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**A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands**

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Part III.

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And who unmov'd with laughter can behold 325  
 A *fordid pebble* meanly grac'd with *gold*?  
 Let *real* merit then adorn your lays,  
 For shame attends on prostituted praise:  
 And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art  
 But makes us grieve, you want an honest heart. 330  
 Nor think the Muse by SATIRE'S law confin'd:  
 She yields description of the noblest kind.  
 Inferior art the landskip may design,  
 And paint the purple evening in the line:  
 Her daring thought essays a higher plan; 335  
 Her hand delineates passion, pictures man.  
 And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,  
 To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;  
 By turns bid vice or virtue strike our eyes,  
 Now bid a *Wolfey* or a *Cromwell* rise; 340  
 Now with a touch more sacred and refin'd,  
 Call forth a CHESTERFIELD'S or LONSDALE'S mind.  
 Here sweet or strong may ev'ry colour flow:  
 Here let the pencil warm, the canvas glow:  
 Of light and shade provoke the noble strife, 345  
 And wake each striking feature into life.

## P A R T III.

**T**HRO' ages thus hath SATIRE keenly shin'd,  
 The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind:  
 Yet the bright flame from virtue ne'er had sprung,  
 And man was guilty ere the poet sung. 350  
 This

This Muse in silence joy'd each better age,  
 Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.  
 Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,  
 And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.  
 First on the sons of *Greece* she prov'd her art, 355  
 And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBICK dart. <sup>b</sup>

To LATIUM next avenging SATIRE flew :  
 The flaming faulchion rough LUCILIUS <sup>c</sup> drew ;  
 With dauntless warmth in Virtue's cause engag'd,  
 And conscious villains trembled as he rag'd. 360

Then sportive HORACE <sup>d</sup> caught the generous fire  
 For SATIRE's bow resign'd the sounding lyre :  
 Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,  
 And as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.  
 His art, conceal'd in study'd negligence 365  
 Politely fly, cajol'd the foes of sense :  
 He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,  
 But while he sported, drove it to the heart.

In graver strains majestic PERSIUS wrote,  
 Big with a ripe exuberance of thought : 370  
 Greatly sedate, condemn'd a tyrant's reign,  
 And lash'd corruption with a calm disdain.

- <sup>b</sup> *Archilocum proprio rabies armavit Iambo.* HOR.  
<sup>c</sup> *Ense velut strieto quoties Lucilius ardens  
 Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est  
 Criminibus, tacita sudant præcordia culpa.* JUV. S. I.  
<sup>d</sup> *Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico  
 Tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit,  
 Callidus excusso populum suspendere Naso.* PERS. S. I.  
 More

More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage,  
 In flame bold JUVENAL's exalted page.  
 His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted *Rome*; 375  
 And swept audacious greatness to its doom;  
 The headlong torrent thundering from on high,  
 Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.  
 But lo! the fatal victory of mankind,  
 Sworn *Luxury*!—Pale *Ruin* stalks behind! 380  
 As countless insects from the north-east pour,  
 To blast the spring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r:  
 So barb'rous millions spread contagious death:  
 The sick'ning laurel wither'd at their breath.  
 Deep superstition's night the skies o'erhung, 385  
 Beneath whose baleful dews the poppy sprung.  
 No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,  
 But Dulness nodded in the Muses' grove:  
 Wit, spirit, freedom, were the sole offence,  
 Nor aught was held so dangerous as sense. 390  
 At length, again fair Science shot her ray,  
 Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.  
 Now SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,  
 Now load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow!  
 'Tis done—See, great ERASMUS breaks the spell, 395  
 And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell!  
 (In vain the solemn cowl surrounds her face,  
 Vain all her bigot cant, her sower grimace)  
 With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,  
 And own the force of reason urg'd by wit. 400  
 'Twas

'Twas then plain *DONNE* in honest vengeance rose,  
 His wit refulgent, tho' his rhyme was prose :  
 He 'midst an age of puns and pedants wrote  
 With genuine sense, and *Roman* strength of thought.

Yet scarce had *SATIRE* well relum'd her flame, 405  
 (With grief the Muse records her country's shame)

Ere *Britain* saw the foul revolt commence,  
 And treach'rous Wit began her war with Sense.

Then 'rose a shameless, mercenary train,  
 Whom latest time shall view with just disdain : 410

A race fantastick, in whose gandy line  
 Untutor'd thought, and tinsel beauty shine ;

Wit's shatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,  
 Reflects not nature, but confounds the sight.

Dry morals the court-poet blush'd to sing : 415

'Twas all his praise to say "*the oddest thing*,"  
 Proud for a jest obscene, a patron's nod,

To martyr *Virtue*, or blaspheme his God.

Ill-fated *DRYDEN*! who unmov'd can see  
 Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in thee! 420

Flames that cou'd mount, and gain their kindred skies,  
 Low-creeping in the putrid sink of vice :

A Muse whom *Wisdom* woo'd, but woo'd in vain,  
 The pimp of pow'r, the prostitute to gain :

Wreaths that shou'd deck fair *Virtue's* form alone, 425

To strumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown :

Unrival'd parts, the scorn of honest fame ;

And genius rise, a monument of shame!

More



More happy *France* : immortal BOILEAU there  
 Supported genius with a sage's care : 430  
 Him with her love propitious SATIRE blest,  
 And breath'd her airs divine into his breast :  
 Fancy and sense to form his line conspire,  
 And faultless judgment guides the purest fire.  
 But see, at length, the *British* Genius smile, 435  
 And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd isle :  
 Behold for POPE she twines the laurel crown,  
 And centers ev'ry poet's pow'r in one :  
 Each *Roman's* force adorns his various page ;  
 Gay smiles, collected strength, and manly rage. 440  
 Despairing Guilt and Dulness loath the fight,  
 As spectres vanish at approaching light :  
 In this clear mirror with delight we view  
 Each image justly fine, and boldly true :  
 Here Vice, drag'd forth by Truth's supreme decree, 445  
 Beholds and hates her own deformity :  
 While self-seen Virtue in the faithful line  
 With modest joy surveys her form divine.  
 But oh, what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,  
 But faintly to express the poet's mind ! 450  
 Who yonder star's effulgence can display,  
 Unless he dip his pencil in the ray ?  
 Who paint a god, unless the god inspire ?  
 What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire ?  
 So, mighty POPE, to make thy genius known, 455  
 All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own.  
 Each

Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove;  
 For thee the Graces left th' IDALIAN grove :  
 With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,  
 Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue. 460  
 Next, to her bard majestick Wisdom came;  
 The bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame:  
 With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe,  
 Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe ;  
 At fancy's call who rear the wanton sail, 465  
 Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale :  
 Sublimer views *thy* daring spirit bound ;  
 Thy mighty voyage was creation's round ;  
 Intent new worlds of wisdom to explore,  
 And blest mankind with Virtue's sacred store ; 470  
 A nobler joy than wit can give, impart ;  
 And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.  
 Fantastick wit shoots momentary fires,  
 And like a meteor, while we gaze, expires :  
 Wit kindled by the sulph'rous breath of Vice, 475  
 Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys :  
 But genius, fir'd by truth's eternal ray,  
 Burns clear and constant, like the source of day :  
 Like this, its beam prolifick and refin'd  
 Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind ; 480  
 Mildly dispels each wint'ry passion's gloom,  
 And opens all the virtues into bloom.  
 This praise, immortal POPE, to thee be giv'n :  
 Thy genius was indeed a *gift* from heav'n.

VOL. III.

Y

Hail,



Hail, bard unequal'd, in whose deathless line 485  
 Reason and wit with strength collected shine :  
 Where matchless wit but wins the second praise,  
 Lost, nobly lost, in truth's superior blaze.  
 Did FRIENDSHIP e'er mislead thy wand'ring Muse ?  
 That friendship sure may plead the *great* excuse : 490  
 That sacred friendship which inspir'd thy song,  
*Fair* in defect, and *amiably* wrong.  
 Error like this ev'n truth can scarce reprove ;  
 'Tis almost virtue when it flows from love.  
 Ye deathless names, ye sons of endless praise, 495  
 By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays !  
 Say, shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,  
 Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire ?  
 Or if, O WARBURTON, inspir'd by You,  
 The daring Muse a nobler path pursue, 500  
 By You inspir'd, on trembling pinion soar,  
 The sacred founts of social bliss explore,  
 In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,  
 And bid *her country's glory* fire her page :  
 If such her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, descend, 505  
 And watchful guard her in an honest end :  
 Kindly severe, instruct her equal line  
 To court no friend, nor own a foe but *thine*.  
 But if her giddy eye should vainly quit  
 Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit ; 510  
 If her apostate heart shou'd e'er incline  
 To offer incense at Corruption's shrine ;  
 Urge,