

Thomas Ellwood and Hunger Hill

5mo. 27 1829

JN musing retrospective mind
On a rich summer's day
To Larken Green and Hunger Hill
We bent our devious way,
Attracted by the well known tale
That once in days long past
A man of honest fame lived there,
A man of worth and taste,
Elwood his name, a champion bold
On Truth's oppressed side,
The ground obtained he'd firmly hold
Tho suffering should betide.

Thanks to his chart the gates are found
That fenced his dwelling in,
The rising hill, the garden round,
But ah! we found not him.
How sweet the soil, had such a joy
Been offered us to share
A friendship free from base alloy,
A genuine feeling rare.
Near six score annual Summer Suns
Have gaily decked the green
Since such an intellectual feast
In that lone spot has been.
How rarely seen the work combined
Fair Science's heights to trace
And yet preserved the humble mind
That sovereign work of Grace.
Ah! may such way marks stimulate
To imitate their plan
That peace may on our footsteps wait
With love to God and Man.

Probably written by Phebe Allen (1769-1856),
daughter of William Lucas, and wife of Samuel Allen.
From a MS. in **D** in the handwriting of William Beck.