

Poetical & Extracts

Begun

January

1st 1817.

By

W. S. Howell,

At

Mr. J. Burru's

School.

Providence

R. Island.

"With candour let us own our errors past,

And make each year a critic on the last."

The Wife's Consolation to her Husband under Affliction.

¹
No more lov'd partner of my soul,
At disappoint ment grieve;
Can flowing tears our fate controul,
Or sighs our woes relieve?

²
Adversity is virtue's school,
To those who right discern,
Let us observe each painful rule,
And each hard lesson learn.

³
When wintry winds obscure the sky,
And heaven the earth deform,
If fix'd the strong foundations lie,
The castle braves the storm.

⁴
Thus fix'd on faith's unfading rock,
Let us endure a while,
Misfortunes' rude impetuous shock,
And glory in our toil.

⁵
All fortune cannot always last,
Or, though it should remain,
Yet in each painful moment hastes
A better world to gain.

⁶
Where calumny no more shall wound,
Nor faithless friends destroy,
Where innocence & truth are crown'd
With never fading joys — — —



Written by a youth of sixteen.

I wish not a crown, gaudy pageant of show,
Let the diadem sparkle on royalty's brow;
Unenvy'd by me, the bold hero of war,
The laurel that's due to his merit may wear
Let the green wreath of ivy entwine round the head
Of the bard, who by blest inspiration is led;
O'er boon I implore, and may Heaven consent,
To encircle my brow with the wreath of content.
Content is a gem, tho' not brilliant yet pure,
Which the clouds of misfortune can never obscure;
The laurel will wither, the ivy will fade,
The rose blooms in sunshine, but dies in the shade;
But the wreath of content blooms the best in a show'r,
And, tho' storms rage around, is unhurt by their pow'r,
It has undying pow'r, it lulls care to rest,
It soothes all life's sorrows, and cheers the sad breast;
Dispels all the tumults of grief & despair,
For no thorns of ambition or envy are there.
Tho' fortune may snatch all your honours away,
One comfort remains which will never decay;
Tho' gold, silver & gems, are to ruin consign'd,
We can never be poor with content in the mind.
Oft faction has torn from the monarch his crown,
And few heroes have gain'd uncorrupted renown;

Continued.

Contentment

Health and honour were never enjoy'd without care,
But the wreath of content undisturb'd I may wear.
It will blossom through life from the first to last stage,
Unblasted by sorrow, unfrozen by age;
And when life's vary'd scenes & its cares are all past,
It will bud o'er the grave & bloom sweet to the last.

W. J. Howell.
"8" #



Lines to a Friend.

Friend of my heart, how oft doth memory kind
Thy revered image press upon my mind;
How often do I hear the tender sigh,
And view past scenes through fancy's piercing eye;
How oft in fancy do I see thee stand,
And smiling welcome offer me thy hand;
How oft imagination wafts me there,
Where you were wont my inmost thoughts to share:
Those happy scenes are but a vision fled,
And clouds of sorrow hover o'er my head;
Till hope, auspicious, hope bid sorrow cease,
And whisper days of future mirth and peace.
Then! oh my friend, may every lip below
Be thine, and virtue guide thee as you go.
May angels guard thee with distinguished care,
And every blessing fall unto thy share.
Also your ~~Sister~~ parents, brothers, friends,
May every good from every ill depend.

Go a Friend

Content shall gild my little cot,
And every wish restrain;
Happy though poverty be my lot,
If I a friend retain.

Elizabeth N. Grune - March 4th
1817

The Extract.

1

Who, when the heart's surcharged with care,
And rankling grief - and deep despair;
Will pluck the thorn implanted there?

A Wife!
f

2

Who, on the bed where sickness reigns,
The drooping head with love sustains;
And mild infection still remains?

A Wife!
f

3

Whose smiles illumine the painful hours,
When Fortune's aspect darkly frowns;
Whose every woe is lost in ours?

A Wife!
f

4

Who, when the dawn of Hope's bright day,
Sheds through the soul its cheering ray,
Exalts to see its genial way?

A Wife!
f

5

Whose converse sweet by Heaven designed,
Improves the heart - refines the mind,
Still to our faults - our follies bind?

A Wife!

6

Whose soothing voice when death is nigh,
Will oft suppress the struggling sigh,
And calm the bosom's agony?

A Wife!



Go a Friend.

1

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now.
Nor expect that the heart beaming smile of to night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.

2

No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the power,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorn.

3

But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

4

The thread of our life would be dark, heavens know,
If it were not with friendship and love interlarded;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When those blessing shall cease to be dear to my mind.

5

But they who have loved the purest, the truest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed,
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship's secret,
Is happy indeed if twice more deceived.

Continued.

6

But ere we reach the bow; while a relic of truth
Is in man or woman, this prayer shall be mine.
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth.
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline

Susan F. Curtille to W. F. Howell.

Feb. 27. 1817.

The Star of Bethlehem

(When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestrid the sky,
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sunner's wand'ring eye.)

Hark! hark to God the chorus breaks
From every host... from every gen';
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem!

Once on the raging seas I rood,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean foam'd, and rudely blow'd,
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror thro' my vitals froze;
Death-struck I curs'd the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever and forever more,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

Wm. J. Howell

Wm. J. Howell from a MS.

Lily's Tear.

1.
What power can heal the wounded heart,
When torn by wo and grief severe?

The sovereign balm for every smart,
Is gentle Lily's pearly Tear.

2.
When Fortune turns her smiles to frowns,
And shades the prospect dark and drear,
When sorrow the sad spirit drowns,

What soothes the mind like Lily's Tear.

3.
When friends and kindred turn away,
And Hope forgets the soul to cheer,
What sheds around so bright a ray,

As gentle Lily's glowing Tear?

4.
When death dissolves the dearest ties
And Love stands mourning o'er the bier,
What luster shines in Beauty's eyes,

Illum'd by Lily's sparkling Tear!

5.
Or when the hapless tale of woe
Excites a sympathy most dear,
Far brighter than the Iris bow,

So lovely Lily's falling Tear.

6.
While o'er Life's thorny maze we tread,
May each afflictive sorrow here,
Teach us for others' woes to shed

The pearly drop of Lily's Tear.

Wm. T. Howell. from a MS.

HOME

As a Sonnet.

By J. Montgomery.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serene light,
And milder moons enparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores,
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful & fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul
Touched by remembrance trembles to that pole;
For in that land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside,
His sword & sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend,
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend;
Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife,
A stream with fresh flow in the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of loves & graces lies
Around her knees domestic duties meet;
And fire side pleasures gambol at her feet.

P. T. C.

(Continued.)

"Where shall that land that spot of earth be found?
 Art thou a man a patriot? — look around,
 O, thou shalt find howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

Stanzas.

By Mrs Robinson.

^{1.}
Bounding billow, cease thy motion;
Bear me not so swiftly o'er;
Cease thy roaring, foamy ocean,
I will tempt thy rage no more.

^{2.}
Ah! within my bosom beating,
Varying passions wildly reign;
Love with proud resentment meeting,
Sheds by turns with joy and pain.

^{3.}
Far I go, where fate may lead me,
Far, across the troubled deep;
Where no stranger's ear shall heed me,
Where no eye for me shall weep.

^{4.}
Proud, has been my fatal passion!
Proud, my injured heart shall be!
While each thought, each inclination,
Still shall prove me worthy thee!

^{5.}
Not one sigh shall tell my sorrow,
Not one tear my cheek shall stain;
Silent grief shall be my glory, —
Grief, which stoops not to complaint!

^{6.}
Let the bosom from to ranging,
Still thy ranging seek a cure;
Mine disdains the thought of changing,
Proudly destin'd to endure.

Continued

Edmund D. Hifford June 23 1817

7.
Yet, ere far from all I treasure,
..... ere I bid adieu;
Ere my days of pain are measur'd.
Take the song, that's still thy due!

8.
Yet, believe, no servile passions
Seek to charm thy vagrant mind;
Well I know thy inclinations,
Waiving as the passing wind.

9.
I have lov'd thee; — dearly lov'd thee,
Through an age of worldly woe;
How ungrateful I have prov'd thee
Let my mournful exile show!

10.
Many a year of anxious sorrow,
Flour by hour I counted o'er;
Looking forward, till to-morrow,
Every day I lov'd thee more!

11.
Power and splendour could not harm me
I no joy in wealth could see!
Nor could threats or fears alarm me,
Save the fear of losing thee!

12.
When the storms of Fortune press'd thee,
I have vopt to see thee weep!
When relentless cares distress'd thee,
I have lulld those cares to sleep!

13.
When with thee what ills could harm me?
Now couldst every pang assuage;
But when absent, nought could charm me;
Every moment seem'd an age.

M^{rs} Robinson.

14.
Fare thee well, ungrateful rover!
Welcome Gallia's hostile shore;
Now the breezes waft me over;
War in port — No meet no more.

M^{rs} F. Howell Jun 23^d 1817-

From a Young Lady to her Brother at Sea.

From loftiest heaven my humble prayers approve,
Thou God supreme of universal Love,
To thee I lift my supplicating Eyes,
Father, Majestic, of sublimest skies.
And absent Brother's safety to implore,
Remote from friends & from his native shore.
Since fortune frowns, and heaven his life decrees,
Should be devoted to the faithless seas,
Be thou propitious to his early years,
Preserve his health and lessen all his fears;
Be thou the Soul Director of his youth,
And gently guide him in the ways of truth;
Let prosperous gales forever on him bend,
And prove in every various scene his Friend.
If thou as God should veil the face of day,
And awful tempest frighten hope away,
Did the tremendous thunder rend the sky,
Whilst through black Heaven the lightnings fly,
Whilst every sailor's heart dissolves with fear,
And bursting seas speak his last period near;
Let thy right arm a faithful covering spread,
And shield from thrusting death his youthful head:
Protect him from the dangers of the main,
Let tempest howl & thunder roar in vain;
His honest labours kindly deign to bless,
And crown his prudent wishes with success;
Then send him grateful to his native home,
In thee confiding, and in thee alone.

Wm. D. Howells. July 17th 1817.

Selected Poetry.

Thy Will Be Done, O Lord.

When adverse winds right heavily blow;
When stern affliction's grasp we know;
Her torch when persecution whirls,
When envy lifts her snaky curls;
Thrice happy he whose soul resign'd,
Unmov'd can see the torrent run;
Can say, his eye to Heaven inclin'd,
"Thy Will Be Done!"

2.

O life, thy roses thorns enfold;
O death, thy grasp is fearful cold.
With riches come unnumber'd cares,
With poverty ten thousand snares.
Then where can happiness be found?
Not in the cot, nor purple throne,
Herein doth happiness abound,
"Thy Will Be Done!"

3.

'Tis this can still the adverse gate,
'Tis this can bid war famine hail,
'Tis this can soften war's alarms,
'Tis this oppression's rage disarms;
This plucks the thistle from our road,
When life's deluding joys are gone;
'Tis this will raise the soul to God,
Thy Will Be Done!

By Mrs. Gibbs...

Mary S. Howell's

Oct. 6th - 1817 -

Oct. 11th 1817



Sympathy.

By G. Bliss.

1.

Ah! why was the tear formed to flow,
Or the anguish it cannot retrieve;
Or the sigh for the victim of woe,
When the means are too scant to relieve.

2.

Must the bosom of Sympathy mourn?
Must friendships and virtue repine?
Must the heart that is tender be torn,
When its passion is pure and divine?

3.

Yes, pity must often befriend,
And the heart that feelings must grieve,
When the hand is forbid to extend,
And the wish is the all we can give.

4.

But the heart that has wished to bless,
Reflects the same pleasure that's given;
And the tear that can drop at distress,
Is an alm that's accepted in heaven.

Wm. L. Howell's

*has.

Oct. 11th. 1817

The French Emigrant.

By Madison Moore.

1.

Though sacred the tie that our country entwinneth,
And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth.
And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.

2.

Oh, thou! who wert born in the cot of the peasant,
But diest of languor in Luxury's dome,
Our vision, when absent — our glory, when present,
Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home!

3.

Farewell to the land, where in childhood I wander'd!
In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave!
Unblest is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd!
And fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave!

W. S. Howell.

May 12th 1818

Extracted.

When winds breathe soft along the silent deep,
The waters curl, the peaceful billows sleep;
A stronger gale the troubled wave awakes;
The surface roughens, and the ocean shakes.
More dreadful still, when furious storms arise,
The mountain billow, bellow to the skies;
On liquid rocks the tottering vessels' lost,
Unnumber'd surges lash the foaming coast;
The raging waves, excited by the blast,
Whiten with wrath, and split the sturdy mast:
When in an instant, he who rules the floods,
Earth, air, and fire, Jehovah! God of Gods!
In pleasing accents speaks His sov'reign will,
And bids the waters, and the wind be still!
Hushed are the winds, the waters cease to roar,
Safe are the seas, and silent as the shore.
Now say, what joy elates the sailor's breast,
With prosperous gales so unexpected blest!
What ease, what transport, in each face is seen!
The heav'n's look bright, the air and sea serene;
For every plaint we hear a joyful strain
To him, whose pow'r unbounded rules the main.

W. S. Howell

March 20th 1818

