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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 objection answered

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-55032](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-55032)

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.