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2477

2/-

OTHER
JUVENILE POEMS,

BY

THE AUTHOR OF RIMES.

L. & J. Pickering



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1910

THE NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS

1910

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Dithyrambic or Irregular Odes were printed in 1782, 4to.

The Tales in Verse were published by Dod-
sley, in the same year and form; interspersed
with Comic Tales, here omitted, as totally un-
worthy of preservation.

The Lyric Poem at the end was written in
1781, and is now printed for the first time.

DITHYRAMBIC ODES.

ODE I.

ON ENTHUSIASM.

SHADES of poets blest!
That oft my dreams,
With rapturous gleams
Of glory, have possess'd;
Appear, appear, appear!
If yet the mortal vow ye hear,
O hither, from your mansions bright,
O hither bend your speedy flight;
While light and odours float around,
And harps unseen empyreal airs resound.

B

Say,

Say, from what living spring
 Descends the flood of fame,
 That bears your sacred strains along
 The vales and echoing mountains o'er
 Of each admiring shore;
 While empires all prolong,
 In every varied speech, the wonders of your song;
 And languages, that have as yet no name,
 Their tributary rills shall bring
 To swell the lordly stream?

Say, from what mighty cause
 Is heard the high applause,
 That you the distant climes,
 That you the distant times,
 With adoration have confessed
 Gods of the human breast;
 And, moved with filial awe,
 Have bent their sense and feeling to your law;
 And noblest homage brought,
 The homage of the thought?
 Enthusiasm was that spring!
 Enthusiasm was the cause
 Why heard that high applause!
 Enthusiasm, race divine! did all those honours bring!

Ye chief of former days, whose daring vows addressed
 Nature ere hid in Fashion's speckled vest ;
 When she, great goddess, in her prime,
 Her virgin fancies played at will,
 Fancies surpassing mortal skill ;
 And with her sons held colloquy sublime,
 By hallowed fount with verdant gloom o'ergrown,
 Or in the whispering vale, or desert mountain lone ;
 While forms of heaven not unseen
 With fairy footsteps paced the green,
 And in mystic notes conveyed
 Things secret from the human thought or eye.
 Full oft, such is thy will, O Poesy !
 Where vulgar minds discern nought, save the shade,
 The wise the sun descry *.
 For oft the sun will shroud
 His flames behind a cloud.

And, Sages, ye whose eloquence divine
 Would, with a golden chain,
 The hearer's soul restrain,
 And bear to every Passion's distant shrine.

* Qualor di Pindo le Reine accolgo,
 Il fortunato mio lieto soggiorno
 S'empie di luce intorno,
 Che splende ai faggi, e si fa nebbia al volgo. CURSI.

Whose thunder shook the throne
 Of each barbaric lord :
 Tho by deluded myriads prone
 Of trembling slaves adored.
 Whose lucid art of life illumed the plan ;
 And heavenly Wisdom brought to dwell with man.

Without thy fierce controul,
 Enthusiasm, soul of the rapt soul !
 Picture in vain bids her creation rise ;
 Music in vain her vocal skill applies ;
 In night the fair creation lies ;
 The bidden airs sleep in the fullen shell,
 Till thou their birth impell.
 At thy command the glowing forms appear :
 At thy command the strains enchant the ear.

Thy praise may every art,
 And science fair impart ;
 For all to thee their richest lustre owe.
 From thee all attributes of mind
 That to gods exalt mankind ;
 All deeds immortal flow.

Hark, hark ! The sounds of conflict rise ;
 What light divine illumes that sacred field,
 Leonidas ! where thy devoted few
 Their fatal falchions drew :

And

And of their carcases composed a shield,
 Their country to protect from dastard enemies !
 In Freedom's holy hand
 Their radiant banner flew :
 Before the godlike band
 Her rousing trump Enthusiasm blew.

When bold Colon* first dared the watery realm
 A world unknown to find ;
 Enthusiasm held the helm,
 And with fresh vigor stored his ardent mind.
 Till rose the wished shore,
 Where empires lost to fame before,
 Where golden cities shone,
 And shrines of other sacred powers ;
 Groves of new pomp, and meads of other flowers,
 And other music from the copse was blown.

Oh goddess ! if one happy clime
 Remain yet secret from the Muse,
 Thy blessed influence diffuse,
 O lend thy votary thy aid sublime,
 By Art's just compass, and by Fancy's gale,
 There to direct his daring sail,
 And treasures bring unknown in former time !

* The real name of *Columbus*.

DITHYRAMBIC ODE II.

 TO LAUGHTER.

THE violet that in the lonely stream
 Beholds her humble head,
 Tho saved from icy breeze or sultry beam,
 Her fragrant leaves must shed.
 Along the stream that fed
 Her life, the fragrant leaves are tost,
 Till in the ruthless ocean lost.

Meet emblem of man's fading joy,
 That, tho saved from all annoy,
 On time's inevitable wave
 Still hastens to the grave !

To taste the fragrance of the flower,
 And not the flower destroy,
 Is wisdom. Haste, the fleeting hour
 Ye race of Mirth employ.

Thou,

Thou, Laughter, lead the festal band ;
 Wit and Humour, hand in hand,
 Sports that dance, and Sports that sing,
 Love and Rapture with thee bring.
 Now when merry Spring reposes
 On her bed of balmy roses,
 In fantastic measures revel
 All along the flowery level.

Sweet melody pervades the luminous air *.
 The jocund tribes appear !

My suppliant thy wish declare ;
 Lo I wait to hear thy prayer.

While some, tho' wife, in mental gloom
 Their melancholy hours entomb ;
 And, from terror of the morrow,
 Waste the given day in sorrow :
 Attend, propitious Power, my claim !
 Do thou invading cares repell :
 With thee, dear goddess, let me dwell,
 And laugh at life's amusing game.

* E una melodia dolce correva
 Per l'aer luminoso —————

Dante, Purg.

TALES IN VERSE.

TALE I.

THE KNIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

IT chanced when Albion's daring lion,
Richard, led his war to Sion,
To redeem that holy scene
From terror of the Saracen;
A Knight companion of his way
Wandered from the host's array.
Thro' many a wood, thro' many a wild,
To join the speedy march he toiled:

Elated

Elated still in hope to hear
 The martial music meet his ear.
 Oft, as he came to rising ground,
 He thought he heard the trumpet sound;
 'Twas but the spirit of the west
 Rustling thro' his plummy crest!
 At fall of night new shapes of danger
 Rose to daunt the wildered stranger;
 For then his heart, tho' bold, was fore
 To hear the raging forest roar;
 For then abroad, in quest of food,
 Ran the gaunt monsters of the wood:
 With eyes of fire, and dismal yell,
 They held their nightly circuit fell;
 While from each echoing cavern wild
 More dire the thickening clang recoiled.
 His steed oft reared the startled ear,
 All melting in the dew of fear,
 Oft stumbled in the darkness blind,
 Where bones lay bleaching in the wind
 Of wretched pilgrim, or of beast,
 That had supplied the savage feast.
 Yet, secure in faith's alliance,
 The Knight bade every fear defiance:
 Tho' now athwart the murky night
 The lightning shot its livid light,
 And loudest thunder rang around,
 Shivering to the molten ground,

With

With flaming ire and instant stroke,
The stately pine, the spreading oak :
And driving wind, and drenching shower,
Began their plenteous rage to pour.
At length the wished morn arose,
And hush'd the tempest to repose.
Sir Guy each anxious thought repell'd
When he the rising sun beheld
O'er all the verdant forest bright
To spread his gleams of golden light.
His joy was followed by surprize,
When before his wondering eyes,
Glittering all in rainbow dyes,
He saw a princely mansion rise,
Embosomed in an odorous shade
Of myrtles and of jasmines made.
Sweet scenes appeared on ev'ry side,
Adorn'd with Nature's richest pride ;
Adorn'd with Art's divinest skill,
But servant she to Nature still.
Not Art the prim, the nice, the quaint,
Who deals in patches and in paint,
But Nature's younger sister, she
The simple, debonair, and free.

Sir Guy alighted from his steed,
And left amid the herb to feed,

While

While he approach'd the lofty gate,
 That to this mansion led of state.
 Sudden, from a thicket nigh,
 He heard a shout of laughter fly :
 With careful step he sought the spot,
 And saw—my God ! what saw he not ?
 He saw two damsels, fair as day,
 Amid the flowing crystal play
 Of a transparent stream, that glowed
 As to the sun each charm they showed
 Of perfect face, and perfect mien,
 And charms more dear, because less seen.
 He waited, in a pretty pother,
 Till one fair had attired the other :
 Whence one the Knight a lady guessed,
 A servant her the first who dressed.

Soon, floating all in golden tissue ;
 He sees the stately damsel issue :
 Bending low, in reverence great,
 He speaks the sorrows of his fate.
 The lady, with enchanting smile,
 Invites him to the princely pile.
 In wonder lost the warrior stands,
 At works too fair for human hands :
 Where'er he turns his raptured gaze
 The virgin gold and diamond blaze ;

Each

Each room all decked with gems so bright,
 Nor has nor needs another light,
 But, blest in its peculiar day,
 Scorns the vain Sun's meridian ray.
 Thro' every floor, o'er shining marble,
 Founts of coolest water warble;
 By virtue of some rare machine
 Running with melodious din,
 And such delicious accents wild
 As by an air-harp are compiled.

But all the wonders of this bower
 To tell, would pass the Muse's power.
 A Page appeared; the Knight was led
 To a cool bath with fragrance fed:
 Refreshed, he sought the stately hall,
 Where, at the Lady's potent call,
 A magic banquet soon appeared,
 And strains of rapturous maze were heard,
 And odes that spoke the stores of Pleasure
 In fantastic airy measure.
 Tho' all the while no form was seen,
 Save when, as from a cloudy screen,
 Some face of radiant bloom divine
 Would haply for a moment shine,
 Then melting into liquid air
 Would the astonished eye ensnare.

Bound

Bound in the Witch's flowery capture,
 All immerst in amorous rapture,
 Forgot each manly wish and deed,
 Forgot Renown's celestial meed,
 Here the valiant hero long
 Listened to Pleasure's syren song,
 Blest in the lady's dearest love,
 How could he from her mansion move?
 How, when his every step around
 Was rapture all and fairy ground?
 Alas, too strong are female charms
 Without enchantment's added arms!

One eve, as, thro' the woodland gloom;
 He wandered round the magic dome,
 He thought to hear a piteous sigh,
 And to the place of woe drew nigh;
 When at a casement he descried
 A form that with a seraph's vied,
 If seraph e'er might chance to borrow
 The human drefs of hopeless sorrow;
 For sighing in despairing mood,
 And all in tears the damsel stood.
 Sir Guy, with love and wonder fired,
 Her cause of misery enquired,
 And learned her sister to the dame
 Object of his wanton flame;

By

By due of birth the Lady high
 Of many a fertile province nigh,
 But by her sifter's evil spell
 Condemned her captive hours to tell,
 While that young forcerefs ingrate
 Enjoyed her patrimonial ftate.

My hiftory grows long. In brief,
 Freed was the damfel by the Chief.
 Next night, when all in fleep were faft
 From the fairy houfe he paffed
 With his lovely prize, to gain
 The precincts of her rich domain,
 That on the further margin lay
 Of the Tigris' torrent fpray.
 Ah haplefs pair ! in evil hour
 Ye fled the Witch's mighty power !
 A fmall tkiff only could ye find
 To dare the waves and raging wind !
 The fifher, from his midnight fhed,
 Heard the fhrieks of death with dread
 Die along the diftant wave,
 That proved your lamentable grave.
 O Tigris ! may the fummer-beam
 For ever dry thy fatal fream !

T A L E II.

THE TALISMAN.

YE Fair of Albion, for you I write;
 Would heaven I could please you, gentle dames!
 For happiness dwells only in your sight,
 And Pleasure from your eyes steals all her flames.
 Tho' fly Fontaine of frequent frailty blames
 Daughters of other climes. Ye may despise.
 Far other prize your splendid virtue claims,
 Your modest merit claims far other prize:
 Angels of bliss! from you all life's delights arise.

There dwelled erewhile in Araby the blest
 A man in wisdom rich, and rich in gold;
 The first renown his friends and foes confessed,
 The latter gift the poor with rapture told;
 For to their wants he solace loved to hold.

Happy

Happy he was, if happy man may be ;
 Gay with reflection, and with knowledge bold,
 A graceful form, a mind serene had he,
 Pride ever was his scorn, from malice he was free.

He had to wife the most enchanting fair
 That ever showed her bright locks to the sun :
 Of sovereign beauty, and of goodness rare,
 She every heart to adoration won.
 Friends he had many. (Who the rich will shun ?
 They only want a friend, a friend who need.)
 But Eliafah, as it seemed, to none
 Yielded of tender sympathy the meed,
 Of elevated aim, firm faith, or generous deed.

As once Alcafar (so our hero call)
 Was on a journey, at that hour of day
 When lengthening shades from the red turret fall,
 And music warbles from each gilded spray,
 The favour of the setting sun to pay ;
 From a wild wood a dismal sound arose,
 That led him where a hapless antient lay,
 Wounded so sore by thieves or cruel foes,
 That Death, it seemed, full soon would all his sorrows
 close.

Nathless

Nathless Alcazar lighted from his steed,
 And raised the bleeding elder to his seat;
 Then to the nighest town the courser led,
 Some medicine of healing power to get
 To save the man of years. Alas, too late!
 He died unable to pronounce a word
 That might express the manner of his fate,
 Or gratitude to the benevolent lord,
 Who the departed sage with genuine grief deplored.

Soon after, in the silent noon of night,
 Alcazar waked, but waked, he thought, to dream;
 For all the room was filled with purple light,
 Music of paradise, and fragrant steam.
 Rearing his head in extacy extreme,
 He saw the wife unknown before him stand:
 His beard and locks shone as the sunny stream;
 And he, on rapt Alcazar smiling bland,
 Graced with a glittering gem a ring held in his hand.

‘ Behold, the Talisman of Truth I bring,
 ‘ Of thy benevolence the high reward;
 ‘ The sacred stone that dignifies this ring,
 ‘ By heavenly hands, by heavenly art, prepared,
 ‘ From Error’s pit shall all thy footsteps guard.

c

‘ Potent

‘ Potent it is the secret foul to show ;
 ‘ If in the heavy toils of Vice ensnared,
 ‘ If Falsehood o’er the breast her darkness throw ;
 ‘ Or with the light of Truth the mental mansion glow.’

He said, and faded from the dazzled view.
 Wild melodies ran warbling thro’ the air
 With richest odours, as the holy flew,
 And glimpses of celestial radiance fair.
 With morn Alcazar rose. His earliest care
 It was the magic of the ring to try.
 Keen to distinguish mankind as they are,
 And, by the force of that unerring eye
 He on his finger wore, the scene of life to spy.

To the resorts of Law he chanced to stray,
 And foolish knaves, and knavish fools descried ;
 And folly in prim Gravity’s array
 O’er combats vain of Chican’ry preside ;
 And Meannesses in the gorgeous garb of Pride.
 One honest man alone beheld he there ;
 He who was set to guard the portal wide :
 And he but one day had enjoyed that fare,
 And much already thought how theft’s best stores to share.

But

But bound to speak all that Alcazar saw
 Long life might end in middle of the tale.
 O'er most we shall Oblivion's curtain draw :
 Suffice it that he still saw Vice prevail,
 And feeble Virtue in the contest fail.
 Oft, as he passed along the crowded street,
 So moved he was he could not spare to rail :
 The style of robber would the trader meet,
 And the physician bland a murderer's epithet.

Nor did the sole enjoyment of the gem
 To the possessor yield its virtue high ;
 Need was to elevate it's visual beam
 Upon each object he desired to try,
 And words repeat of magic quality.
 Disdained the good Alcazar all the while
 To persons of his love his skill apply.
 They no suspicion know, who know no guile ;
 They most are apt to doubt whom meanest aims defile.

Alas what horror filled the patron's soul,
 When on his friends he first began his art,
 And saw how malice held with firm controul
 What seemed before the most benignant heart !
 At length he bade the keen effulgence dart

On Eliafah, his elected friend ;
But from the shocking view appalled did start,
For there he saw Deceit her flowerets lend
To cover snakes that well a dæmon's breast might rend.

Shrinking in scorn and hatred from mankind,
One day he wandered by the founding main :
' Shall I, the death of all my joys to find,'
He said, ' my wife, my Zoa's soul explain ?
' Alas ! alas ! the bold attempt were vain !
' How can I in a woman hope to spy
' Aught save hypocrisy ? Since truth is pain,
' Fancy, be thou my sole felicity.
' Oh if in her deceived, deceived so let me die !

' But, seeing knowledge only guides to woe,
' And ignorance alone is happiness ;
' Go ! Thou detested source of anguish, go !
' And let me happy ignorance possess.'
He spoke ; and to the deep's profound recess
Consigned the amulet of all his care ;
But, sudden storms and thunder the success
Of this audacious achievement were,
That might the wrath of heaven for flighted gifts declare.

Not

Not long thereafter to Alcazar's slaves
 Part of his finny draught a fisher fold ;
 And safe to Zoa from the ruthless waves
 Was brought the ring of empyrean gold.
 She to her husband showed it, and extolled :
 And he, tho trembling at its fell effect,
 Yet, from the specious miracle grown bold,
 Did on the fair the lucid beam direct,
 And straight pronounced the words of magic dialect.

But, blest Alcazar, what new joys were thine,
 When that untainted soul before thee shone
 Illumed with Virtue's radiance divine ;
 Of Truth and gentlest Tenderneſs the throne !
 ' Ye charming fair,' he ſaid, ' in you alone
 ' The treasure of man's choſen bleſſings lies.
 ' O never to your ſouls be ſorrow known,
 ' Ye at whoſe preſence every ſorrow flies ;
 ' Who frienſhip and deſire in one rich heart comprize !'

T A L E III.

 THE CASTLE OF ARGAN.

DARK was the night, the driving snow
 Beat along the heathy waste,
 As the warrior Eric passed
 Thro' the isle of Anigo,
 That rears its rocky ridges steep
 Amid Biarmia's wintry deep.
 His heart, though nought could e'er appall
 Before, yet beat in fear that night
 No more to see his father's hall,
 No more to see the matin light;
 For bound he was his way to guide
 By many a gulphy marish wide,
 By many a horrid precipice,
 By many a torrent bridged with ice,
 Ye spirits of the night, O save
 The hero from a timeless grave!

Hard

Hard were it for his youth to find

A death unworthy of his kind,

Ere known his yet unnoted name

In the radiant rolls of fame !

Oft wistfully he looked around,

If chance some mansion he might spy,

A refuge from the treacherous ground,

A refuge from the cruel sky.

At length afar he saw a beam

Thro' the fleety darkness gleam,

That led him where a castle stood

Deep in the silence of a wood.

Much wondered he, nor watch nor centry

The lord had set to guard the entry.

Open stood the lofty gate :

He passed a spacious court, and gained

The inmost keep's enormous state :

Thro' all a dismal silence reigned,

Tho' at an early hour of night :

Eric at last began to fear

No mortal did inhabit here.

Yet, sure he had descried a light,

With the firm pummel of his sword

He beat against the massy door,

Confounded was the daring lord,

To hear tremendous thunders roar,

To see each battlement and tower

Shake as by an earthquake's power,

While from each casement's iron frame
 Issued sheets of azure flame !
 Yet nothing moved, he bent his force,
 And burst at length the steady door,
 Then drew his sword, and held his course
 Dauntless along the sounding floor ;
 Till he reached the desert hall,
 Where a brazen trumpet hung,
 With which he gave so loud a call
 That all the reeling mansion rung.
 Sudden an antient dwarf appeared,
 Hoar his head and hoar his beard ;
 Eric his case then specified,
 And begged a night's abode to have.
 Ah stranger, the mild dwarf replied,
 Thy certain death thou darest to crave.
 To Argan these wide towers belong,
 Argan the cruel, and the strong,
 Him Heaven, this long space of time,
 Has punished for a dreadful crime,
 By loosing all the powers of hell
 In his foul house and heart to dwell.
 His daughter's blooming charms divine,
 Aided by the power of wine,
 All reason from the Peer exiled :
 He sought to force his shrieking child !
 The firm revolt the damsel made
 To fury raised her father's fire ;

And,

And, horrible to tell! the fire
 Sheathed in her breast his ruthless blade.
 No sooner done the dismal deed,
 Than flocks of dæmons swarmed around,
 By Heaven in instant wrath decreed
 A crime unheard of to confound.
 And still, since that accursed hour,
 Despair and madness have possessed
 Argan's inexorable breast :
 With thunder shakes each conscious tower,
 Yells of no mortal voice are heard,
 Lightnings have shewn their awful power,
 And threatening faces have appeared.
 Yet hie thee hence, and I will show
 A peasant's humble cottage nigh,
 Where thou the sure repose mayest know
 That dwells not in this mansion high.

TALE

TALE IV.

A D E L A I D E.

ON THE MODEL OF THE MORESQUE BALLAD*.

HAVE ye not seen the flower of love
Her virgin sweets display,
When on her damask cheek descends
The golden light of day?

Have ye not seen the light of day
From ocean's azure verge
Thro jetty clouds, with soveraign glance,
And rosy smiles, emerge?

* The Moresque Ballad has richer poetical ornaments than the Scottish. It yields infinitely to it in the superior praise of Nature and pathos. See the *Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada*, or Dr. Percy's translations in the *Reliques of antient English Poetry*.

Have ye not seen fair Adelaide
Far richer charms disclose?
Her eyes to emulate the sun,
Her cheeks to mock the rose?

A brighter dame sure Ebro hoar
Ne'er saw his lucid wave,
Loitering his flowery vales along,
With wanton wonder lave.

Mondrigo was her valiant fire;
An ancient baron he;
Fond of his child, but fonder yet
Of state and pedigree.

His daughter was his sole delight,
But wealth his only care.
Unknown to him each pleasure was
That penury may share.

Unknown to him each pleasure was,
Save those that peace destroy;
Unknown compassion's generous pang,
The bliss of giving joy.

His

His rich demefnes extended far
By Ebro's thymy fide :
In whose clear glafs his fpiry towers
Beheld their glittering pride.

Gaziro's caſtle nigh arofe ;
A wealthy peer and bold,
But much too far advanced in years
A damfel's heart to hold.

Oft beauteous Adelaide he ſaw ;
To fee was to admire.
And ſoon the ſnow of age began
To melt in amorous fire.

He to Mondrigo ſpoke his wiſh
The blooming fair to wed :
Nor thought how ill the flowers of ſpring
Become the wintry head.

Yet did the father hear with joy,
And give with joy conſent :
So rich and high a match beyond
His dreams or wiſhes went.

Young

Young Adelaide, that evil hour,
Was lost amid the grove
To gather flowers; as yet unknown
The dangerous flower of love.

On her return what sorrow filled
Her heart, yet new to ill,
When spoke her sire Gaziro's wish,
And spoke it as his will!

She seemed as the devoted wretch
Who hears his funeral knell.
Fell from her hand the gathered flowers,
And faded as they fell.

So faded all her hopes of joy;
Her sire too well she knew,
To dream that love or reason might
His haughty mind subdue.

That mournful night she wandered forth
By Ebro's plaintive stream,
O'er whose wild shades the rising moon
Now spread her silver gleam.

Dear

‘ Dear scenes,’ she said, ‘ that went in bliss
‘ My infant heart to steep ;
‘ Now reft, alas, of every hope
‘ To you I fly to weep.

‘ Yet never shall Gaziro boast
‘ I was his wretched wife.
‘ No, rather shall my weary soul
‘ Reft the light of life.’

The day appointed came. The pair
Stood with united hands
Before the priest, who now prepared
To fix the sacred bands.

‘ Thou cruel fire, whose only aims
‘ Are empty fate and gold,
‘ Shalt soon the miserable end
‘ Of thy designs behold.

‘ I feel, I feel the deadly draught
‘ Burn fierce in every vein.’
The lovely victim spoke, and died,
By filial duty slain.

O'er

Oe'r the wan corse the frantic fire
His hoary tresses tore :
And soon a hermit's life assumed
His folly to deplore.

In wild Zingara's odorous vale
The virgin's grave is seen ;
The primrose and the violet deck
The sod for ever green.

And there the swain and rural maid
Exchange the melting soul :
' Ah never may our loves,' they say,
' Relentless power control !

Off by the rill that murmurs nigh
Have fairy shapes appeared ;
And thro the silence of the night
Is fairy music heard.

PUBLIC

PUBLIC HAPPINESS,

A LYRIC POEM.

Written in 1781.

ARGUMENT.

Poetry not confined solely to purposes of delight, but capable of higher aims, I, 1—whence its connection with ancient philosophy, government, and laws, I, 3.—Progress of government and society, in the WEST, from barbarism, II, 1, thro' chivalry, III, 1, to refinement.—Causes of national unhappiness, climate, IV, superstition, V, 1. tyranny, V, 2.—Sources of public happiness. It must be universal, and specially extend to the poor, VI—education and science, VII—liberty the chief source, VIII—which must be established and guarded by wise laws, IX.—Praise of antient legislators, and influence of just legislation on society, IX, 3, to the end.

NOT

I, 1.

NOT vales alone of flowers profuse,
 Where dwell the Pleasures and the Loves,
 The ample empire of the muse
 Displays; and visionary groves,
 Where Science, loitering in his careless mood,
 Listens to Harmony's devolving flood.

I, 2.

But lofty mountains, whence the sage,
 Of keen and philosophic eye,
 The toils that busier men engage,
 May, as from Alpine heights, descry;
 And, far above the clouds that life annoy,
 The sunshine of meridian Truth enjoy.

I, 3.

For this, when Virtue held her ancient throne,
 To sacred verse immortal trophies shone.
 The legislator, and the bard,
 United their illustrious aim.
 Due happiness to man to give;
 The soul from Vice's snare to guard,
 And wake to goodness and to fame,
 And teach that noblest art, to live.

* Human victims were common among the Northern nations in their ages of barbarism. See Keightley, &c.

II, 1.

Lo where, amid the forest wild,
Beside a streamlet's mossy bed,
The savage, winter's furly child,
Erects his solitary shed ;
His drink the lucid wave, his frugal food
The game, the fruits, the honey of the wood.

II, 2.

Beneath their chief's paternal care
The stern community reside,
Their leader in the field of war,
In peace their arbiter and guide.
Say, is not common bliss there felt alone
Where not a want, where not a wish, is known ?

II, 3.

Reply, thou genius of the ancient grove !
Did not among thy shades the murderer rove ?
To fancy's every fear resigned,
An idol rose to every fear :
Each deity was then a foe.
What ghastly spectres filled the mind
Oaks red with human blood declare * ;
Declare that ignorance is woe.

* Human victims were common among the Northern nations, in their ages of barbarism. See Keyser, &c.

But

III, 1.

But see, perched on the frowning rock
 The feudal castle rear its state ;
 See warriors, crowned with conquest, flock
 New rites and laws to celebrate,
 Bold Chivalry his blazon has unfurled,
 And claims the homage of th' admiring world.

III, 2.

Clad in the hauberk's scaly gold,
 The gallant knight pursues his way,
 To rescue from the ruffian's hold
 The captive maid erewhile so gay :
 And challenge to the combat paynim foes,
 Who dare Religion's holy arms oppose.

III, 3.

Turn, wanderer ! Afar thou needst not roam :
 The cries of misery shake thy lordly dome.
 Thy vassal mourns his wretched lot,
 That, bound in Slavery's heaviest chain,
 In vain he drinks the vital air ;
 For meek Content still thuns his cot.
 The brood alone of Want and Pain
 The melancholy mansion share.

IV, 1.

Alas from many a deadly source
The torrents of perdition spring,
That, with inevitable force,
To forrow's gulph the nations bring.
Various disasters various realms despoil,
As torrents take the tincture of the foil.

IV, 2.

What wonder if the wintry mind,
Where Lapland spreads the snowy waste,
In icy ligaments confined,
The summer transport never taste ;
Nor know the flowers, that with the spring arise
To deck the sunny souls of better skies?

IV, 3.

What wonder if amid the plains of sand,
That burn in wild Zaara's desert land,
Where no refreshing waters wind,
From heat, from labour, to retrieve
The vigour of the fainting guest ;
The black inhabitant can find
Few streams of solace to relieve
The fervours of his languid breast ?

Behold,

V, 1.

Behold, where that enchantress vile,
 Mad Superstition, waves her wand;
 What fears her gloomy race beguile!
 What spectres fill the darken'd land!
 What shades the chearful light of Truth allay,
 As lowborn mists that hide the orb of day!

V, 2.

Nor less the storm of misery rolls,
 When, Desolation by his side,
 Relentless Tyranny controls
 His dastard slaves in lawless pride;
 And deems that joy belongs to him alone;
 The rights of man unheard, unfelt, unknown.

V, 3.

Tho Persia spread her rich vales to the sun,
 Yet will Delight the seat of slavery shun.
 In vain the breezes fragrance blow,
 In vain the sky still smiles serene,
 The field is liberal in vain:
 Freedom alone can mirth bestow;
 If Tyranny enjoy the scene
 Despair is ever of his train.

VI, 1.

The bounteous father of the year
 Alike imparts his gift of light,
 The peasant's humble hut to cheer,
 And gild the regal fabric's height;
 An equal heat his vital beams afford
 To the low hind, and to the haughty lord.

VI, 2.

So should impartial Happiness
 An equal joy assign to all;
 Alike the poor's remote recess
 Should visit, and the stately hall.
 Should bless alike the sons of Toil and Health,
 And the proud progeny of Pomp and Wealth.

VI, 3.

For from the sons of Toil and Health arise
 A state's chief fortitude and chief supplies,
 Soon Plenty from the wasted soil
 Her golden treasures will convey,
 If Labour be by Pride opprest.
 With Plenty Vigour will recoil,
 And leave the land Destruction's prey.
 When blest the poor, the state is blest.

But

VII, 1.

But life's best riches to impart
 Instruction must exert her skill;
 Must steel and elevate the heart;
 Must bind to equity the will;
 Must teach, or to redress, or scorn, our woes;
 Must teach the joys that only Virtue knows.

VII, 2.

Without thee, Science! what were Man?
 The slave of Ignorance and Care.
 Thy art alone life's little span
 Can deck with many a flowret rare
 Of loveliest hue, of virtue to assuage
 Youth's fever, and the plaint of feeble Age.

VII, 3.

O light of life! Thy influence divine
 Alone can lead to Truth's celestial shrine.
 The Arts attend thy potent call,
 And, wildly warbling as they fly,
 Deal o'er the land their fertile dews.
 Sorrow and Wrong before thee fall;
 And Justice, Law, and Liberty,
 Around their richest gifts diffuse.

Here,

VIII, 1.

Here, Fancy, all thy blossoms bring,
Here, Music, bring thy sweetest airs,
For rising like a better Spring,
Lo radiant Liberty appears !
New vigour thro the world to circulate,
And drive afar the forms of angry Fate.

VIII, 2.

From thee alone, O Liberty,
Bear witness every age and clime !
From thee alone, O Liberty,
Descends true happiness sublime.
The Pleasures wait thy progress to adorn,
And Glory spreads the banner of the Morn.

VIII, 3.

When rolling first in sanguinary light
Thy comet broke to view from ancient night,
Health to the universe to yield *,
And to the fading sun afford
Of radiance a fresh supply ;
What agonizing horrors held
The breast of each tyrannic lord,
Assured his cruel doom drew nigh !

* Such are the uses of comets, according to Astronomers.

IX, 1.

Of genuine Freedom Law the fire,
The guide, and guardian, is. By Law
Is quenched Ambition's wafting fire,
Is Riot bound in chains of awe.
By Law to vulgar crimes an equal meed,
And to the lordly forfeit, is decreed.

IX, 2.

By prudent laws are deadly hate
And violence and wrong redrest.
By prudent laws a realm is great;
By prudent laws a realm is blest.
When Justice rules, the meanest of her reign
Enjoy with gladness what with toil they gain.

IX, 3.

Ye sages hail! Ye legislators old!
As Merit gentle, and as Virtue bold,
Immortal friends of human kind!
How can my song your praise expand
In accents worthy of the theme?
Of nations let the voice combined
Declare, thro each exulting land,
The wonders of your peaceful fame.

X, 1.

As at the smile of June, the flowers,
Reared by the fostering gales and dews,
Dispense around their fragrant powers,
And paint the field with varied hues ;
Expanded thus, by your benevolent sway,
Did varied minds their energies display.

X, 2.

While kingdoms bring their chaplets forth
To deck each murdering hero vain ;
(Oh fools ! Oh blind to genuine worth !)
What equal meed shall Virtue gain ?
What trophies shall arise to dignify
The generous victors of barbarity ?

X, 3.

Tho time your stately structures have not spared,
Yet by their ruins is their pomp declared ;
That, rising 'mid the wild of years,
Shew like some city's proud remains,
That greet the wandering pilgrim's gaze,
As thro the fullen waste he steers :
Awestruck he long his haste restrains,
All lost in sorrow and amaze.

THE END.