

she died at Andover, Monday, Sept. 16, 1672, greatly mourned, and was buried on Wednesday.

Her grave, probably, cannot now be distinguished by any monumental inscription. And it is a singular and deplorable fact, that no portrait or likeness of her person has been preserved, if any ever existed, which is doubtful, as Gov. B. mentions none in his will, although he refers to the portraits of others.

Of her character and works, however, there are still extant many eulogies by the most accomplished writers of other days, and some by those of our own times.

The Rev. John Norton, of Hingham, an ancestor of John Quincy Adams, wrote the following, which is now before me, in the third edition of her poems :

“ Upon that pattern and Patron of virtue, the truly pious, peerless and matchless gentlewoman, Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, mirror of her age, glory of her sex,” &c.

“ Grave matron, whose seeks to blazon thee,
Need not make use of wit's false heraldry.

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When, as her name doth but salute the ear,
Men think that they perfection's abstract hear.
Virtue ne'er dies; time will a poet raise,
Born under better stars, shall sing thy praise.”

Rev. John Rogers, President of Harvard College, who has been called the most correct and elegant poet of his time, wrote, of her poems :

“ Madam :—

“ Twice have I drunk the nectar of your lines,
Which high sublim'd my mean-born phantasie,
Flush'd with these streams of your Maronean wines,
Above myself, rapt to an extasie,
Methought I was upon Mount Hybla's top,
There, where I might those fragrant flowers lop,
Whence did sweet odors flow, and honey-spangles drop.”

The third edition of Mrs. B.'s poems was printed and published at Boston, 8vo.—233 pages, in 1758.

Among the modern writers, who have had occasion to speak of Mrs. Bradstreet, Samuel Kettell, Esq. and Rev. Rufus W. Griswold have added their testimony to swell her fame. The former, in his “Specimens of American Poetry,” with critical and biographical notices, in three volumes, published in 1829, remarks, that “we must come down to a late period in the literary annals of the country, before we find her equal; and, up