

A Pomp untameable of Weeds prevails.

Her *Servant's* Wealth incumber'd *Wisdom* mourns.

And what says *Genius*? "*Let the Dull be Wise.*"

*Genius*, too hard for Right, can prove it Wrong;

and loves to boast, where blush Men less inspir'd.

It pleads Exemption from the Laws of *Sense*;

considers *Reason* as a Leveller;

and scorns to share a Blessing with the Croud.

That Wise it *could* be, thinks an ample Claim

to *Glory*, and to *Pleasure* gives the rest.

CRASSUS but sleeps, ARDELIO is undone.

*Wisdom* less shudders at a Fool, than Wit.

But *Wisdom* smiles, when humbled Mortals weep.

When *Sorrow* wounds the Breast, as Ploughs the Glebe,

and Hearts obdurate feel her soft'ning Shower;

her Seed Celestial, then, glad *Wisdom* sows;

her golden Harvest triumphs in the Soil.

If so, NARCISSA! welcome my *Relapse*;

I'll raise a Tax on my Calamity,

and reap rich Compensation from my Pain.

I'll range the plenteous Intellectual Field;

and gather ev'ry Thought of sov'reign Power

to chase the moral Maladies of Man;