

POEMS

BY

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Freeeditorial 

[Th' unfading wreath by Genius only won,]

On reading some elegant Commendations of a Character, to which they were not appropriate.

TH' unfading wreath by Genius only won,
Pleas'd I return to grace her favour'd son;
For truth forbids her votaries to wear
Flowers that would wither in a foreign air;
Yet ere the gift I totally resign,
Some simple buds I still would own as mine.
Those that without the advantages of art,
From nature spring and twine around the heart;
Friendship sincere, the same in ev'ry clime,
Unhurt by storms, and unimpaired by time;
And heart-felt gratitude, by heav'n inspir'd,
Stern rectitude and sympathy untir'd;
These would I pluck, nor shall the wreath divine,
Boast fewer blossoms or their loss repine;
From every stem shall sweeter flow'rets rise,
Enriching him who owns the sacred prize;
Take then the gift which while he sweetly smil'd,
Apollo destin'd for his "*favour'd child*."

But not to me belongs that sacred name,
Unskill'd in poetry, unknown to fame,
Till M 's lays imparted radiance pour,
And shed unnumber'd beams in what was dark before.
So the rough diamond in its native mine,
By no refulgence of its own can shine;
But when presented to the solar ray,
It stands distinguish'd from its kindred clay.

Narcissus once, 'tis said, in still amaze,
On an unruffled lake had fix'd his gaze;
Saw his bright image shine supremely fair,
Admir'd his form, but thought a stranger there;
So when the conscious spirit strictly true,
Brings ev'ry living virtue to your view;
And on the page adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
The great, the finish'd character you trace;
Fancy supplies a name before unknown,
And gives to Stella what is all your own.

WRITTEN ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

HOW rapid is the speed of time,
That bears us on our way;
And offers to the anxious sight,
Fresh opening prospects of delight,
That boasts a transient stay.

Hope, radiant inmate of the soul,
Illumes the clouds of care;
And while each present joy they screen,
She rises on the distant scene,
And throws her lustre there.

When pleasure gilds the wing of time,
It glitters as it flies;
That Goddess with a power endow'd,
To charm us on our rugged road,
Her daily food supplies.

Now that I gain another step,
On life's uncertain way;
Imagination shall repair,
And seated draw an outline there,
Of many a future day.

Resign thy pencil, powerless maid,
For errors dim thy sight;
Hope's softest strains salute thy ear,
And pleasure's radiant forms appear,
To make the medium bright.

"Nor yet," imagination said,
"My power will I resign;
"For know of every joy below,
"Of ev'ry bliss the heart shall know,
"Full half the worth is mine."

"For should some distant pleasure hang,
"On hope's celestial zone;
"My pencil gives the golden hue,
"It adds a lustre ever new,
"A glory all its own.

"Take from my hand the glowing scene,
"Observe the fair design;
"My tints enrich the azure skies,
"My fertile flow'ry hills arise,
"Such power alone is mine."

IMAGINATION'S PICTURE

TAKE the landscape and behold
Waving forests ting'd with gold,
Rosy health with ruddy glow,
Seated on the mountain's brow;
Or upon its steep side playing,
With his flock around him straying:
Innocence with cheerful smile,
And affection free from guile,
Banish passion far away,
Form'd to ruin and betray.
See where friendship's waters glide
In a calm unruffled tide;
Softly flow a dimpling stream,
Sparkling in the solar beam;
Sincerity her fount supplies,
Whence unceasing blessings rise.
Deck'd in fancy's glowing ray,
Not a cloud obscures the day;
And to crown the tranquil scene,
Sweet contentment's placid mien,

Where she treads the verdant ground,
Brightens all the landscape round:
There her chosen smiling band,
Joy and peace around her stand.
See each a friendly smile bestow,—
Heaven is surely found below;
Thus will fancy paint the scene,
Not a vapour rolls between;
In extremes her province lies,
Where celestial visions rise.
Truth they say still lies between,
Truth is in the golden mean;
But if joyful you would live,
Fancy must her treasures give.
Reality can few bestow,—
All her springs of joy are low;
Waters muddy and impure,
Which to none shall health ensure;
Ev'ry joy she can bestow,
Has its antidote of woe.
Life what blessings canst thou bring,
All thy pleasures have a sting,
Save when hope and fancy join,
Then is perfect pleasure thine.

TO CHARITY

PARENT of good, thou essence from on high,
Pure emanation from the Deity,
Not to the favour'd sons of wealth confin'd,
Thou humble tenant of the lowly mind,
Thine is the aim another to exalt,
And cast thy mantle o'er a brother's fault.
Thine is the generous wish, the heart-felt sigh,
That mourns the sorrows of humanity.
Not the rich off'rings which the proud bestow,
Which fame reports that all the world may know,
Bespeak thy presence, or advance thy cause,
Thine is the modest worth that shuns applause.
He cheats himself who thinks thy warmth prevails,
And feels no tenderness where virtue fails;
Who views mankind to vice and error prone,
And on their sinking merit builds his own.
This is not Charity, whose strong controul
Turns the whole tide of feeling in the soul.
Rich gift from heav'n, thou wert for man design'd,
To soften and subdue th' aspiring mind;

Thou boasting no superior eminence,
Liv'st in the smile of pure benevolence.
When rigid virtue with indignant mien,
Frowns on her host of foes so often seen;
And, condemnation is her stern decree,
She loses half her charms depriv'd of thee.
Thou wouldst suspend her judgment, calm her rage,
Thy prayers would soothe it, and thy voice assuage;
And while compassion fills her soften'd eye,
Thy hand would light the torch of sympathy.

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