Essay of my Muse: The word vale will
naturally lead you to conclude that this Said
place in Situated in a plain, yet it is not
so low but it Commands an extensive;
prospect; terminated in one part of the Rout

Ailsa, which Risses out of the sea, to a great
Height And Circumference at several leagues
distance from any Shore. And on another Side
by Guy Fields A lofty Mountain in the West
Highlands, there are also Seen from it
Several Ruins, And a large Extent of Country.
a Small Stream called Anak rumbles a to the
House; [one word illegible] F n Changd the Name which
was formerly Calld Pearston to Green Vale
at the End of Thirty years Service he Retird

[Page Break]

at the End of the last War And built a now and
Elegant Front, And other additions to a large
Old House; And has some beautifyd, And
improvd the whole place so as to render it,
one of the Most agreeable Retreats in the North.

Green Vale.

Sweet spot where sportive natures hand!
Doth many rural beauties form!
When waving Bank; and vally land;
And murmuring Stream the Scene adorn.

Where Vines extensive please the Eye;
Which Gay fields top and Ailsa bound!
More noble Objects to Espye!
Through Caledonia cant be found.

The nearst other prospects Rise;
Of different kinds but pleasing all;
There Springs a Hill, a Vale, There lies,
And yonder Ancient Ruins fall

[Page Break]

Unnotid long these beauties lay;
Neglected by the neighboring swains;
Tell Damon passing by that way;
Find The abode upon the Plains.

Of Elegance, And taste Confessed:
He saw and prizd thy native Charms;
And resting on the laurels past;
For Thee forsook the Din of arms.

With wyly hand full well he knew:
Thy Lawns to Smooth, thy Fields to Dress!
To Change thy Rustic furzy Here!
To pleasant woods and ritchest Grass.

With natural yet with varied pace;
He anak fought to glide along;
See There he runs with gentle Grace;
Here seems to Sleep thy Banks among

[Page Break]

Delightfull Vale where art displays,
Its Highest power its nicest Skill!
To aid with with natures rambling ways:
yet all appears like natures Still!

To grace the whole a Hall he rears!
A Structure fair as may be seen!
Where Love and Delia blyth appears,
Of kindest heart and gentle mien.

To sooth the Shepherds evry Care,
To treat The Friends with Social Glee,
Employs the Sweet good nature Fair
Belovd by Swains of Elk Degree.

I hopless Wight he once could boast!
A Nymph, a Cot, and Hocks, some store,
But now alas by Fortune Crost,
A Nymph and Cot and Hocks deplore

[Page Break]

By War And Discord Cruel ~~Fate~~, Hate
Detaind from my Sylvan Home;
I wayward Wight by forward fate;
Am doomed in Foreign Lands to Roam.

From Damon and This Country Still,
Ye Gods such Dismal woes avert!
With Delia few from Faction ill,
From pain and evry balefull Smart.

Unvexed thru' the Vale of Life;
Long happy may they both Remain;

She Still the dear good chearfull Wife,
And He the Shenstron of the Plaines.
Henry H F-'n

Poor Gentleman He Saw the Nymph again
amidst the Din as he calls it by wars alarm
But the Cott and the wife, and the Hock
now Seem to be forever Banished it is
nine years Since he saw Wife and 12 Since
He Saw the Cott and the Flocks. E F

[Page Break]

Lines Written upon being at the Hermitage
belonging to the Duke of Athol at Dunkeld in
the Highland of Scotland: where the writer
just two Days in the year 1765
written on The Spot.
No 26 The Hermitage

Of Richmond's banks each Port fills the Cay;
I Sing the beauties of the winding Tay;
Pelucid Stream where Athol deigns to dwell,
And raise like Martin wonders round The Cell
A Hermit lives but to Himself alone;
Alike unusefull, And alike unknown;
Now great a Contrast Atholl is to this;
The Shades promote the Friends, and County's Bliss
So Laura glides more brilliant from the Cloud!
Which some few moments doth her luster Shroud
She lights the Swain, the Lover, And the Fair,
And aids the transport of the Virtous pair
&Martin a famous British Enchantr who lived in a
cave

[Page Break]

She Cheers the Pesant when the Sun declines;
Portracts the Vintage in the land of vines;
Here Rocks And Flowers in every disorder stand;
you view the Rugged Join the polished land;
Nature is seen yet kindly helpd by art;
As some fond parent takes the fostering Part
Bends turns and meliorates the Ductile Soil;
Corrects the harsh and dimples evry Smile;
Touches and heightens every native Grace;

Yet Nature gleams thro' every Cultur'd trace;
You see her Frolics and her sportive Mien;
Blush on each Pebble and adorn each Scene
Each Step ascent Rewards our active toil;
And Shifting Beautys weary Steps biguile;
Where woods And waters mingle in the Eye;
Yet Simple nature thro this whole year spy,
Where tumbling Cataracts break upon the Ear
Or Softly Gliding shew a Bosom Clear:
Reflect each Image on the Margin Shore
Return the Beautys in a double Store;

[Page Break]

Or whirled by motion where the waters lave;
Come foaming Rapid oer the Hermits Cave
A Rustic Elegance in Seen around;
A Happy Wildness Ornaments the Ground;
Romantic pleasure [Rustics?] on the View!
While Natures Whimsys all her frolick Shew
Pleasd with the Spot the marters hand delight
Which in Effects like Heaven proportion Stike
Thus Correspondent to the mental taste;
No dreary Barren; no unusefull waste!
Is oer His Lawns in the Environs known,
For use And Beauty thro' the Scene is Shown

Septemb the 5 Dunkeld in the
Highlands of Caladonia 1765

50 lines

Laura

This Gentleman with an amiable wife
fine Children a prince of Fortune and belovd
Much was a few years after the writing of This
found Drown'd near the own House, when it
was thought the flung Himself in the River Tay.

[Page Break]

No 27 Lines written by Francis Hopkinson
Esquire (To Mr. Printer by a Friend.)
Sir Mr Bremner was known to many of your
Readers, by whom the following Lines will
doubtless be recvd with pleasure, not only
on account of their poltical Merit but because
the author is far from having overated
The Merit of His deceased Friend, who will

be long rememberd with Regret by the
Levers of harmony And with affectionate
Esteem by all the acquaintances.

In Memory of Mr. James Bremner
by F H n

Sing to His Shade a Solemn Strain;
Let Musics sweetest notes Complain!
Let Echo tell from Shore to Shore;
The Swan of [Sching Chill?] is no more.

[Page Break]

From [Sectias?] land he came;
And fought the pleasuring art;
To Raise the Sacred Flame;
And warm a feeling Heart,

The Magic powoers of Sound!
Obeyd at the Command:
And breathd delight around;
Wak'd by the Skillfull Hand.

Oh Sanctifze the Ground;
The Ground where he is laid,
Plant Roses all around,
Not let These Roses faDe.

Let none His Tomb pass by!
Without a generous tear,
Or Sigh – And let that Sigh
Be like Himself Sincere

This is Sett to the Music of the Lass by Palys Mills own
And Mr Bremnor was parlimentary fond off.

[Page Break]

Verses written in Immitation of
No 23 Miltons il Pensiroso
 by Mr. Hopkinsen in 1757

Vanish mirth and vanish Joy,
Airy pleasures quickly Cloy;
Hence! vain jests And gay Grimmance,
And wit that wears a double Face;
Hence! evry kind of Jollity; -

I have no delight In Thee. –
Melancholy raise thy Head,
Leave thy ever Sleepless Bed;
With anxious looks and down Cast Eyes
Melancholy quickly Rise,
May Thy Sorrow soothing Reign;
Keep me long in pensive Strain;
Teach me thy delights to know,
Deep Distress and pining Woe,
Broken Hearts And Swolen Eyes,
Ceaseless tears, and deep drawn Sighs.

[Page Break]

Be Then with me, whilst I rove,
In you dark untrodden Grove;
Where the moon is readily Seen
Glimmoring thro the ambowerd Green;
While a Death like Silence Reigns!
Oor Vallys, Hills, and distant plains;
Nothing but the night birds Cry
Echoes thro the vaulted Sky;
Nothing but the Ceasless Rill;
Murmuring on its Pebbles Still;
Or the distant falling Hood,
Shakes the Silence of the Wood,
There Ill wander till them found,
Stretchd upon the Mossy Ground,
An Oak which many Summers lay
Crumbling in a Slow Decay;
The small worm which Guides its heart
Shall music to my Soul impart,
Or Ill In some Crazy Boat
On the Watry Surface float;

[Page Break]

Leaning pensive o'er its Side
Let me view the Ripling Tyde;
Glitter with pale Cynthias Rays;
Who but half her orb displays.
Searce a Breeze thats not asleep;
Trembles oer the watry deep. –
Hark! that voice so loud and Shrill;
That from you Wild Romantic Hill
Strikes Sudden on the Startled Ear

In Accents most Distinct and Clear,
Tis that Bird well known to Fame;
By her fondness to Her Name &
Which She thus repeating oer
Echoes round from Shoar to Shoar. –
Let me oft with Thee be seen
Stretched at Ease along the Green,
By whose yellow Gravelly Side
[Selrythill?] sweeps her gentle Tyde;
Over high Hills steep ascending
Towering Trees their Branches Bending

[Marginalia on center right] The Whipur Will

[Page Break]

Such a Hill and Such a Stream!
As Romantic Lovers Dream,
When waters full with aggravated Roar &&
And Echo all along the Hilly Shoar,
When the Summers Vindom lost,
Welcome Winter! Wellcom Frost!
Then Ill Spend the long long Night,
By the Lamps dim deadly Light;
Creeping nigher Still and Higher,
To the Half Extinguished Fire;
Where Midst glowing Coals I view,
Lambent Flower of Lucid Blue;
Or Listen to the Crakling head
Of heavy Foot on Snowy Bed.
Whilst the Storm with loudest Rage;
Wind and Hail And snow engage;
Thro a Crevice in the Wall
Ronan Whistles ~~dark~~ Shrill and Small;

[Page Break]

And the doors by Time grown Weak;
On that Iron Hinges break.
There Id muse on Stories Old,
By the Toothless Matron told.
Of a tall war Slender Spright
Stalking in the Dead of Night,
Whose long trailing Winding Short
Flows luxuriant round His Fort.
Irish gasping Wounds all oer Him Bleed

To disclose some Horrid Deed;
With Silent Beck he seems to Say
Haste to my Grave! come come away
Then Should my Fancy ever find.
Some horrid Scenes to fill my Mind;
Till Morn long lookd for from on High
Should twinkle with benignant Eye,
Swift then Id Shrew the Cheerful Ray
And hide me from the Face of Day
Darkliy to bed Id fearfull creep
Hushed by the Roaring Winds asleep.

[Page Break]

The Cock Fight An Elegy written by Francis
Hopkinson But I believe never printed
No 29

Alass what means this Cackling all around,
Hens Crys to Hen and Chickens shrilly sound!
A Father, These there mourn a Husband dead
By Cruel Hands to bloody Battle Lead:
Son from New York Delancey comes in State,
And twenty fighting Cocks around Him wait
All armd with Steel, And ready for the War.
Chicks fly amazd and Hens the Sight abhor
From yonder Barn sad Sounds Salute mine Ear;
And thus my thinks the notes of War I hear.
Cand be the hour that brought Him to this Place
The Savage Foe to all our harmless Race.
Atend my little Broad, And whilst I Sing
I gather Close beneath my Sheltring Wing!
A Father you a Husband I deplore!
Delancy comes and Dicky is no more.

& This Gentlemen is well known at York

[Page Break]

At yester Morn While yet the morn was Grey,
My Dicky rose and harild the Rissing Day;
Oh what avails the voice so Clear and Shrill;
His glossy Neck grey plume And polished Bill,
Or Coral bomb that gracd His Lofty Head;
Or Cockly Shrut when forth our train he led
For eer the Sun to hastening Night could yield
Poor Dicky lay all mangled on the Field;

Then are we left O barbarous sport of Man
Poor orphans you And I a widowd Hen.
tis not enough our featherd Race must bleed
To Crown your Feasts eer luxrey to Feed
That eer our prety Coklings learn to Crow
To pamper lust they must to Market go;
But will you Thus on fatal Misry Bent
For our Distraction Cruel Sport invent,
Hence far away And have your Bloody Plan
Persue some nobly purpose worthy Man
Thy Country Calls Thee on her Wellfare wait
by Calm the Discords of the troubled State

[Page Break]

Thinkst then that Heaven was to thy fortunes kind
~~Kind~~ Gave wealth, And power, Gave an immortal Mind
With boasted Reason; And a Ruling Hand
To Make Thee Chief ~~Cokt~~ Cock fighter in the Land,
With Crimson Dye our Blood Shall spot thy Force
And Chickens yet [untracked?] shall Curse.

(Delancy's Name.)

This Gentleman Mair'd Miss Peggy Allen
Second Daughter to William Allen Esquire;
a Remarkable Sensible fine Woman;
She is now in England as you know her
Husband took the Royal Side;

My dear Madam Cruity to animals in some way or
other seems (as Mr. Hopkinson says in this
Humorus Elegy to prevail) on all occasions
will you allow me to Send you the Copy
of a Letter I wrote to your Brother [one word illegible]
in Reply to one he Sent me informing me of
the Peace writ is not forign to the part

[Page Break]

Copy by a Fellow from Mrs. F n to Mr. Boudanot
when he was President of the Continental Congress
at the Time peace was agreed on

No 30 Graeme park April 17
Dear Sir 1783

I thank you for your Obliging favor by
Mr Shewell; What a Change tho' a most
Delightfull one, yet to a Contemplative Mind

Does it not Show the transient State of all
Human Things?
Now nothing but our dearly belovd Brother
His Britanic Majesty And all that. - -
Dear Swift Speaking of the English nation
Says that they are always in the Garrett or
the Cellar. And I think in This War
What with their haughty Refusals; and
that present Concessions this Aberration
Has been provd to have been prety true
Particularly I General [Bargon?] an Proclamation!

[Page Break]

But Blessed Thrice Blessed be Peace for if it
is to be defind Wars Contrast, It must be a
most positive Blessing. As War is a most
Positive Cause; If you would not accuse me
of a too Studyd an affiliation to be
Joind with Peace to our young Empire [Terrin?].
Peace, Plenty, Piety and Politness

The Blessings and Ornamentg any Land!

“It is early days with us considerd as
An Independent people: the United States
Collectivly are “Miss In her Teens”
And may her Butter and Corn fellows be
What a faithfull Guardian should
Prove to a Minor and Delicate young
Lady,”

I could Wish on the feasting And
Rejoicings which no doubt will take place
on this Occasion (so far as Relates to the
Eating part of it) I Could Wish not and
Life might be Lost, nor a drop of Blood

[Page Break]

Not a Drop of Blood Spilt enough of that has
been Shed allready

And why Should not the Brutes And feather Race
be Spard. And Confectionry of all kind be only
used: This would give our Sea a great
opportunity of Showing their Taste an
Fancy in the Ornamenting of their Tables:
And the disuse of Shedding Blood in such
vast profession would tend to keep

above These Sentiments of Humanity which
it is to be Supposed to make the news by
Peace so desirable an Event to the good.
But alas as the Apostle Paul observes
“The whole Creation groweth.” And
Whether it be marriages or Funerals;
Births, Baptisms, Elections, or ReElections
Peace or War, what was it that Collects
a Groupe of the Human Race together
Whole Hecatombs of the Annimal Species
Fall as tho it were necessary that evry

[Page Break]

Convivial mating Should be Ratifyd with
the Shedding of Blood as a Solemn Seal.

No Wonder General Washington is much
pleasd as you say he is: For he has in
these last Seven years of His Life performd
the Work of ages.”

I think was I a person of Weight in the
State of Virginia, I would Justifze their
not being calld in to pay their [one word illegible] in
the Continental tax as by their producng
art of that State the Commander in
Chief: Thy Should have some peculiar
Privelege of Exemption: many a longue
Harangue has gone down on a Smaller
Plea And they might conclude with
the Words said to St. Paul when he calld Him
self of Tarsis (With no small sum purchasd
I this Freedom “The Chief Captain) Said to Paul
Finaly I believe may be applied to
(Acts 22, 28 verrse)

[Page Break]

to General Washington what Mr Pope wrote
in His Celebrated prologue to Addisons Cato
When Whigg And Tory party prevailed
Envy it Self was Dumb in wonder lost
And Faction Strove which should aplaud
Him meet.

Is it not Hard my dear Friend that with a
heart found for Urbanity and
Convivial Cheerfullness on this Occasion

particularly: I should from an extraordinary
Embarrassed perplexed and painful
Combination of Events remain so lost
Totally in Obscurity. but [one word illegible] that
my own Situation is war before my Eyes
And I wish to hide in Shades the many
Terrors that have of late years
wounded the peace of your ever Obliged Friend
And Humble Servant Elizabeth F n.
To Elias Budunot Esquire Copy

[Page Break]

Extract from the 13 pages of the 2 Volumes by
Dr Raupys Histry of the Revolution in South
Carolina which gave rise to the
Following Epigram Calld the Medly
“To fall upon a uniform line of
Conduct on this trying Occasion, a Congress of
Deputies from each province was Recomendend
When these measures were proposd in the
Assembly of South Carolina it was Ridiculd
by a Humorous Member in words to the
following Effect.”
“If you agree to the proposal of Composing
a Congress of Deputies from the Diferent
British Colonies what Sort of a Dish
will you Make. ?
New England will throw in Fish, and Onions,
The Middle States Flax Seed and Flour:
Maryland And Virginia will add Tobacco
North Carolina Pitch tar, And Turpentine
South Carolina Rice and Indigo, And

[Page Break]

Georgia Will Sprinkle the whole with Saw Dust
Such an absurd Tumble will you make if
you attempt to form an union between
Such discordant Materials as the
thirteen Colonies.
A Shrewd County Member Replied.
“He would not Chuse the Gentleman who
Spoke last for His Cook: But nevrtheless he
would venture to assert that if the
Colonies proceeded Judiciously in the

appointment of deputing Deputies for a
Continental Congress They would
prepare a Dish fit to be presented
to any Crownd head in Europe;
The Reading of This Passage producd
The following piece which must in
the Columbian Magazine appear
very nonsensical as they Publishd it
without the Passage that it alluded to

[Page Break]

The Continental Medly an Epigram
Tho' the Yankeys their Onions And Fish had well mixt
And Flour and [Flax &Seed?] the Yankees had Dished
Tho ~~the~~ Jerseys fat Rations of Pork had Strewd Round
And fair Pennsylvania her Corn had fine Ground
Tho' the Fens of Kent County fat Bullfrogs had Sent
As tender as Chickens tho eaten in Lent
Tho' Maryland too had her [Quota?] presented!
With Fumes of Tobalco the [Olive?] had Scented.
Tho' Blacks from Virginia had waited around,
And bent in Obedience with Gestures profound;
Tho North Carolina her Pitch too Should Join
And drink Health to Great Britain in tar Sung By Cloyne
Whose Water He made the ambrosial Due
The Nectar that Could every Evil Subdue
Tho South Carolina her Rice too Should show
In Whitnes to Rival the appenine Snow
And tinge it with Shadings of Indigo Blue
And poor little Georgia her Saw Dust Shed Strew

[Page Break]

yet belive no monarch the Dish would e'er taste;
If Bourbon some Cooks had not Sent to the Paste
This Curious Collection of Substance Strange
The Parissians found Methods to Skillfull arange
What Suited Each Palate immediate they Spy
And France happy Finger Compleated
the Pye.

(Salomongundy)

Laura

The Line of tar War Refers to a Celebrated
Treatise that the Bishop of Cloyne wrote
which brought Tar water in to Fashion

When This was in the Magazine it was Signed Salmon gundy.

The above piece was publishd in the Columbian Magazine But as the passage from Ramrys History was not Anexd to it the Epigram if it had any Wit in it, was quite unintelligible E Fn

[Page Break]

On the Discvry of a new Star by Mr. Herschell,
The great optican at Bath, And by Him
Calld the Georgian Sidus in honor of
his Britanic Majesty George the Third.

No 32

Whether thy Glasses piercing Eyes;
Have Introduced to View;
A Distant Planet from the Skies
Bright beautiful and new?

2

Or whether we are nearer thrown
To the grand Fount of Light!
And from that Source Each Mist is flown
which wrapt the Star in Night,

This Verse Refers to the Violent Shocks
the Earth has Sustaind by the dreadfull
Earthquake in Calabria; And many other
parts of the Globe; so that some of the
Poles of the Earth are [allowd?] Poles then
are none But the Earth moved By the Shock

[Page Break]

Too deep the Search a Female Pen
Dare not Such Heights explore;
The Subjects wavd And left to men;
of Philosophic Lore.

4

A Star is found; that's Clear and haild;
With Britains monarchd name;
So by His Earthly Glories faild;
The Heavens Enroll His Fame!

5

But Sordid Souls I greatly fear;

Will not the Change approve;
To think His Empire fled from here
In Azure plains to Rove;

6

Perchance in Days to Come some youth
Whose Bosome Greivous fires
When warmd with Scientific Truth
He ardent There Enquires

[Page Break]

7

What Mortal Great Who dwelt on Earth;
Assignd This Star the Name;
Another George of Martial Worth;
May be mistook by Fame.

8

Yet be it fixd Britanias King!
We with the Planet done.
Will yield the late found Star to Him,
And Hail our George a Sun.

Graeme-park

Janry the 6 1784

Laura

This was printed in the Newspaper
But not with Signature by Laura Still on

Note This is not calculated for the Meridian of
St James square.

[Page Break]

33 Verses Said to be Written By Major Andre

Return you Rapturd Hours;
When Delias Heart was mine;
When She with wreaths of Flowers;
My Temple did Entwine.

No Fantisy or Care
Coroded oer my Breast;
But Visions Light as air!
Presided oer my ~~Breast~~ Rest.

Now nightly oer my Breast;
No airy Visions play;

No Flowerets deck my Head;
Each Vernal Holiday.
Far far from This Sad plain;
The lovely Delia flies.
While Rackd with Jealous Pain
Her Wretched Lover Dies

[Page Break]

34 Lines on the Death of the unfortunate
Major Andre Who was Executed at Tapon
the American Camp
in 1780 written on Reading Miss Swards
Monody on Him when She compares
General W n to the Emperor Nero.

When Gallant Andre Stoopt to act the Spy,
Each Bosom heavd a tributary Sigh!
His Blooming Virtues Seemd a season Veild,
And Gloom and Horror every Breast assaild.
Wars Stern Decrees could then alone be heard
And Justice doomd Him tho' to all endeard!
The Chief not Nero like a Victim Sought.
But a sore conflict in His Mind was fought
As the first Brutus doomd His Sons to Bleed
Not let the Parent fondly interceed;
So Washinton with Anguish Signd the Fate
Which gave to Andres Days a fixed Date
August 1781 Laura;

[Page Break]

35 On the Death of Leopald Prince of Brunswick
Who was drownd in the River Oder on the
27 of April 1785 In attempting to Save some
little Children whom their Mother in a fright
had left on the Banks that were overflowd;

When Ceasars bark by furious Storm was Driven
The World Famed Hero seemd the Charge of Heaven,
A Crown allurd of Death appeard in View;
One Track was left he could alone pursue;
But Brunswick eager Stemd the boisterous Wave
A Feeble Helpless Cottage Race to Save!
A Little Brood their mother left Behind;
Did In His Breast Maternal feelings find

“I am but Man as they he nobly Cryd”
Then launc’d adventurous in the foamy Tyde
There Angel like he Spake and God like Dyed
Laura

God like Dyed may not be proper But it has
here a Reference to the Death of the ~~Man-God~~ Mediator
To Serve others

[Page Break]

36 On the Death of Connseilor Stockton
of Princeton By an intimate Friend

Tho blest with talents to atract And please!
Joind to strong Sense, soft Elegance And Ease;
With the firm Virtues of An honest Heart;
And the bright polish of each finer art.
Tho sweet persuassion on His [peril?] Hang,
And Elocution Meltd from His tongue;
yet at the last this was His boast and Pride
that for His Sake a God Encarnate Dyed!
This was His Hope, His Anchor, and His trust
When frail Mortality Should fall to Dust
That the Etherial heavenly Spark Let free
Should for His Judge that God Incarnate See
Transporting thought in Extacy he Cryd,
That at a Bar I shall be final Tryd
Where Judge And Advocate are Both the Same
Mercy and Justice in my Serviors name

[Page Break]

37 On The Death of Anthony Benezet
By Mrs Eliza Fergusson

If eer The Christian Virtues Ritchly Glowd,
Since Jesus first a Sacred Pattern showd.
Of what these virtues were, He wishd His Race
Should thro the Paths of tangled Life Embrace
They Shone in one whose Breath but [lasts Resgnd?]
Releasd a Soul that long to Heaven was Joind
In Simple Manner Vice before Him fled;
And Power misguided Hung its drooping Head
A Warm asserter of the Rights of Man
Who from one Parent have immediate Sprang

No poor Distinctions of Black Brown or Fair
With Him could load Them with a Lot Severe;
All [Assies?] Sable Bands he Sought to Loose;
And not Their Ignorance By art Abuse;
Doubly to Free thine from all Slavish Rule
Then make them Scholars in the Christian School.

[Page Break]

31 To the memory of my valuable Friend Dr John
Fothergill who Departed this Life Janry the 8
At His own House Harper Street London
in the year of our Lord 1782.

38

If Science Mourns when her best Sons are fled!
If Genius weeps a darling Votary Dead;
Virtue triumphant hovers oer thy Tomb;
Virtue which lives where Science canot bloom
Where Genius comes not if of Truth bereft!
For all but Truth on this Side heaven is left.
Truth, Genius, Science, yet were Surely Shine,
Each hand a Wreath Thy temples to Entwine;
The Dust which moulders in its Silent Room
 Deeply Experienced in the Healing Art;
Thou didst thine Aid Oh Fothingill impart
No mean parade of pompous Empty Skill,
Then E'er didst boast to vanquish every Ill

[Page Break]

Active, Ingenius, usefull, good, And Wise;
Discuse then tracd with penetrating Eyes;
Persued the Venom as it lurking lay;
And Markd the poissen thro its Dubious Way
Relived where possible to be Relivd;
And if inerrable Humanity Grivd;
Grivd for the Wars of Burdend labority Life;
And saw with Sorrow the unequal Strife
Saw Life surchargd with more than Life could bear
And in the Struggle took a kindred Stiare;
Such Cordial kindness Glowd with in thy Breast
As Sting no Heart with acid Wits keen Jest.
Thou lookd on Mankind with Fraternal Love
Stampd from the Image of their God above;

Thy Helpless Children mourn a Father flown
Who Found their Manners honest like his Own
The little Circle of the poor around;
In Thee a Pattern and Protector found

[Page Break]

The Sphere more ample of thy Countrys Laws,
Found a Supporter in each upright Cause
The healing Science did to Thee pertain;
To Blount the Anguish by Corporial Pain
Thy own Domesticity now Thy Humble Friends
~~[5 words illegible]~~

With down Cast eyes a votive Tribute lends
Thy Recollect The Kind endearing Smile;
Which Servd to mitigate The day of toil.
Which Ranks Subordinate are doomed to know
As thro this Vale of dreary Life They go;
But still the deepest Sorrow is unserving
Then o'er His Consort Let a Veil be flung;
Silence is best Such poignant woe to paint
Oh verse atempted makes the [Porkers?] Faint.

Thy will be done what eer be Thy Decree
Thy Will be Done what eer and Person Be
30 Lines Laura 17785

[Page Break]

To the Memory of Mrs Elizabeth Martin
Who died in the Philadelphia Hospital
[Tusano?] Janry 1787
No 40

When Fortunes children yield to Death
And Leave this World below;
Tho Worthless oft Some Flatterous Breath,
Their vast perfections Show.

2

But when in Sorrows depart Gloom;
A Saddend Spirit Flies;
It droops Regardless in the Tomb;
No tongue its Virtues Crys.

3

But let a Female who has felt
Afflictions poignant Sting;

At Female anguish allso Melt;
And Female Services Sing

[Page Break]

4

Eliza long, Eliza know;
In Childhood and in youth;
Markd how The Birds of Virtue Blow
Of tenderness And Truth.

5

She markd the gradual Rissing Scale,
Which Opening did Disclose;
How manners Soft as Southern Gale;
From year to ~~arose~~ year arose.

6

Patient in Sickness, Gay in health;
Her Sympathizing Breast;
Smild from of Envy when full Wealth,
Some Neighboring Friend possesst.

7

But when a Change of Fortune turnd
The Current of the Day!
She never insolently Spurnd
The Humbled Mind away.

[Page Break]

Benevolent to all around;
Within her Bounded Sphere,
Her Heart [Reclosed?] evry wound
And gave back tear for tear.

And Shall no Drop bedew an Eye
For Such a Spirit fled?
And shall no Bosom heave a Sigh
As oer her turf thy head?

Doubtless there are! but one most Sure
In humble artless lays;
Shall dare the Criticks glance Endure
To give her Public praise

Oh Spare me of Apollo's Shrine
yo Harmonizing ~~of~~ Choir;
Tho Phoebus dont Refulgent Shrine

Nor polished Vase inspire.

[Page Break]

A Kind tho not a brilliant Maid!
Here prompts my pensive Theme!
And Wafts an offering to a Shade
Which well deserves Esteem

Tis Gratitude impell'd by Truth;
Which Bids my lines to flow!
The soft Remembrance of my youth
And Hours unting'd with Woe.

Here latest Anguish [Strols?] Sincere!
And Sorrows Clustering Round
Gives all the Thorn And all the tear
Nor Rose nor Smile is found.

Thy troubles with thy Life is Laid
The Maniac now no more.
Doubtless thou livst a happy Shade
And Thy Sharpe Conflicts oer.
Graeme Park, Laura

[Page Break]

To the Memory of Mrs
Rebekah Langly Once of the
Lislers at Bethlem
Who departed This Life
October the 2d 1787

No 41

The Solemn Shades of Bethlems Sacred Wall,
Has late Resigned to her Saviors call,
A Virtuous Spirit for to bloom above;
And taste the Raptures of Redeeming Love!
Her Lively Hope Her Animating trust,
Was when her Body should be laid in Dust
That her Blest Spirit Should [Sessastion Din?]
In Hallelujahs and in Strains Divine;
Tho' worn with Sickness and oprest with Pain
She did a Christian Fortitude Mantain;
That my Reedeemer Lives The dying Cryd

That Vital Flame Lifes feeble Lamp
Suplyd

[Page Break]

Like the Wise Virgins brightly burnt her Oyl!
A Cheering Recompence for former toyl
The Breath Resigned in Confidence to Meet
A Heavenly Bridegroom in that Safe Retreat
Whose Grief, And Sorrow can afect no more,
Serenly landed on that peacfull Shore!
Then Safely harbord, while we Steer the Tyde,
And on the Waves of Boiterous Billon Pride
For some Time longer must we Struggl here,
To heave the Sigh, And Shed the brinny tear;
Oh may our passage At the last be soothd
With Sweet apearance as her path was

Graeme park Ockr the 7, 87 Smoothd
30 Lines

Her Sister in a lettr to me said "I wish you had
Seen her happy Oh Joyfull Exit out of the World;
She often Cryd out I know that my Redeemr liveth"
you her many and Sweet Expressions of her
Asurance in a Crucifyd Savior my heart is too
Full to Describe

[Page Break]

Lines Spoken Extempore by a young Lady
On Saving a Drawing of Charlotte over
the Tomb of Werter The Lady speaks
in the Character of Werter
Taken from an English Magazine.
No 42

"Why does my Charlott mourn On Werters Grave
Pleasd should She be that Death has fond her Slave
Be Blest in Albert, as hes blest in Thou!
But Surely He Can never Love like Me.
43 Juliania

Answrd by Mrs Fergusson
Mistaken youth, Thy Love to Fringy wrought;
Spurnd Calm Reflection And each Sober thought
A Little time had Showd that Charlots Charms

Tis to point out our Pilgrims State;
That no Abiding place is here;
That paind And transient is the Date;
Of Days For Man appointed here.

Laura

[Page Break]

To a Gentleman who offerd to assist Laura in
Some Bussiness And wrote Her a Humerous
Billet in The Style of a Knight Errant.

To the Knight of the Silver Moon.

Sure Simple Prose can ner indite!
Returns to such a Gallant Knight,
Appolo and the tunefull Hine
And all the Groupe from Phoebus shrine
Must be invokd in pompous Style;
In gratfull Tribute for the Toil;
To nobly proferd from your Hand,
To Swim And Cross enchanted Land;
To Serve a Damsel quite Diserted;
Who is with Woes and Ills begirted;
Of Various Kinds Like Hydras Head;
One Sprouts up where the last is fled,
None I declare with me are dead
But push And fresh are overspread

[Page Break]

But as La Manetras peerless Fair;
Did only in His Brain appear;
To be beyond all Else around;
In Charms Divine in Wit profound;
And when in Sifting wheat was Caught;
Her Knight with happy Fancy froight
By Magic power he instant Whirls;
The Common Grain to Orient pearls;
And she a princess High in Birth!
Of most transendent matchess Worth;
Tho but in Fact a peasant mean,
Ordaind for Lifes Plebian Scene;
This May in Future Quell the Pride
Of Dainty Damsels if Retyde,

They should adopt these Phantom Charms
Bestowed By Garter Knight of Arms
On them as that Exclusive due
Tho' vain fantastic and untrue

When there is a Coronation a Man in
Compleat Armor Rides Calld Damock And
in a pompous Phrase Challenges all the World
to appear a Show claims

[Page Break]

Let but Jobesa Rise to View;
And that will latent pride Subdue.
Who e'er in my perplexing Cause
His dinghy Sword Adventerous draws!
Is Right the Cressent to assume!
As sure to meet her Subjects Doom;
The world will Cry He sure is mad!
And His poor Wits in plight but Sad.
Truly: Insane he must be thought!
And in His Brain Strange whimsies wrought
Who would abroad Adventures try
For one so much dispised as I!
Tho' Granted True the Merits great
When Knights Such mighty trouble take
When not the Shadow of Reward
around the Golden Fruit doth Guard.
In this you far Superior tread
Regend your Knight by Knights the Head

[Page Break]

For he perchance in twenty years;
Might Reap the produce of His Cares;
But you adventurous take thy Field
For one who doomd alone to yield
To Solitude, to Shades and Fountains;
Like Echo Haunts Sequesterd Mountains
While many a pensive heartfelt trace
Is Markd open My faded face;
A Face which had no Charms to Spare
In Days of youth when Nymph are fair
Such is the Being which you honour
Who cant Reward His Generous Donor.
Tho' Windmills you have not Surounded

Nor Dwarf or Giant mortal Wounded
you Paper Mills & have late [Beseiged?]
In Chace of Squires been Recent [higd?]
with numerous ills which might be countd
Since first you Rozinants Mounted

The Gentleman accompny me to a County Tentious
who [prse?] a Papr Mill

[Page Break]

My Cause to Serve; But I have done
Nor Want your Patience quite out Run.
I now Command in Term as Lady
That Thou on thursday can att ready
To be within my Castles Wall;
And There Obedient to my Call
To take Salubrious Coffees Stream
Your Next Exploit Shall prove the Theme
Which Shall the fleeting hour Beguile;
And lay the Plan of future toil;
If Hymn Dark Command that Day,
And make some Rustic Nymph obey
And Change the Severe ardent Sighs;
To Milder Joys of Nuptual Tys.
Or move Ill fated to a tear,
Gaining Severer for Severe!
For Sure I think all Love is pain
Of Griefs a pound of Joys a Grain
Laura Nov' 16 1785 82)

The Gentleman was a Clrgiman and Thrsday
The Common Dy for Marriage

[Page Break]

A Peice appeared in the America Magazine
of January 1779 calld an adress to
Continental Curenry and Signd Maid
Money. The peice was Humorous and
written in prose. I thought by some things
in it It was written by Mr Hopkinson
Whose wit And delicacy I know would
bear a Retort; under that Idea I wrote
The following [perview?] intending to Have
Publishd it, But in the Interval by

Time Between the writing and the
Intended publication; I learned that
It was not Mr Hopkinsons performance
therefore I did not Chuse to let it appear
in Print as I would not engage in
an altercation tho' in Text where I did
not know the person who would Reply

Altho at the time it was written
it was on a Subject that everyone
was interested in more or Less

[Page Break]

The apreciation or Depreciation of the
Paper Money; yet as it is to be hoped that
period is happily over all that Stood
Conected with it naturally falls to the
Ground; and its Merits if it had any
is not worthy enquiring in to; it was
an Humble attempt towards humor
And no party [Molier?] couched under it.
And Tho in Raily I took the
Papers Side; yet as a person who
wishes Well to the Communtiy I
most Sincrlly Hope we may (when
the Government is fixed have nothg
But Specie in Circulation for [time?]
Must; is never Local as to time or Place.

New State Cash a new State trick!
At first like early Cherys which rangd upon a Stick
Which Children run to purchase,
But eor the Work goes Round
Miss Mourns her late spent Penny
Which now would buy a Round.

[Page Break]

No 41 A Continental Bills Reply
To Hard Money which
Apeard in the Philadelphia
Magazine of Janury 1779.

Hand Moneys attack was printed not This Pain

Traduced in Public! who can bear it;

I am agrieved and must declare it;
Hard Money Scolds, and taunts and lies,
Sneers at my shape; And Jeers my Size;
Abuses all my Family!
And boasts the Ancient Pedigree.
From Love Defended and all [Thut?]
His Lesson he has wondrous Put
I must Claim and decent Kin!
And ne'er committed half the Sin
He hath from days of yore till now,
The Candid must this truth allow

Hard Money says Gold was found by the Rays of
the Sun operating with Warmth on the Earth

[Page Break]

He calls my brading mean and low,
He says I nought by Clasic's know;
Because His Coin has [Mortes?] old!
And Scraps of History doth unfold!
Tis certain when I went to School;
I was not branded Duncce or Tool;
See Hardy now I you adress.
Then mark dread See what I express
Lines you are frought with Clasic lore
Come here a tale of Ovids o'er;
Who tills as Jove did base Deflower
Fair Dance in a golden Shower;
The princly Dame was mean Deciv'd
By Virgin unity bereavd!
He thro the Ceiling made His way
Here Ovid has a deal to say!
For tho Jove had a handsome Wife
He led a sad intriguing Life
And rovd about like any Varlet
Who tempts (Poor Girls) in Lace and Scarlet

[Page Break]

But Juno like a modern spouse,
Brookd not this Breach of Nuptual Vows;
And many a Curtain Lecture Read,
On Idas top with Hewers bespread;
But tho the Goddess made a Clatter
It did not one whit mend the matter

For Jove again as you will Say
Was like The Husband of this Day
And If He would there freedoms take
And would His Lady Wife forsake
He knew for Grief she could not Die
As formd for Immortality!
Atlanta too did go astray;
Beacusa a golden Apple lay;
Across the path she was to Run;
She stopd tho Stopped and was undone,
Her Rival gaind the Destind Goal;
The Golden Bait did poor Condole;
The shamefacd nymph for Cost of Fame
Obscurity and loss of Name

[Page Break]

A Moral meant for all the Fair
Deluded by a Golden Snare;
That Shorts the pleasure; long the pain,
Most by such Victorys they gain;
The meanings plain that Still the Devil
Lies lurk'd beneath the Shining Evil!
Of Classics now but one word more
And then to learning Shut the Door;
Encas Virgils Hero past;
Thro Plutos Regions Dark and Vast!
Tis true he could no Entrance gain
Into the Black informal Plain;
Till he had pluckd the Golden Bough
Which did on Stygian Confines grow
Pray what do all these Fables tell
But that your Interests great in Hell?
On that tis needless more to Say;
That truth is proven every Day
Self Evident no language here
Thus Needs my argument ~~me~~ to Clear.

[Page Break]

If you Contend for power I yield,
And can no longer hold the Field;
But if for Innocence and [health?];
I boast my unpolluted truth;
And do not fear to Stand my Ground;
Tho Britain trys my fame to wound.

Perchance you deem your Self the Victor
Because you bear Great George His Picture
Why none but Tories love his Face
And Tories now are in disgrace!
But I a George could easy name
Who might superior Honour Claim
To your great Patron, Chief And King
Yet I will no mean Salyr Fling
When I dont like; nor will I praise
Where I aprove in fulsom Lays;
Of Good and bad we all are made
Like Day and Night of Light and Shade.

[Page Break]

When Neighbor Sweeps her House;
And Brushes Tydy Coat of loving Spouse!
We do not Say She is as Clean!
As from the Mint she fresh was seen;
No, we pursue another Hint;
And Madam Cry "you live in Print."
These vulgar sayings show the taste
Tho Careless flung And spoke in haste;
May show the tongue and heart an near
And artless nature doth appear;
True Chesterfield has Styld them low;
Thy with us common people go;
But he was all without Refind;
Tho not within so purely kind.

Lord Chesterfield in His advice to His Son;
frequently tells Him not to make use of
Proverbs, And Common Sayings in Conversation
as it argues that he has kept mean Company

[Page Break]

You oft quote Scripture do not Bray;
Remember there who kept the Bay!
Hard money was that travilers Curse
Too well he lovd the weighty Purse;
Tho first time Gold in Scriptures nam'd;
In Eden a Garden fair and famd;
We soon Spy Satan looking Round;
Perchd in a tree he quick was found;
And sought to banish the first Pair;

And place Satanic Ensigns There!
The Shining Ore from Pison past
Around Havilahs County vast
And daybliss he with Joy Surveyd;
Now he would make that metal aid
His vile Designs upon Mans Race
Who Should the Mammon fond Eembrace;
Tho' he a thousand lesser Snares
Had formd for Mans unhappy Heirs

& See the four Rivers mentiond in the Garden
of Eden

[Page Break]

This proves His Chief, His grand Resort;
His Rook His Staff His firmest Fort;
And doubtless he in future Saw
The Boat that Should His Mition draw
To low Perdition Dreadfull Brink!
And with the fallen angels Sink;
But Hush I Stop this Serious Strain
Shall not be mixd with Light and Vain
 “Now oft your Sweated pair and [Clipt?];
And Round your [Bordon?] Cruel [nipt?];
The race of Israel well do know
What Marks and Tokens they bestow;
A Second Ordeal Toyal past;
you then Emaze And if a Grain

[Text inserted in middle right margin] His [Jons?] are farmers
for clipping money;

Beyond your weight do; Still remain
you then Reclyst and Suffer Still
at paring Caines Wicked Will;
Ensine I think none but a Winney;
Would ever wish to be a Guinea

[Page Break]

Tho I perchance am doomd to lie;
Beneath a Chick or Mutton Pye;
Placd in some sphere perchance more low
For Changes all must undergo;
Forms only Change Essence the Same

Feels no ignoble transient Shame;
Fixed and immutable from heaven;
We can't be from its nature Driven;
So you and I in this units
Man cannot Change ~~of~~ our Nature quite
In all the transgressions they
By [Perturing?] Modes and arts display.
The [incanest?] office of the poor;
Beneath the Scavenger of Door;
Are Goldfinders [Onto?] Patriots Dean!
Had I But half your ~~Wit~~ Satyr keen
I here could Lash with poignant Dart
But who like you can raise the Smart

[Page Break]

In Wit And Dirt you did Exceed
Most of the Class of mortal Breed!
The first the last could Scarce excuse
And plead for Cloavinas muse!
But Sure the last without the first
In Wist And Humor quite Reverst
Then draw the Curtain Close the Scene
Since not allyd to patriot Dean!
Grove for your Gold in every way.
Oh try what pleasure twill Convey;
With Solomon you then will Cry
Alls vanity beneath the Sky!

But of my Family perchance,
I think I something should advance
To Frality I've no pretence!
My greatest Claim is Innocence;
Confind my path, And Sherk my Road,
Not distant from my own abode
And trace my Origin I can
Pure is the path from whence I Ran
Abroad I never Rove like Gold
But stay within my Parents Fold

[Page Break]

For me no Honest Indians Slain;
For me none ever ploughd the Main;
For me in horrid mines none dwelt
Where Phoebes beams are never felt;
No Racks or fortune of Peru;

My Simple Votarys ere know;
And trace my Origin I can;
With Truth repeat from whence I Sprang
Not in the Past no Blush need glow
While I my Humble progress Show.

A Peasant Sowd me in afield
I did a beauties prospect yield;
No Verdure of the Rural Scene
Displayd so soft so mild a Green!
A Flower of Bright Cerulean Hue;
Upon my Head luxuriant Grew
There pulld by Lads And Lassies Gaze
I in pellucid Waters lay;
When Botled I was broke and Swingled
In Bundles with my [Riethour?] Mingled

This has an allusion to the Crueties Exercised
in Peru to make the [rakes?] Then when Gold
was hid

[Page Break]

Then Hatchild thro a fine Machine,
Combd free from Dirt; all smooth and Clean
A lovely Maid with Snow white Skin,
Drew forth my threads and Swift did Spin;
And as she twind the Slender Clue;
While I from off the Distaff flew;
Of War and Washington she Sang
All [Sensylhills?] Banks Receaved Sung.
She Sang And Sighd and thought of Harry
And Vowd no other youth to Marry;
She to her Love was kind and true,
As was the Swain to pertly Sue;
On Bunkers Hill he fought and Bled
Lays numberd with the Gallant Dead;
And adds to those whose martial worth
May Laurels Claim the mean in Birth
Forgive this little Episode!
A tangent Line from off the Road;
A tribute to a faithfull Pair
Who held Their plighted honour Dear

War and Washington a very popular
Ballad

[Text nserted in middle left margin] Bunker Hill a Capital Battle in this War

[Page Break]

I next was Woven in a Room
In Linnen Wrought for Farmer Bloom;
I on a Velvet meadow lay
Throughtout the flowery month of may!
The Suns warm beams and water Clear,
turnd my Brunette soon to fair;
Then in an under Garment Made
I did sweet Susans beauties Shade
Oft paired And darnd with female Skill
I kept me Close to Susan Still;
I But on Sister Garment had;
Who boasted two might thou be glad!
For in the War as linnen I
Was Valued ~~On~~ I cant tell how High
But time and Soap brought on Decay
And wore my substance near away
yet I was usefull in my place
Not quite ashamed to Show my Face

[Page Break]

The Milken Streams thro me were Straind
And Cheese within my folds containd;
Then from the Diary I was Cast
And to the Kitchin Humbly past
I wipd the plates; And Scaul'd the floors
And last was flirted out of Doors
A Ragman took me to the Mill
And here I am a Paper Bill
Eight Dollars I no more can boast
Een that I fear will soon be lost
I to a Yankyee first was paid
A tempting Handkerchief conveyd
me from His Pocket that Same Day
Not long I on the Counter lay;
For Butter in the market Changd,
I soon for tea And Sugar rangd
I paid both Nurse and Granny too
But now no such matters do!
yet [Follies?] then are as great as me
Hath lived their ups And downs to See

A [last?] name for the people of New England

[Page Break]

Mean as I am Ive brought some low;
Who used to in their Coaches go;
And others whirl along the ~~gras~~-Street
Who used to trust to Humble feet;
But as the Wheel goes round and Round
one Spoke want all ways touch the Ground,
There was a time a Gown I bought
Tho now I am so Set at nought;
That not a pair of Gloves I vow
Can thro my means be purchasd now;
My Latin Scraps you Jibe And Jeer
And at my Pedent learning Sneer;
In many parts as I'm a Sinner
I am equal am to any Primmer;
Each little picture and Device
Embellish round with mottos nice
Which fit as Fat as any thing
Like Poesies for a Wedding Ring;
Books are so Scarce and hard to gain
And I such Pitting Say's Contain

[Page Break]

Multum in Parvo I will boast
Tho I don't pass I Shant be lost;
If U Virtuosis Will me keep
In future I my head may peep;
And share how wise and Smart was I
For why Should we ignobly Die;
Perhaps the Head who first me Pland
And past and future Shredly scand
Had money a usefull thought occurrd
unoticed by the Vulgar Hierd!
That us a Book I might amuse;
When Some as Cash would me Refuse
For I Alass Leave many a Foe
Who longs to See my worth row

Some of the Mottos were in Latin;
Books during the War were vastly Dear!
It is thought Dr Franklin made thread
the Plan of the Money And Chose most of

the Mottoes and Devices

[Page Break]

I never was a Misers Darling;
For nothing Suits old Eyes but Sterling;
For Such Town I am unfit;
As they will tell me is mey Wit;
Tho they perchance will never Read;
What Little I have now to plead;
 When as a Bill I first Stept forth
I held high notions of my worth;
Most youths are vain not here alone
Let Him thats “guiltless Cast a Stone”
Frailtys the Lot of all below;
Then how should I Perfection know
All prone to Err, all may ofend!
Except the Pope our new found Friend
Nay some vile Heriticks dare say
His Holiness Himself can Stay
 But Sure no Counterfeit am I
Nor never told a Willfull Lie

[Page Break]

Who confeses that they may fail
And mount aloft in Fortunes Scale;
Pray what is Gold? why all agree
to give it worth And Dignity
But on aralias thirsty Plain!
Can it a cooling Drop Atain?
Or on in the Govt or in the Stone
Can Gold one dreadfull pang postpone
But I in June must be calld Inn,
Without the Stain of actual Sin
In that gay Month a Foe was born
Who doth our House and lineage Scorn
One who would Scorch us all to tinders
And Scatter oer the Globe our Cinders

This Refers to the Emmission of Paper Bills
Calld [one word illegible] to be burnt in the month of
June 1779 to raise the Value of the
Remainder) June the 4 The Kings Birth
Day

[Page Break]

When nature Blooms for to Ritire!
Not More our nature Woods admire;
to be from Light And air debarrd
Nor tell for what tis really hard!
But if we are to burn alive;
Like Phoenixes we may Survive
The Flames And from our ashes Soar;
More bright And Splendid than Before
Our Brethern raisd by our Decay;
May Comfort to our Souls ~~Deeay~~ Convey
And while we do in Fire ascend,
Our kindest thoughts to Earth shall bend
And hope our Brethern may Inherit;
A double portion of our Spirit;
But some will Say that twice of Nought
~~My~~ be went with [muech?] of Spirit frought
But Yoilers like the bran thy take;
And usefull Wheat at once forsake

&Yoiles a Sour Critic

[Page Break]

But such will ask where is the Wheat
And term whats left an Equal Cheat.
In Rome Royal Jerquin swayd!
A Sybyl came an Anvent maid!
She Books and leaves prophetic brought
For which a Mighty Sum she sought;
The King declard too much She askd
Then in the flames the leaves she cast;
And what remaind She Still prized Higher
The more She flung into the Fire;
So I predict whats left behind;
Shall greater Estimation find;
The ferverd Bills of later Date;
Shall Rise Superior to our Fate.
And equal Still your Boasted Gold;
Tho' formd of [one word illegible] purest Mold;
For you can worth and Merit Give,
And by united make as live
Discord can only make us fail
And make us worthless in the Scale

[Page Break]

Dear Brethren kind attention lend;
And hearken to a parting friend;
Who hopes no Conduct will disgrace
In future Days the paper Race;
May my last words impressions find;
And have Strong traces on my Mind;
So Swans Sing sweeter parts feign;
When they pour forth their Dying Strain
Mellifluous notes they warble Round;
And breath their Spirits out in Sound;
Mark my advice the Fable here;
Is meant to Carry Love Sincere;
Many's the Medium to do good;
Rears Virtue And procures Mans Food;
Cheer the bane heart the modest feed;
And kind Reward the Virtous Deed
Revere the Valiant Soldiers Scars
The noble Badge of Gallant Wars!
Heal all His wounds as far as Art;
Can pour Lifes Balsam in His heart

[Page Break]

Do not the heedless Fair Betray;
Nor passion thro your means convey;
Stand not before the thoughtless youth
With tinsil Charms to warp the truth
Support wise Science and its Rules
And Foster Virtues Rissing Schools;
These Seeds! These Birds! That fragrant Rose
When sweet the human Blossom Blows
Honour the Ancients of the Land!
And take Religion by the Hand;
Be a Choice Medicine stord with health
The Sinews of the Common Wealth,
Let Virtue give to Paper Weight;
And prove the Bulwark of the State
A Sweet Cement to Social Life
To Grace the Parent, Child and Wife,
In War a Shield, in Peace a Shade
A Dread to Foes to Friends An aid!

[Page Break]

My Homily Rhymes And Rustic Phrase,
Too plain my origin betrays!
yet no Ill nature guides my Pen;
I bear no grudge to Man or Men;
No Party Strikes the arrow keen
Nor paints at Whig or Tory Spleen;
A Calm Retreat my passions soothes
And Hope Lifes Ragged Footsteps smoths
When [Risling?] storms the States assail
I hope the better will prevail;
And wish these Virtuous may not fade
When drawn triumphant from the shade
For in the Vale a Thousand Slide;
And peacfull in the Cottage Glide.
Who placd upon a Summit Sink
Fall Giddy from its awfull Brink
Eagles alone can bear the Sun 500 lines
While Rats And Owls to Darkness Run
Adieu dear Brother of the Qwill
your Friend A Continental Bill
1776

[text inserted in lower left margin] [Lauter?]

[Page Break]

My dear Mrs Stocten Graeme Park 1787

I think my dear Neices Mrs Ann Smith
Poems are better worthy your perusal than my
own; Therefore I shall fill up the remainder
of these Sheets With them.

Remember my dear Friend, that you
often askd me for my little pieces; And I
Have complyd with your Request it is
time you Said that if I Survivd you you
wishd to have Them, But I know that
you have a Sensibility of Friendship
which would make you Sigh at Reading
them when the writer of them was no
More, But alass when I copy them I find
it wakes past Ideas vry forciby in my
Mind; And do what I will the Sigh and
the tear obstrudes its Self But I shew my Patience
more than my Grevious in these Works of your
Obligd Friend Laura.

[Page Break]

An Ode to Gratitude

Written By Anna Young at 13 years of age.
This little piece was the first Effusions of my Nieces
poetical Muse. I did not know she had the smartest
turn to Jingle a Rhyme; And one day I had
Reprov'd her for some Slight fault of
Carelessness for real faults She had none; And
at noon when I went to Dress I found This Ode
in the Form of a Letter on my Dressing Table
Directed to Miss Graeme. When I read it I
own I was much affected but Still thought
She had Copy'd it out of Some Book and
apply'd it to me but upon a strict Enquiry
found it to be her own, from that time
I never heard of Her Verses for five years when
the partial View cam upon her, And I
aprend had She lived and Cultivated it She
would have been above mediocrity But
I loved her And no doubt am Partial to
her Effusions of Friendly or Fancy – E F n

[Page Break]

No 1, An Ode to Gratitude Inscribed to
Miss Eliza Graeme By her neice,
Anna Young Philadelphia 1770

Oh Gratitude Thou Power bewinge!
Who does such warmth impart!
Teach my unskillfull muse to Sing
The failings of my Heart.

2

Teach me to thank the generous maid;
Who Reard my Infant years;
That gives me every usefull aid;
And mourn's my Faults with tears.

3

Her tenderness I cant Repay!
Nor half her Love Recount;
Each Rissing Morn and Setting Day
Still adds to the amount.

[Page Break]

4

All Gracious God who Rules on High;
Elizas Love Reward
Oh Recompence her Piety!
Her tender Care Reward!

5

Bless her with Life, with Health, with Joy,
With Happiness And Peace;
Content that sweetens each Employ
And makes each Station please.

That This be fair Elizas Lot;
My Constant prayer shall Be;
An Orphans Prayer are ne'er forgot
By Him who all can see

Anna Young.

[Page Break]

No 2 Occasional Verses on the Anversary of the
Death of my Grand Father Dr Thomas Graeme
Written by Anny Young at eighteen Three
years after the Death of Dr Graeme

In Vain sweet Sleep [ImPart?] thy Gentle aid,
And Court thy pleasures in this Silent Shade;
Still in Remembrance wakes the painfull Sigh
And fond affection fills my Streaming Eye;
Not Thru long years, have blotted from my mind
The Friend I on this mournfull Day Resignd;
Yee Honord Shade, while heaven exluded my Days
My gratfull heart Thy genrous Worth Shall praise
Thy Virtues Still Shall on my Bosom glow;
At thy lovd name the Ready tear shall flow;
Thy kind Instruction Guide my Erring youth
Thy blest Example point the path of Truth
And on each Circling year on This Sad Day
To thee my breast its Votive tribute pay

[Page Break]

And Oh Coy Sleep since now you fly my Head;
On Damon's Pillow thy kind Balsam shed;
Around His Bed your peacfull wings Extend;
And pour your soothing blessings on my Friend;
Oh hear my Sighs ye bright Angelic Powers

me than your Duty Required however it still
shall be my Study by my future [one word illegible]
To Show that your goodness has not been
thrown away upon Me
I tremble when I look forward in the
Situation; I am about to be thrown into
I know that it requires a prudence that is
inconsistent with my tender years; But I put
my trust in that Being whom you have ever
taught me to look up to for Support in all

[Page Break]

The Exigences of Life, But let me entreat your
Advice in Writing my dear Aunt which will
be an additional favor to the many you have
already heaped upon upon me But tho
my Confidence in the almighty may take
of Some of the terrors of my new Situation
I feel the deepest Regret at having a
place where I have spent the most Careless
And I fear the most happy part of my Life,
I was always fond of the Country to G Park
I was particularly attached. But I must now
take my leave of it. And tho' I may some
times Visit it, It will never again be my
Delightful Home, I must now leave it to
Launch into the Wide World, without one
Friend or proper Guide for my Conduit, I
Should never have done were I to write all
that I feel on this Occasion, But I

[Page Break]

But I must conclude, tho I Expect to See you to
Morrow at [Hasham?] meeting; I beg you will
look on This as my last taking leave as I
cannot bid you farewell in Public"
May you my dear Aunt possess Health and
Every Blessing in this World, and may Mr.
Fergusson when he Recrosses the Atlantic
more than Return all thy Love you have
For Him: May he unite in one all the
Endearing Charms of Father Husband and
Friend; may thrive your Portion here;
And Eternal Happiness here after is

the Sincere Wish by your Gratefull
Afectionate Niece Anna Young.
Nvmbr 24 1772

PS my tenderst Love to my dear Cousin [one word illegible]
Stedman, I would Say a great Peace to hr
if My Paper would mold out But I owe her
Much very much for her love and atention
to me Adieu Adieu

[Page Break]

Extract of a Letter From Anna Young to her
Aunt inclosing a Copy of Verses:

“There the pleasure of walking the other
Evening in the Garden, which I hope led,
you to Happiness, Dr Rush who was
one of our little party pointed out to me
The very Spot where you Stood to be
Maried; The Solemn appearance of the
Church And the Stillness of evry thing around me
Joind to the Scene which had once passed
Then so vry interesting to you; filld my mind
with a thousand tender and pleassing
Reflections, more pleassing than all the
Sprightliness of Mirth; Mr Gerguson made
many Enquires after you And Mr F n;
Please to Remmbr me afectionaly to Mr Fn,
I cannot help Regretting that a Gentlemn
so Formd by nature and Education to
take a part in the in the present Despute with
Honour to Himself And advantage to the

[Page Break]

Communtly Should unfortunatly possess
Sentiments which in my Humble opinion
Condemn His talents to Rust in Obscurity
I Remain your afectionate
Anna Young
June the 14 1775.

My dear Mrs Stockston Mr Followng piece is in my
opinion Annys Master piece; Tho I allow
that none can tread with advantage in
a Chrch yard after the Celebrated Mr Grey

But when we consider this dear Child
was but Eighteen when She wrote it
I think it does her at least Credit From
the piety of the Sentiment: If not From
the goodness of the Verse; which is By no
means unharmonious

E F n

[Page Break]

No 3 Lines Occasiond by wallking
One Summers Evening In the Churchyard
of Wicacoe Church in the Environs of Philadl

The Solemn Stillness of this pensive Scene,
The Rolling River And the Grave Clad Green;
The Setting Sun who Sheds His parting Beam,
With Fainter Radiance oer the Silver Stream,
The Humble Stones which paint the Dewy Bed
When peacfull Sleep Shall Bless each aching head
The Gothic pile where hospitable Doer
First Wood Religion to this Savage Show,
All, all, Conspire to Sooth the Soffend Breast!
And Hush each Care And Earth Born wish to Rest

The Chrch Stands on the Bank of the Delaware
& Wicaco Church was the first place of Worhsp
Erected in Pennsylvania Built by the Swedes

[Page Break]

Tho angry Storms which Swell Lifes Sea Decay;
And each Rude wave of Passion Sinks away,
Less And less high oer Flows the beating Tyde;
Till Calm at length Lifes Shifting Current Guide
Not one Rough [Rage?] oer the smooth Surface Blows
And heaven Reflected in the Bosom Shows;
Within This Sacred Dome, And peacefull Bower
Truth And Religion gain their natve Power
They shew our hopes and Fears undrest by Art
And pour their full Conviction on the heart,
Here pride ambition Come they seem to Say
Come look your little Vanitys away;
Behold the poms how Vain, the Cares how Low
For which you Heaven And all its Joys forego

Should Err Success your Wildest wish Joys extend;
Here must your Glories fade your triumph End
To this lane Grave are now There hands Confind
Which held Dispotic Sway oer half Mankind

[Page Break]

[N?] if could you Reign the Laws of all below;
And universal Empire deck your Brow,
Yet the untrcted Savage of the Wild;
On whom the Sun of Science never Smild;
Who yet by Nature Led some power adores
Felt tho' unseen and His kind aid emplores
Faithfull to what heaven Dictate in His Breast
With Kind Compassin Succors the Distant;
Pursues the Chace, within the gloomy Wood,
To Bless his Little Family with Food;
And Bids His Board with homely plenty Smile,
To Cheer the Stranger fainting with His trial,
In Reasons Eye Demands more Real Fame
Than all thy Deeds Ambition eer can Claim
Sweet peace of Mind Shall Bless His [one word illegible] Rest
While Consious Guilt Shall Reach thy tortrd Breast
His Soul amidst Deaths pangs shall smile serene
While Murderd Thousands haunt thy Dying Scene

[Page Break]

The tear of gratfull Love Shall wet His Clay
While Cares blight the Ground where Conquerers lay
And Angels waft Him to the Realms of Light;
While mad Ambition Sinks to Endless Night;
Alass Since Passions Such as these Engage;
The Various Actors on Lifes troubled Stage;
While Envy Grief and Spioll the Mind Deform
And each black passion swells the dreadfull Storm
While Loves soft power Enslves the gentlest Mind,
And the find Soul in Strongst fetters Kind;
While balefull Gold too oft these Bands distroy
And Clash the faint promises of Joy;
From the Mad Scene Amanda let us fly
And here Secluded Love Secluded Die!
The World Shall hold us here with weaker trys
And our loosd Souls Shall with new Ardor Rise
Devotion here with Stronger Wing shall Soar
And Earth Can ~~flight~~ thought Shall Clog

in Flight no more

[Page Break]

But hark a note from heavens own Chair I hear,
Sounds more than Mortal Catch my rapturd Ear
Or is it my Eolus trembling Strings;
Fannd by some listening angels fluttering Wings
Oh no it Speaks “My Sisters tho’ unseen
I long have have watch you in this pensive Green
Once like your Self Strod this vale of Life?
Engaged in all its Mery Coward Strife
Condemned for Sixty tedious years to go;
A painfull Journy thro’ This vale of Woe
Till heaven in Mary Signd the wishd Release
And bade Deaths angel ope the Gates of Peace
Consignd my Body to you peacefull Grave.
And my freed Soul to yon’ blessd Regions gave
Ofst Think not heaven shall eer its Joys Bestow
On these who meanly Thus their toils forgoe
Let not these Dreams dilude your youthfull hearts
you in the World must take ablated
partes.

[Page Break]

Must tread with Dignity the Varied Scene;
And keep your Souls unstaind your minds Serene;
Go Chace each Selfish passion from your Breasts
Each wish that on your pleasures only Rest
Extend your Social love ~~th~~ till it shall Bind,
In its delightfull Chain all Humankind
Go And Exert your sweetest softest powers
To Gladden with Delight a parents hours
By evry tender office go improve;
The pleassing ties of fond paternal Love
Go Watch the Sick Bed of some parting Friend
your kind assisstance to misfortune lend
Go wipe from Miserys Eye the falling tear
The wandring Stranger with Thy Bounty Cheer
Or Should your Humble fortune This Deny
Condemnd to See the Wants you Cant Suply
Yet Still each tender Act of Love Remains
To Sooth their Sorrows and Relieve their Pains

[Page Break]

For oft the tears of pity can bestow;
A Balm ungracious Bounty ~~must best~~ does not know
Go Then your Round of Duties thus fullfill
And yield your Hearts to your Creators Will;
Then shall you know that praise which cant Decay
Which nought on Earth can give or take away;
To you that heart felt music shall belong;
Far Sweeter than the Raptured Seraphs Song
That Sense of Joy by heavens own hand imprst;
The Silent approbation of the blest
Or Should misfortunes Clouds oer Castles Scene
Deform the Smiling Sky And glad Serene;
Should all your Loves from your fond Breast be torn
And you be left oer the Sad Black to mourn
Yet Virtue ever to her Votarys Fœr True
Shall sprinkle ower your wounds a heavenly Dew
And Send the Cherub hope to light your Way
To those blest Regions of Eternal Day,

[Page Break]

Where Peace and Love forever Glad the Shore
And Bleeding Friendship meets to part no more
And when at length the Solemn Hour Shall come
Ordaind by Fate to give you to the Tomb;
Kind Angels Shall your dying hours atend;
And Sister Spirits oer your Shades Shall bend.
Their Cherub Songs your trembling Souls Shall Cheer
Disperse deaths Nervous and the prospect Clear
Their baling Breath Shall blow your Cares away
Their Wings Shall Waft you to the Realms of Day;
Where you the full Celestial Choir shall Join
In Hymns of Rapterous Joy And Love Divine
It Ceast in air the Silver Sounds Decay
Sink in the Breze And Die at Cast away

Sylvia

Anna Young written at 18

Philadelphia June 14 1775
To Mrs Fergusson 432 Lines

[Page Break]

No By the Same on Reading Dr Swifts Poems

Receive Thy Suplicants Vows!

2

Celestial Maid Thy nameless Charms,
To Beautys Self adds Grace.
Tis then can oft the Brave Disarm
Beyond the perfect Face.

3

Thine is The brightly Glistening tear!
In Pity's Moistend Eye.
Tis thine to prompt The Sigh Sincere,
Of Generous Sympathy.

4

In Shine the Sweetly Mantling Blush
O'er Virtues Check to spread

[Page Break]

Tis Thine at Joys Enlivening touch
The Cherubs Smile to Shed.

5

Without Thou Beautys lifeless Form;
But Coldly we approve
Tis Thou alone on Earth can Warm
And ev'ry Passion Move.

6

Mine is the Lovers Decent Joy;
Thine Friendships Softest Scenes;
Thine are these Sweets which Can not Cloy
Mine pleasures brightest Beams.

7

Then Come thou Queen of Bliss Sincere!
Within My Bosom dwell;
With all Those Keen Sensations near
We feel But cannot tell

[Page Break]

8

Still May I feelingly alive
To Thy loved Influence be!
Oh may I neer They power Survive;
Ne'er Love [one word illegible] of Thee.

Sylvia Anna Young
Philadelphia 1774

Note By Mrs Fergusson

Mrs Chapons Prayer to Indiference in opositin
to She Wish to possess Sensibilty is a
very beautifull Poem, it is Published
in Langhorns Effussions of Friendship And
Fancy It is a Subject that much may be
Said on Both Sides This is fine Vine in Mrs
Chapons Poem) “Not Peace nor Ease that heart can know
“Which like the Needle True
“Turns at each touch of Joy and Woe
“But turns And humbles too
Mrs Chapon Prayer to Indiferenc

[Page Break]

Lines adressed to a lively young Lady of
Sylvia’s intimate acquaintance.

1

Admit Dear Girl An artless Muse,
To Tune to Thou her Lay;
Not Then The Humble Gift Refuse,
Which Gratitude would pay.

2

Thanks Charming Maid for These gay hours
you taught to Dance along;
While Wit And Fancy Join their Powers
Our Pleasure to prolong.

3

Now oft When Wit like Thine we find
Such Satire points the Dart;
That poisons more the more Refind
And Festers in the Heart.

[Page Break]

4

Trembling at Distance we ~~promise~~ admire
And dread its painfull Wound;
Not Mirth Not Joy its Shapes inspire
But Scallar terrors Round.

5

Jently we Joy such Wit as ~~Trim~~-like
The Radiant Diamonds Rays!
Which Sparkles most in act to Strike
And wounds amidst the Blaze

6

But Shine, like yonder potent Sun;
Which Forms that Gem Refind,
Enlightens, Charms, and warms in one
Not leaves a pain Behind.

7

Still Shall its pleassing Influencc Cheer
While Judgment Marks the Line,

[Page Break]

While Mild good Nature points its Sphere
And bids it where to Shine.

7

Then let it Sprightly Charlotte Blaze,
In all its Luster Bright;
To Glad the Gloom of These Sad Days;
With Innocent Delight.

8

While Gatherng oft in Circles Gay,
Around the [Soral?] Fire;
My Wit Shall charm our Cares away
And Mirth And Joy inspire.

9

Sweet Smiling Peace shall keep the Door,
And Friendships Reign Within;
Well then forget the Tempest Roar
And Wars tumultous Din.

Sylvia Anna Young
1774

[Page Break]

N 6 Epistle to Damon who was absent on
a Journy with a Friend written at the
age of Eighteen. Damon was the
Gentleman Sylvia afterwards married

While from my Cheek the Rose of health Retires
While Cheerfull Ease no more my heart inspires
While pain And Sickness hover round my Body
Sinks my faint heart And droops my langsd [laudy?]
Where art thou Damon whether art thou flown
While thy lovd Sylvia Sighs unheard unknown!
Oh were Thou here my Ebbing Life to tend;
To Sooth the Anguish of thy sufering Friend;
Een Death itself less dreadfull would appear

Thy Words would arm, thy looks at last would cheer
Thy gentle Love would Gild the Gloomy way
And Light My passage to the Realms of Day
But Fate allows not This last Sad Relief
Distant you Stay unconscious of My Grief.

[Page Break]

Oh no This Who now my sufering would increase
And Rouse my Passions securely killd to peace
This Well known Voice would hold me to the Sky
Bond me to Earth and Strengthen evry Tye;
No Damon no I wish not Thee to Share
Pangs Which for Thee I unrepining bear;
To Save Thy Bosom but one anxious Groan
Content Id bear each Sorrow of my own.
To Make Thee happy Id each good forego;
Een Health the first of Blessings here below;
Then may you Still in ignorance Remain
Not Eer be Witness to my Grief or Pain;
Still may you tread the Sprightly Round of Joy
And may no Fears of Me your Bliss anoy;
And kindly grant us for to meet once more
With Health again may light my [Langrsd?] Crye
String Thy torn [naves?] And Hush the peacefull Sigh.

[Page Break]

His Mercy yet may let me live to prove;
The Bliss to Meet Thou with unallowd Love;
To See Thee look Delight And Joy Sincre
And once again Thy much lovd Voice to hear
The transport Thou would give my healing heart
No Words Can paint no language can impart
But Should That Heaven forbid we eer shoud know
The Melting Joys a Meeting would bestow
Should while Thou art absent Fate demand my Breath
And gently lay me in the Arms of Death;
If we alass are doomd to meet no more;
Yet Grieve not Damon nor my Loss Deplore;
If on my Grave you Drop one frindly tear
And in your Bosom hold My Memry Dear
Tis all I ask I wish not Thou to prove;
The Sorrows of Dispair or Ceasless Love
Let Mild Religion Calm your Bleeding heart
Time will Soon Blount afflictions keenst Dart

[Page Break]

May then your Love Reward some happy Maid;
And By her Merit may your Truth be paid;
Be She endwed with virtues like to Thine;
And may She meet thee with a Love like mine
May Health And peace your every hour attend
And Guard your Steps till Lifes at last Shall End
Perhaps from Earth And Earth born Cares Removd
I yet may find a Form I long have lov'd;
Thy Guardian Angel I thy Steps may Guide;
And Smooth Thy Way on Lifes tempestous Tyde
From Sorow pain And Danger Shield Thee Still
Preempt the pure Thought And lead Thou off from Ill
May Watch Thy Slumbers thro' the midnight Gloom
And guard thy passage to the Silent Tomb
May Smooth Thy Pillow at the Hour of Death
Wait thy freed Soul And Catch Thy parting Breath
And when that last Sad Mournfull task is oer
Pleasd I may Guide Thee to That Blissfull Shore

[Page Break]

Now when we meet Shall evry Pain be Past
And our unfading Joys Shall ever last.

Philadelphia Septe 9 1774

Your Sylvia

Anna Young 70 Lines

No

Note by Mrs Fergusson on Miss Young's Poem
Fond And partial as I am to the products
of My dear Neice, where death has made
Me perhaps think much more of her
Works than if She was living; yet I can not
altogether approve of so free a Declaration
of atachment to any Man howevr Worthy
Before Mariage; at least so long as a
twelfmonth. many things might have
Occrd to have broken of the Conection
And On these Occasions Returning Letters
Seems to Me a mighty foolish piece of
Business – E F n

[Page Break]

No 7 A Song By the Same

When first I heard my damons Sighs;
When first I Read His Speaking Eyes;
Against their power I Idly strove;
And proudly Thought I neer could Love.

2

His Virtues 'oft I warmly praisd;
I thought alone Esteem Thy Raisd;
That worth like His I should aprove;
But Still I thought not it was Love.

3

When Eer I heard His Angel Tongue!
On all His Words I fondly Hung;
With evry Sound my Heart would move
But yet I know not it was Love.

[Page Break]

4

The Soft Compassion I betrayd;
With Joy the Anxious youth Surveyd;
His Artless Sighs my Bosom movd;
I pityd felt And owned ~~Dis Love~~-I lovd,

5

Since That Blest Day no [one word illegible] molest,
No Jealous Fears disturb my Breast;
Convinced my Damon near will Rove,
But Still Deserve His Sylvias Love.

6

I Feel no Wish my Bosom Swell;
But Still in Damons Heart to Dwell;
This tender Wish may Heaven approve
And Kindly Bless our Mutual Love

Sylvia Anna Young

Philadelphia Novb 25 1774

written a year before her marriage with Damon

[Page Break]

An Ode to Sleep

The World around is Hushed to peace;
The Crowds are Sent to Rest;
The Idle Sounds of Jolly Cease;

And Stillness Reigns Confest.

2

Come Sleep Thy Balmy Blessing Shed;
My weary Eye Lids Close,
Come Strew Thy Poppies oer my Head
And lull me to Repose;

3

Without Thy aid Indulgent power!
We could not Life Sustain;
Tis Thine to Cheat the mournfull hour
And Ease the Couch of Pain.

4

When Sinking midst Severst Woes
Thou Bidst our prospect Smile

[Page Break]

And often [fancied?] Joys below,
And anguish to beguile.

5

Tis thine alone when Fate Decide;
To Let the Captive Free;
To bid the Angry Storms Subside,
That Swells Lifes troubled Sea.

6

Then come with all they Fairy Charms
Thy Visionary Train;
Come wrap me in thy peacefull Arms
And Sooth each Idle pain.

7

Come Wave thy Magic Hand around;
Let Some Bright Scene appear;
And soft Ariel Music Sound,
In Fancy's Raptured Ear.

8

And thither Bring each hon'rd Friend

[Page Break]

Who fills the Silent Tomb;
Oh let their Kindred Shades atend;
To Gild the Midnight Gloom.

9

Let Fancy give their Forms to Meet;
To Which my Heart is twind;
And grant again that Convene sweet

That Charmd my Infant Mind.

10

But Chiefly let my much Lovd youth;
(my Absent Swain appear;
Endowd with Honor Sense And Truth
And Mutual Love Sincere.

11

Since Still condemnd with Sorrowing heart
From Him I love to Stray;
Since Still by Fate obligd to part;
And waste the lingering Day

[Page Break]

Vouch Safe O Gentle Sleep Thy Aid!
Exert thy Magic powers;
Bring Him in all His Charms arayd
To Cheer my lonely Hours.

14

Still let His lively Image bless,
The Visionary Green;
Still let His Fame my Mind impres
And Gild each airy Scene.

15

If Thus Thou deigns my Vows to hear
And Such gay Visions Spread;
For Thou the Shady Bower Ill Rear
And Raise the Downy Bed.

16

And pleasd I wait thy wishd Return
With Passions Calmd to peace
Or only Loves Soft Flame shall Burn

[Page Break]

all other Cares shall Cease.

17

For Well I know that Gift and Strife;
Are Thy Eternal Foes!
These never taste the Joys of Life
Or Blessings of Repose.

18

And when the Solemn hour shall come
Of everlasting Rest,
That [Sinks?] me to the Silent Tomb
And Still this Anxious Breast;

Well pleased Tho Summons Ill Obey;
 That calls from Earth and Pain;
 To these Bright Realms of endless Day;
 When pleasures unmixed Reign.

Where all The Joys our Fancies paint;
 Our Tendest Hopes below;
 Shall Seem imperfect Cold And faint
 To These we then shall know

The End 1775

[Page Break]

N 8 An Ode to Damon

Serenly Mild oer yonder Skies!
 See Cynthias Modest Glories Rise!
 To Gild These Silent Hours;
 In Vain She Sheds her Beauties Round;
 The World is lockd in Sleep profound!
 Unconscious of her powers.

2

Yet Grief Still lifts the tearfull Eye!
 Yet Love Still breaths the tender Sigh,
 Amidst these peacfull Groves,
 Still Contemplation Sober Maid;
 In all her thoughtfull Charms arayd
 The Care of Forest Roves.

Viewd by Her Eye how Cold how Vain
 Now full of Satiety And pain
 Are Lifes Decitfull Joys

[Page Break]

Now soon the varied pomps decay;
 The Rain-Bow Visions fade away;
 The gilded prospect Cloys.

4

Can Wealth or Grander eer impart;
 One Real transport to the Heart;
 Or ease one pang of Woe;
 Ah no by Guilt And Pain imprest
 They cannot heal the torturd Breast
 Or virtues peace bestow.

6

Then take who will the Glittering Joys
Which oft too oft our peace Distroys;
And lead to Care and Strife;
But Grant to me ye kinder powers
The Mild delightfull tender Hours
~~Of Mild Domestic Heife Life~~
Of Sweet Domestic Life.

[Page Break]

To Me these Real Joys impart;
The fond afections of the Heart;
The Joys of Truth And Love;
If more ye Deign to bless my Lot;
Let Friendship Grace my Humble Cot
And Health the woodlands Rove

6

So Shall I view with pitying smile;
The thousands who with Ceaseless tril,
Still Bow at Fortunes Shrine;
In Search of Happiness they Stray,
Far from the peacfull walks away
Who Seek her in the Mine;

7

Say Damon Say Then much lovd youth
When we have Vowd our Mutual Truth
And Breathd each tender Fear
Have not our Conscious hearts Confest

[Page Break]

That love alone can fill The Breast
With happiness Sincere?

8

Oh yes we oft with transport own;
Tis Mutual tender Love alone;
Can heartfelt Bliss bestow;
Can bid the Humble Cottage Smile
Can evry Care of Life beguile
And Form a heaven below.

9

Since then This dearest Bliss is mine
With Joy Jovely pomp Resign;
From wealth And Splendor part
[one word illegible] no other power to gain

But Still with tranquil peace to Reign
Supream our Damons Heart
Sylvia Ana Youn

Philadelphia July 6 1775
written 4 months before her Mariage.

[Page Break]

N 9 Epistle to Damon on presenting Him
with a Small writing Desk And to Her Care

This small Machine which Sylvia once obtained
When well formd Stokes the humble Conquest gaind
Has witnessd each Efussion of my heart
Each Line where Love has glowd unmixd with art
Here when a parents Absence I deplored,
My Infant Mind its early Sorrows pourd;
Here evry tender Wish by Friendship formd
Each Scence with which the Muse my Bosom warmd
Each Soft, each Dear Emotion of my Heart,
Oft on This Tablet I did impart;
To Thy lov'd hands I now the prize Resign
Convincd That it will please cause it was mine
I know its Form by age is furowd oer
A Mirror too it ownd which is no more
(a School Premium)

[Page Break]

But Marks which it has gaind in Serving me
Thy Eyes with no unpleasing Glance Shall See;
Nor nev'd this Broken Mirror raise a Sigh;
The spotless Paper shall its loss Suply;
That to Reflect thy Face was last designd
While this shall Show each Beauty of the Mind
The Glass unfaithfull to its lust has provd;
And lost Thy Image as its Form Removd;
But Paper shall Thy picturd heart Retain;
Across the Distant Land And Rolling Main;
That Heart whose Virtues Charm Thy Sylvia more
Than all the Beauties Common minds adore
Then take This Humble present from my Hand,
And only let me urge this Soft Command;
Let Anger nor Contention [one word illegible] have part;
Reserve it for the Commerce of the Heart
Here let the generous wish of Freedom Glow;

Here let each Line of fond Affection flow;
And Sacred let this tablet ever prove
To Duty Friendship Pity and Love; 40 Lines
(1774) Sylvia

[Page Break]

No 10 An Elegy
To the Memory of the American Volenters
Who fell in the Engagment between the
Massachussetts-Bay Militia And the
British Troops; April the 19 1775
Written By Anna Young at the age
of Nineteen

Let Joy be Dumb Let Mirths gay Caroll Cease
See plaintive Sorrow comes beDewed with tears
With mournfull Steps Retires the Chamb peace
And Horrid War with all His train appears

2

He comes And Crimson Slaughter marks His Way,
Then Famine follows with His Vengeful tread,
Before Him pleasure Hope And Love Decay
And [Mate?] Eyd Mary Hands the drooping Head.

[Page Break]

3

Fled like a Dream are those delightfull hours;
When here with Innocence and peace we Rovd
Secure And happy in our Native Bowers;
Blest in the presence of the youths we Lovd

4

The Blow is Struck which thro each Future age
Shall Call from Pitys Eye the frequent tear;
Which givers the Brother to the Brother Rage
And Cryes with British Blood the British Spear

5

When eer the Barbarous Story shall be told;
The British Cheek Shall glow with Conscious shame
This deed in Bloody Character Enrolld;
Shall Stain the Luster of their former Fame

6

But you ye Brave Defenders of our Cause
The first in this Dire Conflict Calld to Bleed

[Page Break]

your Names here after Crownd with Just aplaus
Each Manly heart with Joy mixt woe shall Read

7

Your Memories dear to every Free born Mind;
Shall need no Monument your Fame to Raise
Forever in our gratfull Hearts enshrind;
And blest by your united Countrys praise.

8

But Oh permit the Muse with Grief Sincere!
The Widows heart felt Anguish to bemoan!
To Join the Sisters And the Orphans tear
Whom This Sad Day from all thy Love

9

have torn.

Blest be the Humble Strain if it imparts
The Dawn of peace to but one pensive Breast
If it can Hush one Sigh that Rends your hearts
Or lull your Sorrows to a short lived Rest;

10

But vain the hope too well this Bosom knows
Now faint is Glorys Voice to Naturs Calls

[Page Break]

Now weak the Balm the laurel wreath bestows
To heal our Breasts When Love or Friendship falls

11

Yet think they in their Countrys Cause Expird
While Guardian Angels watchd Their parting sighs
Their Dying Breasts with Constancy inspird;
And Bade Them welcome to their native Skies

12

Our Future fate is Wrapt in darkest Glooms
And Threatening Clouds from which their Souls [one word illegible] freed
Eer the Big tempest Bursts they press the Tomb
Nor doomd to See their much lovd County Bleed

13

O Let Such thoughts as these asswage ye Grief
And Stop the tear of Sorrow as it flows;
Till times all powerfull hand shall yild Relif
And Shed a kind Oblvion Oer your Woes

[Page Break]

But Oh Thou Being infinitely Great;
Whose Boundless Eye with Mary looks oer all,
On Thou alone Thy humbled people wait!
On Thou alone for Their Deliverince Call

15

Long did Thy Hand unnumberd Blessings Showr
And Crown our Land with Liberty and peace
Extend again O Lord thy Saving power!
And bid the Horrors of Invasion Cease.

16

But if Thy awfull Wisdom has Decreed
Yet we Severer Exile yet Shall know!
By Thy allmighty Justice doomd to Bleed
And deper Drink the Bitter Draughts of Woe

17

Oh Gravest as Heaven That Constancy of Mind
Which ever adverse fortune Risses Still,
Unshaken Truth, Calm fortitude Resignd
Oh full Submission to Thy holy Will.

[Page Break]

18

To Thee Eternal Parent we Resign;
Our Bleeding Cause and on Thy Wisdom Rest
With gratfull Hearts we Bless Thy power Divine
And own Resignd "What ever is It best"

Philadlphia May the 2d 1775

Sylvia

Anna Young.

Note By E F n

From The Battle of Lexinton nothing you know
dear Madam was heard But Woes and Rumors
of Wars. My Neice was a warm Whig
Her Brother Mr Young took the other Side
And went of at eighteen on Board the [one word illegible]
Man of War under the Command of Sir Peter
Parker, and Then was Shipwrckd and [one word illegible]
[one word illegible] By the Americans to thy Home where he
Stayd a year and Half on Parole

[Page Break]

An Elegy to the Memry of Doctor Warren
Warren the learnd, Brave and good – amiable

And Esteemd in His private Character, admir'd
And aplauded in His Man public Sphere
He was an Eminent Physican, A Sincere
And affectionate Friend, And a faithfull
Asertor of His Countrys Rights in defense of
which he nobly fell with a time magnamusly
And Heroism of Soul becoming the great
Cause in which he Strugled, And in which
His Country had a few Days placd Him

The above prose Character apperd
in The Philadelphia paper And I believe
was Written by Dr. Rush; The followng Elegy
was Written by Miss Young at the age
of Nineteen.

Philadelphia June 28 1775 it
Breaths a warm Spirit of Whig Principles
Now was our family Divided And many others
of These Sad Discords no War like a Civil War

[Page Break]

No 11. An Elegy
 To The Memory
 by Doctor Warren.

He's Gone – great Warrens Soul from Earth is fled
Great Warren's Soul is numberd with the Dead!
That Breast where evry patriot Virtue Glowd;
That Form where Nature evry Grace bestowd
That tongue which bade in Freedoms Cause combine
Truth, learning, Sense, And Eloquence Divine;
That healing hand which raisd the Drooping head
Which led pale Sickness from her languid Bed;
Are now no More – all wrapt in Sacred Fire
On Libertys Exalted Shrine Expire;
While the great Spirit that the whole informd
Glowed in His Breast And King features warmd
Minute Midst the Flame to its own native

 Heavn

Where Angles Plaudits to His Deeds are

 Given

[Page Break]

My thinks I See The solemn power afirrd;
See evry patriot Soul His Shade atired;

Immortal Hamden leads the awfull band
And near Him Raleigh, [Resfull?], Sidney stand
With them each Remain every Great whose name
Glows High Recoded in the lists of Fame
Round Warren press And hail with Glad and awe
This Early Victim in fair Freedoms Cause!
With generous Hearts the Laurel round thy twine
And Round His Brows they bind the Wreath Divine
Oh Glorious Fate which bids the Gloomy Grave
Throw wide the Gates of Triumph to the Brave.
Sure God like Warren on thy natal hour;
Some Star propitious Shed its brightest Power
By natures Hand with tails with [Germs?] are formd,
Thy generous Breast with radiant Virtue warmd
Thy Mind Endwed with Sense Thy form with Grace
And all Thy Virtues painted in Thy Face.

Aldergoon Sidney & Dr Warren was [one word illegible]
Handsom

[Page Break]

Grave Wisdom markd Thee as His [Favali?] Child,
And on thy youth indulgent Science Smild;
Well pleasd She led Thee to Her Sacred Bower;
And to Thy Hands Consignd the healing Power
Still more to bless Thee soothing friendship Strove
And bade the Shore an Adam, [Hanechs?] Love
With them united in fair Freedoms Cause;
Thou Stoodst the brave asseter of her Laws,
While ever watchfull for thy Countrys Weal;
No arts Could Warp; no Danger damp Thy Zeal
Thy gratfull country to Thy virutes Sigh; just
To Thee [Compiled?] each important trust;
Calld Thee oer all her Counsels to preside;
And Midst the Storm the Helm of State to Guide
Equal to all, in all alike then Stined;
The Patriot, Friend And Cennecle Combind
Heaven Saw Thy Virtues to perfection Soar
Till Nature faild And Earth Could bear no More
[one word illegible] Saw And Crestfallen [Round?] of Clay
Which Staid thy passage to the Realm of Day

[Page Break]

And that can Death might to thy Fame Conspire

Bade Thee on Freedoms Glorious field Expire;
Allowd Thou once to mingle in the Stife;
That thou might give thy Country Een Thy Life!
Bade Liberty and honour Guard thy Grave!
And Countless thousands for thy mourners Gave
And dare we then Thy Sacred triumph mourn!
Or with the tear of Grief bedew Thy arm?
Illustrious Shade forgive our Mingled Woes;
Which not for Thou But for our Country flows
We Mourn her Loss, we mourn her Hero gone
We mourn thy Patriot Shade they God like Virtue flown
But Oh from you bright Realms [one word illegible] to bend,
On as Thy looks And to our Fate atend!
If beautys Guardian Angel deign to prove
And Watch around as with Thy wanted Love;
Still oer our Councils may thy Soul preside!
Thy Light Direct theirs and thy Gains Guide!

[Page Break]

Let thy Great Spirit Glow in Every Breast;
And be each Virtue On their hearts impressed
So Shall thou not alone in Glory Stand,
And Other Warrens Shall Adorn our Land.

80 Lines Philadelphia June 28 1775
 Anna Young Sylvia

The following ode on Liberty is thought to be the
best of Any performances, when She was at
at Alen ton durng the Winter 1777 Her Poems
fell into the Hand of Mr James Hamilton our
Late Governor a Gentlman of aprvd tast;
who was at that time Sent off on acont of His
Political princples. And he said the Ode on
Liberty was a most Admirable little Thing
So Mrs. Lawrence told me E F n

[Page Break]

No 12 An Ode to Liberty
 Written in 1775
 At The Time the War raged with
 great Violence between the Colonies
 And Great Britain;
 Written By Anna Young at 19

Hail Liberty Thou Goddess Bright!
Thou Source of every pure Delight!
The Virtuous Heart desires;
To Thou my adent Vows Ill pray!
[one word illegible] to accept the Votive [Pay?].
Which Love of Thou inspires!

2

To Thee we owe benignant power;
The futile Field the fragrent Bower
With each gay Smiling Scene;
When Ere Thou deignst a Cheering Ray
With brighter luster Shines the Day!
And Faint Blooms the Green.

[Page Break]

3

From Thou the Joys of Jovial Life;
The tender ties of Child and Wife!
Acquire their softest Charms;
With double Bliss we view them Still!
When Sure no Lordly Tyrants Will;
Can tear Them from our Arms.

4

To Thee belongs your Truth untaught,
Bold Elocution Strength of thought!
And Dignity of Mind;
Unsullied honour, public zeal;
Devotion to our Country's Weal;
And Love to all mankind.

5

For Thou what Battles have been Won!
For Thou what death life Deeds been done!
Let each past age proclaim!
For Thee our Fathers oft have Bled

[Page Break]

Inspird by Thee thy hither fled!
To This new world They Came.

6

For Thee thy left their native Shore!
These untrod Regions to Explore!
Beneath thy fevering Smile!
While happy in thy Gentle [one word illegible]

Thy presence Cherd Their Gloomy [way?]
And Recompencd their toil.

7

While Here Thy Radiant Form was seen
The arts Atendenst Haild their Queen!
And Stand at thy Command.
Thy Bade the Cottage Grace the Plain
And Scatterd Round the golden Grain,
To Cloth the Savage Land.

8

Then pure Religion Soon appeard
Her peacfull standard High she Reard

[Page Break]

And Shed her brightest Day;
Discending Angels Sang around;
Atentive Science Caught the Sound;
And Joind the Choral Lay;

9

The Temple Rose, the City Smild!
The Garden Bloomd amid the Wild;
And Culture Ruled the Plain;
Bold Commerce spread her Whitning Sail
Her Streamers Wavd in Evry Gale;
And dancd along the Main.

10

The Circling year as it went Round
Still as thy happy Children found;
Of evry good possessd;
While Crownd with Industry, and Peace,
Each year beholds our Joys Increase
In thy protection Blest.

[Page Break]

11

But now alass here Changd the Scene;
What blackng Horror intervenc!
To Cloud they Cheerful Day!
Arond as thick the Gathering Storms,
With lowring Brow the Sky Deforms
And intercept thy Ray.

12

Oh Deign once more mild hues to Shine
[one word illegible] Again thy light to Divine,

To bless the comeing year;
Let Discord Cease her jarring Strain
Let peace And Mercy Glad the Plain
Our Drooping Hearts to Cheer.

13

Bid Britains Better Givrs Rise!
Oh teach her to be truly Wise!
And leave her Children Free
For her Content We'll turn the Soil
And Cheerfull bear thee her each toil
If not deprivd of Thee.

[Page Break]

14

But if Resolvd determind Still;
To bend as to her Lordly Will;
And tear Thee From our Arms;
She Sends Oppressions Ruthless Band;
To Spread Distruction Oer the Land,
And Rob us of thy Charms.

15

From each Rude Blast they Form will Shild
Not Eer thy Countless Blessings Yield;
But with departing Life;
With Watchfull Zeal we'll tend thy Fire
And Cheerfull in thy Cause Expire;
Amidst The glorious Strife!

16

Where ere Thou deienst our Steps to lead,
Thro thickest Firs w'll fearles tread;
Or pleasd Resign our Breath;
For Thee W'll Conquer or W'll Die
And Grasp Thee Een in Death

Sylvia

[Page Break]

Lines on the Anneversry of Anna Youngs
Mariage after She had been maried
Three years; She was Maried November
the 30 1775 and These were written Novemb
1778
N. 13

Hail hard Wedlock, Source of fond Delight!

Natures first Law And Edens Sacred Rite.
Oh let the Muse on each Returning Day!
Wake at thy Shrine the long forgo then Lay
This Day which Saw us in thy Blisfull Bands
Unite our Hearst, And Join our Willing hands
Nor damp Nor Grandeur Dignifyd the Scene
But Constancy And Laura blessd the Green!
Beneath her Friendly Roof our Vows were Seald
And Heaven has Seen them faithfully fullfiled
Three Suns have now their Annual Circle Run
Since Thy mens tendr Tye had made us one

[Page Break]

Yet Each Succeeding year does sweeter Glide;
And Find the Wife more happy than the Pride,
Our Fond affection oft Severly tryd;
Surmounts Each Storm And Stems each advance Tyde,
Remains unchanged Mid Dinfull Wars Alarms
Softens its horrors And its Shafts disarms;
When Found by British Tyrany to Roam;
Far From my Humble Roof And Native Hoam
My Damons Love each anxious fear Repest
Hushd evry Sorrow, Calmd each Grief to Rest;
With Him the dear Companie of Thy Way!
Each Object pleasd And evry Scene lookd Gay
You Wood Crownd Hills you Mountains Rudy Great
When Nature Reigns in Wild Majestic State!
Cheered by the untaught Grander of the Scene!
[Regend?] the Sloopng Lawn And Level Green.

Lalegh was the Name of the River on
Whose Banks Mrs Smith was in Exile

[Page Break]

By Lahigh Silver Stream I happy Streyd,
While Love And Liberty Still blessd the Shade;
We livd Contented in the Silent Grave;
With the Dear Pledging our tender Love
Tho far Remote from All the World Calls Tory
Tasted These pleasures which could nevr [one word illegible]
But heaven has Since [one word illegible] with Powerfull hand
To Send from hence Opressions Ruthless Band
To us our homes, Abd much lovd Frinds has givn
And the Rude Storm of War has Distant Diven

Great are these Blessings may they [Trusty?] Raise
Our greatest Gratitude And warmest praise,
Great as they are, to me theyd tastless prove;
Unless to them were added Damons Love
Unstead by Him Wit, Music lose their power
Dull the gay Damon, And Sad the Jovial hour
Tis thou dear Presenc makes my heart Rejoice
And beat Responsive to His Well known Voice

Laheigh the name of the River whose banks
Allen ton is near

[Page Break]

Gives Life And Health And Frinds their powr to Charm
Can heighten pleasure And een pain Disarm;
But Oh thou most belovd of all below;
How does my gratfull heart with Joy oer flow
That we together are again Ristord;
To the Lovd Circle And the Joval Board;
Where heart Felt Joy and guiltless Mirth Resound
While Friends And dear [one word illegible] Smile Around
For This my Music Shall Raise the gratfull Song
And pray that heaven these happy hours Prolong
And drive Thru War to Earths Remotest Shore
[Seem?] our Freedom And our peace Restore
These Golden Moments may we Still ~~im~~ improve
To this Blest purpose of Virtous Love;
And while the tender Objects of our Care
Hang Round our Knees And our Endearments Share
Be it ours to print upon the infant Mind
Religion Virtue Knowledge Truth Combind

[Page Break]

And may kind Heaven its needful Grace impart
And Fix each youthfull Blessing on the heart
So Shall each Day their Growing Charms imprve
Reward our Cares And Raise their grateful Love
So Shall thy Virtus to thy Son Defend;
Like Thou He'll Shine as Husband Brothr Frind
But Oh my Damon on thy Much lovd head.
My providence its kindest Blessings stead;
Scene Thy Life, from danger And Discease
And grant thy Sylvia Still the power to please
Blessd in thy presence, tenderness, And health,

I ask no other of Joy no other wealth;
Be while I live my dearest home thy Breast
And may I Sink on it, to Endless Rest
But Hush my Muse no one Sad thought impart
Touch not a String to pain my Damons heart
Enough that Blessings Crown thy Present hour
The Future leave to Heavens protecting
Anna Smith 30 Lines Power

[Page Break]

Copy of a Letter From Anny Smith to Mrs F
When she was near laying Inn of her first Child
August 25 1776

“I am extremely Obligated to you my dear aunt
For The kind Solitude you express for me in my
present trying situation, I acknowledge with
heartfelt gratitude, that I have been blessed
with a share of Health altogether uncommon
in my Situation, and Humbly Hope I shall be
Supported thro the Stages which yet remain
For me to bear.

Pain Violent And Severe, I make no doubt I
Shall Suffer, perhaps more so than I ever can
form an Idea off; But yet If I know my own
Heart, the Idea of adding to the Happiness
Of a Husband I so ardently love will soften
The severest pangs I can possibly Suffer.
As I do not expect to present you with a new
Relation in Less than a fortnight I hope
I shall have some opportunity of

[Page Break]

Writing to you before that time, But if I should
You may depend on hearing from Dr Smith
As soon as it is ever with me.
Heavenly only knows what the Event may be, And
Perhaps This is the last letter I shall ever write you
Let me therefore take this opportunity of thankg
You for the numberless proofs of your tenderness
Since I grew up as well as for all the goodness
And Care you took of my Education during
My Childhood; Believe me my dear aunt the
Most gratfull Sense of your goodness will not
forsake me But with life it Self

Allow me to hope that of the dear unborn
Should Survive its mother you will transmit
It that affection which is now the portion
of your affectionate Neice

Anna Smith

A Letter on her Recovery from her laying In

[Page Break]

Sept 25 76 “At length my dear Aunt I resume my
Pen And am once more enabled to enter on the
Agreeable Engagement of Writing to you which
It has given me great pain to postpone;
I now most Sincerely thank you for the kind;
Concern And tender Anxiety you have Shown
For me in my late Critical Situation Believe
Me my dear Aunt I have the fullest Sense of
The Value of that affection which you have
so particularly manifested on This Occasion
Notwithstanding I was very desirous when
last I Saw you at G Park to have had you
with me on this Occasion, And you know how
warmly I pressed it, yet I feared when my hour
came to, I was very well pleased that you
were not here; as I know you could do
me no good, And I am Sure to have seen me
in Sever pain when you could not have
Relievd me would have vastly Distressed you

[Page Break]

You desire me in the letter which you wrote to
Dr Smith to inform you, whether it was better
or worse than I expected, upon the whole I do not
think it was worse, I had no distinct Idea of
what I was to undergo; only in General I expected
to feel the severest pangs that the Human
Frame Could Suffer; you must not Conclude
From what I have Said above that I did not
Go through anything worth mentioning, for
I had full as severe a time And a much
longer Labour than women in general have
who come of with Life”

On “wednesday morning soon after I had finished
my last letter to you of the 24th of August, I Rose
in the Chariot with Mrs. Rush about a Dozen

Miles, I had not been an hour at home before
I began to feel a few Slight pains which I
was far from attributing to their true Cause

[Page Break]

I imagind They proceeded from my being tired with
my Ride. I lay down with a view to sleep of my
Fatigue, But soon found the pains so sharpand
quick that any kind of Rest was imposible
I got up And sent to Dr Smiths Sister who on
Seeing how I was immediately Sent for Mrs
Patten. She Staid with me from first to last
Thirty Hours during all that night And the next
Day I continued in what I thought most Severe
pains with no longer than five minutes
intermission between But on thursdy afternoon
they were so much increasd, that I found
what I then felt before before did not merit the name
of Pains, from that time I grew gradually Worse
till about Eight of the Clock on Thurdy night on
the 29 of august my Sufferings were happily
terminated in the Birth of a little Girl [want of?]
one Day of nine months Since I became a Wife
After this account of my Self my dear Aunt will

[Page Break]

you believe me Sincere when I assure you I have
presrvd my Claim to the Flitch of Bacon thro
the Whole of this Firy Toyal. But upon my word
I never felt my affection to Dr Smith stronger
than during the time I was in the most
Violent pain, And so far from repenting
from being Married, I did not Wish to be
Relivd in any other way than that of the
Birth of the Child, nor had I been an hour
in Bed before I thought my Self fuly
Recompensd for all I had Sufferd, the
Delightfull transition from extreme
Pain to a State of perfect Ease And tranquilty
The livly Gratitude which evry person not
wholly insensible must feel from the
Blessing of so great a Deliverance, the Joy
of being the mother of a living Infant
perfect in all its Shapes, the pleasure of Seeing

a Belovd And affectionate Husband And of
presenting Him with a pledge of our

[Page Break]

Pledge of our Mutual afection, Altogether form a
Combination of Ideas And most Exquisite
Sensations that the human heart is capable
Of feeling And Exceeds all the happiness I ever
Before felt. My dear Mr Smiths extream
attention And unremitting tenderness towards
me during This interval of Languor and
Weakness has so sweetnd the Confinment;
that this last month has by no means apeard
a tedious one to me, so that I could scarce think
any Thing too much that I could Suffer for
so Excellent a Husband, Endurd with gratitude
I own it I find evry day And evry Hour more
Reason to bless the Day that united me to
So Excellnt a man for he is evry thing to
me And all that I could wish in a
Companion for life.
Now I have got my dear little Girl I want her

[Page Break]

Pay her Respects to her Grand aunt, But I do not
hope for that pleasure till the 30 of November the
Anversary of my Marriage, when I hope at the Spot
that made me happy to claim my Bacon
Flitch unless I should have the happiness to
See you in town before;
Pray Remember me to my [one word illegible] And my Brother your
Prisoner, And till Him I hope he feels some
affection for His little Neice, indeed she is a fine
Child And Thrives exceedingly upon a Review
of the Letter I find that it is all about my
Self, But I will make no apologies as I am
writing to one who has an afection Strong enough
for me to be anxious about anything that Concerns
me. Adieu my dear Aunt and believe me to be your
Anna Smith

Note By Mrs Fn Should This letter be ever Read by
a person of the Other Sex let Them not Laugh it is part
Nature and Such not to be made a Jest of

E F n

[Page Break]

Extract of a Letter from Mrs Smith to her aunt when
She was in Allenton in 1777 Decemr
“I am extreably Sorry to find by Mrs. [Betty?] Lawrence
who has got a pass to come to her Daughter Mrs Allen
that you are in Some Respects more unhappy
with Regard to Mr Mr Fn then when I last saw
you; I heard of the pathetic letter you wrote Him
to draw Him of from British Conections. I can
truly Say my heart Bleeds for you at evry Pire
For to have Mr Fergusson after a Separation of
two years not able to get to His own Home, And
both of you I would suppose [one word illegible]
attachd to opposite Sides) Oh my dear aunt I
See you are Completely wretched But a few
Month ago with an Independent fortune And if
I am not too partial Superir talents
And uncommon Virtues But I have done
tell Cousin Betty I rejoice that Shot

[Page Break]

She retains her Whiggines so near the Brits Line.
Anna Smith

This dear Child Died april the 3 1780, in Child
Bed of her Third Child very Sudden;
One Morn when I was writing ~~my~~ little Poem
Calld Illpenoso in the most pathetic line
Yet in order to Send it to Mrs Ducher to
Mr F n ; an express came from Dr Smith
To inform me my Niece was Blind; And near
Speechless; I went to town and in a
few Hours Closd the eyes of this innocent
young woman; whose Soul I make no
doubt will live in an Eternity of Blessedness.
Ever Since I have lived here you know;
Madam with my dear Miss Stedman in
Solitude adeiu dear Madam your Obligd
E Ferguson 8/10
Graeme Park Decmb 1 1787