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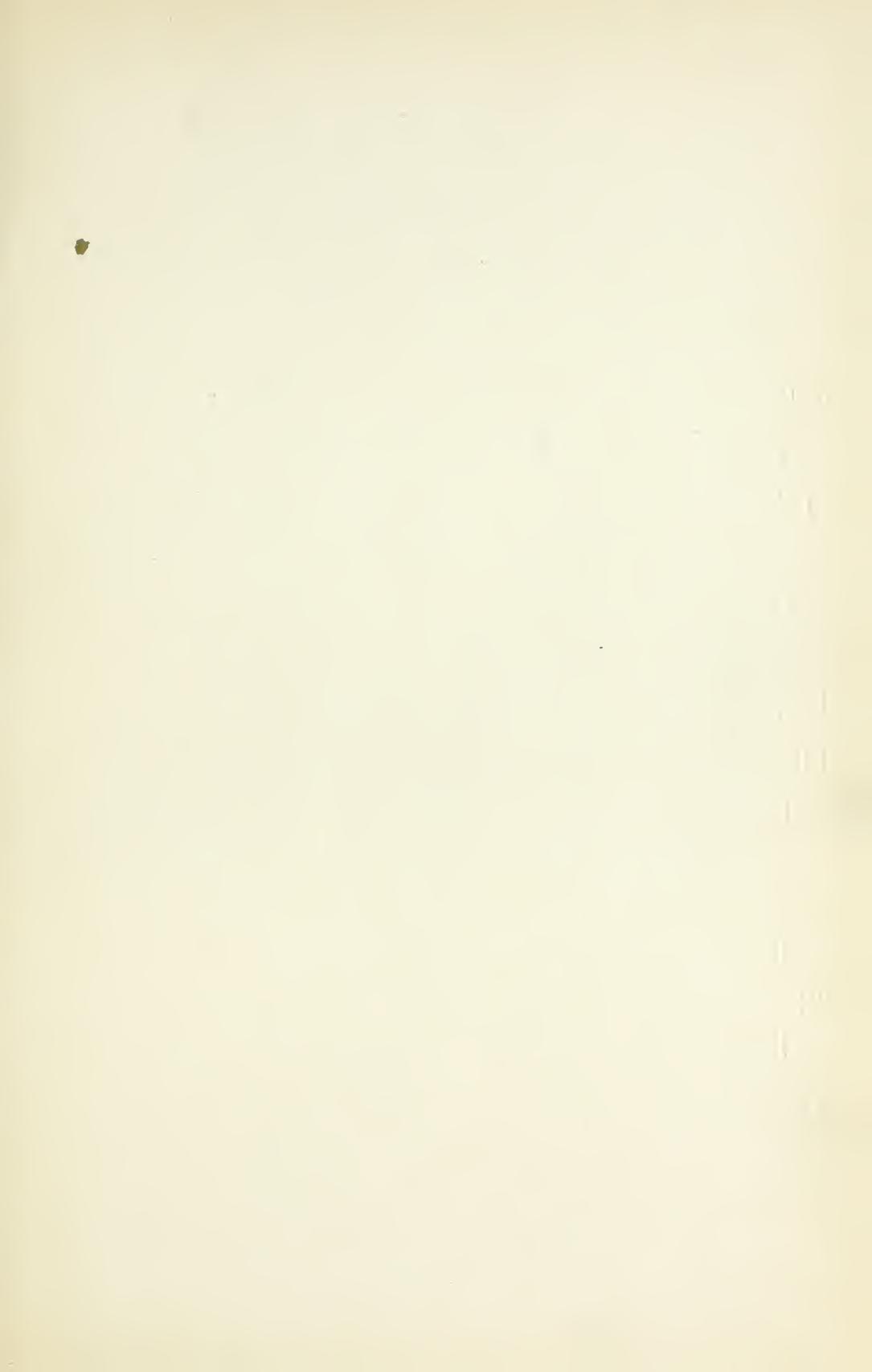
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PHILLIS WHEATLEY

Heartman's Historical Series No. 7



Phillis Wheatley

PHILLIS WHEATLEY

(PHILLIS PETERS)

A CRITICAL ATTEMPT

AND A

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF HER WRITINGS

By CHAS. FRED. HEARTMAN

Ninety-nine Copies printed
for the Author. New York, 1915

Number.....39.....of 91 copies printed.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION
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The following Essay was written by me originally in German. Somebody suggested that I should not re-write it, but have it translated. To satisfy the curious, I have done so, but little satisfaction resulted from this experiment. So little in fact, that my inclination was not to have it printed. My words, as I see them now translated by another person, sound so much different. Little insignificant phrases, to me important and full of thought and so weighty in their meaning, appear to me have lost their value in the translation. The reason that this essay is published, notwithstanding these difficulties, is because friends see benefit in this memoir about the Negro poetess, written by a man who knows little about the Negro as a race and who looked at the subject of this essay from an entirely different point of view, than would a writer who was entangled in arguments resulting from questions which up till the writing of this little essay did not interest me seriously.

In reference to the bibliography I have made every effort to make it complete and exact. Nothing has been spared to arrive at this result and I would feel deep regret if any error appears, even if it were only an insignificant de-

tail. Effort has been made to locate as many copies as possible in order that anybody who may be interested in Phillis Wheatley may investigate further.

The reproductions of title pages and broadsides are all in the size of the original.

Two titles*, here and there attributed to Phillis Wheatley, had to be omitted, as there is nothing to prove that they were written by her, and with every presumption of their having been written by another author.

I am greatly indebted for proofreading, advice and help to Clarence S. Brigham, Mrs. Maude E. C. Covell, Wilberforce Eames, Arthur A. Schomburg, Charles Evans, Albert C. Bates, the Library of Congress, Boston Athenaeum, Boston Public Library, Mass. Hist. Society, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, New York Historical Society, etc., etc.

H.

June 20, 1915.

*An elegiac poem; sacred to the memory of the *Rev. George Whitefield*, who departed this life, September 30, 1770, at Newbury-Port in America, ætatis 56. Boston, Printed: Sold by Zechariah Fowle, in Lack-street, near the Mill-Bridge. MDCCLXX.

8pp. 12°.

A. A. S. B. P.

*An Elegiac Poem; Sacred to the Memory of the *Rev. George Whitefield*, Who departed this Life, September 30, 1770, at Newbury-Port in America. Ætatis 56. Boston: Printed and sold by Isaiah Thomas, at the New Printing-Office, in Union Street, near the Market. MDCCLXX.

8pp. 4°.

M. H. S.

To the Rev. Mr. Pitkin, on the
DEATH of his LADY.

WHERE Contemplation finds her sacred Spring;
Where heavenly Music makes the Centre ring;
Where Virtue reigns unsullied, and divine,
Where Wisdom thron'd, and all the Graces shine;
There fits thy Spouse, amid the glittering Throng;
There central Beauty seals the ravish'd Tongue;
With recent Powers, with recent glories crown'd,
The Choirs angelic shout her Welcome round.
The virtuous Dead, demand a grateful Tear--
But cease thy Grief awhile, thy Tears forbear,
Not thine alone, the Sorrow I relate,
Thy blooming Off-spring feel the mighty Weight;
Thus, from the Bottom of the tender Vine,
The Branches torn, fall, wither, sink supine.
Now flies the Soul, thro' Aether unconfin'd,
Thrice happy State of the immortal Mind!
Still in thy Breast tumultuous Passions rise,
And urge the lucent Torrent from thine Eyes.
Amidst the Seats of Heaven, a Place is free
Among those bright angelic Ranks for thee.
For thee, they wait--ish with expectant Eyes,
Thy Spouse leans forward from th' ethereal Sky,
Thus in my Hearing, ' Come away, ' the cry,
' Parake the sacred Captures of the Skies!
' Our Bliss divine, to Trials is unknown,
' And endless Scenes of Happiness our own;
' May this be the Offspring of our holy Love,
' Attune the Harp to more than mortal Lays.
' And joy with us, the Tribute of thy Praise,
' To Him, who died, dread Justice to appease,
' Which reconcil'd, holds Mercy in Embrace,
' Creation too, her MAKER'S Death bemoan'd,
' Ret' d the Sun, and deep the Centre ground,
' He in his Death flew ours, and as he rof,
' He crush'd the Empire of our hated Foes
' How vain their Hopes to put the God to flight,
' And tender Vengeance to the Sons of Light;
Thus having spok, she turn'd away her Face,
Which beam'd celestial Radiance o'er the Skies.
But rise sublime, to equal Bliss aspire:
Thy Sight no more be waded by the Wind,
Complain no more, but be to Heav'n resign'd.
'Twas thine to shew thine Treasures all divine,
To sooth our Woes, the Talk was also thine.
Now Sorrow is recumbent on thy Heart,
Pardon the Mist, as these *tearful* *is* *impass*
Nor can the World, a pitying tear refuse,
They weep, and with them, ev'ry heavenly Muic

Phillis Wheatley.

BOSTON, JUNE 16th, 1772.

The above *Phillis Wheatley*, is a Negro Girl, about 8 Years old, who has been in this Country 11 Years.

It is at least curious to note that one of the greatest artistic talents which the Negroes have ever produced, was not born in America. Still, it became the task of this country, where, comparatively speaking, the Negroes came in touch with a higher culture, to give this talent the possibility of development.

The exact date of Phillis Wheatley's birth is not known. Probably 1753, but in no case later than 1754. Somewhere in Africa. Robbed by slave-dealers and taken from home and parents at the age of seven or eight years, she was transported to America on one of their vessels and offered for sale in the streets of Boston in 1761. The sensitiveness, the warmth of feeling which so clearly shows itself in her letters and is easily traced in her poems, was probably brought forth by these tragic circumstances. Taken from home and parents, from a culture, or better, a civilization the last depths of which we doubtless do not understand, degraded to a merchandise which to feel, to appraise and to buy was a public right, and seeing the same sorrowful fate in hundreds of companions, must have brought this sensitive soul a premature ripeness, must have given it serious impressions, and a certain austerity of tone.

Phillis Wheatley was lucky. Her modest, demure manner, the chaste humbleness of her ap-

pearance prompted the wife of a well-to-do tailor—John Wheatley—to buy her.

We all know of brutal and heartless handling of slaves, of the whippings and starvings they were subjected to, we speak less of those who became servants in a higher sense of the word, these who had but light duties to perform, who were more a companion than a servant. This fortunate fate was Phillis'. We can well understand her joyous amazement when, her rags taken from her, she was newly clad and fed, can comprehend her later gratefulness, her intense religious devotion.

Phillis was made the special servant of Mrs. Wheatley's children, Nathaniel and Mary, twins who were her seniors by about ten years. It appears that Mary especially quickly took an almost motherly interest in the little Negro girl and, whatever became of Phillis, Mary Wheatley is the person to whom the world owes its thanks. She once saw Phillis trying to form letters with a piece of chalk on a wall. Slight attempts to teach her were followed by most remarkable results, and a systematic course of education surpassed all expectations. In sixteen months Phillis learned the English tongue and could write letters. We hear that she wrote her first poem at the age of thirteen, according to some even earlier. Her education as a whole

must have been very much advanced, for her talent of expression caused considerable astonishment in the educated circles of New England. Her poem on Harvard was written in 1767. In 1768 she composed verses addressed to "The Kings Most Excellent Majesty." In 1770, little older than sixteen years, she published "An Elegiac Poem on the Death of George Whitefield," a poem that has been reprinted quite a number of times, oftener perhaps than we know of. A little later her mistress became the wife of the Rev. John Latrop, Pastor of the Second Church in Boston.

Soon after this Phillis was received into the bosom of the Holy Church. Rev. Samuel Sewall christened her and as Phillis, the servant of Mr. Wheatley, she became a member of the Old South Church in Boston. Her religious life and her life as a member of the Church are truly remarkable. The sublimity of her thoughts, her comprehension of the subtlest ideas of the Christian Church are clearly shown in her poems and letters. I cite a poem :

" T was Mercy brought me from a pagan land,
Taught my benighted soul to understand
That there's a God, that there's a Saviour too ;
Once I redemption neither sought or knew,
Some view our race with scornfull eye—
"Their colors is a diabolic dye"
Remember, Christians, Negroes black as Cain,
May be refined and join th' angelic train."

We know of a few letters written by Phillis to a colored lady friend who was a servant in Newport and who probably had much the same fate, perhaps had even been transported on the same ship. I must cite from these letters. In 1772 Phillis writes :

“I greatly rejoice with you in that realizing view, and I hope experience, of the saving change which you so emphatically describe. Happy were it for us if we could arrive to that evangelical Repentance, and the true holiness of heart which you mention. Inexpressibly happy should we be could we have a due sense of the beauties and excellence of the crucified Saviour. In his crucifixion may be seen marvellous displays of Grace and Love, sufficient to draw and invite us to the rich and endless treasures of his mercy ; let us rejoice in and adore the wonders of God’s infinite Love in bringing us from a land semblant of darkness itself, and where the divine light of revelation (being obscured) is as darkness. Here the knowledge of the true God and eternal life are made manifest ; but there, profound ignorance overshadows the land. Your observation is true, namely, that there was nothing in us to recommend us to God. Many of our

LIBERTY AND PEACE,

A

P O E M.

BY PHILLIS PETERS.

B O S T O N :

PRINTED BY WARDEN AND RUSSELL,

AT THEIR OFFICE IN MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

M,DCC,LXXXIV.

fellow creatures are passed by, when the bowls of divine love expanded to us. May this goodness and long suffering of God lead us to unfeign'd repentance," etc.

That is not an unthinking repetition of memorized phrases, that is a thoughtful probing of problems. I could easily cite many more instances of Phillis' deep and understanding religiousness, but I let this be sufficient.

In the meantime Phillis had become an esteemed member of the social order. She who had never been kept together with the other servants, excited more and more the attention of the most educated circles of New England who gave her all help in their power and doubtlessly did much to make her life happier and brighter. Phillis learnt Latin with wonderful facility. Several of her verses show how deeply she understood the classics and how independently she made use of them.

Whether or no an exaggerated studiousness and intense mental work undermined her health we do not know; but we do know that it was never very robust, and it is quite possible to construe cause and effect. In any case, her health in 1772 was very precarious. Sea-air and a change of climate was urged by well meaning friends and so it came about that, when Nathaniel Wheatley left for London on busi-

ness matters, Phillis accompanied him. In her collection there is a poem entitled "A Farewell to America" * which I cite:

I.

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

II.

In vain for me the flow'rets rise,
And boast their gaudy pride,
While here beneath the northern skies
I mourn for *health* deny'd.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

Nor unregarding can I see
Her soul with grief opprest:
But let no sighs, no groans for me,
Steal from her pensive breast.

*This poem is, according to Duycking, addressed to Mrs. Susanna Wright, others think to her Mistress Susannah Wheatley. As Duycking proved very faulty, I agree with the others.

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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

This London visit must have been the most glorious and happy period of Phillis' life, the time when she found herself petted and honored by the Society of London.

Lady Huntingdon, Lord Dartmouth, the Lord Mayor of London received her, and it was at this time that her collection of poems were published. This collection was entitled: "Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral, By Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. Wheatley of Boston" and was dedicated to Lady Huntingdon.

In the preface the authoress says that "the following poems were written originally for the amusement of the author, as they were the products of her leisure moments. She had no intention ever to have published them; nor would they now have made their appearance, but at the importunity of many of her best friends."

*To Mrs. LEONARD, on the Death of her
HUSBAND.*

Grim Monarch ! see depriv'd of vital breath,
A young Physician in the dust of death !

Doſt thou go on inceſſant to deſtroy :

The grief to double, and impair the joy ?

Enough thou never yet waſt known to ſay,
Tho' millions die thy mandate to obey.

Nor youth, nor ſcience nor the charms of love,
Nor aught on earth thy rocky heart can move.

The friend, the ſpouſe, from his dark realm to ſave,
In vain we aſk the tyrant of the grave.

Fair mourner, there ſee thy own LEONARD ſpread,
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar dead ;

Cloſ'd are his eyes, eternal ſlumbers keep,

His ſenſes bound in never-waking ſleep,

Till time ſhall ceaſe ; till many a ſhining world,

Shall fall from Heav'n, in dire confulion hurl'd :

Till dying Nature in wild torture lies ;

Till her laſt groans ſhall rend the brazen ſkies !

And not till then, his active Soul ſhall claim,

Its body, now, of more than mortal frame.

But ah ! methinks the rolling tears apace,

Purſue each other down the alter'd face.

Ah ! ceaſe ye ſighs, nor rend the mourner's heart :

Ceaſe thy complaints, no more thy griefs impart.

From the cold ſhell of his great foul ariſe !

And look above, thou native of the ſkies !

There ſix thy view, where ſwifter than the wind

Thy LEONARD flies, and leaves the earth behind.

Thyſelf prepare to paſs the gloomy night,

To join forever in the fields of light ;

To thy embrace, his joyful ſpirit moves,

To thee the partner of his earthly loves ;

He welcomes thee to pleaſures more refin'd

And better ſuited to the deathleſs mind.

Phillis Wheatley.

Either because there were apprehensions as to the belief of the public in the genuinity of these poems of a Negress, or because of some other unknown reason, a letter by the author's master to the publisher was inserted, dated Boston, Nov. 14th, 1772. This letter reads as follows:

“Phillis was brought from Africa to America, in the year 1761, between seven and eight years of age, without any assistance from school education and by only what she was taught in the family, she, in sixteen months time from her arrival, attained the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, to such a degree, as to read any, the most difficult parts of the sacred writings, to the great astonishment of all who heard her. As to her writing, her own curiosity led her to it; and this she learnt in so short a time, that in the year 1765 she wrote a letter to the Rev. Mr. Occom, the Indian minister, while in England. She has a great inclination to read the Latin tongue and has made some progress in it.” But even this appeared to be an insufficient proof, and a special certificate which deserves to be published here, was given.

To The PUBLICK.

As it has been repeatedly suggested to the Publisher, by Persons, who have seen the Manuscript, that

Numbers would be ready to suspect they were not really the Writings of PHILLIS, he has procured the following Attestation, from the most respectable Characters in Boston, that none might have the least ground for disputing their Original.

We whose Names are under-written, do assure the World, that the Poems specified in the following page, were (as we verily believe) written by Phillis, a young Negro Girl, who was but a few Years since, brought an uncultivated Barbarian from Africa, and has ever since been, and now is, under the Disadvantage of serving as a Slave in a family in this Town. She has been examined by some of the best Judges, and is thought qualified to write them.

His Excel'ency Thomas Hutchinson, Governor,
The Hon. Andrew Oliver, Lieutenant-Governor.
The Hon. Thomas Hubbard,
The Hon. John Erving,
The Hon. James Pitts,
The Hon. Harrison Gray,
The Hon. James Bowdoin,
John Hancock, Esq.
Joseph Green, Esq.
Richard Carey, Esq.
The Rev. Charles Chauncy, D.D.
The Rev. Mather Byles, D.D.
The Rev. Ed. Pemberton, D.D.
The Rev. Andrew Elliot, D.D.
The Rev. Samuel Cooper, D.D.
The Rev. Mr. Samuel Mather,
The Rev. Mr. John Moorhead,
Mr. John Wheatley, her Master.

N. B. The original Attestation, signed by the above Gentlemen, may be seen by applying to Archibald Bell, Bookseller, No. 8, Aldgate-Street.



AN ELEGIAC

P O E M,

GEORGE WHITEFIELD,

Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Guards of HERTFORD, &c. &c.

Who made his Exit from this transitory State, to dwell in the celestial Realm of Bliss, on LORDS-DAY, 20th of September, 1770, when he was laid with a Fit of the Apoplexy at Newcastle-Dunfermline, in Sheriff-Row, in St. Andrew's Church, in which is a Good-Fellow Adair, to this noble noble Benefactor, the worthy and good Lady HERTFORD,--and the Original Children in Carolina, who, with many Piousness, are left, by the Death of this great Man, to lament the Loss of a Father, a King, and Benefactor.

By PERCIVAL, a Servant of the Year of Age, belonging to Mr. I. WHITEFIELD, of Bedford. And has been sung by PERCIVAL in this Country, upon Arrival.

IF all happy start on thy immortal name!

To thy exemplars of greatness & goodness,

We had no leave the rule of thy tongue.

Thy worded auditors extol thee;

Thy fellow in unequalled glory;

Whole emulation in each bosom glow'd,

Flaming the soul, and enflaming the mind.

Whisper we, the King's Sun deplore!

Whose once was splend'ring, but is thine no more;

He leaves this earth for Heaven's unmeasur'd height;

And wreath his shoulders, receive him from our fight!

There WHITEFIELD wings, with rapid course his way,

And hails to Zion, through vast East of day.

When his APOSTASY were pardon'd fore,

When fleets were censure d'wain'd there & his own?

Universal friendship in his breast now flows.

The foul thereof was darts and fire.

Towards *flow*-----could thou do more

Than leave thy native home, thy *flow* & shore,

To cry, the great Atlantic's warty took,

To see *flow*,--'s address'd, a shade?

Thy *flow* great Pain, and thy *flow* great care,

Thou pierc'd the bottom of my native Air.

Thou moon hast been, and've bright firm of light

Have wrought firm of his request his night!

He prays that grace in every heart might dwell!

He long'd to see *flow*,--'s excell!

He charg'd us youth to let the grace do me

Aide, and in his future action flame.

He order'd us to do him kindly reverence,

A greater God our GOD himself can give!

He used the word of grace to every one;

He said, 'tis his GOD's, celestial SON!

Take him for a school for your soul's good!

Take him for a school for your soul's good!

Take him for a school for your soul's good!

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Take him for a school for your soul's good!

The book which was embellished by a portrait of the author must have been printed in a large edition, for it is by no means scarce. It was announced in the Boston Gazette of Jan'y. 24th. 1774. On the 6th. of May of the same year Phillis writes to her friend "I have received by some of the last ships 300 more of my poems".

During this visit to London she was to have been introduced to the king, but unfavorable reports of her mistress' health induced her to hurriedly leave London, and what would have been an interesting event, did not take place. Susanna Wheatley died shortly after Phillis' return.

I deplored the fact of her not meeting the king of England from the view point that it would have been interesting to note whether such a meeting would have to any extent affected her ideas and feelings, for, although she reaped the highest honors in England, she remained true to the colonies. Her poem "To the Kings Most Excellent Majesty" which contains a slight allusion to the Stamp Act, is not by any means a noteworthy one. On the other hand her poem to George Washington reveals great strength and feeling. This poem which for a long while was thought lost, (an opinion which has been endorsed by several historians) is to be found in the "Pennsylvania Magazine or

American Monthly Museum" for April 1776. This poem Phillis Wheatley sent to George Washington, enclosing the following letter.

Sir:

I have taken the freedom to address your Excellency in the enclosed Poem, and entreat your acceptance, though I am not insensible of its inaccuracies. Your being appointed by the Grand Continental Congress to be Generalissimo of the armies of North America, together with the fame of your virtues, excite sensations not easy to suppress. Your generosity, therefore, I presume, will pardon the attempt. Wishing your Excellency all possible success in the great cause you are so generously engaged in, I am

Your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,

PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

Providence, Oct. 26, 1775.

I also cite the poem which runs as follows :

HIS EXCELLENCY GEN. WASHINGTON.

Celestial choir! enthron'd in realms of light.
Columbia's scenes of glorious toils I write.
While freedom's cause her anxious breast alarms,
She flashes dreadful in refulgent arms.
See mother earth her offspring's fate bemoan,
And nations gaze at scenes before unknown!
See the bright beams of heaven's revolving light
Involved in sorrows and the veil of night!

The goddess comes, she moves divinely fair,
Olive and laurel binds her golden hair:
Wherever shines this native of the skies,
Unnumber'd charms and recent graces rise.

Muse! bow propitious while my pen relates

How pour her armies through a thousand gates,
As when Eolus heaven's fair face deforms,
Enwrapp'd in tempest and a night of storms;
Astonish'd ocean feels the wild uproar,
The reflux surges beat the sounding shore;
Or thick as leaves in Autumn's golden reign,
Such, and so many, moves the warrior's train.
In bright array they seek the work of war,
Where high unfurl'd the ensign waves in air.
Shall I to Washington their praise recite?
Enough thou know'st them in the fields of fight.
Thee, first in place and honours,—we demand
The grace and glory of thy martial band.
Fam'd for thy valour, for thy virtues more,
Hear every tongue thy guardian aid implore!

One century scarce perform'd its destined round,
When Gallie powers Columbia's fury found;
And so may you, whoever dares disgrace
The land of freedom's heaven-defended race!
Fix'd are the eyes of nations on the scales,
For in their hopes Columbia's arm prevails.
Anon Britannia droops the pensive head,
While round increase the rising hills of dead.
Ah! cruel blindness to Columbia's state!
Lament thy thirst of boundless power too late.
Proceed, great chief, with virtue on thy side,
Thy ev'ry action let the goddess guide.
A crown, a mansion, and a throne that shine,
With gold unfading, Washington! be thine.

To this George Washington replied with the following lines:

Cambridge, February 2d, 1776.

Miss Phillis:

Your favour of the 26th October did not reach my hands till the middle of December. Time enough, you will say, to have given an answer ere this. Granted. But a variety of important occurrences continually interposing to distract the mind and withdraw the attention, I hope will apologize for the delay, and plead my excuse for the seeming but not real neglect. I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me, in the elegant lines you enclosed; and however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents; in honour of which, and as a tribute justly due to you, I would have published the poem, had I not been apprehensive that, while I only meant to give the world this new instance of your genius, I might have incurred the imputation of vanity. This, and nothing else, determined me not to give it place in the public prints. If you should ever come to Cambridge, or near headquarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favoured by the muses, and to whom Nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations. I am, with great respect, your obedient humble servant.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

During this time Phillis Wheatley's life appears to have been less happy than in the preceding years. Her patroness was married and had little time for her. Mrs. Wheatley had died, and when after the death of John Wheatley the family to which she owed all was dissolved, she gave her hand in wedlock to John Peters. That

this marriage was unhappy we feel. There is no poem in which she sings of Love and happiness. Love, the greatest urger for poets, the most intensive creator of poetical expression was not her inspirer and this tells us more about her marriage than anything else. The few letters which we know, have a different tone after her marriage.

Her husband, like herself, a Negro who "kept a shop, wore a wig, carried a cane, and felt himself superior to all kinds of labor." The most contradictory rumors circulate about this husband of Phillis Wheatley. He is said to have been a grocery keeper, according to others a baker journeyman, a man of all jobs. It is, however, a proven fact that he was at some time of his life a lawyer, and that he tried his hand at being physician. During the Revolution he lost all his property and the family became very poor. Phillis' friend, Mary Latrop, had died and no helping hand was near. Her husband did nothing to provide for the family, and when Nathaniel Wheatley died also and her husband had been imprisoned for debt, Phillis Wheatley, who had (probably through the death of her mistress) become a free Negro, was forced to earn her daily bread in a common Negro boarding house. It appears that she was too proud to apply for help to any of her old friends, for

when on the 5th of December, 1784, she died at the age of thirty years it was alone and little noticed. She deserved a better and less tragic fate. In how far her husband is guilty we are, lacking the necessary details, not able to determine. Doubtlessly John Peters had talents and qualities which induced Phillis to marry him, but unhappily he had, besides these qualities, an overwhelming self-confidence and self-love, ingredients of character which, finding no counterpoise, justify us in calling him absolutely unprincipled. Intelligence and gifts in Phillis the soil from which a beautiful and ethically great character sprang, remained in John Peters a barren wilderness.

In the year of her death she published an "Elegy to the Memory of that great Divine, the Reverend and learned Dr. Samuel Cooper." She also published during this year a poem of about four pages "Liberty and Peace" which has become very scarce and which I therefore cite.

LIBERTY AND PEACE.

Lo freedom comes. Th' prescient must foretold,
All eyes th' accomplish'd prophecy behold:
Her port describ'd, "She moves divinely fair,
Olive and laurel bind her golden hair."
She, the bright progeny of Heaven, descends,
And every grace her sovereign step attends;

For now kind Heaven, indulgent to our prayer,
 In smiling peace resolves the din of war.
 Fix'd in Columbia her illustrious line,
 And bids in thee her future council shine.
 To every realm her portals open'd wide,
 Receives from each the full commercial tide.
 Each art and science now with rising charms,
 Th' expanding heart with emulation warms.
 E'en great Britannia sees with dread surprise,
 And from the dazzling splendors turns her eyes.
 Britain, whose navies swept th' Atlantic o'er,
 And thunder sent to every distant shore;
 E'en thou, in manners cruel as thou art,
 The sword resign'd, resume the friendly part.
 For Gallia's power espous'd Columbia's cause,
 And new-born Rome shall give Britannia laws,
 Nor unremember'd in the grateful strain,
 Shall princely Louis' friendly deeds remain;
 The generous prince th' impending vengeance eyes,
 Sees the fierce wrong and to the rescue flies.
 Perish that thirst of boundless power, that drew
 On Albion's head the curse to tyrants due.
 But thou appeas'd submit to Heaven's decree,
 That bids this realm of freedom rival thee.
 Now sheathe the sword that bade the brave atone
 With guiltless blood for madness not their own.
 Sent from th' enjoyment of their native shore,
 Ill-fated—never to behold her more.
 From every kingdom on Europe's coast
 Throng'd various troops, their glory, strength, and
 boast.
 With heart-felt pity fair Hibernia saw
 Columbia menac'd by the Tyrant's law:
 On hostile fields fraternal arms engage,

And mutual deaths, all dealt with mutual rage :
The muse's ear hears mother earth deplore
Her ample surface smoke with kindred gore :
The hostile field destroys the social ties,
And everlasting slumber seals their eyes.
Columbia mourns, the haughty foes deride,
Her treasures plunder'd and her towns destroy'd :
Witness how Charlestown's curling smokes arise,
In sable columns to the clouded skies.
The ample dome, high-wrought with curious toil,
In one sad hour the savage troops despoil.
Descending peace the power of war confounds ;
From every tongue celestial peace resounds :
As from the east th' illustrious king of day,
With rising radiance drives the shades away,
So freedom comes array'd with charms divine,
And in her train commerce and plenty shine.
Britannia owns her independent reign,
Hibernia, Scotia and the realms of Spain ;
And great Germania's ample coast admires
The generous spirit that Columbia fires.
Auspicious Heaven shall fill with fav'ring gales,
Where e'er Columbia spreads her swelling sails :
To every realm shall peace her charms display,
And heavenly freedom spread her golden ray.

Her death was announced in the "Independent Chronicle" as follows :

"Last Lord's day, died Mrs. Phillis Peters (formerly Phillis Wheatley), aged thirty-one, known to the literary world by her celebrated miscellaneous poems. Her funeral is to be this afternoon, at four o'clock, from the house lately improved by Mr. Todd, nearly

opposite Dr. Bulfinch's at West Boston, where her friends and acquaintances are desired to attend."

For several reasons we regret her early death and the last, miserable years of her life, the sorrows of which clearly left their mark on her work of this period. The literary work of her life is small, far too small. I feel that much original talent lay hidden in the soul of this poet, and that the best work she was capable of, has been denied us. What we have must not be too strictly criticised. An amiable talent of a slightly imitative nature, with here and there a flash of strong originality—an unusual expression—a heroic gesture, worthy of the greatest genius. That is why I regret the early death which destroyed so many possibilities, and left us in possession of only poems "for Occasions", verses written on occasions of family affliction and other simple occurrences. Verses which, bound to an occasion and to local interest lose much of the possibilities of pure poetical expression.

We must, however, consent to take things as they are, and in the meanwhile be satisfied with this "Negro Sappho" as the greatest exponent of literary genius which the Negro race has brought forth.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF
PHILLIS WHEATLEY
(PHILLIS PETERS)

ABBREVIATIONS

A. A. S.	American Antiquarian Society
B. A.	Boston Athenaeum
B. P.	Boston Public Library
J. C. B.	John Carter Brown Library
L. C. P.	Library Company, Philadelphia
L. O. C.	Library of Congress
M. H. S.	Massachusetts Historical Society
N. Y. H. S.	New York Historical Society
N. Y. P. L.	New York Public Library
N. L.	Newberry Library
P. H. S.	Pennsylvania Historical Society
P. U.	Princeton University
W. L.	Watkinson Library
Y. U.	Yale University Library

BIBLIOGRAPHY
OF
PHILLIS WHEATLEY

I

An elegiac poem, on the Death of that celebrated Divine, and eminent Servant of Jesus Christ, the Reverend and learned *George Whitefield*, Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Countess of Huntingdon, &c. &c. Who made his Exit from this transitory State, to dwell in the celestial Realms of Bliss on Lord's-Day 30th of September, 1770, when he was seiz'd with a Fit of the Asthma, at Newbury-Port, near Boston, New England. In which is a Condolatory Address to His truly noble Benefactress the worthy and pious Lady Huntingdon; and the Orphan-Children in Georgia, who, with many Thousands are left, by the Death of this great Man, to lament the Loss of a Father, Friend, and Benefactor. By Phillis, A Servant Girl, of 17 years of Age, belonging to Mr. J. Wheatley, of Boston:—She has been but 9 Years in this Country from Africa. Boston: Printed and Sold by Ezekiel Russell, in Queen-street, And John Boyles, in Marlboro'-street (1770).

8pp. 12°.

N. Y. H. S. L. O. C.

Advertised as "This Day was published" in Massachusetts Spy of Oct. 11, 1770.

II.

(WOODCUT)

An Elegiac Poem, on the Death of that celebrated Divine, and Eminent Servant of Jesus Christ, The Late Reverend, And pious *George Whitefield*, Chaplain to the right Honourable the Countess of Huntingdon, &c. &c. Who made his Exit from this transitory State, to dwell in the Celestial Realms of bliss, on Lord's-day, 30th of September, 1770, when he was seiz'd with a fit of the asthma, at Newbury-Port, near Boston, in New-England. In which is a consolatory address to his truly noble benefactress the worthy and pious Lady Huntingdon,—and the orphan-children in Georgia; who, with many thousands, are left, by the death of this great man, to lament the Loss of a father, friend, and benefactor. By Phillis, a servant girl of 17 years of age, belonging to Mr. J. Wheatley, of Boston:—and has been but 9 years in this country from Africa. (Boston:) Sold by Ezekiel Russel, in Queen-Street, and John Boyles, in Marlboro'-Street (1770).

1 leaf folio.

L. C. P.

III.

An Elegiac Poem, on the Death of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, wrote by Phillis, a servant girl of 17 years of age, belonging to Mr. Wheatley, of Boston. New-York. Printed and sold by Samuel Inslee and Anthony Car, 1770.

No copy could be located, but it is advertised as "just published" in the New York Gazette and Weekly Post Boy of October 30, 1770.

IV.

Phillis's Poem on the Death of Mr. Whitefield. (Boston 1770.)

1 page. Folio.

A.A.S.

Contains also: "Bedlam Garland. Together with The Spinning Wheel."

V.

An Elegiac Poem, on the Death of that celebrated Divine and eminent servant of Jesus Christ the Rev. Geo. Whitefield. By Phillis Wheatley. Philadelphia: William Goddard, 1770.

Copied from Hildeburn and Evans. No copy located.

VI.

An Ode of Verses on the much lamented Death of the *Rev. George Whitefield*, . . . Who departed this Life, at Newbury . . . 1770. Compos'd in America by a Negro Girl . . . (London n. d.) probably 1770 or 1771.

1 leaf. Folio.

Copied from the slips of Sabin in N.Y.P.L. No copy located and a doubtful title.

VII.

An Elegiac Poem, on the Death of that celebrated Divine, *George Whitefield*. By Phillis, a servant Girl belonging to Mr. J. Wheatley of Boston. (Boston 1770.)

1 leaf. Folio.

P.H.S.

The same as No. II without printer's name and therefore probably a different or second issue.

VIII

Heaven the Residence of the Saints. A Sermon Occasioned by the sudden and much lamented Death of the *Rev. George Whitefield*, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Countess of Huntington. Delivered at the Thursday Lecture at Boston, in America, October 11, 1770. By Ebenezer Pemberton, D. D. Pastor of a Church in Boston. To which is added, An Elegiac Poem on his Death, By Phillis, A Negro Girl, of Seventeen Years of Age, Belonging to Mr. J. Wheatley of Boston. Boston, Printed: London, Reprinted, For E. and C. Dilly in the Poultry; And Sold at the Chapel in Tottenham-Court Road, And at the Tabernacle near Moorfields. M.DCC.LXXI [Price Sixpence.]

31 and 1 pp. advertisement. 8°.

P.U. B.A. B.U. J.C.B. N.Y.P.L. Y.U.
Harvard. M.H.S. A.A.S.

The Poem occupies pp. 29-31.

The Boston Edition of Pemberton's Sermon does not contain the Poem.

To the Hon'ble THOMAS HUBBARD, Esq:
On the Death of
Mrs. THANKFULL LEONARD.

WHILE thus you mourn beneath the Cypress shade
 That hand of Death, a kind conductor made
 To her whose flight commands your tears to flow
 And wracks your bosom with a scene of wo :
 Let Recollection bear a tender part
 To soothe and calm the tortures of your heart :
 To still the tempest of tumultuous grief ;
 To give the heav'nly Nectar of relief ;
 Ah ! cease, no more her unknown bliss bemoan !
 Suspend the sigh, and check the rising groan.
 Her virtues shone with rays divinely bright,
 But ah ! soon clouded with the shades of night,
 How free from tow'ring pride, that gentle mind !
 Which ne'er the hapless indigent declin'd,
 Expanding free, it sought the means to prove
 Unlailing Charity, unbounded Love !

She unreluctant flies, to see no more
 Her much lov'd Parents on Earth's dusky shore,
 'Till dark mortality shall be with'awn,
 And your bleis'd eyes salute the opening morn. * {
 Impatient heav'n's splendid goal to gain Meaning the
 She with swift progress scours the azure plain, Kourtedion.
 Where grief subsides, where passion is no more
 And life's tumultuous billows cease to roar,
 She leaves her earthly mansions for the skies
 Where new creations feast her wond'ring eyes.
 To heav'n's high mandate cheerfully resign'd
 She mourns, she flies, and leaves the rolling Globe behind.
 She who late fight'd for LEONARD to return
 Has ceased to languish, and forgot to mourn.
 Since to the same divine dominions come
 She joins her Spouse, and smiles upon the Tomb :
 And thus addresses : — (let Idea rove) —
 Lo ! this the Kingdom of celestial Love !
 Could our fond Parents view our endless Joy,
 Soon would the fountain of their sorrows dry ;
 Then would delightful retrospect inspire,
 Their kindling bosoms with the sacred fire !
 A midst unutter'd pleasures, whilst I play,
 In the fair sunshine of celestial day :
 As far as grief affects a deathless Soul,
 So far doth grief my better mind controul :
 To see on Earth, my aged Parents mourn,
 And secret, with far THANKFULL to return !
 Let not such thought their latest hours employ
 But as advancing fast, prepare for equal Joy.

Essex, January 2.
 1773.

Phillis Wheatley.

IX.

To Miss Leonard on the Death of her Husband. By Phillis Wheatley. Boston (1771.)

1 leaf. Folio.

P.H.S.

X.

A Poem on Providence, written by a young female slave. (Boston ? 1772?).

105-110pp. 8°.

B. P.

In a bound volume of miscellaneous pamphlets in the Boston Public Library, contains 3 leaves of some old magazine, whose title has not been identified.

XI.

To the Rev. Mr. Pitkin, on the Death of his Lady. Poem by Phillis Wheatley. [Dated:] Boston, June 16, 1772. (Boston: 1772.)

1 page. Folio.

N.Y.H.S.

XII.

To the Hon'ble Thomas Hubbard; Esq., on the Death of Mrs. Thankfull Leonard. Boston 1773.

1 leaf. Folio.

P. H. S.

XIII.

Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral. By Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, in New England. London: Printed for A. Bell, Bookseller, Ald-

gate; and sold by Messrs. Cox and Berry, King-Street, Boston. MDCCLXXIII.

Portrait. 124, (3) pp. and 1 page advertisement. 8°. P.H.S. A.A.S. Y.U. N.Y.P. B.P. Y.C.B. B.U. N.Y.H.S. L.O.C. M.H.S. N.L. Harvard. Some copies of this edition have authors autograph on the back of the title page.

XIV.

Poems on Comic, Serious, and Moral Subjects. By Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, in New-England. The Second Edition, Corrected. London: Printed for J. French, Bookseller, No. 164, Fenchurch-street, and may be had of the Booksellers in Town and Country. Price, one shilling and sixpence sewed.

124 (3) pp. and 1 page advertisement. 8°. Privat. The body of this edition is the same as the foregoing with a new title page. Seems to be very rare. The titlepage of the only copy I could locate shows an impression mark, which leads to the conclusion, that this edition had the same portrait as the preceding.

XV.

Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral. By Phillis Wheatley. Philadelphia: W. and T. Bradford, 1774.

Taken from Hildeburn. No copy located and a doubtful title.

XVI.

(Pennsylvania Magazine or American Monthly Museum for April 1776 Page 193.) "The fol-

James White 1781
The Book

John
Vest
1781

John
John

A N
E P I G R A M
P O E M,

On the DEATH of that celebrated Divine, and eminent
Servant of JESUS CHRIST, the Reverend and
learned

George Whitefield,

Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Countess of
HUNTINGDON, &c. &c.

Who made his Exit from this transitory State,
to dwell in the celestial Realms of Bliss, on LORD'S Day,
30th of September, 1770, when he was seiz'd with a Fit of the
Asthma, at Newbury-Port, near Boston, New-England.

In which is a Condolatory Address to His truly noble
Benefactress the worthy and pious Lady HUNTINGDON
and the Orphan Children of GREAT BRITAIN who, with many
Thousands are left, by the Death of this great Man, to la-
ment the Loss of a Father, Friend, and Benefactor.

By PHILLIS,

A Servant Girl, of 17 Years of Age, belonging to Mr.
J. WHEATLY, of BOSTON — She has been but 6
Years in this Country, from AFRICA.

Printed and Sold by B. COLLIER, in Queen-Street.
And JOHN BOYCE, in Marlboro' Street.

lowing Letters and Verses were written by the famous Phillis Wheatley, the African Poetess, and presented to his Excellency Geo Washington."

Sir:

I have taken the freedom.....

.....

Your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,
Phillis Wheatley.

Providence, Oct. 26, 1775.

His Excellency Gen. Washington.

(Poem follows).

8°. L.O.C. P.U. N.Y.P.L. P.H.S. A.A.S.

XVII.

An Elegy, Sacred to the Memory of that great Divine, the Reverend and Learned *Dr. Samuel Cooper*, Who departed this Life December 29, 1783, *Ætatis* 59. By Phillis Peters. Boston: Printed and Sold by E. Russell, in Essex-Street near Liberty-Pole. M,DCC,LXXXIV.

8pp. 4°.

B. A. A. A. S. M. H. S. N. Y. H. S.

XVIII.

Liberty and Peace, A Poem. By Phillis Peters. Boston: Printed by Warden and Russell. At their Office in Marlborough - Street. M,DCC,LXXXIV.

4pp. 4°.

Harvard. A.A.S. N.Y.H.S.

XIX.

Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral. By Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, in New England. London Printed. Philadelphia Re-Printed, and sold by Joseph Crukshank in Market-Street, Between Second and Third Streets. M,DCC,-LXXXVI.

68pp. 12°.

P.H.S. N.Y.H.S.

XX.

Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral. Philadelphia 1787.

55pp. 16°

Mentioned in Wegelin. No copy could be located save one sold at Auction January 28th, 1908. Advertised at the end of Clarkson's Essay on the Slavery, Philadelphia, 1787.

XXI.

Poems on Various Subjects, religious and moral. By Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, in New England. Albany: Re-Printed from the London Edition, by Barber & Southwick, For Thomas Spencer, Book-seller, Market-Street 1793.

89 (3) pp. 16°.

L.O.C. R.I.H.S. B.U.

XXII.

The Negro Equalled by few Europeans. Translated from the French [of l'Abbé La

Vallée]. To which are added, Poems on Various Subjects, Moral and Entertaining; by Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, in New-England. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Printed by and for William W. Woodward, No. 17, Chestnut Street, 1801.

259-248 [238] pp. 12°.

A. A. S. N. Y. P. B. P. L. O. C. M. H. S.

XXIII.

Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral. By Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, in New-England. Dedicated to The Countess of Huntingdon. Walpole, N. H. Printed for Thomas & Thomas, By David Newhall. 1802.

86pp. 12°.

A. A. S. B. A. B. P. L. O. C. N. Y. H. S. M. H. S.
Harvard.

XXIV.

Poems, on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral. By Phillis Wheatley, negro servant to the late Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston (Mass.) Hartford: Printed by Oliver Steele, 1804.

92 (2) pp. 12°

A.A.S. Y.U. W.L.

XXV.

A Beautifull Poem on Providence; written by a young female slave. To which is subjoined A

short Account of this extraordinary Writer.
Halifax, Printed by E. Gay 1805.

Spp. 12°. Copied from Wegelin. No copy located.

XXVI.

Equiano, Olaudah. The interesting narrative of the life of Olaudah Equiano, or Gustavus Vassa, the African. Written by himself . . . To which are added, Poems on various subjects by Phillis Wheatly, negro servant to Mr. John Wheatly of Boston in New England. Halifax, Printed at the office of J. Nicholuson (!) and Co., 1813.

Portrait. 514 [2] pp. 12°.

L.O.C.

XXVII.

Poems, on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral. By Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, in New-England. London . . . Printed. Re-printed, in New-England. 1816.

120pp. 16°.

A. A. S. Y. U. B. P. N. Y. H. S.

XXVIII.

Memoir of Phillis Wheatley, a native African and a Slave. By B. B. Thatcher. Boston: Published by Geo. W. Light, 1834.

Portrait. 36pp. 24°. L.O.C. A.A.S. B.A. B.P.

XXIX.

Memoir of Phillis Wheatley, a Native African and a Slave. By B. B. Thatcher. Boston:

Published by Geo. W. Light, Lyceum Press, 3 Cornhill. New York:—Moore and Payne, Clinton Hall; Leavitt, Lord and Co., Broadway. 1834.

Portrait. 36pp. 24°.

N.Y.H.S.

XXX.

“Memoir of Phillis Wheatley, a Native African and a Slave. By B. B. Thatcher. Second Edition. Boston: Published by Geo. W. Light, Lyceum Press, 3 Cornhill. New York:—Moore and Payne, Clinton Hall; Leavitt, Lord and Co., Broadway.”

Portrait. 36pp. 16°.

Y.U.

Probably published 1834.

XXXI.

Memoir and Poems of Phillis Wheatley, a Native African and a Slave. Dedicated to the Friends of the Africans. (Quotation 4 line.) Boston: Published by Geo. W. Light, Lyceum Depository, 3 Cornhill. 1834.

Portrait. 103pp. 16°.

A.A.S. B.A. B.P. L.O.C. M.H.S. N.Y.H.S. N.L.
The Memoir is written by Margaretta Matilda Odell of Jamaica Plain.

This authoress was “a collateral descendant of Mrs. Wheatley, and has been familiar with the name and fame of Phillis from her childhood.”

XXXII.

Memoir and Poems of Phillis Wheatley, a Native African and a Slave. Dedicated to the

Friends of the Africans. (4 lines Quotation.)
Second edition. Boston: Light & Horton, 1 & 3
Cornhill. Samuel Harris, Printer. 1835.

Portrait. 110pp. 2 leaf advertisement. 16°.
N.L. A.A.S. Y.U. N.Y.P M.H.S. N.Y.H.S.

XXXIII.

Memoir and Poems of Phillis Wheatley, a
Native African and a Slave. Also, Poems by a
Slave. (4 line Quotation.) Third edition. Bos-
ton, Published by Isaac Knapp, No. 25 Cornhill.
1838.

Portrait. 155pp. 16°.
N.L. A.A.S. B.A. B.P. L.O.C. M.H.S.
N.Y.H.S. Harvard.

The poems by a slave are written by George M.
Horton, the Memoir is the same as in the two fore-
going editions by M. M. Odell. Alibone says: Of this
edition about 200 copies, completed by reprinting a few
missing pages, were placed on sale in 1864. No copy
of this 1864 edition could be located.

XXXIV.

Wheatley, Banneker, and Horton; with Selec-
tions from the Poetical Works of Wheatley and
Horton, and the Letter of Washington to Wheat-
ley, and of Jefferson to Banneker. By William
G. Allen. Boston: Press of Daniel Laing, Jr.,
1½ Water Street. 1849.

48pp. 8°. Paper cover, and cover title.
Y. U. M. H. S.



Bedlam

GARLAND.

Together with the

SPINNING WHEEL.

As through Moorfield I walked,
 O'er live me in the Spring,
 I heard a Maid in bedlam
 Moot sweetly for to sing;
 Her Chains she rattled with her Hands,
 And thus replied she,

It is I love my Love,
 because my Love lov'd me.

My Jewel was forced from me
 by Furies that were wild;
 And they feat him beyond the Sea
 that fire comments my Mind;
 As tho' I am cur'd for his sake
 contented could I be
 For it is Love, &c.

I'll wait it out with Patience
 I'll bear my heavy Chains,
 Who knows but in process of Time
 my Love may come again!
 But if that Day should ever come,
 O' happy should I be,
 For it is a Love, &c.

With Straw I'll make a Garland,
 I'll make it very fine,
 I'll tick the same with Roses
 and Lilies mixt with Thyme
 I'll present it to my true Love,
 when he comes home from Sea,
 For it is a Love &c.

I wish I was a Swallow,
 I'd mount the lofty air,
 And if I lose my lab'or,
 and cannot find him there,
 Then quickly I'd become a fish,
 and cross the roaring sea,
 For it is a Love, &c.

But suppose my Love be drown'd
 within the roaring main,
 Where'er the same was carried
 to Turkey, France or Spain,
 To sleep within his frozen arms
 contented could I be,
 For it is a Love, &c.

O that I was a turtle
 I'd build upon his breast,
 With bloody spires of myrtle
 I'd make my spires nest,
 To gaze upon his pretty face,
 contented should I be,
 For it is a Love, &c.

Just as she was lamenting
 her true-love come to land,

When I heard she was in Bedlam,
 he went there out of hand,
 Just as he entered in the gates,
 he heard her cry, and say,
 it is I love my love, &c.

He brought her to her senses,
 and married speedily,
 And now they live in happiness,
 in joy and unity.

Come all you pretty maidens,
 that have true loves at sea,
 O wait it out with patience,
 take pattern now by me.

And all you jolly fellows
 that sit upon the main,
 I earnestly intreat you
 that constant you remain,
 Take pattern by my Bddy,
 who proved true to me,
 Then you may hope to prosper
 when you sail on the sea.

The Spinning Wheel.

To ease his heart and own his flame,
 I. Young Jocky to my cottage came,
 But tho' I like him passing well,
 I careles turn my Spinning Wheel.

My milk white hand he did extol,
 And pass'd my fingers long and small,
 Unwitt'ly Joy my heart out feel,
 But I will turn my Spinning Wheel.

Then I found about my tender Waist,
 He clasp'd his Arms and me embrac'd,
 To kiss my hand he then did kneel,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning Wheel.

With gentle voice I had him rife,
 He blessed both my lips and eyes,
 My fondness I could scarce conceal,
 Yet still I turn'd my Spinning Wheel.

Till bolder grown, so close he prest
 His wanton thoughts, I quickly guess'd
 I punch'd him from my neck and reel
 And angry turn'd my Spinning Wheel.

At last when I began to chide,
 He swore he meant me for his Bride,
 It was then my love I did reveal,
 And flung away my Spinning Wheel.



Phillis's POEM

ON THE
 DEATH of Mr. WHITEFIELD.

HAIL happy Saint on thy immortal throne!
 To thee complaints of grievance are unknown,
 We hear no more the music of thy tongue,
 Thy wondrous stories cease to throng,
 Thy less in unequal accent flow'd,
 While emulation in each breast glow'd.

Thou didst, as fits his eloquence remind,
 Inflamm'd the soul and calm'd the mind,
 Unhappy we, the feeble sin deplore,
 Which press'd us to the earth, but it does us no more!

He has rais'd us to Heaven's unconfin'd bright,
 And we shall never see him from our sight;
 True WHITEFIELD came with rapid course his way,
 And this in Zion, through all fear of day,
 When his AMERICANS were burden'd sore,
 When free-will was oppos'd with their guiltless gore!

Lured I transfus'd us his fresh love thro' me,
 The fruit the same was of ripe and free,
 Towards America we all thou do more,
 Than Jesus himself has done the British shore,
 To cross the vast Atlantic warty read,
 To see America's distresses shed!

Thy prayers, great Saint, and thy incessant cries,
 Have pierc'd the softest and way native skies!
 Thou moon that first as I see bright flares of light
 Have witness been of his righteous night!
 He pray'd that man in every heart might dwell:
 He hop'd to see America free!

He chid us with thy name, whose voice divine
 Arise and wake these sleeping slaves,
 He offer'd I'll yet be made to receive,
 A greater gift than GOD himself can give!

He urg'd the need of HIM to every one;
 It was no less than GOD's co-equal SON!
 Take HIM we wretched for your only good;
 Take HIM ye starving souls to be your food;
 As thine, com to the life giving tree,
 Ye Presbyters, take him for your consolation;
 Take HIM, my dear AMERICANS, he said,
 Be your complaints in his kind bosom laid:
 Take HIM ye Africans, he long'd for you;
 Imparted SAVIOUR, is his title due;
 If you will chuse to walk in grace and ad,
 You shall be free, and kiss, and press to God.

Great COUNTESS I we Americans revere
 Thy name, and thus condole thy grief severe
 We mean wish thee, that Tomb so dearly plac'd,
 In which thy Chaplain undisturb'd hath rest
 New-England true, doth feel the O' pian's impart;
 Reveals the true sentiments of his heart!

Since this fair Sun, withdraws his gliden rays,
 No more to be seen the AMERICANS days;
 His lonely Tabernacle, sees no more
 A WHITEFIELD landing on the British shore!

Then let us view him on yon azure skies:
 Let every mind with this lov'd obj'ct rise.
 No more can he exert his lab'ring breath,
 Strid by the cruel messenger of death,
 What can his dear AMERICA return?
 But drop a tear upon his happy urn,
 Thou tomb, shall safe retain thy fac'd trust,
 Till life divine re-summate his dust.

XXXV.

Letters to Obour Tanner (1772-1779). Printed in Mass. Hist. Soc. Proc., Vol. VII, pp. 267-279, 1863-1864.

XXXVI.

Letters of Phillis Wheatley, The Negro-Slave Poet of Boston. Boston: Privately Printed, 1864.

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Proposals for printing by subscription a volume of Poems & Letters on various sub-

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