

CREATION.

BY GEO. M. HORTON, A NORTH CAROLINA SLAVE.

Creation fires my tongue!
Nature thy anthems raise;
And spread the universal song
Of thy Creator's praise!

Heaven's chief delight was Man
Before Creation's birth—
Ordained with joy to lead the van,
And reign the lord of earth.

When Sin was quite unknown,
And all the woes it brought,
He hailed the morn without a groan
Or one corroding thought.

When each revolving wheel
Assumed its sphere sublime,
Submissive Earth then heard the peal,
And struck the march of time.

The march in Heaven begun,
And splendor filled the skies,
When Wisdom bade the morning Sun
With joy from chaos rise.

The angels heard the tune
Throughout creation ring;
They seized their golden harps as soon
And touched on every string.

When time and space were young,
And music rolled along—
The morning stars together sung,
And Heaven was drown'd in song.

Ye towering eagles soar,
And fan Creation's blaze,
And ye terrific lions roar,
To your Creator's praise.

Responsive thunders roll,
Loud acclamations sound,
And show your Maker's vast control
O'er all the worlds around.

Stupendous mountains smoke,
And lift your summits high,
To him who all your terrors woke,
Dark'ning the sapphire sky.

Now let my muse descend,
To view the march below—
Ye subterraneous worlds attend
And bid your chorus flow.

Ye vast volcanoes yell,
Whence fiery cliffs are hurled;
And all ye liquid oceans swell
Beneath the solid world.

Ye cataracts combine,
Nor let the pæan cease—
The universal concert join,
Thou dismal precipice.

But halt my feeble tongue,
My weary muse delays:
But, oh my soul, still float along
Upon the flood of praise!

POEM,

BY AN INDIAN GIRL.

I.

They tell me the men of the white, white face,
Belong to a purer, nobler race;
But why, if they do, (and it may be so,)
Do their tongues cry yes, and their actions no?

II.

They tell me that white is a heavenly hue,
And it may be so, but the sky is blue;
And the first of men, as our old men say,
Had earth-brown skins and were made of clay!

III.

Throughout my life, I've heard it said,
There's nothing surpasses a tint of red;
Oh, the White man's cheeks look pale and sad,
Compared with my beautiful Indian lad.

IV.

Then let them talk of their race divine,
Their glittering domes and sparkling wine,
Oh, give me a lodge like my fathers had
And my tall, straight, beautiful Indian lad.

Geo. M. Horton (George Moses Horton) [and] An Indian Girl

(Broadside): "Creation" by Geo. H. Horton, A North Carolina Slave [and] "Poem," by An Indian Girl

[No place: no publisher no date - circa 1829-30]

\$16,000

Broadside. Approximately 8" x 8¾". Printed in two columns. Margins slightly irregular (although no obvious evidence of having been trimmed), some very neat professional mends to old folds on the verso, very good. Horton's poem *Creation* takes up a column and a half; *Poem, by An Indian Girl* takes up the other half column.

George Moses Horton, while enslaved and selling fruit for his owner in Chapel Hill, was variously indulged or cajoled by the students of the University of North Carolina to declaim impromptu verse, and even earned a modest sum of money composing romantic verses and acrostics based upon the first names of the student's love interests. In 1829, his friends and patrons published his first collection of poetry, *The Hope of Liberty*, printed in Raleigh by J. Gales & Son, with the purpose of raising funds to buy his freedom. The pamphlet contained 21 poems. This poem, *Creation* was the first poem in the pamphlet, titled there as *Praise of Creation* but otherwise identical to this text. Horton thus became the first black Southerner to publish a volume of poetry, and only the third African-American to do so (after Phillis Wheatley and Jupiter Hammon).

The author of *Poem, by An Indian Girl* seems more elusive. We can find it published as *Song of the Chippewa Girl* as early as 1825 in *The Ladies Garland* published in Richmond, and again in 1828 in *The Bower of Taste* in neither instance attributing the poem to a named author.

Although this cheaply produced broadside gives no publishing information, it seems almost certain it was published in the South, and also possible that Horton sold it as a mendicant offering, along with the other racially-themed *Poem, by An Indian Girl*, in order to raise funds to purchase his freedom, very likely contemporarily or slightly after the 1829 publication of his book (and near the time *Poem, by An Indian Girl* was anthologized in 1828). The possibility also exists that it might slightly pre-date the 1829 publication of his book.

OCLC appears to find nothing remotely like this broadside. Certainly rare, and quite possibly unique.

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