

# **REVIEW OF VARIOUS SCHEMES OF HAPPINESS**

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Review of Various Schemes of Happiness by Thomas Cook

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**THOMAS COOK**

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VARIOUS SCHEMES  
OF HAPPINESS**



# REVIEW

OF

VARIOUS SCHEMES OF

## HAPPINESS.

*Presented*  
BY THOMAS COOK.

*S. O. W. & Co. Leeds*

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

ISA. LV. 2.

"Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;  
A broken reed at best; but oft a spear;  
On its sharp point Peace bleeds and hope expires."

YOUNG.

LEEDS:

JAMES Y. KNIGHT, 39, BRIGGATE.

MDCCLXXV.



TO

JOHN NEWSOM BRIGG, ESQUIRE,

THIS POEM

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF MANY FAVORS,

WHICH,

THOUGH NAMELESS HERE, AND PERHAPS

FORGOTTEN BY HIM,

ARE INSCRIBED

IN SECRET BY LIVING CHARACTERS,

IN THE ARRASE OF

THE AUTHOR.

Charles Colley - Leeds

## PREFACE.

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No observations, introductory to the following poem, seem to be requisite, except in explanation of the cause of its existence.

The Writer, being exercised by a complication of trials, and having no disposition for such recreations as are too often resorted to in such circumstances, thought that the use of the pen, with its attendant mental exercise, would be preferable, in moments of leisure, to the alternative of having the mind too much depressed by painful thoughts, which, in seasons of affliction, are apt to be most vivid when it is otherwise disengaged.

Being struck with the scripture on which these verses are founded, he adopted it as the motto for such reflections as he might be enabled to make in the form they now assume.

It was remarked by Dean Swift, in reference to Young's Satires, that "if he had been more merry or severe, they would have been more generally pleasing; because mankind are more apt to be pleased with ill-nature and mirth than with solid sense and instruction." If this be universally true, this publication will not prove acceptable, as it contains neither what is calculated to excite mirth, nor to gratify ill-nature.

The Writer trusts, however, it will be found in accordance with holy scripture, and therefore not only adapted to minister, in some degree, to the innocent gratification, but, so far as divine truth is honored, to the spiritual edification of the reader. If any pleasure and profit should thus accrue to others from what has yielded solace to himself, it will afford him the highest satisfaction, and amply recompense his labor.

P.S. The profits of this poem, if any, will be equally divided betwixt the "Wesleyan Methodist," and the "London" Missionary Societies.



## REVIEW.

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The tender Infant leaves his mother's knee,  
To gain the gaudy toy, with childish glee;  
And shows, by constant eagerness for change,  
How vain and empty all within his range.  
The glittering toy amuses while 'tis new,  
Its broken fragments next dispersed we view;  
Or marred, and cast away, the hauble lies,  
And for some fresh delight the infant cries.

Ye School-boys next, whose more expanded powers  
Require more scope, pursue delight in flowers,  
In shady lanes, in fields, by murmuring streams,  
On towering hills bright with the solar beams,  
In sweet sequestered vales, or gloomy woods,  
Or plunge, when warm, beneath the sparkling floods,  
In streets,\* or in the well frequented ground,  
Where every sport is in its season found.

\* Zoch., viii. 5.

When gelid winter, borne on stormy wings,  
 The scene transforms, and active pleasures brings ;  
 The pool congealed supports your swifter feet,  
 That shod with steel glide o'er the icy sheet.  
 But when fatigued ye seek luxurious ease,  
 And stretch your limbs, and seek your taste to please  
 With fruits and sweets until the sense is cloyed,  
 Then books peruse, to fill the mental void,  
 Where wit and vagrant fancy scorn the reins ;  
 Or where, without his perils and his pains,  
 Ye share the traveller's joys, and with him view,  
 Entranced, the grand, the beautiful, the new.  
 Ye love to roam o'er fiction's boundless waste,  
 Or at the springs of truth delighted taste.

But soon the joy is past : the active soul  
 Has not attained its rest, its destined goal !  
 The butterfly ye chase from flower to flower,  
 Eludes your grasp, or but survives an hour :  
 In vain ye seek unmingled bliss below ;  
 Some thought occurs that tinges all with woe !

For scenes of business next, and manly care,  
 Ye rising Youth with anxious thought prepare.  
 Aspiring hopes your ardent breasts pervade,  
 Of homage to your shining talents paid ;  
 Of rising to superior rank, admired ;  
 Of pleasure tasted, and of wealth acquired ;

Of some fair maiden's heart and hand possessed,  
 With education, rank, and fortune blest,  
 Whose love and converse may inspire delight,  
 And ennui dissipate, and mirth incite;  
 Of lovely babes the plenteous board around,  
 Like plants upspringing from well watered ground.

Your end proposed of sublunary good,  
 Is with assiduous energy pursued.—

Ah! little does your inexperience dream  
 That Disappointment lurks in every scheme!  
 The good yields not the' expected bliss if gained;  
 But peace results from earthly hopes restrained.

When man his pristine innocence possessed,  
 And ceaseless rills of pleasure ever blest,  
 Through every sense poured in upon his soul,  
 As silver streams into the ocean roll;  
 When thousand flowers their fragrance sent on high,  
 And every sound he heard was melody;—  
 No note of discord mingled to destroy  
 The harmony of universal joy;—  
 And all was beauty to his gladdened sight;  
 And all he tasted gave him new delight;  
 When knowledge opened wide her charming page,  
 Worthy his clear and vigorous mind to' engage;  
 And high communion was enjoyed with God,  
 And angels with loved man the garden trod;  
 And when the beauteous realm was all his own;  
 "It was not good for him to be alone!"