

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,

515

That guilt is doom'd to sink in infamy.



## A Character of Mr. POPE's WRITINGS.

B E I N G

An Episode from the Poem call'd SICKNESS, Book II.

By the Rev. Mr. THOMPSON.

———In measur'd time

(So heav'n has will'd) together with their snows,

The everlasting hills shall melt away :

This solid globe dissolve, as ductile wax

Before the breath of Vulcan ; like a scroll

Shrivel th' unfolded curtains of the sky ;

Thy planets, NEWTON, tumble from their spheres ;

The moon be perish'd from her bloody orb ;

The sun himself, in liquid ruin, rush

And deluge with destroying flames the globe ——

Peace then, my soul, nor grieve that POPE is dead.

If e'er the tuneful spirit, sweetly strong,

Spontaneous numbers, teeming in my breast,

Y 2

Enkindle ;

Enkindle; O, at that exalting name,  
 Be favourable, be propitious now,  
 While, in the gratitude of praise, I sing  
 The works and wonders of this man divine.

I tremble while I write——His lisping Muse  
 Surmounts the loftiest efforts of my age.  
 What wonder? when an infant, he apply'd  
 The loud <sup>a</sup> Papinian trumpet to his lips,  
 Fir'd by a sacred fury, and inspir'd  
 With all the god, in founding numbers sung  
 “ Fraternal rage, and guilty Thebes' alarms.”

Sure at his birth (things not unknown of old)  
 The Graces round his cradle wove the dance,  
 And led the maze of harmony: the Nine  
 Prophetick of his future honours, pour'd  
 Plenteous, upon his lips, Castalian dew; ;  
 And Attick bees their golden store distill'd.  
 The soul of HOMER, sliding from its star,  
 Where, radiant, over the poetick world  
 It rules and sheds its influence, for joy  
 Shouted, and bless'd the birth: the sacred choir  
 Of poets, born in elder, better times,  
 Enraptur'd catch'd the elevating sound,  
 And roll'd the gladd'ning news from sphere to sphere.

<sup>b</sup> Imperial Windsor! raise thy brow august,  
 Superbly gay exalt thy tow'ry head;

<sup>a</sup> *Translation of the First Book of Statius's Thebais.*

<sup>b</sup> *Windsor Forest: Mr. POPE born there.*

And bid thy forests dance, and nodding, wave  
A verdant testimony of thy joy :

A native ORPHEUS warbling in thy shades.

O listen to <sup>c</sup> ALEXIS' tender plaint !

How gently rural ! without coarseness plain ;

How simple in his elegance of grief !

A shepherd, but no clown. His every lay

Sweet as the early pipe along the dale,

When hawthorns bud, or on the thymy brow

When all the mountains bleat, and vallies sing.

Soft as the nightingale's harmonious woe,

In dewy even-tide, when cowslips drop

Their sleepy heads, and languish in the breeze.

<sup>d</sup> Next in the critick-chair survey him thron'd,

Imperial in his art, prescribing laws

Clear from the knitted brow, and squinted sneer ;

Learn'd without pedantry ; correctly bold,

And regularly easy. Gentle, now,

As rising incense, or descending dews,

The variegated echo of his theme :

Now, animated flame commands the soul

To glow with sacred wonder. Pointed wit

And keen discernment form the certain page.

Just, as the STAGYRITE ; as HORACE, free ;

As FABIAN, clear ; and as PETRONIUS, gay.

<sup>c</sup> *Pastorals.*

<sup>d</sup> *Essay on Criticism.*

\* But whence those peals of laughter shake the sides  
 Of decent mirth? Am I in Fairy-land?  
 Young, evanescent forms, before my eyes,  
 Or skim, or seen to skim; thin essences  
 Of fluid light; zilphs, zilphids, elves, and gnomes;  
 Genii of Rosicrue, and ladies' gods! —  
 And, lo, in shining trails BELINDA's hair,  
 Bespangling with dishevell'd beams the skies,  
 Flames o'er the night. Behind, a satyr grins,  
 And, jocund, holds a glass, reflecting, fair,  
 Hoops, crosses, mattadores; beaux, shocks, and belles,  
 Promiscuously whimsical and gay.  
 TASSONI, hiding his diminish'd head,  
 Droops o'er the laughing page: while BOILEAU skulks,  
 With blushes cover'd, low beneath the desk.

More † mournful scenes invite. The milky vein  
 Of amorous grief devolves its placid wave  
 Soft-streaming o'er the soul, in weeping woe  
 And tenderness of anguish. While we read  
 Th' infectious page, we sicken into love,  
 And languish with involuntary fires.  
 The Zephyr, panting on the filken buds  
 Of breathing violets; the virgin's sigh,  
 Rosy with youth, are turbulent and rude,  
 To SAPPHO's plaint, and ELOÏSA's moan.

\* *Rape of the Lock.*

† OVID's SAPPHO to PHAON: *And* ELOÏSE to ABELARD.

Heav'ns! what a flood of empyréal day  
 My aking eyes involves! A <sup>3</sup> temple soars,  
 Rising like exhalations on a mount,  
 And wide its adamantine valves expands.  
 Three monumental columns, bright in air,  
 Of figur'd gold, the center of the quire  
 With lustre fill. POPE on the midmost shines  
 Betwixt his HOMER and his HORACE plac'd,  
 Superior, by the hand of Justice. FAME,  
 With all her mouths, th' eternal trumpet swells,  
 Exulting at his name; and, grateful, pours  
 The lofty notes of never-dying praise,  
 Triumphant, floating on the wings of wind,  
 Sweet o'er the world: th' ambrosial spirit flies  
 Diffusive, in its progress wid'ning still,  
 "Dear to the earth, and grateful to the sky."  
 FAME owes him more than e'er she can repay:  
 She owes her very temple to his hands;  
 Like Ilium built; by hands no less divine!

Attention, rouze thyself! the master's hand,  
 (The master of our souls!) has chang'd the key,  
 And bids the thunder of the battle roar  
 Tumultuous <sup>n</sup>. HOMER, HOMER is our own!  
 And Grecian heroes flame in British lines.  
 What pomp of words! what nameless energy  
 Kindles the verse; invigours every line;

<sup>3</sup> Temple of FAME.

<sup>n</sup> Translation of HOMER.

Astonishes, and overwhelms the soul  
 In transports tofs'd! when fierce ACHILLES raves,  
 And flashes, like a comet, o'er the field,  
 To wither armies with his martial frown.  
 I see the battle rage; I hear the wheels  
 Careering with their brazen orbs! The shout  
 Of nations roll (the labour of the winds)  
 Full on my ear, and shakes my inmost soul.  
 Description never cou'd so well deceive:  
 'Tis real! 'TROY is here, or I at TROY  
 Enjoy the war. My spirits, all on fire,  
 With unextinguish'd violence are borne  
 Above the world, and mingle with the gods.  
 Olympus rings with arms! the firmament,  
 Beneath the lightning of Minerva's shield,  
 Burns to the center: rock the tow'rs of heav'n,  
 All nature trembles, save the throne of JOVE.  
<sup>i</sup> To root excesses from the human breast;  
 Behold a beauteous pile of Ethicks rise;  
 Sense, the foundation; harmony, the walls;  
 (The Dorique grave, and gay Corinthian join'd)  
 Where SOCRATES and HORACE jointly reign.  
 Best of philosophers! of poets too  
 The best! he teaches thee thy self to know:  
 That virtue is the noblest gift of heav'n:  
 " And vindicates the ways of GOD to man."

<sup>i</sup> *Ethick Epistles.*

O hearken to the moralist polite!

Enter his school of truth: where PLATO's self  
Might preach; and TULLY deign to lend an ear.

\* Last see him waging with the fools of rhyme  
A wanton, harmless war. Dunces after dunces;  
Beaux, doctors, templars, courtiers; fops and cits,  
Condemn'd to suffer life. The motley crew,  
Emerging from oblivion's muddy pool,  
Give the round face to view; and shameless front  
Proudly expose; till laughter have her fill.

Born to improve the age, and cheat mankind  
Into the road of honour!—Vice again  
The gilded chariot drives:—For he is dead!

I saw the fable barge, along his Thames,  
In slow solemnity beating the tide,  
Convey his sacred dust!—Its swains expir'd;  
Wither'd, in Twit'nam bow'rs, the laurel-bough;  
Silent, the Muses broke their idle lyres:  
Th' attendant Graces check'd the sprightly dance,  
Their arms unlock'd, and catch'd the starting tear:  
And Virtue for her lost defender mourn'd!

\* *Dunciad*.

The