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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**

Hence it appears that Satire may influence those who define all Laws Human and Divine

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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: