

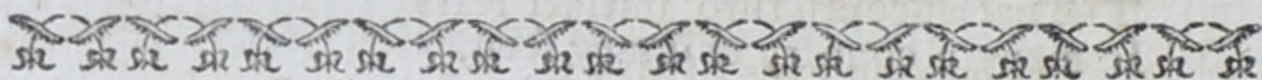
'Tis thus with him, who fond of rhyme
 In Wit's low species piddles ;
 And tires his thoughts, and wastes his time
 In explicating riddles.

Shall idle bards, by fancy led,
 (With wrathful zeal I speak it)
 Write with design to plague my head,
 Who have no right to break it ?

He writes the best, who, writing, can
 Both please and teach together :
 But 'tis the devil of a plan,
 That can accomplish neither.

Ye readers, hear ! ye writers too !
 O spare your darkling labours !
 For, tho' they please, not profit, you,
 They plague and hurt your neighbours.

Go learn of POPE ; then judge aright,
 Which way to Fame's the surer ;
 To put the truth in fairest light,
 Or render it obscurer.



VERSES to a Writer of RIDDLES.

AH! boast not those obscuring lays,
 Nor think it sure and certain
 That every one can draw a face,
 Who can produce a curtain.

POPE

POPE does the flourish'd truth no hurt,
 While graceful flowers disguise it;
 Thou daub'st it so with mud and dirt,
 That not a soul espies it.

His fancy decks, thy fancy shrowds;
 What likeness is between 'em?
 'Twixt one who soars above the clouds,
 And one entangled in 'em?

But let my candour not upbraid
 Thy strains, which flow so purely;
 It is thy secret, 'tis thy trade,
 Thy craft — to write obscurely.

Obscurity in thee to blame
 I've not the least pretence;
 'Tis that alone can guard thy fame,
 The style that suits thy sense.

When Nature forms an horrid mien
 Less fit for vulgar sight;
 The creature, fearful to be seen,
 Spontaneous shuns the light.

The bat uncouth thro' instinct fears
 The prying eyes of day;
 Yet when the sun no more appears,
 Securely wings away.

'Tis instinct bids the frightful owl
 To devious glooms repair;
 And points out Riddles to a fool,
 To wrap his genius there.