

These silent joys th' illustrious youth possess,
 This cloudless sunshine of th' unsullied breast:
 From pride of peerage, and from folly free;
 Life's early morn fair Virtue gave to thee.
 The tear no longer stole from Sorrow's eye,
 And Poverty rejoic'd, when he was nigh;
 Like Titus, knew the value of a day,
 And Want went smiling from his gates away.
 Titles and rank are borrow'd from the throne:
 These honours, Egerton, were all thy own.



THE AFRICAN PRINCE,

NOW IN ENGLAND, TO ZARA AT HIS FATHER'S COURT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLIX.

BY DR. DODD.

PRINCES, my fair, unfortunately great,
 Born to the pompous vassalage of state,
 Whene'er the public calls, are doom'd to fly
 Domestic bliss, and break the private tie.
 Fame pays with empty breath the toils they bear,
 And love's soft joys are chang'd for glorious care;

Yet

Yet conscious virtue, in the silent hour,
 Rewards the hero with a noble dower.
 For this alone I dar'd the roaring sea,
 Yet more, for this I dar'd to part with thee,
 But while my bosom feels the nobler flame,
 Still unprov'd, it owns thy gentler claim.
 Tho' virtue's awful form my soul approves,
 'Tis thine, thine only, Zara, that it loves.
 A private lot had made the claim but one,
 The prince alone must love, for virtue, shun.
 Ah! why distinguish'd from the happier crowd,
 To me the bliss of millions disallow'd?
 Why was I singled for imperial sway,
 Since love and duty point a different way?

Fix'd the dread voyage, and the day decreed,
 When, duty's victim, love was doom'd to bleed,
 Too well my memory can these scenes renew,
 We met to sigh, to weep our last adieu.
 That conscious palm, beneath whose towering shade
 So oft our vows of mutual love were made;
 Where hope so oft anticipated joy,
 And plann'd of future years the best employ;
 That palm was witness to the tears we shed,
 When that fond hope, and all those joys were fled.
 Thy trembling lips, with trembling lips, I prest,
 And held thee panting to my panting breast.
 Our sorrow, grown too mighty to sustain,
 Now snatch'd us, fainting, from the sense of pain.
 Together sinking in the trance divine,
 I caught thy fleeting soul, and gave thee mine!

O! blest oblivion of tormenting care!
 O! why recall'd to life and to despair?
 The dreadful summons came, to part——and why?
 Why not the kinder summons but to die?
 To die together were to part no more,
 To land in safety on some peaceful shore,
 Where love's the business of immortal life,
 And happy spirits only guests at strife.
 “ If in some distant land my prince should find
 “ Some nymph more fair, you cried, as Zara kind”——
 Mysterious doubt! which could at once impart
 Relief to mine, and anguish to thy heart.
 Still let me triumph in the fear express'd,
 The voice of love that whisper'd in thy breast;
 Nor call me cruel, for my truth shall prove
 'Twas but the vain anxiety of love.

Torn from thy fond embrace, the strand I gain,
 Where mourning friends inflict superfluous pain;
 My father there his struggling sighs suppress,
 And in dumb anguish clasp'd me to his breast,
 Then fought, conceal'd the conflict of his mind,
 To give the fortitude he could not find;
 Each life-taught precept kindly he renew'd,
 “ Thy country's good, said he, be still pursued!
 “ If, when the gracious gods my son restore,
 “ These eyes shall sleep in death, to wake no more;
 “ If then these limbs, that now in age decay,
 “ Shall mouldering mix with earth's parental clay;
 “ Round my green tomb perform the sacred rite,
 “ Assume my throne, and let thy yoke be light;

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O

“ From

“ From lands of freedom glorious precepts bring,
 “ And reign at once a father and a king.”

How vainly proud, the arrogantly great
 Presume to boast a monarch's godlike state!

Subject alike, the peasant and the king,

To life's dark ills, and care's corroding sting.

From guilt and fraud, that strikes in silence sure,

No shield can guard us, and no arms secure.

By these, my fair, subdued, thy prince was lost,

A naked captive on a barbarous coast.

Nurtur'd in ease, a thousand servants round,

My wants prevented, and my wishes crown'd,

No painful labours stretch'd the tedious day,

On downy feet my moments danc'd away.

Where-e'er I look'd, officious courtiers bow'd,

Where-e'er I pass'd, a shouting people crowd;

No fears intruded on the joys I knew,

Each man my friend, my lovely mistress you.

What dreadful change! abandon'd and alone,

The shouted prince is now a slave unknown;

To watch his eye, no bending courtiers wait,

No hailing crowds proclaim his regal state;

A slave condemn'd, with unrewarded toil,

To turn, from morn to eve, a burning foil.

Fainting beneath the sun's meridian heat,

Rouz'd by the scourge, the taunting jest I meet:

“ Thanks to thy friends, they cry, whose care recalls

“ A prince to life, in whom a nation falls!”

Unwholesome scraps, my strength but half sustain'd,

From corners glean'd, and ev'n by dogs disdain'd;

At night I mingled with a wretched crew,
 Who by long use with woe familiar grew;
 Of manners brutish, mercilefs, and rude,
 They mock'd my sufferings, and my pangs renew'd;
 In groans, not sleep, I pass'd the weary night,
 And rose to labour with the morning light.

Yet, thus of dignity and ease beguil'd,
 Thus scorn'd and scourg'd, insulted and revil'd,
 If Heaven with thee my faithful arms had blest,
 And fill'd with love my intervals of rest,
 Short tho' they were, my soul had never known
 One secret wish to glitter on a throne;
 The toilsome day had heard no sigh of mine,
 Nor stripes, nor scorn, had urg'd me to repine.

A monarch, still beyond a monarch blest,
 Thy love my diadem, my throne thy breast;
 My courtiers, watchful of my looks, thy eyes,
 Should shine, persuade, and flatter, and advise;
 Thy voice my music, and thy arms should be—
 Ah! not the prison of a slave in me!

Could I with infamy content remain,
 And wish thy lovely form to share my chain?
 Could this bring ease? forgive th' unworthy thought,
 And let the love that sinn'd atone the fault.

Could I, a slave, and hopelefs to be free,
 Crawl, tamely recent from the scourge, to thee?
 Thy blooming beauties could these arms embrace?
 My guilty joys enslave an infant race?

No: rather blast me lightnings, whirlwind tear,
 And drive these limbs in atoms thro' the air;

Rather than this, O! curse me still with life,
 And let my Zara smile a rival's wife:
 Be mine alone th' accumulated woe,
 Nor let me propagate my curse below.

But, from this dreadful scene, with joy I turn;
 To trust in Heaven, of me let Zara learn.
 The wretch, the fordid hypocrite, who sold
 His charge, an unsuspecting prince, for gold,
 That Justice mark'd, whose eyes can never sleep,
 And death, commission'd, smote him on the deep.
 The generous crew their port in safety gain,
 And tell my mournful tale, nor tell in vain;
 The king, with horror of th' atrocious deed,
 In haste commanded, and the slave was freed.
 No more Britannia's cheek, the blush of shame,
 Burns for my wrongs, her king restores her fame:
 Propitious gales, to Freedom's happy shore
 Waft me triumphant, and the prince restore;
 Whate'er is great and gay around me shine,
 And all the splendor of a court is mine.
 Here knowledge too, by piety refin'd,
 Sheds a blest radiance o'er my brightening mind;
 From earth I travel upward to the sky,
 I learn to live, to reign, yet more, to die.
 O! I have tales to tell, of love divine—
 Such blissful tidings! they shall soon be thine.
 I long to tell thee, what, amaz'd, I see,
 What habits, buildings, trades, and polity!
 How art and nature vie to entertain
 In public shows, and mix delight with pain.

O! Zara^P, here, a story like my own,
 With mimic skill, in borrow'd names, was shown;
 An Indian chief, like me, by fraud betray'd,
 And partner in his woes an Indian maid.
 I can't recal the scenes, 'tis pain too great,
 And, if recall'd, should shudder to relate.

To write the wonders here, I strive in vain;
 Each word would ask a thousand to explain.
 The time shall come, O! speed the lingering hour!
 When Zara's charms shall lend description power;
 When plac'd beside thee in the cool alcove,
 Or thro' the green Savannahs as we rove,
 The frequent kifs shall interrupt the tale,
 And looks shall speak my sense, tho' language fail.
 Then shall the prodigies, that round me rise,
 Fill thy dear bosom with a sweet surprize;
 Then all my knowledge to thy faithful heart,
 With danger gain'd, securely I'll impart.
 Methinks I see thy changing looks exprefs
 Th' alternate sense of pleasure and distress;
 As all the windings of my fate I trace,
 And wing thy fancy swift from place to place.

Yet where, alas! has flattering thoughts convey'd
 The ravish'd lover with his darling maid?
 Between us, still unmeasur'd oceans roll,
 Which hostile barks infest, and storms controul.
 Be calm my bosom, since th' unmeasur'd main,
 And hostile barks, and storms, are God's domain:

^P He alludes to the Play of Oroonoko, at which he was present, and so affected as to be unable to continue, during its performance, in the house,

He rules restless, and his power shall guide
 My life in safety o'er the roaring tide;
 Shall bless the love that's built on virtue's base,
 And spare me to evangelize my race.
 Farewell! thy prince still lives, and still is free;
 Farewell! hope all things, and remember me.



Z A R A,

AT THE COURT OF ANAMABOE, TO THE AFRICAN
 PRINCE WHEN IN ENGLAND.

BY THE SAME.

SHOULD I the language of my heart conceal,
 Nor warmly paint the passion that I feel;
 My rising wish should groundless fears confine,
 And doubts ungenerous chill the glowing line;
 Would not my prince, with nobler warmth, disdain
 That love, as languid, which could stoop to feign?
 Let guilt dissemble—in my faithful breast
 Love reigns unblam'd, and be that love confess.
 I give my bosom naked to thy view,
 For, what has shame with innocence to do?
 In fancy, now, I clasp thee to my heart,
 Exchange my vows, and all my joys impart.

I catch