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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

An Epistle to the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Cornbury.

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But not unaided by the heav'nly powers,  
 Compleat th' illustrious work, which future kings,  
 Struck with the beauty of the noble plan,  
 Shall emulously labour to maintain.

And may thy spirit, Edward, be their guide !  
 In every chapter, thou henceforth preside,  
 In every breast infuse thy virtuous flame,  
 And teach them to respect their country's fame.

*Genius and Spirits reascend to a loud  
 symphony of musick.*



An Epistle to the Right Honourable the  
 Lord Viscount CORNBURY.

By \_\_\_\_\_ Esq;

**W**HILE you, my Lord, alas ! amidst a few,  
 With generous warmth your country's good pursue ;  
 While to that center all your wishes tend,  
 Accept the zeal that prompts a willing friend.

Others like you heaven's hallow'd spark inspir'd,  
 Whom soon the blaze of selfish passion fir'd,  
 Soon ruder flames extinguish'd reason's light,  
 While prejudices foul'd their jaundic'd fight.

Such thro' false opticks every object prove,  
 And try the good and bad, by hate and love.

All-

All-powerful means each virtue to supply,  
 All-powerful means each virtue to deny;  
 To Wyndham strength, and grace, and fire, and weight;  
 To Granville parts, to save a sinking state.  
 Hence various judgments forms the madden'd throng,  
 Only in this alike, they all are wrong.  
 Hence to false praise shall blame unjust succeed,  
 And cherubs fall, and gods unpity'd bleed.

Wou'd you, my friend, not mix the purer flame,  
 Nor lose the patriot in a baser name;  
 Nor factious rage mistake for publick zeal,  
 Nor private int'rest for the gen'ral weal?  
 By truth's sure test let ev'ry deed be try'd,  
 And justice ever be th' unerring guide.  
 Her rules are plain, and easy is her way,  
 And yet how hard to find if once we stray!  
 All lost alike the maze perplex'd we tread,  
 However prompted, whether drove or led;  
 Whether false honour or ambition goad,  
 Or sneaking av'rice wind the miry road,  
 Or whether sway'd by passions not our own,  
 And the weak fear of being right alone.  
 Alone in such a cause 'tis base to fear,  
 Tho' fools suspect, and knaves designing sneer.  
 Sneer, villains, sneer! th' avenging time is nigh,  
 When Balbo scourg'd shall weep the taunting lie;  
 When Stopus foul with each imputed crime,  
 Shall dread false prose repaid with honest rhyme.





'Tis not enough you scorn a private claim,  
 And to your country's good direct your aim.  
 Wrong still is wrong, however great the end,  
 Tho' all the realm were brother, father, friend ;  
 Justice regards not these—where right prevails,  
 A nation is an atom in her scales.  
 Heaven means not all the good which man can gain,  
 But that which truth can earn, and right maintain.  
 However fair the tempting prize may be,  
 If guilt the price, it is not meant for thee.  
 Succeeding times may claim the just design,  
 Or other means, or other powers than thine.

Each part's connected with the gen'ral plan,  
 The weal of Britain with the weal of man.  
 Justice the scale of interest for the whole,  
 The same in Indies as beneath the pole ;  
 Sure rule by which heaven's blessings to dispense,  
 Unerring light of guiding providence.  
 Others may fail.—If wrongly understood,  
 How fatal is the thirst of publick good !  
 No heavier curse almighty vengeance brings,  
 Nor plagues, nor famine, nor the lust of kings.  
 Fir'd by this rage the frantick sons of Rome,  
 The suff'ring world to death and bondage doom ;  
 Nations must sink to raise her cumb'rous frame,  
 And millions bleed to eternize her name.  
 But lo ! her glories fade, her empire's past,  
 She madly conquer'd but to fall the last.

Nor

Nor would I here the patriot's views reprove,  
 Or damp the sacred flame of social love.  
 Still may that portion of th' eternal ray  
 Sublime our sense, and animate our clay ;  
 Above low self exalt th' immortal frame,  
 And emulate that heaven from whence it came.  
 Oh ! would it never be confin'd to place,  
 But beam extensive as the human race :  
 Be, as it was design'd, the world's great soul,  
 Connect its parts, and actuate the whole.  
 So each should think himself a part alone,  
 And for a nation's welfare stake his own !  
 Yet farther still, tho' dearest to the breast,  
 That nation think but part of all the rest.

For this let equal justice poise the ball,  
 Her swaying force unites us all to all ;  
 Of manners, worship, form, no difference knows,  
 Condemns our friends, and saves our better foes.  
 Confess the heavenly power ! nor need you fear  
 Let Britain suffer, while you follow her.

Tho' prosp'rous crimes some daring villains raise,  
 Nor life's short date my halting vengeance seize ;  
 A nation cannot 'scape—the destin'd rage  
 Pursues her ceaseless to some future age ;  
 Speeds the sure ruin from the conqueror's hand,  
 Or spreads corruption o'er a pining land.

Ask hoary time, what nation is most blest ?  
 For sage experience shall this truth attest :

“ Where



" Where freedom sleeps secure from lawless wrath,  
 " Where commerce shelter'd flows thro' publick faith,  
 " Where fell ambition lights no foreign wars,  
 " Nor discord rages with intestine jars ;  
 " Where justice reigns."—Immortal were that state,  
 If aught immortal here were giv'n by Fate.

Such, lost Iberia! were those happy reigns,  
 When liberty sat brooding o'er thy plains.  
 The rich in plenteous peace their stores enjoy'd,  
 By cares unvex'd, by luxury uncloy'd.  
 Hope sooth'd the poor with promises of gain,  
 And paid with future joys their present pain ;  
 Shew'd the full bowl amidst their sultry toil,  
 While those who prun'd the olive drank the oil ;  
 By night of all the fruits of day possess'd,  
 Labour soft-clos'd the eye, and sweeten'd rest.  
 Such was thy state all gay in nature's smiles !  
 And such is now the state of Britain's isles.  
 Hence o'er the ocean's waste her sail unful'd,  
 Wide wafts the tribute of a willing world.  
 Hence trusting nations treasure here their wealth,  
 Safe from tyrannick force or legal stealth :  
 And hence the injur'd exile doom'd to roam,  
 Shall find his country here and dearer home.

Still be this truth, this saving truth confess'd,  
 Britain is great, because with freedom blest ;  
 Her prince is great, because her people free,  
 And power here springs from publick liberty.

Hail

Hail mighty monarch of the free and great !  
 Firm on the basis of a prosp'rous state.  
 The wealth, the strength of happy millions thine,  
 United rise, united shall decline.

For time will come, sad period of the brave,  
 When Britain's humble prince shall rule the slave ;  
 When traffick vile shall stain the guilty throne,  
 And kings shall buy our ruin and their own.

But long, O long th' inglorious doom suspend !  
 What virtue gain'd may virtue still defend !  
 Thrice sacred spirit, never may you cease,  
 But as you blaz'd in war, shine forth in peace !  
 Dauntless with all the force of truth engage  
 The headlong tide of each corrupted age.

O ever wake around one favour'd throne,  
 Nor let our guardian monarch wake alone !

Tho' oft defeated and tho' oft betray'd,  
 Numbers shall rise in sacred freedom's aid.  
 Far as her all-enlivening influence reigns,  
 Heroick ardour beats in gen'rous veins.

Now bids learn'd Greece barbarian might defy,  
 Now the soft arts of polish'd tyranny ;  
 Now to no stock, or sect, or place confin'd,  
 She takes adopted sons from human kind ;  
 While denizen'd by her eternal laws,  
 They all are Britons who shall serve her cause.

Lo! to the banner crowds a youthful band,  
 Form'd for the glorious task by nature's hand ;

Wisdom





Wisdom unlogg'd by years, with toil unbought,  
 A zeal by vigour kindled, rul'd by thought.  
 Such gifts she to the happy few imparts,  
 To judging heads and to determin'd hearts ;  
 To heads unfr'd by youth's tumultuous rage,  
 To hearts unnumb'd by the chill ice of age ;  
 And while they both preserve a sep'rate claim,  
 Their passions reason, and their reasons flame.

Proceed brave youths ! Let others court renown  
 In hostile fields, be yours the olive crown ;  
 And trust to fame, those heroes brighter shone  
 Who sav'd a nation, than who nations won.  
 Nor let assuming age restrain your flight,  
 Fearful to tempt the yet unpractis'd height ;  
 Deceitful counsel lurks in hoary hairs,  
 And the last dregs of life are sordid cares.

Objects are clear proportion'd in degree,  
 To gen'ral use, or strong necessity.  
 Nor are two things so plainly understood,  
 As the worst evil and the greatest good ;  
 If rescu'd from the misty breath of schools,  
 Men will but feel without the help of rules.  
 So unbewilder'd in the crooked maze,  
 Where guilt low sculks, and reptile cunning strays,  
 A nation's interest, and a people's rights,  
 Distinctly shine in nature's simple lights ;  
 And claim in him who fairly acts his part,  
 Before a Lonsdale's head, a Lonsdale's heart.

But



But chief when snatch'd by heaven's preserving hand,  
 From the fell contests of each hostile land,  
 A happy island to th' incircling main  
 Trusts for a sure support and honest gain.

The just are heaven's, earth is for heaven ordain'd,  
 Form'd by its laws, and by its laws maintain'd.  
 These one true int'rest, one great system frame,  
 Political and moral are the same.  
 Guilt toils for gain at honour's vast expence,  
 Heaven throws the trifle in to innocence ;  
 And fixes happiness in hell's despite,  
 The necessary consequence of right.

Proceed, ye deists ! blindfold rage employ,  
 And prove the sacred truths ye would destroy.  
 Prove christian faith the wisest scheme to bind,  
 In chains of cordial love, our jarring kind ;  
 And thence conclude it human if you can,  
 The perfect produce of imperfect man !  
 While prostrate we adore that pow'r divine,  
 Whose simple rule connects each great design ;  
 Bids social earth a type of heaven appear,  
 Where justice tastes those joys which wait her there.

But tho' self-int'rest follow virtue's train !  
 Yet selfish think not virtue's end is gain !  
 Older than time, ere int'rest had a name,  
 Justice existed, and is still the same ;  
 Alike the creature's, and creator's guide,  
 His rule to form, the law by which we're try'd :

In

In reason's light, eternal word, express'd,  
Stamp'd with his image in the creature's breast.

Thus speaks the sage, who skill'd in nature's laws,  
Deep from effects high-trac'd th' all-ruling cause.

“ Before creation was, th' almighty mind

“ In time's abyfs the future world design'd;

“ Did the great system in its parts survey,

“ And fit the springs, and regulate their play;

“ In meet gradations plan'd th' harmonious round,

“ These links by which depending parts are bound.

“ All these he knew, ere yet the things he made,

“ In types which well the mimick world display'd.

“ The types are real, since from them he drew

“ The real forms of whatsoever we view.

“ Made to their 'semblance, heaven and earth exist,

“ But they unmade eternally subsist.

“ For if created, we must sure suppose

“ Some other types, whence their resemblance flows;

“ While these on others equally depend,

“ Nor ever shall the long progression end.

“ God ere it was, the future being saw,

“ Or blindfold made his world, and gave his law.

“ But chance cou'd never frame the vast design,

“ Where countless parts in justest order join.

“ The types eternal just proportions teach,

“ Greater or less, more or less perfect each.

“ These ever present power omniscient sees,

“ On them he forms his ever-made decrees;

“ Not



" Nor can he better love what merits least,  
 " Man than an angel, or than man a beast.  
 " Hence Reason, hence immortal Order springs,  
 " Knowledge and Love adapted to the things.  
 " And thence th' unerring rule of justice flows,  
 " To act what Order prompts, and Reason shows.  
 " When man in nature's purity remain'd,  
 " By pain untroubled and by sin unstain'd ;  
 " Fair image of the God, and close conjoin'd,  
 " By innate union with the heavenly mind ;  
 " In the pure splendor of substantial light,  
 " The beam divine of Reason blest'd his sight ;  
 " Seraphick order in its fount he view'd,  
 " Seeing he lov'd, and loving he pursu'd ;  
 " Nor dar'd the body, passive slave, controul  
 " The sovereign mandates of the ruling soul.  
 " But soon by sin the sacred union broke,  
 " Man bows to earth beneath the heavy yoke.  
 " The darkling soul scarce feels a glimm'ring ray,  
 " Shrouded in sense from her immortal day.  
 " Vengeance divine offended Order arms,  
 " And cloaths in terrors her celestial charms.  
 " Now grosser objects heav'n-born souls possess,  
 " Passions enslave, and servile cares oppress.  
 " Fraud, rapine, murder, guilt's long horrid train,  
 " Distracted nature's anarchy maintain.  
 " No more pure Reason earthly minds can move,  
 " No more can Order's charms persuasive prove.

" But

“ But as the moon reflecting borrow'd day,  
 “ Sheds on our shadow'd world a feeble ray ;  
 “ Some scatter'd beams of Reason law contains,  
 “ While Order's rule must be inforc'd by pains.  
 “ Hence death's black scroll, dire tortures hence are giv'n ;  
 “ Hence kings, the necessary curse of heaven.  
 “ And just the doom of an avenging God,  
 “ Who spurn'd his scepter, feel the tyrant's rod.  
 “ Blind by our fears we meet the ills we fly,  
 “ In rude oppression, want in property.”

So spoke the sage, and if not learn'd in vain,  
 If spotless truth in sacred books remain ;  
 Dearly the child hath paid the parent's pride,  
 And ill hath Law the heavenly rule supply'd.  
 Thus boasts some leech with unavailing art,  
 To mend the tainted lungs and wasting heart ;  
 Bids the loose springs with wonted vigour play,  
 And sprightly juices warm in cold decay.

Or wou'd imperious reason deign to own,  
 The world not made for soveraign man alone ;  
 Some things there are for human use design'd,  
 And these in common dealt to human kind.  
 To mortal wants is giv'n a power to use,  
 What to th' immortal part just heaven might well refuse.  
 This faithful instinct in each breast implants,  
 All know their rights, for all must sell their wants.

But soon began the rage of wild desire,  
 To thirst for more than use could e'er require.



Ere stung by luxury's unfated call,  
 And ere ambition madly grasp'd the ball,  
 Vain restless man in busy search employ'd,  
 Saw somewhat still beyond the bliss enjoy'd,  
 Press'd eager on; the lowly and the great,  
 Alike their wish beyond their destin'd state;  
 Alike condemn'd, whatever Fortune grant,  
 To real poorness in phantastick want.

And now some sages high by others deem'd,  
 For virtue honour'd, and for parts esteem'd;  
 Call'd forth to judge where dubious claims are try'd,  
 Convince with reason, and with counsel guide;  
 Fix'd rules devise to sway th' assenting throng,  
 And marks distinct impress on right and wrong.

The simple precept subtle wiles evade,  
 And statutes as our crimes increas'd were made:  
 These were at first unwritten, plain and few,  
 'Till swell'd by time the law's vast volume grew;  
 And grown with these, to sway th' unweildy trust,  
 Thousands we chose to keep the millions just,  
 Some plac'd o'er others, others plac'd o'er these,  
 Thus government grew up by slow degrees;  
 Higher the pile arose, and still more high,  
 When lo! the summit ends in monarchy.

There plac'd, a man in gorgeous pomp appears,  
 And far o'er earth his tow'ring aspect rears;  
 While prostrate crowds his sacred smiles implore,  
 And what their crimes had form'd, their fears adore.



Low from beneath they lift their fervile eyes,  
And see the proud coloffus touch the skies.

So at fome mountain's foot have children gaz'd,  
While clofe to heaven they view the fummit rais'd,  
Eager they mount, new regions to explore,  
But heaven is now as diftant as before.

Thus views the crowd a throne, while thofe who rife  
Claim not a nearer kindred to the skies ;  
Earth is their parent, thither kings fhould bend,  
From thence they rife, and not from heaven descend.  
Happy, had all the royal fons of earth  
Thus fprung, nor guilt had claim'd the monftrous birth.  
Where from the fire descending thro' the line,  
Rapine and fraud confer a right divine.

Ye mortal gods, how vainly are ye proud ?  
If juft your title, fervants to the crowd ;  
If wide your fway, if large your treafur'd ftore,  
Thefe but increafe your fervitude the more ;  
A part is only yours, the reft is theirs,  
And nothing all your own, except your cares.  
Shall man, by nature free, by nature made  
To fhare the feaft her bounteous hand difplay'd,  
Transfer thefe rights ? as well he may difpenfe  
The beam of reafon, or the nerve of fenfe ;  
With all his ftrength the monarch's limbs inveft,  
Or pour his valour in the royal breaft.

Take the ftarv'd peafant's tafte, devouring lord !  
Ere you deprive him of the genial board.

And



And if you wou'd his liberty controul,  
 Assume the various actings of his soul!  
 So shall one man a people's powers enjoy,  
 Thus Indians deem of wretches they destroy.  
 Thus in old tales the fabled monster stands,  
 Proud of a thousand eyes, a thousand hands.  
 Thus dreams the sophist, who with subtle art  
 Wou'd prove the whole included in a part,  
 A people in their king; and from the throng,  
 Transfer to him their rights in nature's wrong;  
 Those sacred rights in nature's charter plain,  
 By wants that claim them, and by powers that gain.

Tho' sophists err, yet stand confess'd thy claim,  
 And be the king and multitude the same,  
 Whose deeds benevolent his title prove,  
 And royal selfishness, in publick love;  
 Nor, draining wasted realms for fordid pelf,  
 O scepter'd suicide! destroy thy self.

Where fails this proof, in vain would we unite  
 The ruler's int'rest with the people's right.  
 Frantick ambition has her sep'rate claim,  
 The drosy'd thirst of empire, wealth, or fame;  
 Pride's boundless hope, valour's enthusiast rant,  
 With the long nameless train of fancy'd want.  
 Urg'd on by these, all view the magick prize,  
 The prospect widening as they higher rise;  
 From him who seeks a limited command,  
 To him whose wish devours air, sea, and land.

Alike all foes to freedom's holy cause,  
 For freedom ties unbounded will with laws,  
 Alike all foes to ev'ry publick gain,  
 For publick blessings loose the bond-man's chain.

Ill-fated slaves of arbitrary sway !  
 Where trusted power seduces to betray ;  
 Makes private failings rage a gen'ral pest,  
 And taints even virtue in the social breast ;  
 Bids friendship plunder, charity undo  
 The blameless *MANY*, for the favour'd *FEW*.  
 'Till guilt high rear'd on crimes protecting crime,  
 Fills the heap'd measure of predestin'd time.

Far other ye, O wealthy, wife, and brave !  
 Tho' subject, free ; more freedom wou'd enslave.  
 Bless'd with a rule by long experience try'd,  
 Unwarp'd by faction's rage, or kingly pride ;  
 Bless'd with the means, whene'er this rule shall bend,  
 Again to trace it to its glorious end ;  
 And bless'd with proofs, the proofs are seal'd with blood,  
 Whate'er the form, the end is publick good.

But yet admit the fire his right fore-goes !  
 Can he his children's sep'rate claim dispose ?  
 Whate'er the parent gave, whate'er he give,  
 They who have right to life, have right to live.  
 And spite of man's consent, or man's decree,  
 A right to life, is right to liberty.

Tho' for convenience fram'd the laws should shine,  
 Pure emanation from the source divine ;

Such



Such as can pierce the gloom of pagan night,  
 And untaught savages in woods enlight ;  
 Such as on scaffolds can the guiltless save,  
 And torture on his throne the scepter'd slave ;  
 Such as th' offending wretch reluctant owns,  
 And hails its beauty with his dying groans :  
 In such fair laws the will of heaven impress'd,  
 Shines to all eyes, and rules the conscious breast.  
 Tho' tortures cease, tho' night's thick-mantling vail,  
 From mortal ken the secret deed conceal ;  
 Reason and conscience shall awake within,  
 And light the shade, and loud proclaim the sin.

“ But should the universal voice combine,  
 “ To cloath injustice in a robe divine ?”  
 Let the same breath divest the day of light,  
 To blazon forth the dusky face of night.  
 Then shall the laws of fainted evil bind,  
 And human will subvert th' all-ruling mind ;  
 That sacred fount whence lawful rule must spring,  
 And diff'rent from the robber marks the king.

Yet vainly wou'd despotick will conclude,  
 That force may sway the erring multitude,  
 Justice, 'tis own'd, should ever guide the free,  
 But pow'r of wrong, in all, is liberty ;  
 And for whatever purposes restrain'd,  
 A nation is enslav'd that may be chain'd.  
 Heaven gives to all a liberty of choice,  
 A people's good requires a people's voice ;



Man's surest guide, where different views agree,  
 From private hate, and private int'rest free.  
 Fatal their change from such who rashly fly,  
 To the hard grasp of guiding tyranny;  
 Soon shall they find, when will is arm'd with might,  
 Injustice wield the sword, tho' drawn for right.

Blind to these truths who fond of boundless sway,  
 Bids trembling slaves implicitly obey;  
 Tho' by a long descent from Adam down  
 Thro' scepter'd heirs, he boasts his ancient crown,  
 Great nature's rebel forfeits ev'ry claim,  
 And loads the tyrant with th' usurper's name;  
 While with each lawless act of proud command,  
 He stands proscrib'd by his own guilty hand.

Bow, Filmer, bow! to hell's tremendous throne,  
 And bid thy fellow-damn'd suppress each groan!  
 There sits a king whom pow'r divine hath giv'n,  
 Nor earth boasts one so surely sent from heav'n.  
 And thou, blest martyr in fair freedom's cause,  
 Thou great asserter of thy country's laws;  
 Vainly oppression stopp'd thy potent breath;  
 Truth shone more powerful thro' the veil of death;  
 Example mov'd whom precept could not save,  
 And list'd axes wak'd each drowsy slave.

Yet magistrates must rule, they're useful things,  
 Our guilt the vengeance, and avenger brings.  
 Whate'er more perfect heaven might first create,  
 A state well govern'd, now, is nature's state;



For law from reason springs, spontaneous fruit,  
 And reason sure is man's first attribute.  
 Let visionary schoolmen toil in vain,  
 Who seek in anarchy for nature's reign ;  
 Wretched alike the slaves of lawless will,  
 Whether the savage, or the tyrant kill ;  
 Unjust alike all rule, where publick choice  
 Speaks not thro' laws a willing people's voice.  
 Nor freedom suffers when the guilty fall,  
 'Tis nature's doom, 'tis self-defence in all.

Such now is man deprav'd that fear must sway,  
 To tread the paths where duty points the way ;  
 The wretch must suffer to forewarn the rest,  
 And some must fall to stop the spreading pest.  
 Alone the gen'ral welfare can demand  
 The bleeding victim from th' unwilling hand.

Hence publick pains—what to the crime is due,  
 O judge supreme ! must be reserv'd for you.  
 To you alone, whose all-pervading eye  
 Deep in the breast can latent thought espy ;  
 Try ev'ry action by the known intent,  
 And to each crime adapt its punishment :  
 While men, misled by erring lights, dispense  
 The doom of guilt to injur'd innocence ;  
 Or tho' repentance cleanse the moral stain,  
 Inflict on crimes aton'd avenging pain.  
 Yet blameless they who act sincere their part,  
 Faultless he errs who cannot read the heart.



Not such fierce flames the mad enthusiast's zeal,  
 On errors harmless to the gen'ral weal,  
 Whether false notions wander far from truth,  
 Or age retain the trace impress'd in youth.  
 While int'rest prompts the holy murd'rer's hand,  
 In sacred fires to light th' unhallowed brand ;  
 To draw destruction from heaven's saving page,  
 And bid sweet mercy breathe relentless rage.  
 Accurs'd all such ! and he with joy elate,  
 Whose baleful breath embitters certain fate ;  
 Who on th' imploring face malignant smiles,  
 And sentenc'd wretches wantonly reviles.  
 Better, far better in the savage den,  
 Let the robb'd lion judge o'er prostrate men :  
 Better let pow'r the lawless faulchion draw,  
 Than coward-cruelty disgrace the law.

This well you know, O — ! whose righteous feat  
 Gives to the innocent a sure retreat ;  
 Severely just, and piously humane,  
 The wretch you punish, while you share his pain.  
 Tears with the dreadful words of sentence flow,  
 Nor does the rigid judge the man forego.

So feels the breast humane, ye truly brave !  
 And such is thine, my friend, intent to save !  
 Whether thy bounty pining want relieve,  
 Or lenient pity sooth the hearts that grieve ;  
 Whether thy pious hand due bounds prescribe  
 To little tyrants, o'er the lesser tribe ;