

A
Continuation
OF THE
NARRATIVE
OF THE
Indian CHARITY-SCHOOL,
IN
L E B A N O N,
IN
CONNECTICUT;

From the Year 1768, to the Incorporation of it with

Dartmouth-COLLEGE,

And Removal and Settlement of it in

H A N O V E R,

In the Province of

NEW-HAMPSHIRE, 1771.

By *Eleazer Wheelock*, D. D.

President of DARTMOUTH-COLLEGE.

Printed in the Year 1771.

A P O E M,

On the Rise and Progress of Moor's Indian
CHARITY-SCHOOL, (now incorporated with
Dartmouth College) its Removal and Settlement
in *Hanover*, and the founding a Church in the
same.

By One of Doct. *WHEELOCK*'s Pupils, educated
in said School, and now a Member of said Col-
lege, preparing for a Mission among the Indians.

Some heavenly power soft whispering to my heart,
Inspire my soul and light divine impart ;
Teach me to sing how *Dartmouth* first arose,
In spite of mortal and immortal foes.

Say first, my soul, how the almighty mind,
Who at one view surveys all human kind,
Beheld the murdering savage mad with spite,
Reel to the regions of eternal night ;
And feeling god-like pity in his breast,
His glorious grace he thus with smiles address'd.
" Go grace triumphant, spread thy gifts abroad,
On savage mortals who despise their God ;
From heaven's bright world descend to humble earth
There give an Indian seminary birth,
Where heathen youth from many a distant tribe,
The seeds of truth and science shall imbibe,

And

And learn to bow before our awful throne,
 And hail me king of heaven and earth alone,
 Learn to adore the sacred three in one,
 Love and admire my own eternal son
 (Who ransom'd hell-doom'd rebels with his blood
 And all the boundless mercy of a God.
 Nor these alone ; let virtuous English youth,
 Whose bosoms glow with piety and truth,
 Devote their lives and joyn the glorious cause,
 Of snatching captive souls from satan's paws,
 Who like a lion bound shall bite his chain,
 And roaring loose the vassals of his reign.
 Yet neither pride of earth nor powers of hell,
 Tho' like a raging sea they foam and swell,
 Shall e'er destroy this offspring of my love,
 But by permission from my throne above."
 Thus God ordain'd in heaven and what he will'd,
 Almighty grace on earth below fulfil'd.
 Up rose the infant school, small at her birth,
 Just as a grain of mustard from the earth
 Shoots up a tender stalk, and by degrees,
 Spreads and extends, and emulates the trees.
 As Sol's prolific beams, and kindly showers,
 Call forth the vernal bloom, and fragrant flowers ;
 So

Than noon day Phœbus, in his blazing car,
 Exceeds the twinkling lustre of a star.
 An isle renown'd for riches, arms and arts,
 For heroes, noble souls, and lib'ral hearts.
 Illustrious *George*, enthron'd in sovereign rule,
 Commences donor to an Indian school ;
 His bright example, fires each generous breast,
 And *Charity*, in fairest splendor dress'd,
 Stands forth rever'd, while noble Britons join,
 To bring their off'rings, and adorn her shrine.
 But see, above the rest, exalted stand,
 The worthy few, who stretch'd their friendly hand,
 To lead young *Dartmouth*, thro' her infant state,
 Support, build up, and make her truly great !
 O! could my soul, in strains sublimely bold,
 Sing, as the Bards immortal sang of old,
 Their deeds should live eternal in my lays,
 And heaven and earth re-echo to their praise.
 Should great *Mæonides* rise from the dead,
 Or *Mæro* rear his venerable head,
 A theme like this, might kindle all their fire.
 And with new glories, every page inspire,
 The praise of charity, in every line,
 Must spread her blooming beauties all divine.
 Ye savage tribes, behold with vast surprize,
 Devour the prospect with your wondering eyes.
 Fair *Charity* to you her wealth displays,
 Be your's the profit, and be her's the praise :
H
Be

Be chang'd your hearts, your bloody deeds disprove,
And let your rugged passions soften into love.

Say next, my tuneful power, how grace ordain'd
To move young *Dartmouth* to a distant land ;
To pull this plant she rais'd with careful toil,
And fix it, blooming, in a northern soil.
Thus we behold, in pathless forests sprung,
A fruitful tree, with golden apples hung,
Inclos'd around with shades and gloomy wastes,
Expos'd to beating rains, and stormy blasts ;
So *Dartmouth* seated on her desert plain,
Try'd, disappointed, and oppress'd with pain,
Look'd back, and long'd for her old seat again. }
Deep in her bosom heav'd the swelling sigh,
And the big tear roll'd trickling from her eye ;
Earthward; in pensive woe, her look she bent,
And veil'd her face with gloomy discontent :
Tho' wrong her conduct, yet, be censure still,
Afflictions fall by heaven's all-sovereign will ;
And in this storm, how could she chuse but weep
When her almighty guardian seem'd to sleep ?
When frightful prospects rose to sight around,
When languish'd hope, and threat'ning nature
(frown'd.
For now the king of day, at distance far,
In southern signs, drove his refulgent car,

On

On northern climates beam'd a shorter day,
 And shot obliquely his diminish'd ray.
 Grim winter frowning from the glistening bear,
 Unbar'd his magazines of nitrous air,
 And clad in icy mail, of rigid form,
 Menac'd, dark dismal days and dreadful storm.
 Forlorn, thus youthful *Dartmouth* trembling stood,
 Surrounded with inhospitable wood ;
 No filken furs, on her soft limbs to spread,
 No dome to screen her fair defenceless head,
 On ev'ry side, she cast her wishful eyes,
 Then humbly rais'd them to the pitying skies.
 Thence grace divine beheld her tender care,
 And bow'd her ear, propitious to her prayer.
 Soon chang'd the scene ; the prospect shone more
 (fair ;

Joy lights all faces with a chearful air ;
 The buildings rise, the work appears alive,
 Pale fear expires, and languid hopes revive ;
 Grim winter's furlly blasts forbear to blow,
 And heaven lock'd up her magazines of snow ;
 Autumn protracted it's indulgent days,
 And Sol diffus'd a larger tide of rays,
 And was, or seem'd reluctant to decline,
 While *Dartmouth* needed his propitious shine :

H 2

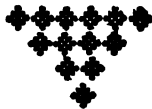
Yet

Yet he, at length, obtains his utmost goal,
 And leaves, in darkness sunk, the frozen pole,
 From whose eternal snows, the stormy blast
 Howls thro' the pines, and sweeps the barren waste,

But what tho' Phœbus glanc'd a feebler ray?
 God's spirit beam'd a more celestial day ;
 On sin-sick souls, he shone divinely bright,
 And bid them spring from darkness into light.
 The gloom dispell'd, the mind desires new toys,
 And bliis supernal ev'ry thought employs :
 Eternal truths the warm affections gain,
 And vitious pleasures meet a just disdain.
 With love divine, the raptur'd bosom glows,
 And conscience, heal'd, indulges sweet repose ;
 No more reluctant, now to dwell at home,
 Acquits the soul, and longs for joys to come.
 Earth, with her Toys, no more inspires delight,
 But sinks away, and vanishes from sight.
 With full consent, in holy cov'aunt join'd,
 To God both soul and body are resign'd ;
 Time, talents, life and breath, and all are given,
 To serve the Lord, and climb the road to heaven,
Jesus, the filial God, in mercy dress'd,
 Joins his young bride fast to his bleeding breast ;
 Calms

Calms all her pains, and eases every smart.
 And sets her as a seal upon his heart.
 Inspires, with resolution to fulfil,
 The sacred dictates of his holy will.
 Sweet peace and love, each happy soul inspires.
 And balmy friendship lights her gentle fires,
 In ev'ry breast joy crowns each smiling day,
 And chearful minutes smoothly glide away.
 Calm solitude, to liberal science kind,
 Sheds her soft influence on the studious mind ;
 Afflictions stand aloof ; the heavenly powers,
 Drop needful blessings in abundant showers.

Thus *Dartmouth*, happy in her sylvan seat,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of her fair retreat ;
 Her songs of praise, in notes melodious rise,
 Like clouds of incense to the listening skies ;
 Her God protects her with paternal Care,
 From ills destructive, and each fatal snare ;
 And may He still protect, and She adore,
 Till heaven, and earth, and time shall be no more.



E R R A T A.

PAGE 12 line 2 from bot. dele and § 15 P. 16. l. 16 for
 to r of l. 26. after such, add .n P 18 V. 10 from bot.
 e. plainest. P. 23, l. 9. for fear r. trust. P. 30. l. 24, r. parental.