

POEMS

BY

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Freeeditorial 

ON SILENCE

WITHDRAWN from busy man, the mind regains
Its wonted strength when solemn stillness reigns;
For silence proves a shelter for the mind,
When she retires and leaves the world behind.
Man cannot penetrate the veil opaque,
Yet in its shade the soul is most awake;
Life's future prospects clear before us rise,
The distant scene extends beyond the skies;
Our hopes and fears in long perspective lie,
And the view closes with—Eternity.
Silence what is it—but the nurse of thought,
A solemn pause with deep instruction fraught;
A calm retirement—a sequester'd shade,
In which the native soul is well pourtray'd;
Uncloth'd it stands, nor from the eye of pride,
Shall vanity one trifling error hide.
Conscience must then the secret motive own,
She reigns supreme and fills her awful throne;
The light of heav'n reveal'd, that solar ray,
Which fills the spirit with celestial day;

Illumes our darkness—shews the fatal snare,
Points to the hidden shoal and tells the danger there.

Say you who flutter on life's busy stage,
Whom the world flatters and its cares engage;
Who call the moments lost when silent thought
Has in its holy calm some lesson taught;
Who mourn the wasted hours when silence reigns,
When wit retires and fashion nothing gains.
If thus one silent hour you so much dread,
How will you bear the silence of the dead?
Folly may now your whole attention crave,
But folly has no entrance in the grave.

A FRAGMENT

FANCY shall fix my lone abode,
Where human foot ne'er trod;
Peace shall surround my humble cot,
For ever found the happy lot
Of those who live to God.

To thee, wan Nymph—to thee I bow,
Sweet pensive melancholy;
No silken fetters bind us here,
Earth is indeed a narrow sphere,
Of trouble, noise, and folly.

The varied talents that we boast,
A Power all-wise declare;
Man is the favor'd child of heav'n,
To each some precious boon is giv'n,
For all his bounty share.

In some the understanding glows,
Perfected and refin'd;
In some ingenious fancy spreads,
Her lightly sparkling silver threads,
To ornament the mind.

And where these blessings are denied,
And science never shone;
Tho' wisdom ne'er illum'd the mind,
But ignorance with views confin'd,
Has rais'd her pond'rous throne.

Contentment with her placid smile,
May brighten all the scene;
While resignation, heav'n-born power,
Shall cheer the pensive lonely hour,
With her inspiring mien.

Unskill'd to gain the world's applause,
Forbid on earth to shine;
To solitude we may repair,
And find a tranquil pleasure there,
Enjoying peace divine.

O for that holy calm delight,
Which not to rank confin'd,
Has its pure origin above,
And proves that God's unbounded love,
Regards the humble mind.

Proud man may scorn as little worth,
The mind untaught by art;
But heav'n regards with purer eyes,
And sees where virtue's noblest prize,
Is lodged within the heart.

Sweet solitude, fair virtue's friend,
Thy paths she oft has trod;
She will thy hidden charms unfold,
And in thy silent mansions hold
Communion with her God.

LINES,

Written on the receipt of a Letter from a Friend.

HAIL messenger of joy or pain,
Come ev'ry anxious doubt explain,
And ease this throbbing heart;
To certainty these doubts transform,
Dispel this thick impending storm,
And friendship's joys impart.

Thou much-lov'd source of joy and care,
Wilt pure affection's power declare,
Or keen indifference prove;
Her traces never may I see;
Forbid it sweet humanity,
Forbid it sweeter love.

Ah no! that well-known name I see,
Proceeding from sincerity,
It bids each fear repose;
And may indifference never seize
That heart, and friendship's current freeze,
Which now so sweetly flows.

Then as the tints that deck the sky,
In the clear Deep reflected lie,
So shall this surface prove;
A faithful mirror of the soul,
Expressing all the thoughts that roll,
And love's pure feelings prove.

Long on thy fair extent I'll dwell,
Those lines affection's increase tell,
By friendship's hand impress'd
How different these from those array'd
In empty form and vain parade,
By art's gay finger dress'd.

'Midst ev'ry change I meet below,
Those drops of joy—those floods of woe,
Which on mankind attend;
May friendship still remain the same,
For what are pleasures but a name,
Or life—without a friend.

SONNET TO THE WILLOW

WHY hang those pendant branches o'er the waves?

Why dress thy foliage in that sickly green?

Say drooping plant, why mournful art thou seen,

While the soft stream thy rocky standing laves?

Yon gentle zephyrs breathing soft and low,

In soothing murmurs round those branches play;

They fain would charm that deep despair away,

And their refreshing influence bestow.

Is it that mourning for a world so vain,

Where vice and folly, and disorder reign,

A monument of grief thou wilt remain,

And ever hang thy leaves, nor smile again?

Then can I hail in thee a kindred mind—

I too deplore the follies of mankind.

SONNET

E'*EN* winter has its charms—tho' his keen blast
Seals all creation—tho' his driving snows
Level her surface, and in feather'd garb
Cloathe the drear landscape—dazzling to the sight.
Tho' all the dread artillery of heaven
Pour their fierce volley from th' embattled clouds,
Yet man can find a shelter from the storm,
Where, tasting joys, that friendship only knows,
He hears the thund'ring elements unmov'd.
Winter contracts the circle of our joys,
And veiling nature's beauties from our view,
Strengthens the bond of social intercourse;
While we enjoy the purest gifts of Heav'n,
Love, friendship, and domestic harmony.

ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF A FRIEND

THOU image of the dearest friend I love,
If I remote in foreign scenes should rove,
If such my unexpected lot should be,
Deprived of ev'ry comforter but thee,
Still could I live upon that placid smile,
Which many an absent moment would beguile;
Tho' wild and rude the far-surrounding scene,
No clouds should mem'ry's purest lustre screen;
She shall affection's lasting strength declare,
And Emma's image reign unrivall'd there.
'Tis hard to lose a friend and tread alone,
This gloomy passage to a world unknown;
Or dwell with those who cannot bear a part,
In the warm feelings of the tender heart;
Yet if stern fortune should direct my way,
From friendship's pure delights awhile to stray;
This precious gift shall ev'ry step attend,
This *form* support the *feelings* of a friend.
Memr'y shall act again its busy part,
And with its rays revive the drooping heart;
This image ever be my constant guest,
This fond remembrance make me doubly blest.

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