ECLECTIC ENGLISH CLASSICS

PR 3622
.V2
Copy 1

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

AND

AN ESSAY ON MAN

COPYRIGHT.
CANNOT
LEAVE
THE
LIBRARY.

BY ALEXANDER POPE

AMERICAN · BOOK · COMPANY
NEW YORK · CINCINNATI · CHICAGO

JUN 24 1898
Library of Congress.

DELIVERED TO THE
AUG 22 1898
Library of Congress.

CANNOT LEAVE THE LIBRARY.

CHAP. PR3622
SHELF V2

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
9—165

A. Pope

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

AND

AN ESSAY ON MAN

BY ALEXANDER POPE

33

EDITED BY A. M. VAN DYKE, M.A.
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, CINCINNATI HIGH SCHOOL

NEW YORK · : · CINCINNATI · : · CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
1898

TWO COPIES RECEIVED

PR 3622
.V2

Copyright, 1898, by
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY.

POPE

W. P. I

INTRODUCTION.

Alexander Pope was born in Lombard Street, London, May 21, 1688. His father was a linen draper who had amassed a considerable fortune, and his mother, Edith, was one of the seventeen children of William Turner, a Roman Catholic gentleman, lord of a manor in Yorkshire. Both of the poet's parents were Roman Catholics.

On account of his extremely delicate health, he was, at the age of eight, put under the tuition of the family priest, who taught him the rudiments of Latin and Greek. He had early been taught by an aunt to read and write. When he was twelve years old, he was sent to a Catholic school at Twyford, but was soon expelled for having written a lampoon upon one of his teachers.

His father retired from business soon after the poet's birth, and removed to Binfield, on the borders of Windsor Forest. Here, after his expulsion from school, other tutors were provided for him; but, his progress being unsatisfactory to himself, he abandoned this method of study, and laid out for himself a wide and varied course of reading, which he pursued with great diligence.

He began to write verse at an early age, producing his "Ode to Solitude" when but twelve years old. He says of himself:

"I lisped in numbers, and the numbers came." At the age of sixteen he wrote the "Pastorals," and boldly announced to the world that he was a poet. In 1711 he published his "Essay on Criticism," which was much praised by Addison. In 1712 appeared the mock-heroic poem "The Rape of the Lock," which raised him to the highest pinnacle of fame, and the "Messiah," in imitation of Vergil's Fourth Eclogue. Though he was now the most popular poet of his day, yet the pecuniary profits derived from the publication of his works had been small; and, as his father had nearly exhausted his fortune, Pope, in 1713, took advantage of his popularity, and issued proposals for a translation of the "Iliad" of Homer. The work was finished in 1718–1720, and he received for it over £5000.

With part of this sum he purchased the villa of Twickenham, whither he repaired with his mother in 1718, his father having died the year before. He resided at Twickenham for the remainder of his life. Here he amused himself by embellishing his grounds, received the homage of the famous men and women of his time, with whom he was in constant intercourse, and busied himself with his writings.

Encouraged by his success with the "Iliad," he put forth, in 1725, in conjunction with Boone and Fenton, the "Odyssey." In 1727–1728 he and Swift together wrote the "Miscellanies." In 1728 "The Dunciad" was published anonymously, but there was no mistaking the author, and it was universally ascribed to Pope. This poem is a vindictive satire against the small celebrities of his day, prompted by literary jealousy. "And against whom is this petty irritation felt? Against feeble journalists, brutal pamphleteers, starving rimesters, a crew of hackney authors, Bohemians of ink and paper below literature. To sting and wound

these unfortunates gave Pope pleasure as he sat, meditating stabs, in his elegant villa, the resort of the rich and the noble! By attacking these, he lowers himself to their level" (PATTISON).

In 1732–1734 appeared "An Essay on Man;" and in the last years of his life Pope devoted himself to writing the "Moral Essays," the "Imitations of Horace," the "Satires," the "Epistles," and the fourth book of "The Dunciad."

Pope's mother died in 1733, and after that, although surrounded by many close friends, he began to feel himself alone. He had always been in ill health, and as he grew older he developed a fretfulness and irritability of disposition which taxed the patience of his companions to the utmost.

Dr. Johnson thus describes the last days of his life: "In May, 1744, his death was approaching. On the 6th he was all day delirious, which he mentioned, four days afterwards, as a sufficient humiliation of the vanity of man. He afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain, and in false colors; and one day, in the presence of Dodsley, asked what arm it was that came out from the wall. He said that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think. He died in the evening of the thirtieth day of May, 1744, so placidly that the attendants did not discern the exact time of his expiration. He was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him by his commentator, Warburton, bishop of Gloucester."

Inasmuch as the study of Pope's works is the study of the man behind them, it is but just to consider his physical condition before passing judgment. Born to a life that was "one long disease," however much he may have been to some an object of contempt, he was a fit subject for charity, if not for pity. A

dwarf in stature, crooked in form, weak of constitution, vain because of precocity too much flattered, irritable from ill health, he was hampered greatly in the race of life. In his childhood he was amiable and sweet-tempered; in his maturer years he was "the wasp of Twickenham." Even as a child he saw that he was different from other children; later he brooded over this difference, and perhaps accused Nature of injustice. If he was "crafty and malignant, vain and conceited, whimsical and passionate," it may have been but the reaction of his futile resentment against fate, in an endeavor to revenge himself upon the enemies he *could* attack—men. Had he been of a brave or heroical nature, he would not have sought to recompense his own defects by impairing the virtue of others.

We must not, however, overlook the good side of his character. Bolingbroke said of him: "I never in my life knew a man who had so tender a heart for his particular friends;" and Adolphus Ward, in summing up his character, says: "In compensation for his bodily infirmities, Nature had bestowed upon him a brilliant eye and a melodious voice. To counteract the debilitating effects of his miserable health, he had been gifted with an indefatigable activity of mind, aided by an extraordinary memory. But he also possessed an affectionate heart, to whose promptings he listened in all the dearest relations of life. He was the best of sons to both his parents, a kind brother, and to those who had once engaged his affections, a faithful and devoted friend. No suspicion perverted the attachment which united him to the associates of his youth, to the Carylls and Cromwells and Blounts, and to the friends of his manhood, to Swift and Arbuthnot and Gay, and to Bolingbroke, whom he thought 'superior to anything he had seen in human nature.' Nor was he a friend in sunshine

only. The exile of many was cheered by his sympathy; and Swift predicted that, among all his friends, Pope would grieve longest for his death. His relations to women were those of tender friendship or affected gallantry, but they exercised no momentous influence upon his life. Lastly, a true generosity of spirit held him fast to his father's faith; and as he became the tool of no political faction, so he permitted no arguments of self-interest to weigh against the dictates of an unaffected piety."

Pope was undoubtedly the greatest poet of his time, that is, of the first half of the eighteenth century. But this period was not characterized by what is truly great in creative literature. Pope does not "hold the mirror up to nature," but he reflects in an admirable way the moral and social ideas of his time.

The literature of the "Augustan Age," or, as it is sometimes called, the "Age of Queen Anne," or the "Classical Period," "sought to flatter and to please, but never attempted to elevate, and fixed for English poetry that factitious and stilted poetic diction which was echoed and reëchoed by imitators till it became ashamed and vexed at its own empty reiterations." Its perfection of form far from compensated for its want of intense feeling, its felicity of diction for the absence of the naturalness of expression and the splendor of imagination which had characterized the preceding age. In a state of society void of earnestness and lofty enthusiasms, given over to conventionalities, gayeties, and frivolities, we might expect to find a class of writers acute, but not profound, sententious, but without true sentiment, brilliant, but incapable of sustained elegance, satirical from insincerity, not through moral indignation, witty, but lacking kindly humor, now and then pathetic with an artificial pathos lacking tears.

Of this class of writers Pope stands at the head. "He was

emphatically the poet of the highly artificial age in which he lived; and his excellence lay in, or at least was fostered and perfected by, the accordance of all his tastes and talents, of his whole moral and intellectual constitution, with the spirit of that condition of things. Not touches of natural emotion, but the titillation of wit and fancy,—not tones of natural music, but the tone of good society,—make up the charm of his poetry, the polish, pungency, and brilliancy of which, however, in its most happily executed passages, leave nothing in that style to be desired" (CRAIK). "No writer who neglected the graces of style could gain acceptance by the public. This fastidiousness of the public ear required on the part of writers greatly increased labor. It was no longer possible to take a sheet of paper and write out your thoughts as fast as the pen would move. 'The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease' were distanced in the race. It was evident that, under the new standard thus set up, the prize would be to him who should be willing to take most trouble about his style. Pope at once took the lead in the race of writers, because he took more pains than they. He labored day and night to form himself for his purpose, that, viz., of becoming a writer of finished verse. To improve his mind, to enlarge his view of the world, to store up knowledge,—these were things unknown to him. Any ideas, any thoughts, such as custom, chance, society, or sect may suggest, are good enough; but each idea must be turned over till it has been reduced to its neatest and most epigrammatic expression" (PATTISON).

If to be a great poet is to be the best poet of a certain kind, then Pope is a great poet. Yet he is not a "poet born," but a "poet made," and is the product of his own efforts, as Wordsworth is said to be the poetic product of his own ideas. He

studied the old poets with avidity, grasped ideas and suggestions with acuteness, paraphrased with rare skill, and polished with exquisite art whatever he borrowed from others, being always more mindful of the brilliancy of the polish than of the solid worth of the metal. In his method he was slow and deliberate, and he rewrote and corrected his work so often that the finished verse seemed entirely different from the first draft. Swift called him "paper-saving Pope," because he carried about with him scraps of paper upon which to jot down felicitous thoughts before they should escape him. By his method he succeeds in dressing ideas and sentiments in brilliant colors and correct style. He is terse sometimes to obscurity, abounds in antitheses, is perfect in harmony, graceful and polished in diction, though not always perfect in rime. He employs all the known poetic artifices, producing thus an artful as opposed to an artistic style. It is a noticeable fact that he wrote nothing in blank verse, and that much the greater part of his work is in the ten-syllabled verse with riming couplets. But he carried this form of verse to a higher degree of perfection than did his master, Dryden, from the study of whose works he professed to have learned the art of versification, and he is therefore called "the prince of the artificial school of poetry."

As a translator Pope is not altogether inconspicuous, even if his translations do not exhale the spirit of the original. The mercenary motive was probably as much an incentive as the artistic idea in his so-called translation of Homer. He had in his mind the writing of an epic, but his physical condition would not have admitted such a strain upon his vitality. Neither was he qualified by classical learning for the adequate performance of such a task, whereas all that he needed for his translation was a

clew to the sense, which he could get from older versions and by the aid of friends. "A pretty poem," said Mr. Bentley, "but you must not call it Homer." But "pretty" things please; hence the poem was accepted by his contemporaries and immediate successors as a masterpiece of poetic art, and it became the "accepted standard of style for nearly a century."

"The Rape of the Lock" was founded on a local incident. Lord Petre having, in a moment of audacity, cut off a lock of Miss Arabella Fermor's hair, her resentment knew no bounds, and led to a bitter quarrel between the two families. John Caryll, an intimate friend of Pope's, suggested to him that he embody the incident in a humorous poem, so that the tragedy might be "laughed away." Pope was pleased with the suggestion, and wrote in mock-heroic vein two cantos, describing the robbery and the ensuing battle. This was so well received that he added to it, increasing it to five cantos by introducing the machinery of the sylphs and the description of the game at omber. The poem was unsuccessful in its purpose of making peace between the two families. Sir George Brown (Sir Plume) was annoyed at being made to talk only nonsense, and Miss Fermor was more offended by her characterization as Belinda than pleased at the flattery tendered her in the dedication. But the critics of the day and the public at large hailed the poem as a masterpiece. It is generally considered the most brilliant mock-heroic poem ever produced. In this, more than in any other of his works, Pope shows something of the creative power. Hazlitt calls it "an exquisite specimen of filigree work, made of gauze and silver spangles." "The reflection of social life and manners which 'The Rape of the Lock' offers is not confined to superficial forms only. The most intimate sentiments of the time find their representation here.

As an instance we may point to the mean estimation of women. Contempt veiled under the show of deference, a mockery of chivalry, its form without its spirit,—this is the attitude assumed towards women by the poet in this piece" (PATTISON). "The world of fashion is displayed in its most gorgeous and attractive hues, and everywhere the emptiness is visible beneath the outward splendor. The beauty of Belinda, the details of her toilet, her troops of admirers, are all set forth with unrivaled grace and fascination, and all bear the impress of vanity and vexation. Nothing can exceed the art with which the satire is blended with the pomp—mocking, without disturbing, the unsubstantial gew-gaw. The double vein is kept up with sustained skill in the picture of the outward charms and the inward frivolity of women.

> 'With varying vanities from every part
> They shift the moving toyshop of their heart,'—

this is the tone throughout. Their hearts are toyshops. They reverse the relative importance of things; the little within them is great, and the great little" (ELWIN).

"The Rape of the Lock" is condemned for its grossness and its "harsh, scornful, indelicate buffoonery," as well as for its misrepresentation of women. But "the exquisite raillery with which the poem perpetually sparkles, the familiarity which it exhibits with the epics of antiquity, and the use to which that familiarity is turned, the finished ease of its style," all contribute to make it at least a *jeu d'esprit* entirely unique.

In its first form Addison called it *merum sal* (pure wit), and advised against the subsequent addition of the machinery of sylphs, gnomes, and nymphs. Pope ignored the advice, and employed these in the edition of 1714. The immense success of

the poem with the additions led Pope to believe that the advice of Addison was not sincere; and this belief was one of the elements in the famous quarrel between these two eminent men. The poem is not read to-day with the same enjoyment as when it was first written. Times have changed, and with them men's minds and manners.

"An Essay on Man" assumes to be a theodicy having for its purpose the "vindication of the ways of God to man;" and this expression would have been an apter title for the poem. In men's minds during the eighteenth century, the philosophy of religion was as much a matter of interesting controversy and conversation as was politics or mere abstract morality. It has been asserted very positively by at least two trustworthy authorities that the "Essay" was furnished in prose by Lord Bolingbroke, and that Pope merely put St. John's ideas into verse, supplying, of course, the poetic imagery and diction, though often, indeed, not departing far from the very language employed by Bolingbroke. Its primary proposition is that "whatever is, is right." It aims to be didactic, and succeeds only in being dogmatic. Pope had no philosophical bent, and, lacking intellectual power, was incapable of connected logical dissertation. His imagination could not rise to a sublime conception of the relations of the Creator to his universe. He seems to have been out of sympathy with his theme, and possibly in this case, as in others, he chose his subject not because of any enthusiasm on his own part, but because it interested others. He aimed simply at putting into perfect formal expression, elaborated by brilliant epigram and striking antitheses, such of the sayings of the wits and polemics of the time as he had come upon in his reading and conversation. That it excited a widespread interest is shown by the fact

that it was translated into all the languages of modern Europe, and called forth several imitations; but the poem is no longer a favorite with the general reader. Its so-called philosophy is a relic of an age that has passed, and whose influence has passed with it. By the student, however, it is to be read as an example of a distinct species in the evolution of our literature.

Pope's admirers still, as in the days when he was the dominant leader in letters, maintain that he was the embodiment of all that is excellent in style, "the prince of lyric poets," "the poet of reason, common sense, true morality, and playful fancy;" while his detractors condemn his poetry as false, unnatural, stilted, and altogether vicious. The student, after reading his most characteristic works, will probably reach Mr. Blair's decision that "within a certain *limited region* he has been outdone by no poet;" and, whatever may be his verdict, he must not forget that, "in the judgment of England in the eighteenth century, the reputation of Pope was the most dazzling in English literature. It was a newer sun than Dryden, Milton, Shakespeare; as for Spenser and Chaucer, they were little better than fixed stars."

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

1688. The Revolution of 1688. James II. dethroned.
Pope born in Lombard Street, London, May 21.
Death of John Bunyan, August 31.

1700. Death of John Dryden, May 1.
Pope wrote his "Ode to Solitude."

1702. Pope wrote translations of Statius's "Thebais;" Ovid's "Epistle;" "Sappho to Phaon." Modernized Chaucer's "Merchant's Tale."

1704. Battle of Blenheim, August 13.
Publication of Addison's "Campaign," celebrating the victory of the Duke of Marlborough.
Death of John Locke, October 28.

1709. The first number of "The Tatler" appeared, founded by Richard Steele.
Pope published his "Pastorals."

1711. Pope published the "Essay on Criticism."
The first number of "The Spectator" appeared March 1, founded by Addison and Steele.
The "Messiah" appeared as a number of "The Spectator."

1712. Publication of "The Rape of the Lock" in its first form.

1713. Pope's "Iliad" begun.
Addison's tragedy "Cato" was produced.
Publication of Pope's "Windsor Forest."

1714. Death of Queen Anne, August 1. Accession of George I.
Enlarged edition of "The Rape of the Lock" published.
1715. Publication of Pope's "Temple of Fame."
1717. Death of Pope's father.
Publication of Pope's "Eloïsa to Abelard."
1718. Pope removed to Twickenham.
1719. Death of Addison, June 17.
1725. Publication of De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe."
Publication of Pope's Odyssey.
1726. Pope published an edition of Shakespeare.
Publication of Swift's "Gulliver's Travels."
1727. Gay's "The Beggar's Opera" appeared.
Death of George I., June 11. Accession of George II.
1728. "The Dunciad" begun.
Pope and Swift wrote the "Miscellanies" (1727–1728).
1729. Death of Richard Steele, September 21.
1730–40. Pope wrote "Moral Essays," "Epistles," and "Satires."
1731. Death of De Foe, April 26.
1732. Death of Gay, December 4.
"Essay on Man" begun (completed in 1734).
1733. Death of Pope's mother.
1735. Death of Dr. Arbuthnot, February 27.
1741. "The Dunciad" completed.
1742. Death of Richard Bentley, July 14.
1744. Death of Pope, May 30.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

DEDICATION

TO

MRS.[1] ARABELLA FERMOR.

Madam: It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humor enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct. This I was forced to before I had executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics to signify that part which the deities, angels, or demons are made to act in a poem. For the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These

[1] In Pope's time the title "Mrs." was prefixed to the names of married as well as unmarried ladies. Arabella Fermor married Mr. Perkins in 1714, that is, two years after the first appearance of this poem.

machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called "Le Comte de Gabalis," which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits which they call *sylphs*, *gnomes*, *nymphs*, and *salamanders*. The gnomes, or demons of earth, delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable. For they say any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following Cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end, except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence. The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. Pope.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offense from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing[1]—this verse to Caryll, Muse! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view;
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
If she inspire, and he[2] approve my lays.
Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord? 10
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?[3]
Sol[4] through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:

[1] Cf. Homer's Iliad, Bryant's translation, I. line 1: "O goddess! sing the wrath of Peleus' son." Also the opening lines of Pope's translation. Also Vergil's Æneid, I. line 1: "Arma, virumque cano."

[2] John Caryll, an intimate friend of Pope's, who called the latter's attention to the quarrel between Miss Fermor and Lord Petre, and asked him to smooth it away by his humor.

[3] Cf. Vergil's Æneid, Connington's translation, I. lines 18, 19:

"Can heavenly natures nourish hate
So fierce, so blindly passionate?"

[4] The tendency of the age was to employ classical names and titles for the sun, as Sol, Phœbus, Titan, etc.

Now lapdogs give themselves the rousing shake, 15
And sleepless[1] lovers, just at twelve, awake:[1]
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the ground,
And the pressed watch[2] returned a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow pressed,
Her guardian sylph[3] prolonged the balmy rest: 20
'Twas he had summoned to her silent bed
The morning dream that hovered o'er her head;
A youth more glittering than a birthnight beau[4]
(That even in slumber caused her cheek to glow)
Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say:
"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse[5] and all the priest[5] have taught; 30
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token,[6] and the circled green,[7]
Or virgins visited by angel powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know, 35
Nor bound thy narrow[8] views to things below.

[1] Note "sleepless" and "awake."

[2] "Pressed watch," i.e., a repeater. By pushing the stem, a bell sounded the quarters and half-hours.

[3] See p. 22.

[4] "Birthnight beau," i.e., a young society man present at the celebration in honor of a royal birthday anniversary. Exceptionally fine clothes were worn on such occasions.

[5] Cf. Dryden's The Hind and the Panther: "The priest continues what the nurse began."

[6] The silver penny which the tidy housemaid in fairy mythology found in her shoe. Cf. Bishop Corbet's The Fairies' Farewell.

[7] The fairy ring on the grass, supposed to mark the spot where fairies have danced.

[8] "Narrow" belongs to "things" as well as to "views." What is the effect?

Some secret truths, from learnèd pride concealed,
To maids alone and children are revealed:[1]
What though no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent shall still believe. 40
Know, then, unnumbered spirits round thee fly,
The light militia[2] of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box,[3] and hover round the ring.[4]
Think what an equipage thou hast in air, 45
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.[5]
As now your own,[6] our beings were of old,
And once inclosed in woman's beauteous mold;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air. 50
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive, 55
And love of omber, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:

[1] Lines 37, 38. From what is this parodied?

[2] "There was scarcely yet that sharp antithesis between 'the militia' and 'the army' which prevailed afterwards" (HALES).

[3] "Box," i.e., at the opera.

[4] "Ring," i.e., the "Row" in Hyde Park. This park embraces four hundred acres in the west of London. It became the property of the crown when Henry VIII. dissolved the monasteries, it being part of the holdings of Westminster Abbey. The Crystal Palace is in this park.

[5] A sedan chair.

[6] "As now your own," etc. "He here forsakes the Rosicrucian system, which in this part is too extravagant even for poetry, and gives a beautiful fiction of his own on the Platonic theology of the continuance of the passions in *another state*, when the mind, before its leaving *this*, has not been purged and purified by philosophy; which furnishes an occasion for much useful satire" (WARBURTON).

The sprites [1] of fiery termagants [2] in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's [3] name. 60
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.[4]
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,[5]
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair, 65
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart; [6]
Where wigs with wigs, with sword knots sword knots strive,
Beaus banish beaus, and coaches coaches drive. 70
This erring mortals levity may call;[7]
Oh blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
"Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air, 75
In the clear mirror [8] of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main [9] this morning sun descend;
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warned by the sylph, oh, pious [10] maid, beware! 80

[1] Spirits.

[2] A name given by early Christians to a Mohammedan deity. In the miracle plays and moralities he appears as a boisterous character. The name is now applied to a turbulent woman.

[3] An amphibious animal allied to the frog. It was an old superstition that it could endure fire without harm.

[4] In Pope's time "tea" was pronounced *tay*. [5] See p. 22.

[6] "They shift the moving toyshop," etc., i.e., readily change their affections from one object to another. "The heart was nothing but a toyshop" (ADDISON'S Spectator).

[7] Note the ambiguity.

[8] "In the clear mirror." "The language of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of spirits, etc." (POPE).

[9] What is the meaning of this word?

[10] What different meanings has "pious"? What does it signify here?

This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!"
He said: when Shock,[1] who thought she slept too long,
Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true, 85
Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardors, were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanished from thy head.
And now, unveiled, the toilet[2] stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid. 90
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side, 95
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil. 100
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,[3]
And all Arabia[4] breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise[4] here and elephant[4] unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows, 105
Puffs, powders, patches,[5] bibles, billets-doux.[6]

[1] Her lapdog.

[2] French, *toile*, "cloth." Trace to its present meaning.

[3] "Unlocks," i.e., discloses.

[4] Explain the figures in "Arabia," "tortoise," "elephant."

[5] "The absurd practice of wearing black patches called 'beauty spots' had its origin in the necessity which a reigning belle at court had for concealing a blemish on her face; but the chief use was from a foolish notion that beauty of complexion was heightened by contrast of color" (GRIFFITH).

[6] "Bibles, billets-doux." Note the association.

Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face: 110
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown; 115
And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,[1]
The sun first rises o'er the purpled[2] main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival[3] of his beams
Launched[4] on the bosom of the silver[5] Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around her shone, 5
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those: 10
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride, 15
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
  This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished[6] two locks, which graceful hung behind 20

1 "Ethereal plain." What is meant by this expression?
2 Used transitively. 3 Who is meant?
4 In what sense here employed?
5 An ornamental epithet. What is its signification?
6 Cherished.

In equal curls, and well conspired to deck,
With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths[1] his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes[2] we the birds betray, 25
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
The adventurous Baron[3] the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired. 30
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.[4]
For this, ere Phœbus[5] rose, he had implored 35
Propitious Heaven, and every power adored;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances,[6] neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves: 40
With tender billets-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer, 45
The rest, the winds dispersed in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating[7] tides;

[1] What labyrinths? What is the allusion?

[2] Cf. Shakespeare's Hamlet, i. iii.: "Springes to catch woodcocks."

[3] Lord Petre. See Introduction, p. 12.

[4] "The end justifies the means."

[5] See Note 4, p. 23.

[6] "Clelie," a French romance, was put forth in ten volumes of eight hundred pages each.

[7] Used transitively, i.e., the tides that float the vessel.

While melting music steals upon the sky,[1]
And softened sounds along the waters die; 50
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppressed,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens[2] of air; 55
The lucid[3] squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds[4] aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;[5] 60
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies, 65
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While every beam new transient colors flings,
Colors that change whene'er they wave their wings.[6]
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed; 70
His purple[7] pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:
"Ye sylphs and sylphids,[8] to your chief give ear!
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear![9]

[1] Cf. Gray's Progress of Poesy, line 36.
[2] Properly, dwellers *within;* by extension it becomes "inhabitants."
[3] What is the meaning here? Cf. "crystal," p. 26, line 75.
[4] Sails. [5] What is meant by "clouds of gold"?
[6] A charming description of the iridescence of "insect wings."
[7] "Purple" here suggests his *regal* position.
[8] The termination *-id* is feminine.
[9] Cf. Milton's Paradise Lost, V. lines 600, 601:

"Hear, all ye angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers."

Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned 75
By laws eternal to the aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wandering orbs[1] on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky. 80
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,[2]
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
Or o'er the glebe distill the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,[3]
And guard with arms divine the British throne. 90
"Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flowers; 95
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes and inspire their airs;[4]
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow. 100
"This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;

[1] "Wandering orbs" here seems to mean "meteors," for "planets" is used in the next line.

[2] Cf. Milton's Comus, lines 300, 301:

> "That in the colors of the rainbow live,
> And play i' the plighted clouds."

[3] Note the ambiguity.

[4] "Airs." Why used? What does it mean here?

Some dire disaster,[1] or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapped in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law, 105
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or lose her heart,[2] or necklace,[2] at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doomed that Shock must fall.
Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's[3] care; 110
The drops[4] to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favorite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge, 115
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's[5] eye: 120
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain:
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a riveled flower:
Or, as Ixion[6] fixed, the wretch shall feel 125
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"

[1] What is the history of this word?

[2] Note the suggestion that her heart and necklace were of equal importance.

[3] Lines 110–114. "Zephyretta," etc. Note the aptness of these names.

[4] Diamond ear pendants.

[5] Originally a small dagger. Cf. Shakespeare's Hamlet, iii. i.:

> "When he himself might his quietus make
> With a bare bodkin."

[6] A Greek king, who, for boastfulness, was punished in the lower world by being fastened by brazen bands to an ever-revolving wheel.

He spoke: the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb,[1] around the nymph extend; 130
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear:
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.[2]

[1] In circles.

[2] What the issue will be. "Fate" is from the Latin, *fari*, "to speak," and means that which was spoken in the beginning, and is therefore unchangeable.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, forever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure[1] of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom 5
Of foreign tyrants,[2] and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA![3] whom three[4] realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.[5]
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court; 10
In various talk the instructive hours they passed,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes; 15
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray; 20
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;

[1] Hampton Court.

[2] Particularly Louis XIV., king of France from 1643 to 1715.

[3] Anne, queen of England from 1702 to 1714.

[4] What three? When were they united?

[5] See Note 4, p. 26. Note the humorous antithesis.

The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labors of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame[1] invites, 25
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.[2] 30
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perched upon a Matadore,[3]
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
  Behold, four Kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power; 40
Four Knaves in garbs succinct,[4] a trusty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts[5] in their hand;
And party-colored troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.[6]
  The skillful nymph reviews her force with care: 45
Let Spades be trumps![7] she said, and trumps they were.

1 "Fame" is an objective genitive.

2 Nine has always been considered a mystic number. According to the Pythagoreans, man represented a full chord, or eight notes, and Deity the ninth.

3 "The three highest trumps in ombre (spadille, manille, and basto) are called matadores. From the terms used in the game of ombre,—spadille, basto, matadore, punto, etc.,—there can scarcely be a doubt that the other nations of western Europe derived their knowledge of it from the Spaniards" (CHATTO).

4 Tucked up.

5 Another form is "halberds." The word is of German origin: *Hellebarte*, an ax to split a *helmet*.

6 What is meant by "velvet plain"?

7 "Trump," a corruption of "triumph."

Now move to war her sable Matadores,[1]
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio[2] first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board. 50
As many more Manillio[3] forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field.[4]
Him Basto[5] followed; but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian[6] card.
With his broad saber next, a chief in years, 55
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
The rest, his many-colored robe concealed.
The rebel Knave,[7] who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
Ev'n mighty Pam,[8] that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mowed down armies in the fights of Loo,[9]
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield; 65
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.[10]
His warlike Amazon[11] her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of Spades.

[1] "The whole idea of this description of a game at omber is taken from Vida's description of a game at chess, in his poem entitled Scacchia Ludus" (WARBURTON).

[2] Personified form of the term "spadille," the ace of spades, the first trump in omber.

[3] Personified form of the term "manille," the deuce of trumps when trumps are black, the seven when they are red; the second trump in omber.

[4] What is meant by "verdant field"? See also line 44.

[5] The ace of clubs, the third trump in omber.

[6] Why "plebeian"?

[7] Commonly called the jack.

[8] In certain games the knave of clubs is called pam.

[9] The game of loo, in which the pam is the highest card.

[10] The battle.

[11] Why is "warlike" redundant? Explain "Amazon."

The Club's[1] black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride: 70
What boots[2] the regal circle[3] on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And of all monarchs only[4] grasps the globe?
  The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace! 75
The embroidered King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with powers combined,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.[5] 80
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierced battalions disunited fall, 85
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
  The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (O shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.[6]
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; 90
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.[7]
And now (as oft in some distempered state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate:
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen 95
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive Queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.

[1] "The Club's," etc. What is meant?

[2] Avails; used personally. [3] "Regal circle," crown.

[4] Alone. [5] "Level green." See lines 44, 52.

[6] "The Knave of Diamonds . . . wins," etc. What is the suggestion?

[7] A term used in omber when the opponents made more tricks than the omber, who then lost the pool.

The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.[1] 100
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden these honors shall be snatched away,
And cursed forever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned, 105
The berries[2] crackle,[3] and the mill turns round:
On shining altars of Japan[4] they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits[5] blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth[6] receives the smoking tide: 110
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed, 115
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)[7]
Sent up in vapors to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain. 120
Ah, cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus'[8] injured hair!

[1] The whole description is a burlesque on the tournaments of romance.

[2] Coffee. It was the fashion to grind the coffee in the room.

[3] What kind of word is "crackle"?

[4] "Altars of Japan." Japan ware was probably introduced into England during the seventeenth century.

[5] What is meant by "fiery spirits"?

[6] China ware was introduced into Europe in the early part of the sixteenth century.

[7] Pope, like Voltaire, was an inordinate coffee drinker.

[8] Nisus, king of Megara, had on his head a purple lock of hair, and it was

But when to mischief mortals bend their will, 125
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon [1] from her shining case:
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,[2]
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair, 135
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought: 140
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired, 145
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.
The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed; 150
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again);[3]
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever, and forever!

decreed that his city should never be conquered while that lock remained on his head. His daughter Scylla, in order to favor his enemy, Minos, king of Crete, with whom she was in love, cut off the lock while he lay asleep. In punishment for this crime she was transformed into a bird. [1] Scissors.

[2] "Spread" what? [3] Cf. Milton's Paradise Lost, VI. lines 330, 331.

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes, 155
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands or when lapdogs breathe their last;[1]
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie! 160
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cried,) the glorious prize is mine!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy, 165
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel? 170

[1] Note the suggestion in this antithesis.

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppressed,
And secret passions labored in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss, 5
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau 's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravished hair. 10
For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel,[1] a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene, 15
Repaired to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.[2]
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapor reached the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east[3] is all[4] the wind that blows. 20
Here in a grotto, sheltered close from air,
And screened in shades from day's detested glare,

[1] Why is the name appropriate?

[2] What trope is this description of the Cave of Spleen, with its inhabitants, etc.?

[3] Why the east wind?

[4] "All," only.

She sighs forever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim[1] at her head.
  Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place, 25
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is filled; her bosom with lampoons.[2] 30
  There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practiced to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35
Wrapped in a gown, for sickness, and for show.[3]
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new nightdress gives a new disease.
  A constant vapor o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale specters, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
  Unnumbered throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living teapots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout: 50
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod[4] walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose pie talks.

[1] A nervous headache.

[2] Lines 29, 30. Note the antithesis. "Lampoon" was originally a drinking song; hence, because such songs usually contained personal slander or satire, it now signifies a scurrilous or satiric poem.

[3] The same idea is repeated in line 38, but less delicately.

[4] Cf. Homer's Iliad, Bryant's translation, XVIII. line 470.

Safe passed the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort[1] in his hand. 54
Then thus addressed the power: "Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen;
Parent of vapors, and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays; 60
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray;
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace, 65
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron waters[2] matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds, 70
Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the headdress of a prude,
Or e'er to lazy lapdog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease;
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,[3] 75
That single act gives half the world the spleen."
The Goddess[4] with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;[5] 80
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.

[1] A fern of the genus Asplenium—as the name suggests, a plant used for remedy of disorders of the spleen.

[2] Spirits distilled from the rind of citrons. Its use was a fashionable indulgence. [3] "Chagrin," shagreen. Explain the relation. [4] Who?

[5] Returning to Greece after the fall of Troy, Ulysses found shelter on the

A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away, 85
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
 Sunk in Thalestris'[1] arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issued at the vent. 90
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and cried
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid!" replied),
"Was it for this you took such constant care 95
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance[2] bound?
For this with torturing irons[3] wreathed around?
For this with fillets[4] strained your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?[5] 100
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy and the ladies stare!
Honor forbid! at whose unrivaled shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey, 105
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,[6]
And all your honor in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend! 110

island of Æolus, the god of the winds. Upon his departure he was given a bag in which were inclosed all the winds except the western.

[1] Mrs. Morley, sister of Sir George Brown, who is the "Sir Plume" mentioned below.

[2] What is meant here? [3] Curling tongs.

[4] Headbands. [5] Curl papers fastened with lead.

[6] It was customary in so-called high society for fops to "toast" a lady of their set who was a noted beauty.

And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heightened by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand forever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow, 115
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;[1]
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!"
She said: then raging to Sir Plume[2] repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs 120
(Sir Plume, of amber snuffbox justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane):
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuffbox opened, then the case, 124
And then broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil!
Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapped his box.
"It grieves me much" (replied the peer again)
"Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain, 130
But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear[3]
(Which nevermore shall join its parted hair;
Which nevermore its honors shall renew,
Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew),
That while my nostrils draw the vital air, 135
This hand, which won it, shall forever wear."
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honors of her head.

[1] "In the sound of Bow," i.e., in the neighborhood of Grub Street. "The city was but one large butt for the jests of the 'wits;' while its immediate suburbs were the headquarters of that pinched and starved fraternity of scribblers between whom and Pope there was never peace" (HALES).

[2] Sir George Brown, Mrs. Morley's brother. He was angry that the poet should make him talk nothing but nonsense; and, in truth, one could not well blame him" (WARBURTON).

[3] "In allusion to Achilles' oath in Homer's Iliad, I." (POPE).

But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow. 140
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languishing, half drowned in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she raised; and thus she said:
"Forever cursed be this detested day, 145
Which snatched my best, my favorite curl away!
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed. 150
Oh had I rather unadmired remained
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn omber, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye, 155
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh had I stayed, and said my prayers at home!
'Twas this the morning omens seemed to tell:
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch box fell; 160
The tottering China shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph too warned me of the threats of Fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs! 165
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own; 170
Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands."

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had stopped the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fixed the Trojan[1] could remain, 5
While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain.[2]
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:
"Say, why are Beauties praised and honored most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10
Why decked with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels called, and angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaus?
Why bows the side box from its inmost rows?[3]
How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;
That men may say, when we the front box grace,
'Behold the first in virtue as in face!'
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charmed the smallpox, or chased old age away; 20
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay, 25
Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to gray;

[1] The Trojan hero Æneas.

[2] Anna, the sister of Queen Dido, besought Æneas not to abandon the queen, who had fallen in love with him. Cf. Æneid, IV. line 305 *et seq.*

[3] The men occupied the side rows of boxes at the play, and the women, it seems, the front rows. See line 17.

What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good humor still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good humor can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail. 30
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."
 So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries, 35
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin the attack:
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies. 40
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
 So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms; 45
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day! 50
 Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapped his glad wings, and sate to view the fight:
Propped on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
 While through the press enraged Thalestris flies, 55
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perished in the throng,
One died in metaphor,[1] and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair. 60

[1] Which died in metaphor? Point out the metaphor.

A mournful glance Sir Fopling upward cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's[1] flowery margin lies
The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
  When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down, 65
Chloë stepped in, and killed him with a frown;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau revived again.
  Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,[2]
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair: 70
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
  See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor feared the chief the unequal fight to try, 75
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw; 80
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome reëchoes to his nose.
  "Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried, 85
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal rings; which after, melted down,
Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown: 90
Her infant grandam's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;

[1] A river in Athens. What word is derived from it?

[2] Cf. Milton's Paradise Lost, IV. line 997: "Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales;" also Homer's Iliad, Bryant's translation, VIII. lines 83, 84.

Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)[1]
"Boast not my fall" (he cried), "insulting foe! 95
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah, let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive." 100
"Restore the Lock!" she cries; and all around
"Restore the Lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello[2] in so loud a strain
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed, 105
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blessed,
So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest? 110
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaus' in snuffboxes and tweezer cases.
There broken vows and deathbed alms are found, 115
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though marked by none but quick, poetic eyes 120
(So Rome's[3] great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus[3] alone confessed[4] in view):

[1] Lines 87–94. "In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's scepter in Homer" (POPE). Cf. Homer's Iliad, Bryant's translation, II. lines 129–138.

[2] Cf. Shakespeare's Othello, iii. iii.

[3] Romulus, the mythical founder of Rome, was, according to the myth, transported to the heavens during a thunderstorm. He appeared before Julius Proculus, in supernatural form.

[4] What does "confessed" mean here?

A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks[1] first rose so bright, 125
The heavens bespangling with disheveled[2] light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.
 This the beau monde shall from the Mall[3] survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray; 130
This the blessed lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.[4]
This Partridge[5] soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;[6]
And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom 135
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
 Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravished hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost. 140
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame, 145
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

[1] Coma Berenices, an ancient asterism.

[2] Literally, with disordered hair.

[3] "The Mall" was on the north side of St. James's Park.

[4] "Rosamonda's lake" was in St. James's Park, where now stand the Wellington Barracks. It was filled up in 1770. The line alludes to the fact that many suicides by drowning occurred there.

[5] "John Partridge was a ridiculous stargazer, who in his almanacs every year never failed to predict the downfall of the pope and the king of France, then at war with the English" (POPE).

[6] What is meant by "Galileo's eyes"?

AN ESSAY ON MAN

THE DESIGN.

Having proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's [1] expression) "come home to men's business and bosoms," I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering man in the abstract, his nature and his state, since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body: more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will forever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and I will venture to say they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rime, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious: that principles, maxims, or precepts so written both strike the reader more strongly at first and are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but is true: I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail without becoming dry and tedious, or more poetically without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published is only to be considered as a general map of man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains and clearing the passage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

[1] Lord Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans (1561–1626). His two greatest works are his Essays and Novum Organum.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

Of Man in the abstract—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relation of systems and things (verse 17, etc.). II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown (verse 35, etc.). III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends (verse 77, etc.). IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of His dispensations (verse 113, etc.). V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural (verse 131, etc.). VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes, though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable (verse 173, etc.). VII. That throughout the whole visible world an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties (verse 207). VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed (verse 233). IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire (verse 259). X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state (verse 281, etc., to the end).

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my St. John![1] leave all meaner things
To low ambition[2] and the pride of kings.
Let us, since life can little more supply,
Than just to look about us, and to die,[3]
Expatiate[4] free o'er all this scene of Man; 5
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;[5]
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;[6]
Or garden,[7] tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,[8]
Try what the open, what the covert yield; 10

[1] Henry St. John (pronounced *Sin'jen*), Viscount Bolingbroke. In the reign of Anne he was secretary of state, but on the accession of George I. exiled himself to escape a worse fate. Being pardoned, he returned from France in 1723, and renewed his intimacy with Pope, Swift, and other friends. His philosophy, both of religion and of morals, is considered unsound, but his style is admirable.

[2] "Low ambition," etc. The pursuit of it is far below the charms which belong to philosophic pursuits.

[3] Lines 3, 4. A periphrastic expression for the brevity of life.

[4] Wander *ad libitum*.

[5] Originally "A mighty maze of walks without a plan." Why was it changed?

[6] Explain the metaphors. [7] "Or garden," etc. What is the allusion?

[8] Metaphors drawn from field sports were frequent with older poets and prose writers. Are they in good taste?

The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;[1]
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can; 15
But vindicate the ways of God to man.[2]
I. Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?[3] 20
Through worlds unnumbered, though the God be known,[4]
'Tis ours to trace Him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs, 25
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied Being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame[5] the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Looked through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain,[6] that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?[7] 34
II. Presumptuous man! the reason would'st thou find,
Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?

[1] Imitated by Gray. (See Ode on the Spring, line 33.)

[2] "But vindicate," etc. Imitated from Milton. Cf. Paradise Lost, I. line 26. "This is a better description of the subject of the Essay than that of the title" (MARK PATTISON).

[3] Note the bad rime in this line, and also in others that follow.

[4] Lines 21–32. These lines contain many expressions taken verbatim from Bolingbroke.

[5] The universe as an orderly system.

[6] "The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove" (WALLER).

[7] Why ask so foolish a question?

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,[1]
Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade? 40
Or ask of yonder argent fields[2] above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?[3]
Of systems possible,[4] if 'tis confessed,
That Wisdom infinite[4] must form the best,
Where all must full, or not coherent be,[5] 45
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man:[6]
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong. 50
Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,[7]
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labored on with pain,[8]
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce; 55
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,

[1] Are "reason" and "guess" compatible?

[2] "Argent fields," Miltonic. Cf. Paradise Lost, III. line 460.

[3] Scan the line. "Sa-tel′li-tes" was so pronounced at the time. How many moons has Jupiter?

[4] "Systems possible," "Wisdom infinite." Are such inversions common with Pope?

[5] See lines 243, 244.

[6] "There must be," etc. "The supposition of a scale of beings gradually descending from perfection to nonentity, and complete in every intermediate rank and degree, if not first introduced by Leibnitz, was popularized by him. It is the consequence of the principle which Leibnitz called *lex continui*" (PATTISON).

[7] Lines 51, 52, are in accordance with the optimism of Leibnitz. See also lines 43, 44.

[8] "Verbatim from Bolingbroke" (WARTON).

Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60
  When the proud steed shall know why man restrains [1]
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god: [2]
  Then shall man's pride and dullness comprehend 65
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
  Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:[3] 70
His knowledge measured to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there? [4]
The blessed to-day is as completely so, 75
As who began a thousand years ago.[5]
  III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being [6] here below? 80

[1] Lines 61–68 are an example of brilliant illustration, but not of argument. "Here a difficulty in the scheme of human life is not met by other positions that man is placed in, which might reconcile us to the difficulty, but by two comparisons poetically striking, but logically unsatisfying" (BAIN).

[2] The sacred bull kept at Memphis, called "Apis" by the Greeks.

[3] "As he ought." Supply "to be." "Ought" for the sake of the rime, the *l* being silent in "fault."

[4] Lines 73, 74, are badly expressed and therefore obscure.

[5] Lines 75, 76. Dryden, translating Lucretius' Against the Fear of Death, has:

> "The man as much to all intents is dead,
> Who dies to-day, and will as long be so,
> As he who died a thousand years ago."

[6] Existence.

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason,[1] would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given, 85
That each may fill the circle[2] marked by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,[3]
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90
  Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions[4] soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death;[5] and God adore.
What future bliss,[6] He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.[7]
Hope springs eternal in the human breast: 95
Man never Is, but always To be blessed.
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
  Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind[8]
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind; 100
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray[9]
Far as the solar walk[10] or Milky Way;

[1] In what sense used here?

[2] "Fill the circle," i.e., do his appointed work.

[3] Cf. St. Matt. x. 29. Pope seems not to have remembered verse 31.

[4] "Trembling pinions." Explain the metaphor. Gray has, in the Elegy, line 127, "trembling hope."

[5] Cf. I. Cor. xiii. 12.

[6] "What future bliss" shall be, or in what it shall consist.

[7] Lines 94–96. Hope is desire with expectation, and eternal happiness hereafter is its proper object.

[8] These lines (99–112) have been much admired, and justly so, because in them the poet seems to be moved by a genuine emotion. See also Epistle IV. lines 173, 174.

[9] What is the idea?

[10] "Solar walk," the path of the sun. Gray has "the solar road," Progress of Poesy, line 54.

Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced, 105
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.[1]
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire;[2] 110
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog[3] shall bear him company.[4]

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such, 115
Say, Here He gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there: 120
Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,[5]
Rejudge His justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride,[6] our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blessed abodes,[7] 125
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against the Eternal Cause. 130

[1] The line was probably suggested by the bloody Spanish conquests in South America.

[2] "Seraph's fire," i.e., intellectual light; wisdom.

[3] Was the dog native to the New World?

[4] See Note 8, p. 61.

[5] "The balance and the rod," judgment and punishment.

[6] Would not "*unreasoning* pride" be more exact?

[7] Lines 125–128 allude to the fall of the angels. Pope, following the

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,[1]
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew 135
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies." 140
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,[2]
When earthquakes[3] swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No" ('tis replied), "the first Almighty Cause 145
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
The exceptions few; some change[4] since all began:
And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can man do less? 150
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men forever temperate, calm, and wise.

opinion of a majority of the fathers of the church, ascribes the fall to pride. Milton makes Satan the personification of pride.

[1] Lines 131–140 form one of the most vivid passages in the poem. Pope is accused of bad taste in line 140. (See Isa. lxvi. 1.) If these bounties of nature were not intended for man's use, what was their purpose? Cf. Whittier's The Barefoot Boy, lines 48–68.

[2] "Lines 142–144 are an example of energy of style, and of Pope's manner of compressing together many images without confusion and without superfluous epithets" (WARTON).

[3] Refers to the earthquake in Chile, February, 1732, lasting twenty-seven days, swallowing up the city of St. Jago and most of its people.

[4] "Some change," etc., an awkward expression.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,[1] 155
Why then a Borgia,[2] or a Catiline?[3]
Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon[4] loose to scourge mankind? 160
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit.
  Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, 165
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discomposed the mind.
But all[5] subsists by elemental strife;[6]
And passions are the elements of life. 170
The general Order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.
  VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more;[7]
Now looking downward, just as grieved appears, 175
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.

[1] The doctrine set forth in lines 155–170 has been both strongly condemned and defended. Pope wrote in accordance with the faith that he professed.

[2] Cardinal Cæsar Borgia, a natural son of Pope Alexander VI., was a human monster. He killed his brother, and attempted to poison twelve of his brother cardinals. He and the pope by mistake drank of the wine. The pope died, but he recovered. He was killed in battle, 1507.

[3] Lucius Sergius Catiline (B.C. 108–61), author of a conspiracy which made his name infamous. He was killed in battle.

[4] Alexander the Great. When he visited the temple of Jupiter Ammon in the Libyan Desert, the priests of the temple saluted him as the son of their deity.

[5] The natural world or universe.

[6] The conflict of the elements, air, fire, water, earth.

[7] Cf. Ps. viii. 5.

Made for his use, all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these, without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assigned; 180
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;[1]
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own: 185
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all?
  The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?[2]
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given, 195
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,[3]
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain? 200
If Nature thundered in his opening ears,
And stunned him with the music of the spheres,[4]

[1] "Here with degrees of swiftness," etc. "It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are formed for strength their swiftness is lessened, or as they are formed for swiftness their strength is abated" (POPE).

[2] "That particular expression 'microscopic eye,' and the whole reasoning of this astonishing piece of poetry, is taken from Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, Book II. chap. xxiii. sec. 12" (WAKEFIELD).

[3] Lines 197–200 are too elliptical to be entirely clear in meaning. Express the thoughts in plain terms.

[4] A favorite poetic conceit. It was a fancy of the Pythagoreans that the

How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill![1]
Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 205
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:[2]
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,[3]
From the green myriads in the peopled grass: 210
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,[4]
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew? 220
How instinct varies in the groveling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason, what a nice[5] barrier!
Forever separate, yet forever near!

planets, in their revolutions, sounded a note, high or low, according to their nearness to the sun, thus making a complete octave. Cf. Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, v. i.

[1] Observe the beauty of expression. [2] Cf. lines 47, 48.

[3] "Observe the exquisite choice of expression in lines 209–222, which will bear comparison with the most subtle passages of Vergil. The harmony of the whole is interrupted, to our ear, in line 223, by the foreign accent on 'barrier,' a word which is now thoroughly naturalized, and accented on the first syllable" (PATTISON).

[4] "The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this: At their first going out in the nighttime they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable that the story of the jackal's hunting for the lion was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal" (POPE). [5] Hardly distinguishable.

Remembrance and reflection, how allied; 225
What thin partitions sense from thought[1] divide;
And middle natures, how they long to join,[2]
Yet never pass the insuperable line![3]
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee? 230
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?[4]

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick,[5] and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go! 235
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of Being! which from God began,[6]
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass[7] can reach; from infinite to thee, 240
From thee to nothing. On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall. 250

1 "Sense from thought," i.e., sensation from reason.

2 "There is a gradation from man through various forms of sense, intelligence, and reason, up to beings whose rank in the intellectual system is even above our conceptions" (BOLINGBROKE).

3 What is "the insuperable line"?

4 "Is not thy reason," etc., false psychology. Reason is not a union of all these powers, but is a power far different from any of them, and superior to them all together.

5 "Quick" is used in its nearly obsolete sense of "alive."

6 Cf. lines 33, 34.

7 Microscope.

Let[1] earth, unbalanced, from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their center nod, 255
And Nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread Order break—for whom? for thee?[2]
Vile worm!—O madness! pride! impiety!
IX. What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head? 260
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame;
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains 265
The great directing Mind of All ordains.[3]
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,[4]
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That,[5] changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame; 270
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;

[1] In this, and line 253, the word seems to be concessive, and each succeeding line is resultant.

[2] In lines 257, 258 Pope tries to be indignant, and succeeds only in being bombastic.

[3] "Just as absurd," etc. If the vices and frantic passions of "a Borgia, or a Catiline," are necessary to the harmony of the universe, why should the milder passions, pity, grief, etc., be absurd?

[4] The doctrine of lines 267–280 is an expression of pure pantheism. It is marred only by the antithesis "hair as heart."

[5] What is the antecedent of "that"?

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:[1]
To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects and equals all.[2] 280

X. Cease then, nor Order Imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit: in this, or any other sphere, 285
Secure[3] to be as blessed as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;[4]
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see; 290
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:[5]
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.[6]

[1] "The rapt seraph," etc. See Note 2, p. 62.

[2] See Note 4, p. 68.

[3] "Secure," sure; certain; confident.

[4] Lines 289–292 are excellent examples of antithesis.

[5] See p. 63, line 146.

[6] See Epistle I. line 52; Epistle IV. lines 141, 384. "Whatever is, is right," rather silences than satisfies.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HIMSELF, AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

I. The business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature; his powers and frailties (verses 1–19). The limits of his capacity (verse 19, etc.). II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary (verse 53, etc.). Self-love the stronger, and why (verse 67, etc.). Their end the same (verse 81, etc.). III. The Passions, and their use (verses 93–130). The predominant passion, and its force (verses 132–160). Its necessity in directing men to different purposes (verse 165, etc.). Its providential use in fixing our principle and ascertaining our virtue (verse 177). IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident; what is the office of reason (verses 202–216). V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it (verse 217). VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections (verse 231, etc.). How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men (verse 241). How useful they are to society (verse 251), and to individuals (verse 263), in every state and every age of life (verse 273, etc.).

EPISTLE II.

I. KNOW then thyself,[1] presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is Man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,[2]
A Being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Skeptic[3] side, 5
With too much weakness for the Stoic's[4] pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err; 10
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,[5]
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confused;[6]
Still by himself abused[7] or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;[8] 15
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

[1] "Know then thyself." This is the oldest saying recorded in philosophy.

[2] Man is the connecting link between God and the brute creation.

[3] One that professes to doubt all things.

[4] One who accepted things as they happened and made the best of his surroundings. The Stoic considered himself as partaker in the nature of God; hence "pride."

[5] This line is too condensed to be perfectly clear.

[6] Lines 13–18. Contrast Hamlet, ii. ii.: "What a piece of work is a man!" etc.

[7] Deceived. [8] "Half to rise," etc., soul, body.

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; 20
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time,[1] and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,[2]
To the first good, first perfect, and first[3] fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod, 25
And quitting sense call imitating God;[4]
As Eastern priests[5] in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool![6] 30
Superior beings, when of late they saw[7]
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a Newton as we show an ape.
Could he,[8] whose rules the rapid comet bind, 35
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas what wonder! Man's superior part[9]
Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art; 40

[1] "Correct old Time." Refers to the reform of the calendar. The New Style was adopted in Germany in 1700, but in England not until 1752.

[2] "Empyreal sphere," i.e., the seventh sphere, or heaven, which was of the nature of fire. It was the home of the soul after death.

[3] "First," origin of all the others.

[4] An allusion to the Neoplatonic philosophy, which sought union with God by contemplation and ecstasy, through disregard of the promptings of the senses.

[5] Worshipers of the sun god.

[6] Notice Pope's frequent use of this word.

[7] Lines 31–34 are intended as a satire on the Newtonian theory of the universe. Newton's Principia was first published in 1687. The comparison in the last of these lines is not pleasing.

[8] Sir Isaac Newton (1642–1727), the famous English philosopher, who discovered the law of universal gravitation; he determined also the orbits of comets.

[9] The intellect.

But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.
  Trace Science[1] then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;[2]
Deduct what is but vanity or dress, 45
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole or lop the excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;[3] 50
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which served the past, and must the times to come!
  II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 55
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operations still,
Ascribe all good; to their improper, ill.
  Self-love, the spring of motion,[4] acts[5] the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60
Man, but for that,[6] no action could attend,
And, but for this,[7] were active to no end:
Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,[8]
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void, 65
Destroying others, by himself destroyed.
  Most strength the moving principle[9] requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.

1 "Trace Science," i.e., follow learning.

2 Lines 45–52. Had Pope wanted an example of the abuse of learning, he could have found one at home.

3 That is, of those luxuries which our vices have created into arts.

4 "Spring of motion," i.e., motive of action.

5 Actuates.

6 Self-love.

7 Reason.

8 The grammatical connections in lines 63–66 are not very close.

9 Self-love.

Sedate and quiet the comparing[1] lies,
Formed but to check, deliberate, and advise. 70
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;[2]
Reason's at distance and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng, 75
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;[3]
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains. 80
Let subtle schoolmen[4] teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense[5] and reason split,[6]
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name, 85
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower: 90
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.
III. Modes of self-love the Passions we may call:
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,[7] 95
And reason bids us for our own provide,

[1] "The comparing," i.e., reason.
[2] The meaning of lines 71, 72, is explained in the succeeding couplet.
[3] What is the subject of "gains"?
[4] "Schoolmen." Not the school divines of the Middle Ages, but all moralists.
[5] Senses.
[6] The rime is the only excuse for the word.
[7] Share with another.

Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,[1]
List[2] under reason, and deserve her care:
Those, that imparted,[3] court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.[4] 100
  In lazy apathy[5] let Stoics boast
Their virtue fixed; 'tis fixed as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
The rising tempest[6] puts in act the soul, 105
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.[7]
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card,[8] but passion is the gale:
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110
  Passions, like elements, though born to fight,[9]
Yet, mixed and softened, in His work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that reason keep to Nature's road, 115
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.

[1] Selfish aims, if pursued honorably, deserve the approval of reason.

[2] Old form of "enlist."

[3] The word has nearly the same meaning as "divide" in line 95.

[4] If the passion, selfish though it be, imparts or brings good to others, it becomes a virtue. The love of glory in war, for example, if pursued in defense of one's country, becomes *patriotism*.

[5] Indifference; insensibility. The epithet "lazy" is inapt. The apathy of the Stoics was a calm, unruffled by circumstances,—a state of mind gained by rigid discipline,—the ideal of the "wise" man.

[6] Passion.

[7] "Parts it may ravage," etc. Alluding to the effect of a hurricane in purifying and restoring the atmospheric equilibrium.

[8] The dial or face of a compass.

[9] Lowell, quoting the passage lines 111–120, says: "And not seldom he is satisfied with the music of the verse, without much regard to fitness of imagery. Here Reason is represented as an apothecary compounding pills of 'Pleasure's smiling train' and 'the family of Pain.' In the following couplet he takes his illustration from the art of painting."

Love, hope, and joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of Pain,
These mixed with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:[1] 120
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and color of our life.
  Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;[2]
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125
The whole employ of body and of mind.[3]
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different senses, different objects strike;
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame; 130
And hence one Master Passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.[4]
  As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,[5]
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length; 135
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its Ruling Passion, came;
Each vital humor which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul: 140
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

[1] See Note 9, p. 75.

[2] "Pleasures are ever," etc. See Epistle I. lines 95, 96.

[3] "The whole employ," etc. Whether we pursue virtue or vice, pleasure is the end in view.

[4] Alluding to the contest in magic between Moses and the magicians of Pharaoh. The former seems to have been more accomplished in magic. (Cf. Exod. vii.)

[5] "The moment of his breath," i.e., with his first breath; at birth.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse; 145
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As Heaven's blessed beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects, though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen[1] some favorite still obey: 150
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,[2]
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 155
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humors gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out. 160
Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferred;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe;
A mightier power[3] the strong direction sends, 165
And several[4] men impels to several ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tossed,
This[5] drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease; 170
Through life 'tis followed, even at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.
The Eternal Art, educing good from ill, 175
Grafts on this passion our best principle:

[1] Reason. [2] If she does not defend as well as direct.
[3] The "Ruling Passion." [4] Different.
[5] The "mightier power."

'Tis thus the mercury of man[1] is fixed,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mixed:
The dross cements what else were too refined,
And in one interest body acts with mind. 180
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear 185
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal, and fortitude supply;
Ev'n avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind; 190
Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learned or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride) 195
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero[2] reigns a Titus,[3] if he will.
The fiery soul abhorred in Catiline,[4]
In Decius[5] charms, in Curtius[6] is divine:[7] 200

[1] "Mercury of man," i.e., his instability.

[2] Nero (A.D. 54–68), Roman emperor, noted for his tyranny.

[3] Titus Vespasianus (A.D. 40–81), Roman emperor, called "the delight of mankind."

[4] See Note 3, p. 64.

[5] P. Decius Mus, a Roman consul who, in B.C. 337, rushed to his death in battle because victory was foretold for the army whose general should fall.

[6] Marcus Curtius, one of Rome's legendary heroes. A chasm having been opened in the Forum by an earthquake in B.C. 362, it was announced by the soothsayers that it could not be closed till Rome's greatest treasure was cast in. Curtius, declaring that a brave citizen in arms was the greatest treasure the state could possess, leaped into the chasm, which closed after him.

[7] "There is no special propriety of allusion in lines 198–200; hence the

The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
IV. This light and darkness in our chaos joined,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.[1]
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,[2] 205
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice. 210
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain; 215
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.
V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.[3] 220
But where the extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;[4]
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.[5]
No creature owns it in the first degree, 225
But thinks his neighbor further gone than he:
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;

passage is weak. We feel that many other names would have served the purpose as well" (PATTISON).

[1] "The God within the mind," i.e., conscience rather than reason.

[2] Give some examples of this.

[3] There are better men and greater poets than Pope who do not think so. Cf. Dryden's Hind and Panther, I. 33.

[4] From this illustration Pope suggests that virtue and vice are not absolute, but only relative.

[5] "The Lord knows where" is in bad taste.

What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

VI. Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill; 235
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal;
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole.
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints the effect of every vice; 240
That, happy[1] frailties to all ranks applied,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise, 245
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests to resign;
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbor with himself.

[1] Propitious, same as Latin *felix*, not *beatus*.

The learned is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given, 265
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blessed, the poet in his Muse. 270
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestowed on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,[1] 275
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs,[2] garters,[3] gold,[4] amuse his riper stage,
And beads[5] and prayer books are the toys of age: 280
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied, 285
And each vacuity of sense by pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain; 290
Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, Though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

[1] Lines 275–282 would have made an admirable ending for the epistle.
[2] Badges of honor. [3] Insignia of knighthood.
[4] Wealth. [5] The rosary.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO SOCIETY.

I. The whole universe one system of society (verse 7, etc.). Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another (verse 27). The happiness of animals mutual (verse 49). II. Reason and instinct operate alike to the good of each individual (verse 79). III. Reason and instinct operate also to society in all animals (verse 109). How far society carried by instinct (verse 115). How much further by reason (verse 129). IV. Of that which is called the state of nature (verse 145). Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts (verse 167), and in the forms of society (verse 177). V. Origin of political societies (verse 197). Origin of monarchy (verse 207). VI. Patriarchal government (verse 213). Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle of love (verse 229, etc.). Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear (verse 239, etc.). The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good (verse 267). Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle (verse 281). Mixed government (verse 287). Various forms of each, and the true end of all (verse 301, etc.).

EPISTLE III.

Here then we rest: "The Universal Cause[1]
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim[2] of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day; 5
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

I. Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic[3] Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,[4] 10
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Formed and impelled its neighbor to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one center still, the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain, 15
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die),
Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20
Nothing is foreign: parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul

[1] "In several editions this line reads: 'Learn, Dullness, learn! "The Universal Cause,"' etc." (Warburton).

[2] "Trim" here seems to suggest "pomp."

[3] Formative; here properly used in an active sense.

[4] A concise statement of the attraction of cohesion, or perhaps of chemical affinity.

Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All served, all serving: nothing stands alone: 25
The chain [1] holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! worked solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn: 30
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat? [2]
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer: 40
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labors of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children shall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warmed a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!" 45
"See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control;
Be Man the wit and tyrant of the whole: 50
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?

[1] Cf. Dryden's Palamon and Arcite, III. line 1030, and Homer's Iliad, Bryant's translation, VIII. lines 20–31.

[2] Cf. Gray's Ode on the Spring, line 5.

Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings? 55
Or hears the hawk when Philomela[1] sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride: 60
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
The extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves:
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 65
And, till he ends the being, makes it blessed;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favored man by touch ethereal[2] slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er! 70

To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,[3]
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour concealed, and so remote the fear, 75
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle![4] that Heaven assigned
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with Reason or with Instinct blessed,[5]
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best; 80

[1] "Philomela," the nightingale. Read the legend of Procne and Philomela.

[2] "Touch ethereal," i.e., the lightning's stroke. "Several of the ancients, and many of the Orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as *sacred* persons and the particular favorites of Heaven" (POPE). Pope seems to have overlooked the fact that the Latin word *sacer* means also "accursed." The Greeks regarded lightning as an expression of the wrath of Zeus.

[3] See Epistle I. line 77, for the same idea.

[4] "Paradox" would be more exact than "miracle."

[5] The difference between reason and instinct is very elaborately set forth

To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportioned to their end.
Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best, 85
Cares not for service, or but serves when pressed,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human wit; 90
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labors at in vain.
This too serves always, reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers 95
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.
Who taught the nations of the field and flood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food? 100
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave,[1] or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as Demoivre,[2] without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore 105
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?

in the eighteen lines following. The felicity of expression largely countervails the tediousness of detail. Line 94 is as noticeable for its diction as for its terseness.

[1] The ancients thought that the halcyon, or kingfisher, built its nest on the waves.

[2] An eminent mathematician (1667–1754), a French Huguenot. Driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he took up his residence in London. He became an intimate friend of Newton, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. Newton had the highest admiration for Demoivre's ability and learning.

Who calls the council,[1] states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds: 110
But as He framed a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
So from the first, eternal Order ran,
And creature linked to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quickening ether[2] keeps,[3] 115
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismissed to wander earth or air, 125
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care:
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands: 130
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest, and the love:
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;[4]

[1] The congregating of the storks before their departure for southern climes is a strange phenomenon.

[2] In astronomical physics, ether is supposed to pervade space. Ancient philosophers regarded it as the principle of life. Cf. Vergil's Æneid, VI. line 728.

[3] Note lines 115–118 and 119–122. A sentence containing four verses is unusually long for Pope. In these two the thoughts are not clearly expressed.

[4] Cf. Epistle II. line 183.

And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise, 135
That graft benevolence on charities.[1]
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These natural love maintained, habitual those:
The last, scarce ripened into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began: 140
Memory and forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combined,
Still spread the interest and preserved the kind.
IV. Nor think in Nature's state they blindly trod; 145
The state of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.[2]
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walked with beast, joint tenant of the shade;[3] 150
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder clothed him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymned their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstained, with gold undressed, 155
Unbribed, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.

[1] Affections.

[2] The social instinct was the "cohesive attraction" of the moral world.

[3] "'Man walked with beast, joint tenant of the shade.' The poet still takes his imagery from Platonic ideas. Plato had said, from old tradition, that during the Golden Age and under the reign of Saturn the primitive language in use was common to men and beasts. Moral philosophers took this in the popular sense, and so invented those fables which give speech to the whole brute creation. The naturalists understood the tradition to signify that in the first ages men used inarticulate sounds like beasts to express their wants and sensations, and that it was by slow degrees they came to the use of speech. This opinion was afterwards held by Lucretius, Diodorus Siculus, and Gregory of Nyssa" (WARBURTON).

Ah! how unlike the man of times to come![1]
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb; 160
Who, foe to Nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds;
The fury passions[2] from that blood began, 165
And turned on man a fiercer savage, man.
See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
To copy instinct then was reason's part;
Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake:
"Go, from the creatures thy instructions take: 170
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,[3] 175
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind:
Here subterranean works and cities see;
There towns aërial on the waving tree. 180
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ants' republic, and the realm of bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know;
And these forever, though a monarch reign, 185
Their separate cells and properties maintain.

[1] It may suit Pope's poetic purpose to inveigh, in lines 159–166, against the use of animal food; but it is well known that he entertained no such views as here expressed. We may suppose it is indicative of his inherent insincerity.

[2] "Fury passions." Cf. Gray's Ode on Eton College, line 61; also his Progress of Poesy, line 16.

[3] The idea that the nautilus lifts its feet and spreads a membrane to act as a sail is no longer entertained. It sometimes uses its feet, however, as oars,

Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as Nature, and as fixed as Fate.
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law, 190
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
And for those arts mere instinct could afford, 195
Be crowned as Monarchs, or as Gods adored."

V. Great Nature spoke; observant man obeyed;
Cities were built, societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and joined through love or fear. 200
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,
And he returned a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and love mankind might strongly draw, 205
When love was liberty, and Nature law.
Thus states were formed; the name of King unknown,
Till common interest placed the sway in one,
'Twas Virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms), 210
The same which in a sire the sons obeyed,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by Nature crowned, each patriarch sate,
King, priest, and parent of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung, 215
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wondering[1] furrow called the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of the abyss profound,[2]
Or fetch the aërial eagle to the ground. 220

[1] Wonder-working. [2] "Abyss profound," a Miltonic expression.

Till drooping,[1] sickening,[1] dying [1] they began
Whom they revered as God to mourn as man.
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explored
One great first Father, and that first adored:
Or plain tradition, that this All begun, 225
Conveyed unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one.
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,[2]
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right; 230
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And owned a father when he owned a God.
Love, all the faith and all the allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in men,[3]
No ill could fear in God; and understood 235
A sovereign being, but a sovereign good:
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of man.
Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone,
The enormous [4] faith of many made for one; 240
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
To invert the world, and counterwork its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest law;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid, 245
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made:
She, 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rocked the mountains, and when groaned the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they: 250

[1] These words limit "whom," in line 222, of which the antecedent is "patriarch," in line 213.

[2] Alludes to the effect of a prism on a ray of light.

[3] The belief in the "divine right of kings" disappeared forever in England in 1688.

[4] Contrary to all laws or rules.

She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fixed the dreadful, there the blessed abodes:
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust, 255
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, formed like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride. 260
Then sacred seemed the ethereal vault no more:
Altars grew marble then, and reeked with gore:
Then first the Flamen[1] tasted living food;
Next his grim idol smeared with human blood;
With Heaven's own thunders shook the world below, 265
And played the god an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, through just and through unjust,
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws. 270
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves[2] one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain: 275
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forced into virtue thus, by self-defense,
Ev'n kings learned justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good. 280

'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of humankind,

[1] A priest devoted to the service of a particular god; here simply "a priest."

[2] Avails.

Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral Nature gave[1] before;
Relumed her ancient light, not kindled new; 285
If not God's image, yet His shadow drew;
Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too: 290
Till jarring interests of themselves create
The according music of a well-mixed state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made 295
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blessed;
Draw to one point, and to one center bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king. 300
  For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best:
For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In faith and hope the world will disagree, 305
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end:
And all of God that bless mankind, or mend.
  Man, like the generous vine, supported lives:
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives. 310
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
  Thus God and Nature linked the general frame, 315
And bade self-love and social be the same.

[1] Given.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

I. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered from verse 19 to 26. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all (verse 29). God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since He governs by general, not particular, laws (verse 35). As it is necessary for order and the peace and welfare of society that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these (verse 49). But notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear (verse 67). III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage (verse 77). The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune (verse 93). IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter His general laws in favor of particulars (verse 117). V. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest (verse 127, etc.). VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue (verse 163). That even these can make no man happy without virtue: instanced in riches (verse 181); honors (verse 189); nobility (verse 201); greatness (verse 207); fame (verse 227); superior talents (verse 249, etc.). With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all (verse 259, etc.). VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness whose object is universal and whose prospect eternal (verse 299). That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter (verse 317, etc.).

EPISTLE IV.

O Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,[1]
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,[2] 5
O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropped below,[3]
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some Court's propitious shine,[4]
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?[5] 10
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels[6] yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests[7] of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere,[8] 15
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free;
And, fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.

[1] "The eternal sigh," i.e., the "hope" (cf. Epistle I. line 95) that "springs eternal in the human breast." [2] Cf. Epistle II. line 125.

[3] Note the metaphor. Is it satisfactory?

[4] "Shine," a substantive; "sheen" but for the rime.

[5] "In the flaming mine," a poetic fancy that the diamond illuminates the mine.

[6] Poetic fame. Parnassus was a mountain in Greece, sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

[7] "Iron harvests," etc., military glory. Cf. Dryden's All for Love, i. i.: "The noble harvest of the field."

[8] "Sincere," i.e., pure; unalloyed.

I. Ask of the learn'd the way? the learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;[1] 20
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
II. Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave:
All states[2] can reach it,[3] and all heads[4] conceive; 30
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.
Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause 35
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;"
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist, not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But someway leans and hearkens to the kind: 40
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No caverned hermit, rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think, 45
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

[1] "Though all the schools were agreed that happiness was the supreme good, yet there was a vast variety of opinion as to what happiness consisted in. Varro (B.C. 116–28) reckoned two hundred and eighty-eight different opinions which had been, or might be, held on the point" (PATTISON).

[2] Conditions. [3] "It," i.e., "Nature's path." [4] Intellects.

Order is Heaven's first law; and this confessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, 50
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase; 55
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.[1]
Condition,[2] circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defense, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend: 60
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts, if each alike possessed,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant, 65
God in externals could not place content.[3]
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy called, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope, and these in fear: 70
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.
O sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies?[4]
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys, 75
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

[1] Cf. Epistle I. line 169. [2] Rank.

[3] "Content" in this sense usually pronounced *con'tent;* literally, "that which is contained;" hence, the attributes which constitute the meaning of a thing. Thus the old Greek philosophers were agreed in calling happiness the end of human life, but they differed in their definition of happiness, that is, in interpreting its content. See lines 19–28, and Note 1, p. 96.

[4] Alluding to the Titans' attempt to scale Olympus.

III. Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence. 80
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O Virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these [1] less taste [2] them, as they worse [3] obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blessed or cursed,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all the advantage [4] prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains: 90
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe! [5]
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blessed.
But fools the good alone unhappy call, [6]
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland [7] dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike [8] Turenne [9] prostrate on the dust! 100

[1] The bad. [2] Enjoy.

[3] "Worse," here an adverb limiting "obtain," means "by worse means."

[4] Mere temporal success.

[5] That is, that bliss accompanies vice, and woe, virtue.

[6] Note the ambiguity of the line.

[7] Lord Falkland (1610–1643), an English politician, at first sided with the popular party against the king, but afterwards seceded from that party. He was killed at the first battle of Newbury.

[8] The epithet is of doubtful propriety.

[9] "Henry, Vicomte de Turenne (1611–1675), marshal of France, after commanding the French armies in the latter part of the Thirty Years' War, raised his military fame to the highest pitch, without preserving it intact from

See Sidney[1] bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby![2] sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire, 105
Why, full of days and honor, lives the sire?[3]
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop[4] purer breath,
When Nature sickened, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?[5] 110
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.[6]
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,[7]
Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall, 115
Short, and but rare, till man improved it all.
IV. Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause
Prone for His favorites to reverse His laws?

the blot of barbarous conduct, in the Alsatian and Palatinate campaigns developed out of the peace of Westphalia. He was struck dead by a cannon ball at Salzbach in Baden in 1675, and was buried among the kings of France at St. Denis" (WARD).

1 Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586), famous English author and general, was mortally wounded in the glorious but useless cavalry charge at Zutphen in 1586. He wrote the Arcadia, a Defence of Poesie, and one hundred and eight sonnets, remarkable for beauty of diction and nobility of sentiment. The anecdote of his generosity to a dying soldier is well known.

2 The Hon. Robert Digby, third son of Lord Digby; he died in 1726.

3 The sire was Sir William Digby, who died in 1752.

4 "M. de Belsunce (1671–1755) was made bishop of Marseilles in 1709. In the plague of that city, in the year 1720, he distinguished himself by his zeal and activity, being the pastor, the physician, and the magistrate of his flock, while that horrid calamity prevailed. After receiving extraordinary distinctions in recognition of his services both from the pope and King Louis XV., he died in the year 1755" (WARTON).

5 Edith Pope, mother of the poet, died at the age of ninety-one, in 1733, the year this poem was finished. She was noted for her piety and charity.

6 See also Epistle I. line 150.

7 Cf. Epistle I. line 292.

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,[1]
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires? 120
On air or sea new motions be impressed,
Oh blameless Bethel![2] to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall, 125
For Chartres'[3] head reserve the hanging wall?
V. But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree. 130
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin[4] Heaven's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell;

[1] "One of many accounts of the death of the philosopher Empedocles (B.C. 444) was that he threw himself into one of the craters of Ætna. But the words 'if a sage requires' are not appropriate to the story of Empedocles, who did not approach the volcano from curiosity, but was anxious to be taken for a god. The expression would suit Pliny, the Roman naturalist, who lost his life (A.D. 79) by approaching too close to the sulphuric fumes during an eruption. But then it was not Ætna, but Vesuvius, which was fatal to Pliny, in the great eruption by which Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed. It is possible that we have here a confused allusion to two different facts,— to the legend of Empedocles, and the authentic account of the death of Pliny" (PATTISON).

[2] Hugh Bethel, of Yorkshire, one of Pope's intimate friends. He was afflicted with asthma. Pope alludes to this passage in a letter written to Mr. Bethel shortly after the death of Pope's mother: "I have now too much melancholy leisure, and no other care but to finish my Essay on Man. There will be in it but one line that will offend you (I fear), and yet I will not alter it or omit it, unless you come to town and prevent it."

[3] "A man infamous for all manner of vices, who acquired an immense fortune by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind" (POPE). He died in 1731.

[4] John Calvin (1509–1564), celebrated Protestant reformer and theologian, born in Picardy, France. He was a man of remarkable erudition.

If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod, 135
This cries, There is, and that, There is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blessed.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine. 140
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;[1]
And which more blessed? who chained his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sighed to lose a day?[2]
"But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed." 145
What then? is the reward of virtue bread?
That vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain. 150
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—shall the good want health, the good want power?"
Add health and power, and every earthly thing: 155
"Why bounded power? why private? why no king?[3]
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?"
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while He has more to give; 160
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

[1] Cæsar is the type of the bad, and Titus (see Note 3, p. 78) of the good. The allusion is to Addison's Cato, v. i.

[2] Suetonius (Life of Titus, § 8) relates that, recollecting at supper that he had conferred no favor on any one during the day, Titus exclaimed: "My friends, I have lost a day!"

[3] "Why private," etc. Why is he a private person? Why is he not a king?

VI. What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,[1]
Is virtue's prize. A better would you fix? 165
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.[2]
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
With the same trash[3] mad mortals wish for here? 170
The Boy and Man an individual makes,[4]
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life[5]
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assigned, 175
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one! 180
To whom can Riches give repute, or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind, 185
The lover and the love of humankind,
Whose life is healthful and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants[6] a thousand pounds a year.
Honor and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part, there all the honor lies. 190

[1] Cf. Gray's Ode on Eton College, line 44.

[2] "Public spirit" seems to be here used in the sense of ambition. Desire for a crown is cured by its possession.

[3] "Trash," i.e., coach and six, sword, gown, crown. The passage savors of affectation.

[4] "Makes," i.e., becomes; rightly singular.

[5] Cf. Epistle I. line 99.

[6] Lacks.

Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts[1] in rags, one flutters[1] in brocade;[1]
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned. 194
"What differ more" (you cry) "than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather[2] or prunella.[2] 200
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards? 205
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.[3]
Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness lies.
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman[4] to the Swede;[5] 210

[1] "Flaunts . . . flutters," for exactness should be interchanged. Pope first wrote:

> "Oft of two brothers, one shall be surveyed
> Flutt'ring in rags, one flaunting in brocade."

[2] "Leather" and "prunella" suggest the cobbler and the parson. The gown of the latter was made of stuff called prunella.

[3] Henry Howard (1517–1547), earl of Surrey, was a soldier, scholar, and poet. He was beheaded on a false charge of treason.

[4] "Macedonia's madman," i.e., Alexander the Great (B.C. 356–323), king of Macedon. "Truth is here sacrificed to alliteration. The overthrow of the Persian empire was not the enterprise of a madman. Pope, however, was not peculiar in forming this erroneous estimate" (PATTISON).

[5] "The epithet 'madman,' which has adhered to Alexander the Great, ought to have been joined to 'the Swede.' The instance of Charles XII. (1682–1718), king of Sweden, is more appropriate than most of the historical examples pitched upon by Pope in the Essay. Charles XII.'s extraordinary career was still recent; he was killed at Frederikshald, 1718" (PATTISON).

The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.[1]
No less alike the politic and wise; 215
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great: 220
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.[2]
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius[3] let him reign, or bleed 225
Like Socrates,[4] that man is great indeed.
What's Fame? A fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown,
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own. 230
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene[5] living, as a Cæsar dead;

[1] If Pope endeavored to express contempt, he succeeded only in being vulgar. Alexander was a man of farseeing political sagacity.

[2] The "wickedly wise" is "the more a knave;" the "madly brave" is "the more a fool."

[3] Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (A.D. 121–180), emperor of Rome from 161 to his death. "Whatever may have been the errors of judgment into which he was led, his character remains one of the purest and noblest in the history of the empire of which he witnessed the first decline" (WARD).

[4] Socrates did not "bleed." What was the manner of his death?

[5] Prince Eugene of Savoy (1663–1736), a celebrated Austrian general. "He was the commander of the imperial armies in the War of the Spanish Succession, and the joint hero with Marlborough of Blenheim and Malplaquet" (WARD).

Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine, 235
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;[1]
An honest man's the noblest work of God.[2]
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,[3]
As Justice tears his body from the grave; 240
When what to oblivion better were resigned,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs 245
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus[4] exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In Parts[5] superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? 250
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own:

[1] "Alluding to the pen with which the wit writes, and the baton which was the symbol of authority of the general" (PATTISON). Elwin gives a different interpretation. He says: "Pope is deriding fame in general, and divides famous men into two classes,—'heroes and the wise.' The wise are compared to feathers, which are flimsy and showy; and the heroes, who are the scourges of mankind, are compared to rods." The line, though often quoted, is too condensed to be clear.

[2] This line is copied by Burns in The Cotter's Saturday Night. It is one of a multitude of sayings which, because of their striking form, are mistakenly accepted for truth.

[3] Lines 239–242 allude to Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton, whose bodies were disinterred and hanged on a gibbet, January 30, 1661. It may well be believed that Pope hated them.

[4] "M. Marcellus, one of the most determined opponents of Julius Cæsar, had fled to Mitylene after the battle of Pharsalus; and as he dared not himself solicit pardon, it was asked of the dictator by his friends, Cicero making in his behalf an oration conceived in a very different spirit from that which Pope attributes to the orator's client. Its genuineness has, however, been doubted. Marcellus was assassinated at Athens on his way home" (WARD).

[5] "Parts," i.e., intellectual acquirements.

Condemned in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land? 255
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful preëminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount: 260
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risked, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 265
Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra,[1] or Sir Billy.[1]
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life;
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.[2] 270
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon[3] shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:[4]
Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!

1 It is not known who were meant by "Lord Umbra" and "Sir Billy."

2 "Gripus," "Gripus' wife," the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, noted for their avarice. See lines 285-298. Read, for information as to Marlborough's career and character, A Short History of the English People, by John Richard Green.

3 "Bacon." See Note 1, p. 55. He became lord chancellor in 1618. Having been accused of corruption in office, he pleaded guilty, was fined £40,000, sentenced to prison, and rendered incapable of holding any office of honor or emolument.

4 Here again Pope sacrifices truth to his fondness for effect to be produced by formal expression. Bacon was the victim of partisan hatred. His venality was rather an error of judgment than evidence of corruption. John Morley says that "he had no active evil in his character." Later investigations have relieved his reputation of much of the odium that rested upon it in the early part of the eighteenth century.

If all, united, thy ambition call, 275
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honored, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens, who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray. 280
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and seaweed as proud Venice[1] rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero, sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,[2] 285
But stained with blood, or ill exchanged for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plundered provinces.
O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame! 290
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, storied halls[3] invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray, 295
Compute the morn and evening to the day:
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
VII. Know then this truth (enough for man to know):
"Virtue alone is happiness below." 300
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;[4]

[1] "The city of Venice was built in 809, on the island of the Rialto, in the midst of the marshes called 'Lagune,' where the inhabitants of the great cities of Venetia had taken refuge from the Huns three centuries and a half before that date" (WARD).

[2] Lines 285-298. See Note 2, p. 106.

[3] "Storied halls," i.e., historic halls.

[4] "And tastes the good," etc., a possible allusion to the temptation of Adam and Eve.

Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blessed in what it takes, and what it gives;[1]
The joy unequaled, if its end it gain,[2] 305
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
And but more relished as the more distressed:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears: 310
Good, from each object, from each place acquired,
Forever exercised, yet never tired;
Never elated, while one man's oppressed;
Never dejected, while another's blessed;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 315
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow;
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find; 320
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God:[3]
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know, 325
But[4] touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in Love of God, and Love of Man. 330
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;

[1] Cf. Merchant of Venice, iv. i.

[2] Lines 305–308. The style is elliptical and careless; it lacks the first element of good style—clearness.

[3] "Verbatim from Bolingbroke's letters to Pope" (WARBURTON).

[4] "But touches," i.e., that does not touch.

Till lengthened on to faith, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why Nature plants in man alone 335
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find;)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;[1] 340
At once his own bright prospect to be blessed,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus pushed to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart? 345
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity. 350
God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;[2]
The center moved, a circle straight succeeds, 355
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide the o'erflowings of the mind[3]
Take every creature in, of every kind; 360
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blessed,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.

[1] "His greatest bliss" is the hope of immortality, which is to be secured through the operation of "his greatest virtue," benevolence.

[2] "As the small pebble," etc. The simile is frequent with poets. Pope uses it several times.

[3] "The o'erflowings of the mind" in its benevolence.

Come, then, my friend! my genius![1] come along;
O master of the poet, and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 365
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;[2]
Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe; 370
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, 375
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend[3]
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend? 380
That, urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art,[4]
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's false mirror, held up Nature's light;
Showed erring Pride, Whatever is, is right;
That Reason, Passion, answer one great aim; 385
That true Self-love and Social are the same;
That Virtue only makes our bliss below!
And all our Knowledge is, Ourselves to know.

[1] Bolingbroke. See Note 1, p. 57. Compare the admiration expressed for Bolingbroke in this concluding address to him, with the abuse of Marlborough in the passage lines 285 to 298. The latter, notwithstanding his vices, deserved better of his country than the former.

[2] "To fall with dignity, with temper rise," alludes to the varying political fortunes of Bolingbroke. "With temper," i.e., with equable temper.

[3] "Pretend," i.e., set forth.

[4] "Urged by thee." Pope is said to have received the subject matter of An Essay on Man from Bolingbroke.

Eclectic English Classics for Schools

This series is intended to provide selected gems of English Literature for school use at the least possible price. The texts have been carefully edited, and are accompanied by adequate explanatory notes. They are well printed from new, clear type, and are uniformly bound in boards. The series now includes the following works:

Arnold's (Matthew) Sohrab and Rustum	20 cents
Burke's Conciliation with the American Colonies	20 cents
Carlyle's Essay on Robert Burns	20 cents
Coleridge's Rime of the Ancient Mariner	20 cents
Defoe's History of the Plague in London	40 cents
DeQuincey's Revolt of the Tartars	20 cents
Emerson's American Scholar, Self-Reliance, and Compensation	20 cents
Franklin's Autobiography	35 cents
George Eliot's Silas Marner	30 cents
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield	35 cents
Irving's Sketch Book—Selections	20 cents
Tales of a Traveler	50 cents
Macaulay's Second Essay on Chatham	20 cents
Essay on Milton	20 cents
Essay on Addison	20 cents
Life of Samuel Johnson	20 cents
Milton's L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus, and Lycidas	20 cents
Paradise Lost—Books I. and II.	20 cents
Pope's Homer's Iliad, Books I., VI., XXII. and XXIV.	20 cents
Scott's Ivanhoe	50 cents
Marmion	40 cents
Lady of the Lake	30 cents
The Abbot	60 cents
Woodstock	60 cents
Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar	20 cents
Twelfth Night	20 cents
Merchant of Venice	20 cents
Midsummer-Night's Dream	20 cents
As You Like It	20 cents
Macbeth	20 cents
Hamlet	25 cents
Sir Roger de Coverley Papers (The Spectator)	20 cents
Southey's Life of Nelson	40 cents
Tennyson's Princess	20 cents
Webster's Bunker Hill Orations	20 cents

Copies of any of the Eclectic English Classics will be sent prepaid to any address, on receipt of the price, by the Publishers:

American Book Company

New York • Cincinnati • Chicago

(81)

An Introduction to the

Study of American Literature

BY

BRANDER MATTHEWS

Professor of Literature in Columbia University

Cloth, 12mo, 256 pages - - - Price, $1.00

A text-book of literature on an original plan, and conforming with the best methods of teaching.

Admirably designed to guide, to supplement, and to stimulate the student's reading of American authors.

Illustrated with a fine collection of facsimile manuscripts, portraits of authors, and views of their homes and birthplaces.

Bright, clear, and fascinating, it is itself a literary work of high rank.

The book consists mostly of delightfully readable and yet comprehensive little biographies of the fifteen greatest and most representative American writers. Each of the sketches contains a critical estimate of the author and his works, which is the more valuable coming, as it does, from one who is himself a master. The work is rounded out by four general chapters which take up other prominent authors and discuss the history and conditions of our literature as a whole; and there is at the end of the book a complete chronology of the best American literature from the beginning down to 1896.

Each of the fifteen biographical sketches is illustrated by a fine portrait of its subject and views of his birthplace or residence and in some cases of both. They are also accompanied by each author's facsimile manuscript covering one or two pages. The book contains excellent portraits of many other authors famous in American literature.

Copies of Brander Matthews' Introduction to the Study of American Literature will be sent prepaid to any address, on receipt of the price, by the Publishers:

American Book Company

New York • Cincinnati • Chicago

(83)

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: March 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

ECLECTIC ENG

Title	Price
ARNOLD'S SOHRAB AND RUSTUM	
BURKE'S SPEECH ON CONCILIAT	
BURNS'S POEMS—Selections	
BYRON'S POEMS—Selections	25
CARLYLE'S ESSAY ON ROBERT BURNS	20
CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES—Prologue and Knighte's Tale	
COLERIDGE'S RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER	20
DEFOE'S HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON	40
DE QUINCEY'S REVOLT OF THE TARTARS	20
DRYDEN'S PALAMON AND ARCITE	20
EMERSON'S AMERICAN SCHOLAR, SELF-RELIANCE, COMPENSATION	20
FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY	35
GEORGE ELIOT'S SILAS MARNER	30
GOLDSMITH'S VICAR OF WAKEFIELD	35
GRAY'S POEMS—Selections	20
IRVING'S SKETCH-BOOK—Selections	20
IRVING'S TALES OF A TRAVELER	50
MACAULAY'S SECOND ESSAY ON CHATHAM	20
MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON MILTON	20
MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON ADDISON	20
MACAULAY'S LIFE OF JOHNSON	20
MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSEROSO, COMUS, LYCIDAS	20
MILTON'S PARADISE LOST—Books I and II	20
POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD—Books I, VI, XXII, XXIV	20
POPE'S POEMS—Selections	
SCOTT'S IVANHOE	50
SCOTT'S MARMION	40
SCOTT'S LADY OF THE LAKE	30
SCOTT'S THE ABBOT	60
SCOTT'S WOODSTOCK	60
SHAKESPEARE'S JULIUS CAESAR	20
SHAKESPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT	20
SHAKESPEARE'S MERCHANT OF VENICE	20
SHAKESPEARE'S MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM	20
SHAKESPEARE'S AS YOU LIKE IT	20
SHAKESPEARE'S MACBETH	20
SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET	25
SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS—(The Spectator)	20
SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF NELSON	40
TENNYSON'S PRINCESS	20
WEBSTER'S BUNKER HILL ORATIONS	20
WORDSWORTH'S POEMS—Selections	20

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

New York · Cincinnati · Chicago