

P O E T R Y.

ADDRESS TO FRIENDSHIP.

[By Ann Yearley.]

FRRIENDSHIP! thou noblest ardor of
the soul!
Immortal essence! languor's best support!
Chief dignifying proof of glorious man!
Firm cement of the world! endearing tie,
Which binds the willing soul, and brings
along
Her chastest, strongest, and sublimest powers!

All else the dregs of spirit. Love's soft
flame,
Bewildering, leads the insatuated soul:
Levels, depresses, wraps in endless mists,
Contracts, dissolves, enervates, and en-
raves,
Relaxes, sinks, distracts, while Fancy fills
Th' inflaming draught, and aids the calen-
ture.
Intoxicating charm! yet well refin'd
By Virtue's brightening flame, pure it
ascends,
As incense in its grateful circle mount,
Till, mixt and lost, with thee it boast thy
name.

Thou unsound blessing! woo'd with ea-
ger hope,
As clowns the nightly vapour swift pur-
sue,
And vain wou'd grasp to cheer their lonely
way;
Vain the wide stretch, and vain the shor-
ten'd breath,
For, ah! the bright delusion onward flies,
While the sad swain deceiv'd, now cau-
tious treads
The common beaten track, nor quits it
more.

Not unexisting art thou, but so rare,
That delving souls ne'er find thee; 'tis to
thee,
When found, if ever found, sweet fugitive,
The noble mind opens all her richest stores;
Thy firm, strong hold suits the courageous
breast,
Where stubborn virtues dwell in secret
league;
And each conspires to fortify the rest.

Ethereal spirits alone may hope to prove
Thy strong, yet soften'd rapture; soften'd
more
When penitence succeeds to injury;

When, doubting pardon, the meek, plead-
ing eye

On which the soul had once with pleasure
dwelt,

Swims in the tear of sorrow and repentance.
The faultless mind with treble pity views
The tarnish'd friend, who feels the sting
of shame;

'Tis then too little barely to forgive;
Nor can the soul rest on that frigid thought,
But rushing swiftly from her Stoic heights,
With all her frozen feelings melted down
By Pity's genial beams, she sinks, distressed,
Shares the contagion, and with lenient
hand

Lifts the warm chalice fill'd with conso-
lation.

Yet Friendship's name oft decks the
crafty lip.

With seeming virtue clothes the ruthless
soul:

Grief-soothing notes, well feign'd to look
like Truth,

Like an insidious serpent softly creep
To the poor, guileless, unsuspecting heart,
Wind round in wily folds, and sinking
deep

Explore her sacred treasure, basely heave
Her hoard of woes to an unpitying world;
First soothes, ensnares, exposes and betrays.
What art thou, fiend, who thus usurp'st
the form

Of the soft cherub? Tell me, by what
name

The ostentatious call thee, thou who
wreck'st

The gloomy peace of sorrow-loving souls?
Why thou art Vanity, ungenerous sprite,
Who tarnishest the action deem'd so great,
And of soul-saving essence. But for thee,
How pure, how bright would Theron's
virtues shine;

And, but that thou art incorporate with
the flame,

Which else would bless where'er its beams
illumine,

My grateful spirit had recorded here
Thy splendid seemings. Long I've known
their worth.

O, 'tis the deepest error man can prove,
To fancy joys disinterested can live;
Indissoluble, pure, unmix'd with self;
Why, 'twere to be immortal, 'twere to
own

No part but spirit in this chilling gloom.

My soul's ambitious, and its utmost
stretch

Would