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The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Moral Essays

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

An Essay On Satire, Occasioned by the Death of Mr. Pope. Inscribed to Mr. Warburton. By J. Brown, A. M.

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A N
E S S A Y
O N
S A T I R E,

Occasioned by the Death of

Mr. P O P E.

Inscribed to

Mr. W A R B U R T O N.

By J. B R O W N, A. M.

A

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OF THE

SATURDAY

MR. POPP

MR. WARBURTON

BY J. B. K. W. M. A. M.

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P A R T I.

FATE gave the Word; the cruel arrow sped;
And POPE lies number'd with the mighty
Dead!

Resign'd he fell; superior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in YOURS and BRITAIN'S
Heart:

You mourn: but BRITAIN, lull'd in rest profound,
(Unconscious Britain!) slumbers o'er her wound.

Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting Light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the Night:

Rouz'd at the signal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the Triumphs of her growing Reign:

With inextinguishable rage they burn; 11

And Snake-hung ENVY hisses o'er his Urn:

Th' envenom'd Monster spit their deadly foam,
To blast the Laurel that surrounds his Tomb.

But YOU, O WARBURTON! whose eye refin'd
Can see the greatness of an honest mind;

vi E S S A Y O N S A T I R E .

Can see each Virtue and each Grace unite,
 And taste the Raptures of a *pure* Delight;
 You visit oft his awful Page with Care,
 And view that bright Assemblage treasur'd there;
 You trace the Chain that links his deep Design,
 And pour new Lustre on the glowing Line.
 Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse,
 Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues;
 Intent from this great Archetype to draw 25
 SATIRE's bright Form, and fix her equal Law;
 Pleas'd if from hence th'unlearn'd may comprehend,
 And rev'rence HIS and SATIRE's gen'rous End.

IN ev'ry Breast there burns an active flame,
 The Love of Glory, or the Dread of Shame: 30
 The Passion ONE, tho' various it appear,
 As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
 The lisping Infant, and the hoary Sire,
 And Youth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
 The Charms of Praise the Coy, the Modest wooe,
 And only fly, that Glory may pursue: 36
 She, Pow'r resistless, rules the wise and great,
 Bends ev'n reluctant Hermits at her feet;

Haunts the proud City, and the lowly Shade,
And sways alike the Scepter and the Spade. 40

Thus Heav'n in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame:
But Man, vain Man, in folly only wise,
Rejects the Manna sent him from the Skies:
With rapture hears corrupted Passion's call, 45
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
He for the *imag'd* Substance quits the *true*;
Eager to catch the visionary Prize,
In quest of Glory plunges deep in Vice; 50
'Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry Praise he pants to gain.

Thus still imperious NATURE plies her part;
And still her Dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each Pow'r that sov'reign Nature bids enjoy, 55
Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er destroy.
Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The Passions rage, obstructed in their course;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those Virtues which they fed before.

And sure, the deadliest Foe to Virtue's flame,
 Our worst of Evils, is *perverted Shame*.
 Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
 Th' entangled Slaves to folly not their own!
 Meanly by fashionable fear oppress'd, 65
 We seek our Virtues in each other's breast;
 Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign Vice,
 Another's weakness, int'rest, or caprice.
 Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
 That pines in splendid wretchedness of state, 70
 Tir'd in the treach'rous Chase, would nobly yield,
 And but for Shame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
 The Dæmon *Shame* paints strong the ridicule,
 And whispers close, "*the World will call you Fool.*"

Behold, yon Wretch, by impious fashion driv'n,
 Believes and trembles while he scoffs at Heav'n.
 By weakness strong, and bold thro' fear alone,
 He dreads the sneer by shallow Coxcombs thrown;
 Dauntless pursues the path *Spinoza* trod;
 To Man a *Coward*, and a *Brave* to God. 80

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *To Man a Coward, etc.*]

*Vois tu ce Libertin en public intrepide,
 Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans son Ame il croit?*

Faith, Justice, Heav'n itself now quit their hold,
 When to false Fame the captiv'd heart is sold:
 Hence, blind to truth, relentless *Cato* dy'd;
 Nought could subdue his Virtue, but his Pride.
 Hence chaste *Lucretia's* Innocence betray'd 85
 Fell by that Honour which was meant its aid.
 Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
 When Passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence SATIRE's pow'r: 'Tis her corrective part,
 To calm the wild disorders of the heart. 90
 She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
 And teaches mad Ambition to be wise:
 In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
 Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
 Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise, 95
 And bids the Hag in native horror rise;
 Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawless Rapine dead,
 And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd Pow'r,
 Tho' oft she mourn those ills she cannot cure. 100

IMITATIONS.

*Il iroit embrasser la Verité, qu'il voit ;
 Mais de ses faux Amis il craint la Raillerie,
 Et ne brave ainsi Dieu que par Poltronnerie.*

BOILEAU, Ep. iii.

x E S S A Y O N S A T I R E .

The Worthy court her, and the Worthless fear;
 Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
 Her awful voice the Vain and Vile obey,
 And ev'ry foe to Wisdom feels her sway. 104
 Smarts, Pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain;
 Desponding Fops resign the *clouded cane* :
 Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,
 And Dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
 Like the arm'd BEE, with art most subtly true,
 From poys'nous Vice she draws a healing dew:
 Weak are the ties that civil arts can find, 111
 To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
 Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles;
 And force strong-finew'd rends th' unequal toils:
 The stream of vice impetuous drives along, 115
 Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too strong.
 Ev'n fair Religion, Native of the skies,
 Scorn'd by the Crowd, seeks refuge with the Wise;
 The Crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
 And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain. 120
 But SATIRE's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast:
 She plays a *ruling Passion* on the rest :

IMITATIONS.

VER. 110. *From poys'nous Vice, etc.*] Alluding to these Lines
 of Mr. Pope;

In the nice Bee what Art so subtly true
 From poys'nous Herbs extracts a healing Dew?

Undaunted storms the batt'ry of his pride,
 And awes the *Brave* that Earth and Heav'n defy'd.
 When fell Corruption, by her vassals crown'd, 125
 Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground;
 Swift to redress an injur'd People's groan,
 Bold SATIRE shakes the Tyrant on her throne;
 Pow'rful as Death, defies the sordid train,
 And Slaves and Sycophants surround in vain. 130

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
 All truth is spleen; all just reproof, Ill-nature.

Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill;
 Well may they tremble when she draws her quill:
 Her magic quill, that, like ITHURIEL's spear, 135
 Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
 Bids Vice and Folly take their natural shapes,
 Turns Duchesses to strumpets, Beaux to apes;
 Drags the vile Whisp'rer from his dark abode,
 Till all the Dæmon starts up from the toad. 140

O sordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
 That true good-nature still must wear a smile!
 In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
 When love of Virtue wakes her scorn of Vice:

xii E S S A Y O N S A T I R E .

Where Justice calls, 'tis Cruelty to save; 145
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the Knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend :
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end :
To Guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd,
The object of her love is all Mankind. 150
Scarce more the friend of Man, the wise must own
Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's frown:
This to chastise, as That to bless, was giv'n;
Alike the faithful Ministers of Heav'n.

Oft in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent: 155
Tho' strong th' example, weak the punishment.
They least are pain'd, who merit satire most ;
Folly the *Laureat's*, Vice was *Chartres'* boast :
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of Fools and Knaves already dead to shame? 160
Oft SATIRE acts the faithful Surgeon's part ;
Gen'rous and kind tho' painful is her art :
With caution bold, she only strikes to heal,
Tho' Folly raves to break the friendly steel.
Then sure no fault impartial SATIRE knows, 165
Kind ev'n in Vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs :
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

P A R T II.

DARE nobly then: But conscious of your
trust,

As ever warm and bold be ever just: 170

Nor court applause in these degen'rate days:

The Villain's censure is extorted praise.

But chief, be steady in a noble end,

And shew Mankind that Truth has yet a friend.

'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write, 175

As Foplings grin to show their teeth are white:

To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,

Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:

'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,

You fix an arrow in a blameless heart. 180

O lost to honour's voice, O doom'd to shame,

Thou Fiend accurs'd, thou Murderer of Fame!

Fell Ravisher, from Innocence to tear

That name, than liberty, than life more dear!

Where shall thy baseness meet its just return, 185

Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn!

And know, immortal Truth shall mock thy toil:

Immortal Truth shall bid the shaft recoil;

With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poyson in thy heart. 190

With caution next, the dang'rous pow'r apply;
An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye:
Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And ere she strike, be sure she strike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confest, 195
Because blind *Ridicule* conceives a jest:
Before whose altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a destin'd Victim shall be led:
Lo, *Shaft/b'ry* rears her high on Reason's throne,
And loads the Slave with honours not her own:
Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke, 201
Prophaneness spawns, pert Dunces nurse the joke!
Come, let us join a while this tittering crew,
And own the *Idiot Guide* for once is true;
Deride our weak forefather's musty rule, 205
Who *therefore* smil'd, *because* they saw a Fool;
Sublimier logic now adorns our isle,
We *therefore* see a Fool, *because* we smile.
Truth in her gloomy Cave why fondly seek?
Lo, gay she sits in Laughter's dimpled cheek:
Contemns each surly Academic foe, 211
And courts the spruce Freethinker and the Beau.

Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
 But all can read the Language of grimace.
 Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand 215
 Shall work *Herculean* wonders thro' the Land:
 Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
 'YOU, mighty WARBURTON, shall rage in vain,
 In vain the trackless maze of Truth YOU scan,
 And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man: 220
 No more shall Reason boast her pow'r divine,
 Her Base eternal shook by Folly's mine!
 Truth's sacred Fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
 And Coxcombs vanquish BERKLEY by a grin.

But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule, 225
 That truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
 On truth, on falsehood let her colours fall,
 She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
 As the gay Prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
 And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye. 230

Beware the mad Advent'rer: bold and blind
 She hoists her sail, and drives with ev'ry wind;
 Deaf as the Storm to sinking Virtue's groan,
 Nor heeds a Friend's destruction, or her own.

Let clear-ey'd Reason at the helm preside, 235
 Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reason can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to shore.

Tho' distant Times may rise in SATIRE's page,
 Yet chief 'tis Her's to draw the *present Age*: 240
 With Wisdom's lustre, Folly's shade contrast,
 And judge the reigning Manners by the past:
 Bid *Britain's* Heroes (awful Shades!) arise,
 And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:
 Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair, 245
 Till the Sons blush at what their Fathers were:
 Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust;
 Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just;
 When *low-born* Sharpers only dar'd a lie,
 Or falsify'd the card, or cogg'd the dye; 250
 Ere Lewdness the stain'd garb of Honour wore,
 Or Chastity was carted for the Whore;
 Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dress'd;
 Or public Spirit was the public jest.

Be ever, in a just expression, bold,
 Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a Scold:

Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
 But let her smile, and let her frown with grace:
 In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her spleen;
 Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene. 260
 Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore,
 Nor call his Lordship —, her Grace a —:
 The Muse's charms resistless then assail,
 When wrapt in *Irony's* transparent veil:
 Her beauties half-conceal'd the more surprize, 265
 And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.
 Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd:
 Style *Clodius* honourable, *Busa* chaste.

Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
 Who e'er discharg'd Artillery on a Fly? 270
 Deride not Vice: Absurd the thought and vain,
 To bind the Tyger in so weak a chain.
 Nay more: when flagrant crimes your laughter
 move,
 The Knave exults: to smile is to approve.
 The Muse's labour then success shall crown, 275
 When Folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.

Know next what Measures to each Theme belong,
 And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song:

xviii E S S A Y O N S A T I R E.

On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies. 280
Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
Free the expression, simple be the verse.
In artless numbers paint th' ambitious Peer
That mounts the box, and shines a Charioteer :
In strains familiar sing the midnight toil 285
Of Camps and Senates disciplin'd by *Hoyle* ;
Patriots and Chiefs, whose deep design invades
And carries off the captive King—of *Spades* !
Let SATIRE here in milder vigour shine,
And gayly graceful sport along the line ; 290
Bid courtly Fashion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each Affectation into sense.

Not so when Virtue by her Guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her Throne, implores the Muse's aid:
When *crimes*, which erst in kindred darkness lay,
Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day ; 296
Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chastity with tears retires,
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head : 300
When private Faith and publick Trust are sold,
And Traitors barter Liberty for gold :

When fell Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of a sinking State :

When Giant-Vice and Irreligion rise, 305

On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the Skies :

Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,

And all her smiles are darken'd into rage :

On eagle-wing she gains *Parnassus*' height,

Not lofty EPIC soars a nobler flight : 310

Then keener indignation fires her eye ;

Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly ;

Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,

Till all her wrath involves the guilty World.

Yet SATIRE oft assumes a gentler mien, 315

And beams on Virtue's friends a smile serene :

She wounds reluctant ; pours her balm with joy ;

Glad to commend where Worth attracts her eye.

But chief, when *Virtue, Learning, Arts* decline,

She joys to see *unconquer'd* Merit shine ; 320

Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,

True Genius gilds the close of Britain's Day :

With joy she sees the stream of Roman art

From MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart :

Sees YORKE to Fame, e'er yet to Manhood known,

And just to ev'ry virtue, but his own :

Hears unstain'd CAM with generous pride proclaim

A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name :

xx ESSAY ON SATIRE.

Beholds, where WIDCOMBE's happy hills ascend,
 Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend: 326
 To HAGLEY's honour'd Shade directs her view;
 And culls each flow'r, to form a Wreath for You.

But tread with cautious step this dang'rous ground,
 Befet with faithless precipices round: 330
 Truth be your guide: disdain Ambition's call;
 And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
 'Tis Virtue's *native lustre* that must *shine*;
 The Poet can but *set it* in his line:
 And who unmov'd with laughter can behold 335
 A *sordid 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 339
 But makes us grieve you want an honest heart.

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 ev'ning in the line:
 Her daring thought essays a higher plan; 345
 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 *Cromwel* rise ; 350
 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 canvass glow :
 Of light and shade provoke the noble strife, 355
 And wake each striking feature into life.

P A R T III.

THRO' Ages thus hath SATIRE keenly shin'd,
The Friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Man-
kind :

Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had sprung,
And Man was guilty ere the Poet sung. 360

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, 365

And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBICK dart^a.

To LATIUM next, avenging SATIRE flew:

The flaming faulchion rough LUCILIUS^b drew;

With dauntless warmth in Virtue's cause engag'd,

And conscious Villains trembled as he rag'd. 370

NOTES.

^a Archilocum proprio rabies armavit Iambo. HOR.

^b Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
Criminibus, tacita sudant præcordia culpa. JUV. S. i.

Then sportive HORACE^c caught the gen'rous fire,
 For SATIRE's bow resign'd the founding 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, 375
 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 majestick PERSIUS wrote,
 Big with a ripe exuberance of thought: 380
 Greatly sedate, contemn'd a Tyrant's reign,
 And lash'd corruption with a calm disdain.

More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage,
 In flame bold JUVENAL's exalted page,
 His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted *Rome*, 385
 And swept audacious Greatness to its doom;
 The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high,
 Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.

NOTES.

^c Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
 Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
 Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso. PERS. S. i.

But lo! the fatal Victor of Mankind,
 Swoln *Luxury!*—pale *Ruin* stalks behind! 390
 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, 395
 Beneath whose baleful dews the Poppy sprung.
 No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
 But Dulness nodded in the Muse's grove:
 Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the sole offence,
 Nor aught was held so dangerous as Sense. 400

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,
 And wounds triumphant Folly in her Cell! 406
 (In vain the solemn Cowl surrounds her face,
 Vain all her bigot cant, her sour grimace)
 With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
 And own the force of Reason urg'd by Wit. 410

'Twas then plain *DONNE* in honest vengeance rose,
 His Wit harmonious, 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,
 (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:
 A race fantastick, in whose gaudy line 421
 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: 425
 '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 429
 Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in Thee!

Flames that could 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 : 434
 Wreaths, that should deck fair Virtue's form alone,
 To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants, vilely thrown :
 Unrival'd Parts, the scorn of honest fame ;
 And Genius rise, a Monument of shame !

More happy *France* : immortal BOILEAU there
 Supported Genius with a Sage's care : 440
 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, 445
 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.

Despairing Guilt and Dulness loath the fight, 451
 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,
 Beholds and hates her own deformity: 456
 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! 460
 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,
 All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own. 466
 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.
 Next, to her Bard majestic Wisdom came; 471
 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;

xxviii E S S A Y O N S A T I R E.

At Fancy's call who rear the wanton fail, 475
 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 bless Mankind with Virtue's sacred store ;
 A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart ; 481
 And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
 Fantastic Wit shoots momentary fires,
 And, like a Meteor, while we gaze, expires :
 Wit kindled by the sulph'rous breath of Vice, 485
 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 ; 490
 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.
 Hail, Bard unequal'd, in whose deathless line 495
 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:
 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,
 By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays! 506
 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, 510
 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, 515
 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; 520

If her apostate heart should e'er incline
 To offer incense at Corruption's shrine;
 Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
 And dash the smoaking Censer to the ground.
 Thus aw'd to fear, instructed Bards may see, 525
 That Guilt is doom'd to sink in Infamy.