



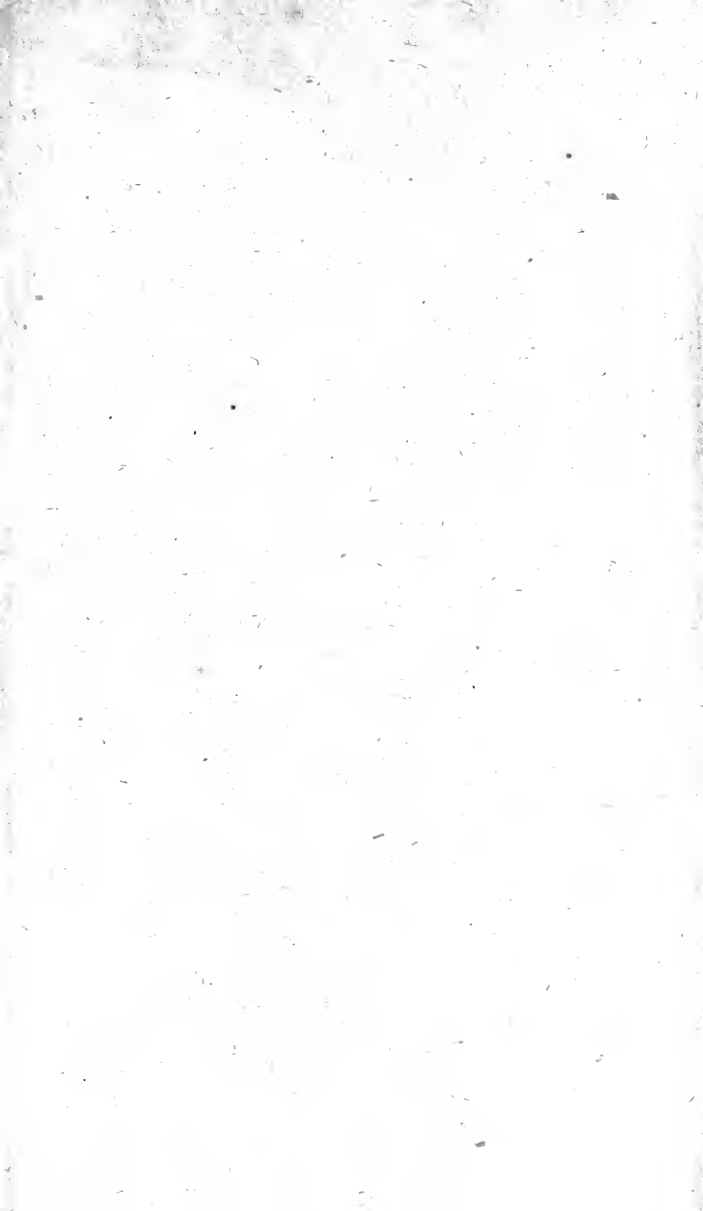
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A N
E S S A Y
O N
M A N.

TOGETHER WITH THE
UNIVERSAL PRAYER,

A N D

The Dying CHRISTIAN to his Soul.

B Y

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ;

TRANSLATED INTO PROSE,

After the Manner of the Rev. Mr. HERVEY, Author
of the Meditations amongst the Tombs, &c.

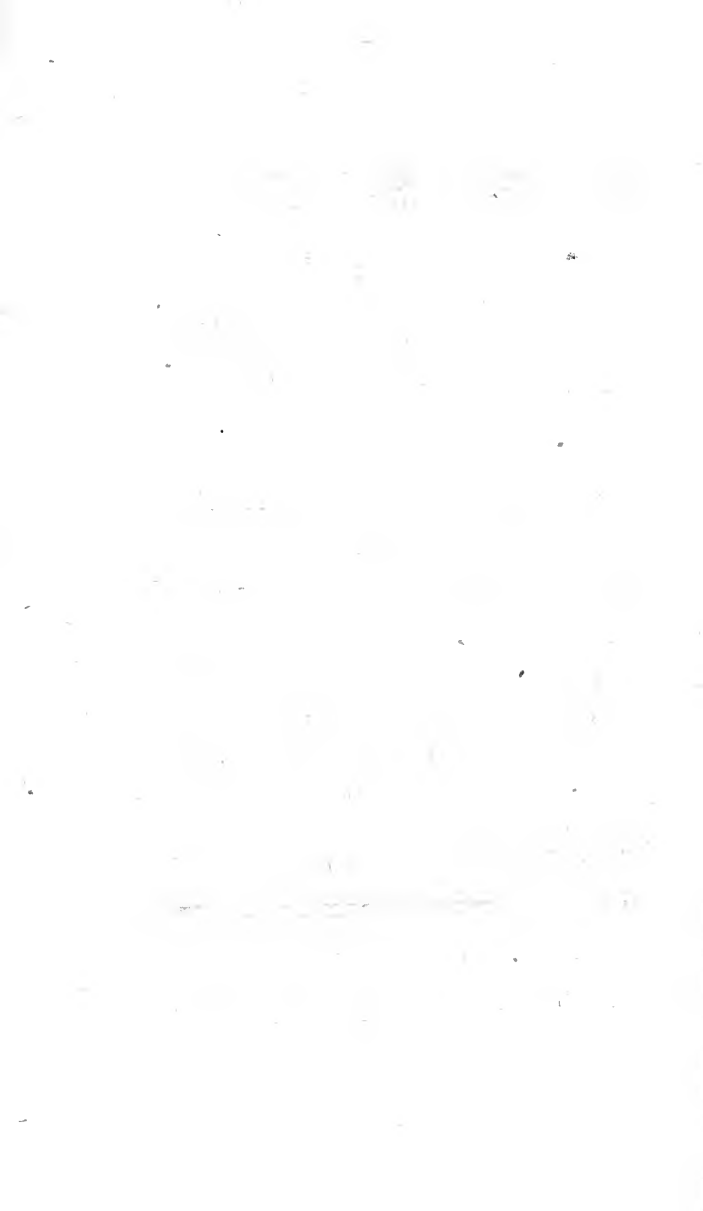
B Y T. ROBERT, A. M.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

L O N D O N,

Sold by R. THOMPSON, in the
S T R A N D.





• T H E
L I F E
O F

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

OUR hero was descended from a good family in Oxfordshire. His father's Christian name was Alexander, who was an eminent merchant, and a distant relation of the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsey. Our poet's mother, Editha, was the daughter of William Turner, Esq; of York. She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, a second died in the service of King Charles the first, and the eldest was a general officer in the Spanish army.

NOTHING extraordinary happened to

A

her during her pregnancy. Our bard was born in London, the 21st of May 1688, and was christened by the name of Alexander. He was of a tender and delicate constitution, which occasioned his being so late of going to school. He was taught to read at home by an old aunt, and learned to write without any assistance, by copying printed books. He took uncommon delight in reading. The family being of the Romish religion, at eight years of age he was put under one Taverner, a priest, who lived in Hampshire, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues together; and he soon after was sent to a popish seminary near Winchester, from whence he was removed to a school near Hyde-park corner. He received very little benefit under those masters, which made him write a satire, exposing their insufficiency: for he says that he was obliged to begin over-again, and was one that might be said to be self-taught.

HE had very early an inclination for

poetry; and happening to meet with O-gilby's translation of Virgil, and Sandy's translation of Ovid, he read them with pleasure and delight: and the effect they had upon his young fancy, though none of them were very elegant, made him speak of them with pleasure in the close of life: the productions of his childhood were above one fourth part of Ovid's metamorphosis, and the Thebaid of Statius.

IN this period of his life he was enamoured with the drama, and turned the Iliad into a kind of play, persuading some of his school-fellows to act parts of it. His father, who had a nice ear in poetry, frequently caused young Alexander to go over his rhimes a second time, and make great alterations in them; after which he would read them over with pleasure, and approve of them.

HIS father, after the revolution, converted his goods into cash, and retired to Binfield, in Windsor forest, being then in an indifferent state of health. He loved

4 THE LIFE OF

silence and solitude, and was a man of an extream good moral character. But as he was a Papist, his conscience would not allow him to put his money (which was considerable) in the funds. He therefore locked it up in a chest, and lived upon the principal: so that before his death he had consumed most part of it.

IN the year 1700, Mr Pope published the following poem on solitude, which expresses his own inclination, as he was fond of retirement and privacy.

Happy the man, whose wish and care,
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herd with milk, whose fields with
bread,

Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night, study and ease,
Together mixt, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

At fourteen he had acquired a readiness in two learned languages, and came to London to learn French and Italian; to which his family objected, on account of his bad state of health: but he mastered those languages with surprising dispatch. He was particularly fond of Dryden's works; by these he modelled his stile and versification. One particular reason of our

bard liking Dryden was, because the cast of that poet was most congenial with his own. He always mentioned him with a kind of rapturous veneration. About the age of 15, he began to write his poem called *Alcanor*, and this performance was a full proof of his childish folly, of which he speaks with so much candour, as the ingenuous reader will be glad to see, from a passage preserved in his preface to his own works.

“ I confess there was a time when I
“ was in love with myself, and my first
“ productions were the children of self-
“ love upon innocence. I had made an
“ epic poem, and panegyrics on all the
“ princes of Europe, and I thought myself
“ the greatest genius that ever was. I
“ cannot but repeat these delightful visions
“ of my childhood, which, like the fine
“ colours we see when our eyes are shut,
“ are vanished for ever.”

BETWEEN this and his 20th year, he spent his time in reading the most confi-

derable poets in the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English languages. He also made a translation of Tully de senectute. It is a common observation that some seeds of vanity and self conceit are necessary ingredients in the composition of a poet.

HE learned his philosophy chiefly from Mr Locke, and by this means he became delighted with that precision of thought; though nature had formed and disposed him for method in his compositions, and Mr. Locke's immortal essay had warmed and fortified his innate love of truth.

HE composed several other poetical pieces: These are printed among his juvenile poems in the first and second volumes of his works; after they had made their appearance without his name, some in the sixth volume of Tonson's Miscellanies, in 1711. They consist of a translation of part of the first book of Statius's Thebaid; several translations from Homer, and imitations of English poets, viz. Chaucer, Spencer, Waller, Cowley, &c. The translations

were performed by way of exercises at school, to improve himself in the language; and he chose rather to do them in verse, as easier to him than prose. The imitations were generally condemned; and it is no wonder so young an author should mistake his fondness for his genius. He was sensible of it afterwards, and seems to hint at the mistake, in the preface to the first volume of his poems published in 1717, where he takes particular notice of this, as one of the difficulties and dangers that attend the profession of a poet. Mr. Pope's miscarriage is said to have animated another to make a like attempt, which produced six very humorous epigrams upon a pipe of tobacco, in the manner of six distinguished poets, each admirably performed.

THIS early piece was long afterwards communicated by him to Dr. Atterbury, with a declared intention to burn it, in which that friend concurred: though, adds he, I would have interceded

for the first page, and put it, with your leave, among my curiosities. So far seemed a little cruel, and to soften it, the Bishop concludes with this high-strained soothing panegyric. In truth, it is the only instance of that kind I ever met with from a person good for any thing else, nay, for every thing else to which he is pleased to turn himself. After all, though the written copy might undergo this cruel execution, yet the original, it seems, was faithfully preserved in the author's memory; at least, if what a late writer tells us he had received from credible information be true, that some of the anonymous verses quoted as examples of the Art of sinking in poetry, in the incomparable satire so called, were such as our poet remembered from his own Alcander. Nor was the vanity of writing an epic poem cured by this failure in the first attempt. On the contrary, the errors and imperfections he observed in it, seem to have remained upon him as so many stimulations to a se-

cond attempt, in composing which, the faults of the first would be of no use, by way of a lesson to avoid them. However that be, we are assured by his editor, that he had framed a design of writing an epic poem on our old Annalists, and therefore more engaging to an Englishman; this was on the arrival of Brutus, the supposed grandson of Æneas, in our island, and the settlement of the first founders of the British monarchy. In this poem he designed to treat amply of all that regarded civil regimen of the science of politicks; the several forms of a republick were here to be examined and explained, together with the several modes of religious worship, as far as they affect society. And the whole was to be written in rhyme. The author of the essay just cited, thinks that the success of this attempt would have been no better than the former. And to support that censure he observes, that Pope's genius was chiefly of the didactic kind, with very little of the sublime and pathe-

tic, which are the main nerves of the Epopœa; that he would have given us many elegant descriptions and many general characters well drawn; but would have failed to set before our eyes the reality of these objects, and the actions of these characters; that Pope's close and constant reasoning had by this time impaired and crushed the faculty of imagination; that the political reflections would, in all probability, have been more numerous, than the affecting strokes of nature; that it would have more resembled the *Henriade* than the *Iliad*, or even the *Gierusalemme Liberata*; that it would have appeared, if this scheme had been executed, how much and for what reasons the man that is skilful in painting modern life, and the most secret foibles and follies of his contemporaries, is therefore disqualified for representing the ages of heroism, and that of simple life, which alone epic poetry can gracefully describe. He also adds, that the single circumstance of rhyme was sufficient of it.

self alone to overwhelm and extinguish all enthusiasm, and produce endless tautologies and circumlocutions. This writer concludes with imagining Dr. Warburton's opinion to be the same with his, since there could not have been a more improper subject for an epic poem, than the particulars of which that editor informs us it was chiefly to consist. The same writer remarks, that the first poem that appeared in France any thing like an epic poem, was on this identical subject of Brutus's arriving in England. It was written by Eustache, in the reign of Louis VII. who came to the throne in 1137, and was husband of the celebrated Eleonora, afterwards divorced and married to our Henry II.

IN 1704, he wrote the first part of his *Windfor Forest*, though the whole was not published till 1710.

DURING his residence in the forest, our poet composed a comedy and a tragedy. With respect to the subject of the

former, we are wholly in the dark; the latter, however, was founded on a story taken from the legend of St. Genevieve. But whether he distrusted his talents for dramatic poetry, or whether he was cautious of hazarding his fame on the fickle taste of a captious audience, he could never be prevailed on to write for the stage, though he was importuned by several.

HIS father's retired abode in the forest being at Binfield near Oakingham, and in the neighbourhood of Sir William Trumball's estate, that knight soon became a valuable acquaintance to our young poet; and his first entrance into the polite world, even whilst he was under tuition, is to be dated from his intimacy with Sir William.

As this gentleman was young Pope's first patron, and ushered him into the great theatre of the world, we think it not amiss to give our readers a short account of him.

SIR William Trumball was born at East-Hamstead in Berkshire. He was fellow of All-Souls College in Oxford, studied the

civil law, and was sent to Tangier, the second judge-advocate, by Charles II.

HE was from thence sent envoy to Florence, Turin, &c. and in his way back, envoy extraordinary to France, from whence he was sent ambassador to the Ottoman Porte by king James II.

HE was in the succeeding reign appointed one of the lords of the treasury, and secretary of state with the duke of Shrewsbury; but in the year 1697 he resigned the said office.

CHUSING to enjoy, in a philosophic retirement, the remainder of his days at East Hamstead, where he had been born, he withdrew thither, and in the month of December, in the year 1716, expired, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Young Mr. Pope, in his poem on the forest, celebrated that retirement. His first pastoral, written by him at the youthful age of sixteen years, was, with the warmest sense of gratitude, addressed to his worthy patron Sir William Trumball.

HE had now read all the best authors, and was improving himself with the conversation of the most celebrated men in the age, Dr. Garth, Mess. Wycherley, Walsb, and Gay, Lord Halifax, Lord Lansdown, Sir Richard Steel, Mess. Addison and Congreve. In the year 1724, our poet, in the view of settling another fence about his fortune, purchased an annuity of a hundred pounds a year for his own life, that of his mother being included.

IN 1717, he published a collection of all he had printed separately; and proceeded to give a new edition of Shakespear, which, being published in 1721, discovered that he had consulted his fortune, more than his fame, in that undertaking. The Iliad being finished, he engaged upon the like footing to undertake the Odyssy. Mr Broome and Mr Fenton did part of it, and received five hundred pounds of Mr. Pope for their labours. It was published in the same manner, and on the same conditions to Lintot; excepting that, instead of twelve

hundred pounds, he had but six hundred, for the copy. This work being finished in 1725, he was afterwards employed with Swift and Arbuthnot in printing some volumes of *Miscellanies*. About this time, he narrowly escaped losing his life, as he was returning home in a friend's chariot; which, on passing a bridge, happened to be overturned, and thrown with the horses into the river. The glasses were up, and he not able to break them: so that he had immediately been drowned, if the postilion had not broke them, and dragged him him out to the bank. A fragment of the glass however cut him so desperately, that he ever after lost the use of two of his fingers.

No part of our bard's life is more interesting than that of his conduct in cultivating friendships, especially with his brother poets. At the age of eighteen he was grown so high in the esteem of Wycherley, that he thought him capable of correcting his poems (which had been damn-

ed) so as they might appear again in print. Pope complied with the request, and executed it with equal freedom and judgment. But the faults proved too many for the author of them to be told of; he was old, became jealous, and construed his young master's ingenuity, and plain dealing, into want of respect. Not only the design of publishing was dropt, but all correspondence with the corrector suspended. This ungenerous return was lively resented by Pope. And though Wycherley was prevailed with afterwards, by the mediation of a common friend, to resume the correspondence, yet this went no farther than bare complaisance. However, some time after Mr Wycherley's death, his poems being published by a mercenary hand in 1728, our author the following year printed several letters that had passed between them, in vindication of Mr Wycherley's good name, against some misconstructions prefixed to that edition. Our poet's conduct, throughout this whole try-

ing affair, was greatly above his years. But young as he was, his talents were now beginning to ripen into full maturity. This appeared conspicuously in his Essay on Criticism, which though wrote so early as 1708, yet placed him among those of the first rank in his art. It is indeed esteemed a master-piece in its kind, and so discovered the peculiar turn of his genius. He was not yet twenty years old, so that every body stood amazed to find such a knowledge of the world, such a maturity of judgment, and such a penetration into human nature as are there displayed; inso-much that it became a subject for the critics to display their profoundest skill in accounting for it. The greatest geniuses in painting, as well as poesy, were generally observed not to have produced any of their master-pieces before the age of thirty or thereabouts, and that Mr. Pope's genius ripened earlier, was owing, 'tis said, to a happy conjuncture of concurring circumstances. He was happily secured from fal-

ling into the debaucheries of women and wine (the too frequent bane of hopeful youth) by the weakness and delicacy of his constitution, and the bad state of his health. The sensual vices were too violent for so tender a frame, he never fell into intemperance or dissipation, which is of the greatest consequence in preserving each faculty of the mind in due vigour. Even his mishapen figure is alledged to be of use to him as a writer. It is an observation of Lord Bacon, that whosoever hath any thing fixed in his person that induces contempt, hath also a perpetual spur within to rescue and deliver himself from it. Hence it has been thought not improbable, that our poet might be animated by this circumstance to double his diligence, to make himself distinguished by the rectitude of his understanding, and beautiful turn of his mind, as much as he was by the deformity of his body. It is certain that he strictly fulfilled the precept of HORACE in each particular, *Multa tulit fecitque puer,*

sudavit & alsit. It was another circumstance equally propitious to the studies of Pope, in this early part of his life, that he inherited a fortune that was a decent competency, and sufficient to supply the small expences which, both by constitution and reflection, he required. Thus he was preserved from the two most destructive enemies to a young genius, want and dependance. Nor was the circumstance of being placed beneath opulence, and an high station, less propitious, since these almost unavoidably embarrass and immerse the possessor in the cares, the pleasures, the indolence, and the dissipation, that accompany abundance. Thus it is conceived, that these external aids, as so many auxiliaries, assisting the active inborn strength of our poet's genius, had their share in this triumphant production. But how triumphant soever may be the merit of the Essay on Criticism, yet it was still surpassed in a poetical view by the Rape of the Lock. The former indeed excelled in the didactic

way, for which he was peculiarly formed; a clear head and strong sense were his characteristic qualities; his chief force lay in the understanding, rather than in the imagination. But it is the creative power of the last that constitutes the proper characteristick of poetry, and therefore it is in the Rape of the Lock that Pope principally appears a poet; since in this performance he has displayed more imagination than in all his other works put together. The poem took its birth from an incidental quarrel that happened between two noble families, that of Lord Petre and Mrs. Fermor, both of our author's acquaintance, and of the same religion. His lordship, in a party of pleasure, carried it so far, as to cut off a favourite lock of the lady's hair. This, tho' done in the way of gallantry, was seriously resented, as being indeed a real injury. Hence there presently grew mutual animosities, which being seen with concern by a common friend to all; that friend requested Pope

to try the power of his muse on the occasion, intimating, that a proper piece of ridicule was the likeliest means to extinguish the rising flame. Pope readily complied with the friendly proposal; and the juncture requiring dispatch, his first design was compleated in less than a fortnight, which being sent to the lady, had more than the proposed effect. Pleased to the highest degree with the delicacy of the compliment paid to her, she first communicated copies of it to her acquaintance, and then prevailed with our author to print it: as he did, though not without the caution of concealing his name to so hasty a sketch. But the universal applause which the sketch met with, put him upon enriching it with the machinery of the Sylphs; and in that new dress the two cantoes, extended to five, came out the following year, 1712, ushered by a letter to Mrs Fermor; to whom he afterwards addressed another, which is esteemed far superior to any of Voiture.

IT appears by Mr. Pope's frequent stolen marches on the public, how cautious he was of making his fame secure, and not to hazard his name, by prefixing it to any small work, till the success thereof was settled.

THIS prudent conduct of his evinces, beyond the power of contradiction, that he was determined to enjoy either a proper fame, or to die in oblivion. Since him this practice has been used by several. Some of Mr. Pope's pieces had remained in a state of probation for several years; for he was very slow to confess what many would not have lost the pleasure of immediately owning on any consideration.

BUT Mr. Pope, although not so eager and greedy as most of the Parnassian gentry, who are in general impatient for applause, and irritable by censure, was yet desirous of laying claim to the reputation of the best living poet, which he undoubtedly was, having not even a distant competitor.

IN 1729, by the advice of Lord Bolingbroke, he turned his pen to subjects of morality; and accordingly we find him, with the assistance of that noble friend, who furnished him with the materials, at work this year upon the "Essay on Man." The following extract of a letter to Swift discovers the reason of his lordship's advice: "Bid him," says Bolingbroke, "talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earnest; it is a fine one, and will be, in his hands, an original. His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness: it flatters my judgment; who always thought that, universal as his talents are, this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know, living or dead; I do not except Horace. Pope tells the Dean, in the next letter, that "the work, Lord Bolingbroke speaks of with such abundant partiality, is a system of ethics, in the Horatian way." In pursuing the same design, he wrote his

“Ethic Epistles:” the fourth of which, “Upon Taste,” giving great offence, as he was supposed to ridicule the Duke of Chandois under the character of Timon, is said to have put him upon writing satires, which he continued till 1739. He ventured to attack persons of the highest rank, and set no bounds to his satirical rage. A genuine collection of his letters was published in 1737.

IN this year he also published his “Temple of Fame,” having, according to his usual caution, kept it two years in his study. That object of the universal passion, was full upon his thoughts at this time. He had been from the first setting out in full stretch after it, and saw it now within his reach; accordingly we find him in high spirits, diverting himself with the ladies, to one of whom he sent a copy of his “Temple,” with an humorous gay epigram.

IT was Sir Richard Steele’s natural good humour which chiefly pleased Pope,

and to this we owe that excellent little poem called, "The dying Christian to his soul :". The request for it was made in the frank ingenuous way, and the performance was returned in the same spirit ; " I don't send you word, says Pope, I will, but I have already done it."

IN the hurry of this race he run his head against the old saw, " the more haste the worse speed." It was apparently owing to the eager impetuosity of this passion, that he attempted his " Ode upon St. Cecilia's day." Mr Dryden had obtained immortal fame by his " Alexander's feast :." and the scholar, young as he was, fed himself with the hopes of hitting the same mark by shooting in the same bow. But here he met with a very sensible mortification. The " Ode upon St. Cecilia's day" was universally condemned for want of judgment, whatever wit there may be in the composition, which is very great in Mr Warburton's opinion. It is not improbable that it cost our author a great

deal of pains, since he seems to have worked against the grain; whereas he complained that his "Essay on Man" was too easy, because, as his friend observed, that design was exactly suited to his genius; and from this instance, among some others, another author has inferred, that Pope's genius was not turned to the elevated and sublime species of poetry: So hazardous is the road to fame.

IN the first satire of the second book of Horace, he had described Lord Harvey and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, so characteristically, under the names of Lord Fanny and Sappho, that these two noble personages did not only take up the same weapon against the aggressor, but used all their interest among the nobility, and even with the King and Queen, to hurt him; this last injury was what Pope complained of most; and for that reason, the letter which he wrote in answer to it, was shewn to her Majesty, as soon as it was finished, which concludes in these

words. “ After all, your Lordship will
“ be careful not to wrong my moral cha-
“ racter, with those under whose pro-
“ tection I live; and through whose le-
“ nity alone I can live with comfort.
“ Your Lordship, I am confident, upon
“ consideration, will think you inad-
“ vertently went a little too far, when
“ you recommended to their perusal,
“ and strengthened by the weight of
“ your approbation, a libel mean in its
“ reflections upon my poor figure, and
“ scandalous in those on my honour and
“ integrity; wherein I was represented as
“ an enemy to the human race, a murderer
“ of reputations, a monster marked by
“ God like Cain, deserving to wander ac-
“ cursed through the world.— A strange
“ picture of a man, who had the good
“ fortune to enjoy many friends, who will
“ be always remembered as the first orna-
“ ment of his age and country, and no e-
“ nemies that ever continued to be heard
“ of, except Mr John Dennis and your

“ Lordship: A man who never wrote a
 “ line, in which the religion or govern-
 “ ment of his country, the royal family,
 “ or their ministry, were disrespectfully
 “ mentioned; the animosity of any one
 “ party gratified at the expence of ano-
 “ ther; or any censure past, but upon
 “ known vices, acknowledged folly, or
 “ aggressing impertinence. It is with
 “ infinite pleasure he finds, that some
 “ men who seem ashamed and afraid of
 “ nothing else, are so very sensible of this
 “ ridicule; and 'tis for that very reason,
 “ he resolves by the grace of God, and
 “ your Lordship's good leave,

“ That while he breathes, no rich or
 noble knave [grave.

“ Shall walk the world in credit to his

“ This he thinks is rendering the best
 “ service he can to the public, and even
 “ to the good government of his fellow-
 “ creatures. For this, at least, he may

“deserve some commendations from the
“greatest persons in it. Your Lordship
“of whom I speak ——— their names
“I should be as sorry, and as much asha-
“med to place near your’s on such an oc-
“casion, as I should to see you, my Lord,
“placed so near their persons, if you
“could ever make so ill use of their ear,
“as to asperse or misrepresent an innocent
“man.” Pope did not think proper to
print this letter, nor yet, what is more
remarkable, to communicate it to his
friend Swift; to whom he excused him-
self in a letter, sent with his fourth “Ef-
“say on Man,” and his “Epistle to Lord
“Cobham.” “There is a woman’s war,
“says he, declared against me by a cer-
“tain Lord, his weapons are the same
“which women and children use, a pin
“to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter. I
“writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed
“to enter the lists with him, and after
“shewing it to some people suppressed it:
“otherwise it was such, as was worthy of

" him, and worthy of me." He had be-
 fore given that friend an account of this
 affair, and of his own conduct in it, as
 follows. " That I am an author, whose
 " characters are thought of some weight,
 " appears from the great noise and bustle,
 " that the court and town make about me.
 " I desire your opinion as to Lady ——'s
 " and Lord ——'s performance. They
 " are certainly the top wits of the court ;
 " and you may judge by that single piece,
 " what can be done against me, for it was
 " laboured, corrected, pre-commended,
 " and past disapproved, so far as to be
 " disowned by themselves, after each had
 " highly cried it up for the others: I
 " have met with some complaints, and
 " heard at a distance of some threats oc-
 " casioned by my verses. I sent fair mes-
 " sages to acquaint them where I was to
 " be found in town, and to offer to call
 " at their houses to satisfy them, and so it
 " dropped. It is very poor in any one to
 " rail and threaten at a distance, and have

“ nothing to say to you when they see
 “ you.” He knew well the nature of
 his friend, and that this address was
ad hominem, accordingly he received a
 most comforting answer, which concludes
 thus : “ Give me a shilling, and I will
 “ insure you, that posterity shall never
 “ know one single enemy, excepting those
 “ whose memory you have preserved.”

MR Warburton speaking of our au-
 thor’s prose letter, as well as that in verse,
 justly observes that they are both master-
 pieces in their kind. The former more
 lively, critical, and pointed; the latter
 more grave, moral, and sublime. How-
 ever, Dr. Arbuthnot, who did not long
 survive the epistle in verse to him, some
 time before his death gave his friend a
 hint of what indeed is the greatest fault in
 his satires, by advising him to study in
 them more to reform, than chastise. This
 gentleman seems to have been endowed
 with all the qualities requisite for the
 dearest friendship, and knew in what it

consisted. "As for you, my good friend,
 " says he on this occasion, I think since
 " our first acquaintance, there have not
 " been any of those little suspicions, that
 " often affect the sincerest friendships. I
 " am sure, not on my side." The whole
 letter is in the same spirit, and I believe
 no body can read it without the tenderest
 emotion. His hint upon the fault in
 Pope's satires, of being too virulent, was
 undeniably just. But then indeed it must
 be allowed, that the fault is common to
 Pope with all others, who have engaged
 in this species of writing. They all take
 greater pleasure in chastising, than re-
 forming; though by that means, they are
 sure to turn the edge of their wit upon
 themselves, since it must be owing to the
 predominance of ill-nature above benevo-
 lence. In short, the true qualities of a sa-
 tirist, are usually and not amiss expressed
 by an allusion to the operations of surgery.
 The three qualifications requisite to that
 art, are, an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and

a lady's hand. But this last, being founded on a necessary tender feeling and concern, both for the future recovery and present pain of the patient, is only seen in humane and benevolent dispositions.

SIR Richard Steele was a warm stickler for Mr Pope's "Temple of Fame," which he had approved of before its appearance in public; as appears by a letter from the former to the latter, bearing date, Nov. 12, 1712.

"I HAVE read over your "Temple of Fame" twice, and cannot find any thing amiss of weight enough to call a fault, but see in it a thousand beauties. Mr Addison shall see it to-morrow. After his perusal of it, I will let you know his thoughts, &c."

THE poem accordingly met as good treatment from Mr Addison, whose friendship Mr Pope had, as he imagined, been some time in possession of; for nothing as yet appeared to make him alter that opinion.

MR Pope was by this time got so far into favour and reputation with the town, that he needed no other recommendation than his own merit; and he began, as he was justly entitled, to assume the name of Critic, and to give rules to others in his "Essay on Criticism," which abounds with wit, beautiful turns, variety of metaphors, and masterly observations on poetry and criticism. It is the best work of the kind that has appeared among the ancients or moderns.

OUR author published some other poems, viz.

To Mr Jervas, with Mr Fresnoy's Art of Painting.

ON a fan of the author's design, in which the story of Cephalus and Procris was painted, having *Aura veni* for a motto.

ON Silence, in imitation of that ingenious nobleman and eminent poet, the Earl of Rochester.

VERSES occasioned by some of his grace the duke of Buckingham's.

MR. Pope wrote a most excellent letter in verse from Eloisa to Abelard. It is chiefly taken from the original letters between these two extraordinary persons, distinguished above all their cotemporaries for their genius, learning, and unhappy passion.

THEY are made mention of by Bayle in his Historical Dictionary. They flourish'd in the twelfth century, and were two of the most distinguished persons of that age for learning and beauty; but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate love.

AFTER a long course of calamities they retir'd each to a separate convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend (which contain'd the history of his misfortunes) fell into the hands of Eloisa.

THIS awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters which give so lively a description of grace and nature, virtue and passion. There is a spirit of tenderness, and a delicacy of sentiment,

runs through all the letters. But the prodigious conflict, the war within, the difficulty of making love, yield to religious vows; and an impossibility of forgetting a first real passion shine above all the rest.

ABELARD had been Eloisa's tutor in philosophy and divinity; but each being overcome by a passion for the other, their chief study was turned at last to give and receive mutual delight; which being discovered, brought on a tragick scene: for her relations, tho' justly incens'd at Abelard's violation of hospitality, and breach of trust, yet push'd their revenge to an act of barbarity, by maiming the lover in a part, which to him was worse than death.

ABELARD's being rendered impotent by the cruelty of Eloisa's friends, did not in the least abate the warmth of her passion for him, but seem'd rather to enhance it, from a spirit of resentment for his barbarous usage on her account.

THEY were both interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the

monastery of Paraclete, founded by Abelard. He died in 1142, she in 1163.

So much in regard to their history; but to return to the merit of Mr. Pope. It may be asserted, that it is not in the power of our language to go beyond this poem in tenderness and harmony. The only production of even our author, that can be put in competition with it, is the piece so justly admir'd for its beauties call'd, Verses to the memory of an unfortunate lady.

THE young lady celebrated in this affecting piece, appears to have been a great favourite of Mr. Pope's, who has paid his tribute to friendship, by insuring immortality to her unhappy catastrophe. Whether he himself was the belov'd person she was separated from, or not, cannot be well ascertained; from his verses the strong hold she had of his affection is manifest.

THIS unfortunate fair one was a young lady of quality, had a very considerable fortune; and, as we learn here from Mr. Pope, was eminent for her beauty.

HER parents dying while she was young, she was left under the guardianship of an uncle. She was brought up suitable to her birth, title, and fortune, and was esteemed a match for any nobleman in the kingdom.

SHE had when very young contracted an acquaintance, and some degree of intimacy, with a young gentleman (who has never been more than guessed at by the curious, which uncertainty turned the suspicion on Mr. Pope) and having conceiv'd a fondness for him, she would not listen to a very advantageous match proposed by her uncle.

THE incensed guardian set spies upon her, by whose means he soon discovered her carrying on a correspondence with a lover of a rank in life inferior to hers; which, when taxed with, she did not deny.

THE guardian uncle, on finding her deaf to all his advice to her to stifle so ill-placed a passion, soon contrived the means of sending her abroad, where she was most

politely received, and with all the respect due to one of her condition.

SHE was indeed secluded industriously from seeing or conversing with any body but the creatures of this severe guardian; so that no epistle from her lover could ever reach her hand, she being so closely watched by the uncle's treacherous mercenaries; who, when they had promised the lover to deliver his letters to the lady, sent them all to England to her uncle; who, in consequence, gave orders for her being more strictly guarded, that she might not receive any intelligence from that quarter.

DESPAIRING to hear from the youth she loved, and impatient of her confinement, she yielded herself up a prey to the most consummate grief. She used to weep and sigh continually; but not to linger any time in so racking a situation, she resolved, as Mr Pope terms it, to act the Roman part, by putting an end to her life, which she did by bribing a woman-

servant to procure her a sword, not letting her know what use she intended to make of it.

SOON after she had got the sword, she was found dead upon the floor, but warm. The severity of the laws of the place, where she had committed this suicide, denying her Christian burial, she was interred without any solemnity, or any attendants to wait on her corpse to the grave.

A FEW indeed of the neighbouring people, struck with compassion for her unhappy fate, saw her buried in the common ground, and strewed with flowers the grave they made for her.

HE also published "The Merchant's Tale," from Chaucer, the "Wife of Bath's Prologue," "Translations of several of Ovid's epistles," a "prologue to Cato," and an "Epilogue to Jane Shore."

THE "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" is a masterly performance, and Mr Pope de-

erves the more applause on account of the peril he exposed his reputation to in this attempt, Mr Dryden having gained such universal, and indeed merited fame, for his "Alexander's Feast," that the efforts of all other poets on that subject were scoffed at, nay, condemned before publication.

NOTWITHSTANDING so critical a dilemma, Mr Pope published his, which is allowed to be the only one that can be put in any competition with Mr Dryden's. His other attempts in lyric poetry are two "Chorusses for the Tragedy of Brutus," by his Grace Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

MR. Pope's works are sufficient vouchers for his genius, taste, and judgment. The Duke of Buckingham is universally allowed to have been a nobleman of uncommon talents, and so declared a patron of the muses, and of the learned; that he was stiled the Mæcenas of the age.

His fondness for poets sprang from his

being a good one, and highly capable of relishing beauties in the performances of others, which he did with great candour and warmth. One of the best pieces in our language is his "Essay on poetry, and was esteemed as such by Mr Addison. His other pieces in verse and prose have their respective merit.

MR Pope held the Duke's judgment in such high veneration, separated from his quality (which he always threw aside in his company) that he never published any thing for many years, till his Grace had first pronounced that the author's reputation would run no risk by its being published.

MR Pope lived in such a perpetual dread of losing that fame he had so justly acquired, that he used often to say, that he ought to write no more, lest by an unsuccessful piece, he should forfeit all. The Duke continued his friendship to our author to his last moments, of which from

time to time he gave him many signal proofs.

His Grace expired in the month of February 1720, and left the following epitaph for his tomb, which may be looked on as an abstract of his religion, and is a matter of too great curiosity not to transcribe it here for the entertainment of our readers :

Pro rege saepe, pro republica semper,

Dubius, sed non improbus, vixi :

Incertus morior, non perturbatus,

Humanum est nescire, et errare.

Deo confido, Christum adveneror ;

Ens entium miserere mei.

FOR the sake of such of our readers as may not understand the Latin original, it has been thought necessary to translate it for them into English.

I have often been for the king, always for
my country :

I have led a free-thinking, not a wicked life.
 I die uncertain, but not confounded.
 Ignorance and error are the lot of humanity.
 I trust in God; almost worship Christ—
 Being of beings have pity on me.

THERE breathes in this inscription the genuine spirit of Deism, which we leave to be attacked by the clergy, and to be defended by those who incline to a more extensive benevolence than they seem to allow of.

IN speaking of those with whom Mr Pope has been most conversant, we have thought proper to be somewhat particular; as (according to the true though trite observation) from the company any persons keep, a just judgment may be formed of themselves; because we imperceptibly catch something from those with whom we live in familiarity.

MR Pope was so peculiarly happy in a great memory (which rarely accompanies such a strong understanding as he had)

that by sometimes conversing upon, he made his own, all the valuable improvements in knowledge and taste, which his friends had acquired by study and travelling.

THE famous Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, was another fast friend to the translator of the Iliad. Mr Pope in return always retained a lively sense of gratitude, and a most sincere affection for him.

DR. Atterbury, (the Bishop of Rochester's history being universally known, we shall touch upon no more of it than what relates to Mr Pope's life), though a violent enemy to the government after the death of Queen Anne, he was a strenuous advocate for the orthodoxy of the church of England, and let slip no occasion of proving himself so.

AFTER a short acquaintance with Mr. Pope, he broke his mind to him upon that subject. But there happening to be in company at the same time Mr Pope's mo-

ther, Mrs. Blount, Mr Cromwell, and a nobleman who had made his principles known to Pope; they having read together "Lord Shaftesbury's Characteristics," "The Religion of Nature delineated," and several books in the cause of free inquiry, our author waved entering into any argument with the Bishop for that time; and taking him aside, said, that though he (Pope) was a weak advocate for his religion, yet he was sure that its orthodoxy and strength would furnish him sufficient power to hazard an argument with any heretic, with or without a mitre.

SUCH was the freedom subsisting between them, that these words gave no offence. That evening was set aside for the conference, and the disputants were to imagine Dr. Swift present.

DR. Atterbury began to read out of Archbishop Tillotson's sermons, some of which he commonly had as a pocket-companion. His reason for it was, that his own sentiments were therein so energi-

cally expressed, and better than he possibly could *ex tempore*, or even with his greatest study. And he thought the arguments there offered so evincing, as that no man, endowed with such strong intellects as Mr Pope was, could refuse his assent to them, and deny subscribing to the many absurdities with which popery abounds.

AFTER having heard the Bishop read Tillotson's arguments and comment thereon for a long time, Mr. Pope replied, that the Archbishop's cited discourses (which was the title he gave them) were only reasoning, and consequently could be no standard of belief; that the quotations were not quite opposite to the point his antagonist wanted to prove, for that they might with equal propriety be urged by Catholics to support their arguments.

MR Pope asserted, moreover, that without casting away faith (of which Dr. Atterbury thought himself endowed with a sufficient share) no human arguments were

forcible enough to defeat the excellent tenets believed by the church of Rome, and by her commanded to be implicitly believed by all her children.

HE farther declared, that he saw no more difficulty for a faithful mind to believe the Trinity, transubstantiation, miraculous conception, and other mysteries above the power of human reason.

HE then intreated the Doctor to take into his benevolent heart the whole of the Christian system, and not niggardly content himself with believing but part, in disobedience to the Scripture, the Roman-catholic church, and to the endangering of his eternal salvation.

NAY, so strenuous a member of the Romish church was Mr Pope, that he told Dr. Atterbury with a polite warmth, that if it were possible for any man to raise the dead in proof of any other religion than that professed by the see of Rome, he would not change his belief.

HE then turned to the Bishop of Ro-

chester, and said, I would to God that you and I might be stripped and turned out naked in this cold night (the dispute happened in the winter-season) divested of all our property, and deprived of the means of subsisting, provided your Lordship could be brought to think as I do.

THE Bishop looking on Pope as quite confirmed in his erroneous persuasion, related that conference to a friend of his, a dignified but not a mitred-clergyman, and declared that he would never speak to him more on the subject of religion. The Bishop's zeal for the Protestant cause, in order to make so shining a proselyte to it as Mr Pope would prove, made him break his resolution; for he not only spoke to him afterwards, but wrote to him several times upon that topic.

THE last epistle written by the Bishop to Mr Pope, wherein any thing relative to religion is mentioned, was a letter of comfort on the death of Mr Pope's father. He therein advised a Christian resignation

to the will of heaven, and declared immoderate grief for any loss in this world to be unchristian.

BUT the politely rebuking and cool reply to the Bishop, put a total end to any farther solicitations of it to him in regard to religion; besides, Atterbury going over to the pretender's interest soon after, debarred a frequency of intercourse.

HE has told us in the epilogue the reason of laying down his pen, and he gave the true one for laying down his "Moral Effays to Dr. Swift" long before. "I am, says he, almost at the end of my morals, as I have been long ago of my wit; my system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits; that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity: but where one is confined to truth, or, to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth, we soon find the shortness of our tether." This was not his case as a satirist; the tartness of that

last was too liquorish to be cloying. Though he was drawn out of the sphere for a while by some more immediately interesting views, yet we shall find him returning to it again in a little time, and continuing to move in it till death arrested his steps.

THE avowed incident which occasioned the publication of his "Letters" in 1737, is retailed in the preface, and the truth of it rests upon our author's name. The story is undeniably somewhat intricate, which caused a suspicion that some cunning had been used by him; but the cloud may possibly be blown away by Dr. Warburton, in his promised history of this friend's life. In the mean time, we must content ourselves with another reason for publishing these letters at this time, which considers them as part of the design of his "*Magnum opus*," or his "Essay on Man, Ethic Epistles, and Satires." "My opinion is, says he, that there might be collected from them the

“ best system that ever was wrote for
 “ the conduct of human life, at least
 “ to shame all reasonable men out of their
 “ follies and vices ; and no doubt, the
 “ manner in which Mr Curll got possession
 “ of some of them, is a flaming instance
 “ of the corruption of the age.”

Whatever may be thought of this reason,
 it is certain the increase of his purse had
 no small share in the motives for publishing
 them. Familiar letters betwixt persons
 of any reputation will always meet
 with readers ; and the reason of it is well
 expressed in these very letters by Lord
 Bolingbroke, who, in a postscript to one
 of Pope's to Swift, writes thus : “ I seek
 “ no epistolary fame, but am a good deal
 “ pleased to think that it will be known
 “ hereafter, that you and I lived in the
 “ most friendly intimacy together.—Pli-
 “ ny, continues his Lordship, writ his
 “ letters for the public ; so did Seneca ;
 “ so did Balzac, Voiture, &c. Tully
 “ did not ; and therefore these give us

“ more pleasure. We see Cato, and Bru-
“ tus, and Pompey, such as they really
“ were, and not such as the gaping mul-
“ titude of their own age took them to be,
“ or as historians and poets have repre-
“ sented them to us.—That is another
“ pleasure. I remember to have seen a
“ procession at Aix la Chapelle, wherein
“ an image of Charlemagne is carried on
“ the shoulders of a man, who is hid by
“ the long robe of the imperial saint.
“ Follow him into the vestry, you see the
“ bearer slip from under the robe, and the
“ gigantic figure dwindles into an image
“ of the ordinary size, and is set by a-
“ mong other lumber.” His Lordship’s
remark is undeniably very just, and un-
avoidably turns our eyes upon his pupil,
who is the chief person concerned in it.
Accordingly we find in these letters, not
only that he had given into some gaieties
in his youth, as well as other poets, for
of that he had made public confession long
before : but what was at this time particu-

larly interesting, these letters discover the peculiar sting, in the name of Sappho, under which he satirizes Lady Mary Wortley Montague. That pretieuse, Mrs Elizabeth Thomas, being so called by her keeper Mr Cromwell, to whom our author sent the following rondeau to be communicated to her.

IN the year 1737, he fell into acquaintance with Mr (now Dr.) Warburton, Dean of Bristol; who having wrote a

commentary on the "Essay on Man," that poem was republished in 1740, with the commentary. It was at the instance of this friend too, that our author added a fourth book to the "Dunciad;" which was first printed separately in the year 1742. But the year after, the whole poem came out together, as a specimen of a more correct edition of his works, which he had then resolved to give to the public. And he made some progress in that design, but did not live to complete it:

THE universal benevolence of Mr Pope appears in no part of his works more conspicuous than his "Universal Prayer." It is imagined that he chose the epithet "universal," not in any sense of opposition, but that it might not be deemed as an act of competition with the common prayer used in protestant churches.

IT is to be observed, that Mr Pope, in this prayer, is so sensible of the continual praise arising from the creation, that he calls upon all beings, and all the incense

of nature, bidding it rise, at the same time that he knew it was continually rising.

So the Psalmist, though he knew the works of the creation were praising the Lord, says, naming several of them, "Praise ye the Lord." This beautiful prayer is free from all uncharitable limitations of the Romish church. He indeed had always been, and indeed more so towards the close of his life, a very moderate man.

THIS truly Christian prayer breathes nothing throughout but peace, charity, and humility; is without any pomp in the phrase, which here was purposely avoided. It is an excellent performance for so much, and worthy the serious attention of all religious philosophers.

AFTER Mr. Pope had finished all the abovementioned works, he gave rest to his pen, being able to write little, by reason of the weakness of his eyes, and other bodily infirmities. Finding his strength entirely give way, he began to

think that his days, which had been prolonged beyond his expectation, were drawing to a conclusion.

HE had all his life been subject to an habitual head-ach, and that hereditary complaint was now greatly increased by a dropfy in his breast, under which he expired, May 30th, 1744, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. His body was deposited, pursuant to his own request, in the same vault with those of his parents, to whose memory he had erected a monument, with the following inscription written by himself :

D. O. M.

Alexandro Pope, viro innocuo, probò, pio;

Qui vixit an. 75. ob. 1717.

Et Edithæ conjugii, inculpabili, pientissimæ;

Quæ vixit annos 93. ob. 1733.

Parentibus bene merentibus

Filius fecit.

Et sibi. Obiit an. 1744. ætatis 56.

This last line was added after his death, in pursuance to his will; the rest was done on the death of his parents.

OUR author, some months before his death, made his will, the contents of which have already been made public; but as this solemn instrument seems, with the utmost propriety, to claim a place in the history of his life, a copy of it is here subjoined.

“ IN the name of God, Amen. I A-
 “ lexander Pope of Twickenham, in the
 “ county of Middlesex, make this my last
 “ will and testament. I resign my soul
 “ to its Creator, in all humble hope of its
 “ future happiness, as in the disposal of a
 “ being infinitely good. As to my body,
 “ my will is, that it be buried near the
 “ monument of my dear parents at Twic-
 “ kenham, with the addition, after the
 “ words *filius fecit*—of these only, *et sibi*:
 “ *Qui obiit anno 17—etatis* — and
 “ that it be carried to the grave by six
 “ of the poorest men of the parish, to

“ each of whom I order a suit of grey
 “ coarse cloth, as mourning. If I hap-
 “ pen to die at any inconvenient distance,
 “ let the same be done in any other pa-
 “ rish, and the inscription be added on
 “ the monument at Twickenham. I
 “ hereby make and appoint my particular
 “ friends, Allen Lord Bathurst, Hugh
 “ Earl of Marchmont, the Honourable
 “ William Murray, his Majesty’s solici-
 “ tor-general, and George Arbuthnot, of
 “ the court of exchequer, Esq; the sur-
 “ vivors or survivor of them, executors of
 “ this my last will and testament.

“ BUT all the manuscript and un-
 “ printed papers, which I shall leave at
 “ my decease, I desire may be delivered
 “ to my noble friend, Henry St. John,
 “ Lord Bolingbroke, to whose sole care
 “ and judgment I commit them, either
 “ to be preserved or to be destroyed; or,
 “ in case he shall not survive me, to the
 “ abovesaid Earl of Marchmont. These,
 “ who in the course of my life have done

“ me all other good offices, will not re-
 “ fuse me this last after my death : I leave
 “ them therefore this trouble, as a mark
 “ of my trust and friendship ; only desi-
 “ ring them each to accept of some small
 “ memorial of me : That my Lord Bo-
 “ lingbroke will add to his library all the
 “ volumes of my works and translations
 “ of Homer, bound in red Morocco, and
 “ the eleven volumes of those of Eras-
 “ mus : That my Lord Marchmont will
 “ take the large paper edition of Thuanus,
 “ by Buckley, and that portrait of Lord
 “ Bolingbroke by Richardson, which he
 “ shall prefer : That my Lord Bathurst
 “ will find a place for the three statues of
 “ the Hercules of Farnese, the Venus of
 “ Medicis, and the Apollo in *chiaro of-*
 “ *curo*, done by Kneller : That Mr Mur-
 “ ray will accept of the marble head of
 “ Homer, by Bernini ; and of Sir Isaac
 “ Newton, by Guelfi : and that Mr Ar-
 “ buthnot will take the watch I common-
 “ ly wore, which the King of Sardinia gave

“ to the late Earl of Peterborough, and
“ he to me on his death-bed; together
“ with one of the pictures of Lord Boling-
“ broke.

“ ITEM, I desire Mr. Lyttelton to ac-
“ cept of the busts of Spencer, Shake-
“ spear, Milton, and Dryden, in marble,
“ which his royal master the Prince was
“ pleased to give me. I give and devise
“ my library of printed books to Ralph
“ Allen of Widcombe, Esq; and to
“ the Reverend Mr. William Warburton,
“ or to the survivor of them (when those
“ belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are ta-
“ ken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount
“ has chosen threescore out of the num-
“ ber.) I also give and bequeath to the
“ said Mr Warburton, the property of all
“ such of my works already printed, as he
“ hath written, or shall write commenta-
“ ries or notes upon, and which I have
“ not otherwise disposed of, or alienated;
“ and all the profits which shall arise after

“ my death from such editions as he shall
 “ publish without future alterations.

“ ITEM, In case Ralph Allen, Esq;
 “ abovesaid shall survive me, I order my
 “ executors to pay him the sum of one
 “ hundred and fifty pounds, being, to
 “ the best of my calculation, the accompt
 “ of what I have received from him;
 “ partly for my own, and partly for cha-
 “ ritable uses. If he refuse to take this
 “ himself, I desire him to employ it in a
 “ way, I am persuaded he will not dislike,
 “ to the benefit of the Bath hospital.

“ I GIVE and devise to my sister-
 “ in-law, Mrs. Magdalen Racket, the
 “ sum of three hundred pounds; and
 “ to her sons, Henry, and Robert Racket,
 “ one hundred pounds each. I also re-
 “ lease and give to her all my right and
 “ interest in and upon a bond of five hun-
 “ dred pounds, due to me from her son
 “ Michael. I also give her the family-
 “ pictures of my father, mother, and aunts,
 “ and the diamond-ring my mother wore,

“ and her golden-watch. I give to Eras-
 “ mus Lewis, Gilbert West, Sir Clement
 “ Rotterell, William Rollinson, Natha-
 “ niel Hook, Esquires, and to Mrs. Anne
 “ Arbuthnot, to each the sum of five
 “ pounds, to be laid out in a ring, or any
 “ memorial of me ; and to my servant,
 “ John Searl, who has faithfully and ably
 “ served me many years, I give and de-
 “ vise the sum of one hundred pounds,
 “ over and above a year’s wages to him-
 “ self and his wife ; and to the poor of
 “ the parish of Twickenham, twenty
 “ pounds, to be divided among them by
 “ the said John Searl : And it is my
 “ will, if the said John Searl die before
 “ me, that the said sum of one hundred
 “ pounds go to his wife or children.

“ ITEM, I give and devise to Mrs.
 “ Martha Blount, late of Welbeck-street,
 “ Kavendish square, the sum of one thou-
 “ sand pounds immediately after my de-
 “ cease : and all the furniture of my
 “ grotto, urns in my garden, household-

“ goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is
“ not otherwise disposed of in this my
“ will, I give and devise to the said Mrs.
“ Martha Blount, out of a sincere regard,
“ and long friendship for her. And it
“ is my will, that my abovesaid execu-
“ tors, the survivors or survivor of them,
“ shall take an account of all my estate,
“ money, or bonds, &c. and, after paying
“ my debts and legacies, shall place out
“ all the residue upon government, or o-
“ ther securities, according to their best
“ judgment; and pay the produce there-
“ of, half-yearly, to the said Mrs. Martha
“ Blount, during her natural life: and
“ after her decease, I give the sum of one
“ thousand pounds to Mrs. Magdalen
“ Racket, and her sons, Robert, Henry,
“ and John, to be divided equally among
“ them, or to the survivors or survivor of
“ them; and after the decease of the said
“ Mrs. Martha Blount, I give the sum of
“ two hundred pounds to the abovesaid
“ Gilbert West; two hundred to Mr.

“ George Arbuthnot ; two hundred to
 “ his sister, Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot ; and
 “ one hundred to my servant, John
 “ Searl ; to which soever of these shall
 “ be then living : And all the residue
 “ and remainder to be considered as un-
 “ disposed of, and go to my next of kin.

“ THIS is my last will and testament,
 “ written with my own hand, and sealed
 “ with my seal, this twelfth day of De-
 “ cember, in the year of our Lord, one
 “ thousand seven hundred and forty three.

“ ALEX. POPE.

“ Signed, sealed, and declared

“ by the Testator, as his last

“ will and testament, in

“ presence of us,

“ Radnor.

“ Stephen Hales, minister of

“ Teddington.

“ Joseph Spence, professor

“ of history in the Uni-

“ versity of Oxford.”



A N

ESSAY on MAN.

EPISTLE I.

A WAKE, O my St. JOHN, and
leave all the things of this
world to those who are pleased with
meaner objects, or even to such as
are the pride of kings. And since
this life can supply us with little
more than just to look about us, and

A

then to die, let us freely expatiate over all this scene of man; I must allow it to be a mighty maze, but yet you will find it, upon proper examination, to be formed on a most exact plan. It is either a wilderness, where flowers and weeds grow promiscuously together, or else it is a garden, filled with delicious fruit, to tempt us from God. Let us therefore beat this ample field together, and see if we can find out both what it openly discovers to us, and what is hid under its most secret coverts; let us traverse all its latent tracts; and explore all its giddy heights; let us eye Nature in all her walks, and shoot every folly as it flies; and catch all the living manners of the age, as they rise before us, wherever we can; let us be candid, and laugh

at such follies as we cannot pass over with silence; but, above all things, let us vindicate the ways of GOD to all mankind.

I. IN the first place, then, we can reason nothing either of God above, or of man below, but agreeable to the station he has placed us in here; and therefore we can only reason from it, or refer to it, and by this means draw a proper conclusion from our observations on it. For though God be known through unnumbered worlds, it is our business to trace him only in our own. It is only he that can tell why Heaven has made us as we are; none can account for this, but he, who can pierce through the vast immensity, and see worlds on worlds compose one universe, and observe how one system runs into

another, and what the planets are that circle other circles; and what the different kinds of beings who inhabit every star. But the pervading soul may look through the just gradations, the nice dependencies, strong commotions, the bearing and ties that one point has upon another, and so form a proper judgment of the whole.

Is therefore the great chain, that draws every thing together, and makes them to agree, supported by God or thyself?

II. O presumptuous man! couldst thou find out the reason, why God has formed thee so weak, little and blind? First learn the reason why he did not make thee smaller, weaker, and blinder than thou art. Ask thy mother earth, why the oaks are

made larger than the humble shrubs they overshadow? Or make enquiry of yonder argent fields above, why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove himself?

For if it is confessed that it requires infinite wisdom to form such a system, where all must be full and not incoherent, and every thing that rises must rise in due degree; then, according to this scale of reasoning, it is plain, to make the system of life compleat, there must be such a thing as man: and therefore let us wrangle as long as we will, it can amount to no more than whether God has placed him right or wrong.

For whatever we call wrong, it is possible may, nay it must, be right, as it bears a relation to the whole human species. In human works,

though carried on with pain and labour, a thousand movements scarcely answer one purpose; but in GOD'S, one single purpose not only produces its end, but also serves some secondary purpose. So man, who, though he now seems the principal actor alone, yet perhaps he may be only a secondary cause in some unknown sphere, either touches some wheel, or verges to some goal; for we can only now perceive a part of the system, and not the whole of it.

THUS when the proud horse shall know the reason why his master pulls in his reins, and restrains him, or why with a fiery course he drives him over the plains; or when the dull ox shall know the reason why he breaks the clod, or why he is made

use of as a victim in the sacrifice, or why worshipped in EGYPT as a God: then shall man's dullness and pride comprehend the use and end of his being, with all its actions and passions; why he this moment suffers pain, and the next is checked and impelled; why he is this hour a slave, the next a deity.

THEN do not say that man's imperfections is the fault of Heaven, but rather say that he is as perfect as he ought to be: his knowledge is measured to his state, and the place he lives in; his time being only a moment, and his space only a single point. And if it be only to be perfect in the sphere he walks in, it is no matter whether it be sooner or later, whether it be here, or in the next world. For those who are really

blest to-day are as compleatly blest as those who were so a thousand years ago.

III. HEAVEN hides the book of Fate from all but spirits; from the brute creation as well as we. If it were not so, no one could suffer being here below: for the very lamb that thy riot orders to bleed to-day, had he any of the reason thou hast, he would not skip and play; he crops his flowery food to the very last, and licks the very hand that is raised to shed his blood. Certainly this is an unspeakable happiness, that we should be blind to futurity; that every man may fill up in a proper manner the circle that is set for him by HEAVEN: for GOD sees with an equal eye, the falling of a sparrow, or the perishing of a he-

ro; both atoms and systems hurled into ruin; and beholds with equal composure the bursting of a bubble, as the bursting of a world.

THEREFORE adore GOD, and ever with trembling pinions soar, humbly hoping for a blessed eternity, and with patience wait the great traitor DEATH, who shall put the good man in possession of a blessed immortality. For it is not proper that he should let us know now what bliss he has designed for us; but gives the good man a joyful hope to bear up his spirits now. Hope is eternally springing in the human heart: therefore man excels only that he may be blest: for the soul being confined and uneasy at home, can only expatiate and rest in a world to come.

Lo! the poor INDIAN, though

his mind be untutored, yet he sees GOD in the clouds, and hears him in the winds; and though proud science never taught his soul to stray so far as the solar walk or the milky way, yet simple Nature has given him this hope of a humbler heaven; some safer world, embraced with deeper woods; or some happier island, situate in the watry waste; where even slaves shall once more behold their native land, where there are no devils to torment, and no CHRISTIANS to thirst for gold. For this contentment of hope is placed in him by the GOD of NATURE; he is not beholden to the wings of an angel, or the fire of a seraph for it, but expects to be admitted to that equal happiness, where his faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go then, thou who art wiser, and weigh in thy scale of sense thy mighty opinion, and arguments against Providence; and call imperfections whatever thou fanciest to be so: thou mayest say, Here he has given too little, there too much; and after thou hast destroyed all creatures for thy sport or gust, thou mayest, if thou art unhappy, call God unjust; if man is not made perfect in this world, he shall be immortal in the next. If thou dost not believe this, then snatch the balance and the rod from his hand, rejudge his justice, and even be the GOD of GOD. All our error lies in pride, nay in reasoning pride; and by this means every one quits his own sphere, and rushes into the skies. Pride still aims at the blest abodes, men would

be Angels, Angels would be Gods; for if Angels fell by aspiring to be Gods, so men rebel when they aspire to be Angels; and every one who wishes to invert the laws of order, sins against the Eternal Cause of all order.

V. THOU mayest as well ask, for what end it is the heavenly bodies shine and for whose use the earth was made? Why the pride of every man says, "It was for mine; it is for me that kind NATURE wakes her great power, suckles every herb, and spreads out every flower; it is annually for me that the grape renews its nectarious taste, and the rose its balmy fragrance, and healing qualities; it is for me that the mines bring a thousand treasures, and for my use that health gushes from a thou-

land springs; the seas roll to waft me some good, and the sun rises to light my footsteps; the earth is made my footstool, and the skies my canopy.”

BUT does not NATURE err from this gracious end, when it makes the sun so intensely hot as to breed a plague, when earthquakes and tempests sweep not only towns, but whole nations into the deep? I reply, No; for NATURE acts by general laws, and not by partial ones; the exceptions to this are but very few and trifling, since the beginning of the world; and if there was nothing created perfect at first, should it be a wonder that man was not? for NATURE deviates, if the great end be human happiness: and may as well expect eternal spring and cloud-

less skies, as for man to be ever wise, temperate, or calm. If plagues or earthquakes do not break the design of HEAVEN, why then the conspiracies of a CATILINE or a BORGIA?

FOR who knows but his hand who forms the lightning, who wings the storm, and heaves old Ocean, may pour fierce ambition into the hand of CÆSAR, or may turn young AMMON loose to scourge mankind? Our very reasoning proceeds from nothing but from pride. We account for moral things in the same manner we do for natural things. We foolishly charge HEAVEN with the first, and in the last we acquit it; but the only way of proving our reasoning to be right, would be to submit to both.

PERHAPS it may appear to us, that there was nothing in this world but all harmony and virtue; that both the air and the ocean never felt the wind; and that there never was any passion at all to ruffle and discompose the mind. But as NATURE subsists by the strife of the elements so our passions are the very elements which support our life. For NATURE has always kept the same general order in man, since the beginning of the world. -

VI. Now therefore what would this man be? When he looks upward, though HEAVEN has made him but a little less than the angels, yet he still would be more: and when he looks downward, he is still as much grieved and discontented, because GOD has not given him the

same strength that a bull has, and the same furred cloaths that the bear has. But as all creatures were originally made for the use of man, they would be of none to him, had he the qualifications of every one of them centered in his own person: for NATURE has been kind to all the animal creation, without any manner of profusion; she has assigned every one of ~~them~~ proper powers, and proper organs; and every seeming want of course is compensated; to one kind she has given swiftness, without strength, to others great force and strength: every thing is in exact proportion, so that they need no addition to their different qualifications, nor is there any necessity for the taking any thing from them. Every beast, and

every insect, is happy in its own nature: has heaven been only unkind to man? And shall he, who is the only one of the rational creation, be pleas'd with nothing that God has given him, because he has not all the qualifications of the brute creation centered in himself?

THE only bliss that was designed for human kind, (if pride could find that blessing) was not to act or to think above the powers that God had given them, and not to be desirous of any other perfection, but what both his nature, and the state of his condition here below could bear.

THE plain reason that man has not a microscopic eye, is, because he is not a fly: for of what use would it be to him, if he had finer optics,

to discern a mite, when at the same time he could not comprehend Heaven? Or if he was tremblingly alive all over, he would smart and agonize at every pore at the slightest touch: or if his smell was so very quick, as to dart effluvia through his brain, the fragrant smell of a rose might make him die in aromatic pain; if NATURE was to thunder in his open ears, and stun him with the music of the spheres, he would rather wish that Heaven had made him content with the purling rill, and the whispering zephyr. But every thinking person will always find, that Providence is as good in what it denies, as in what it gives.

VII. ONLY observe, as far as the ample range of creation extends, the mental powers ascend over the sen-

faat. Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race; what different modes of fight there are from the green myriads, who have their habitation in the grafs: What modes of fight there are between the dim curtain of the mole, and the beam of the lynx: what difference there is between the fagacious fmell of the hound, who is fenfible of the leaft taint upon the grafs the hare has run over, and the headlong lionefs, who, when ſhe goes out in ſearch of her prey in the night, ſets up a hideous roar, and then liſtens to the noiſe made by the beaſts in their flight, purſuing them by the ear, and not by the ſmell: what quickneſs of hearing have the fiſhes, that abound in the floods, in compariſon of the birds, who warble in the vernal groves! How exquisitely

fine is the spider's touch, that feels at every thread, and lives as it climbs along the line! Can there be any sense more subtly true than that of the nice bee, which extracts the healing dew from every poisonous herb? Mark how instinct varies in the grovelling swine, when compared with the elephant; what a nice barrier is there between that and reason, which, notwithstanding it be for ever separate, yet it is for ever near. How near is remembrance and reflexion allied to each other, and what thin partitions divide sense from thought! and notwithstanding that middle natures frequently long to join one another, yet they never pass the insuperable line; neither could they be one subjected to another, without this just gradation. But all those different

powers are subdued by thee alone; for thy reason is the same to thee, as if thou wast possessed of all these powers.

VIII. OBSERVE how through the air, the ocean, and the earth, they are all quick of matter, and burst into birth. For we know not how high progressive life may go, how wide it extends itself, and how deep it may descend below. All this vast chain of beings, whether ethereal as angels, or human as men, they all had their beginning from God; beasts, birds, fishes, even what no eye can see, nor glass can reach; from infinite to thee, and from thee to nothing. There is nothing in the whole creation but is of use to another; they are all linked together by one chain, and if one link were broke, the scale would be discharged, the same as if ten thousand shared the same fate.

IF each system rolls in a proper gradation, and every part of it is equally essential to the amazing whole; if the least confusion were to happen in one part, not the system only, but the whole must fall; for if the earth, not being properly balanced, should fly from her orbit, both suns and planets would run lawless through the the sky; then ruling Angels would be hurled from their spheres, one wrecked upon another; the whole centre of the foundations of Heaven would nod, and every thing of nature would tremble but God's throne. And must this dread order of Nature be broke for thee? A vile worm! Oh! what madness, pride, and impiety is here!

IX. WHAT if the foot, which was ordained to tread the dust, or the hand,

which was ordained to toil, was to aspire to be the head? What if the head, the eye, or the ear, should refuse to be employed as engines to the all-ruling mind? It is just as absurd for one part to claim a right to be another in this general frame; and it is no less to mourn the tasks Providence lays upon us, or the pains the great directing Mind of All ordains.

ALL are but parts of this stupendous body of Nature, and GOD is the soul of it; and though it be changed through all, yet it is the same in all; as great in the earth, as it is in the ethereal frame; it is he that warms us in the sun, and refreshes us in the breeze; he lives through all life; and extends through all extent; yet he is for ever unspent; he both breathes in our souls, and likewise informs our

mortal part; he is as full and as perfect in a hair, as he is in the heart; and as full and perfect in man, who is constantly murmuring and repining, as he is in the rapt seraph, that burns with holy adoration. There is nothing too high or too low, too great or too small; for he bounds, fills, and connects all.

X. CEASE then, and call not Order imperfection; for our proper bliss depends on what we blame. Know then thy own point in its proper kind and degree, for it is Heaven that bestows on thee this blindness and weakness; therefore submit in every sphere thou art placed in, being always secure of this, that thou shalt have as much blessedness as thou canst bear: thou art safe in the hand of that disposing Power, both in thy

coming into the world, and thy going out of it; for all nature is no more than art, which is unknown to thee; though all is chance, yet it is guided by a direction which thou canst not see; and though it may seem all discord, yet if thou couldst see it, thou wouldst perceive it to be all harmony; for though it be apparent evil, yet it is a universal good: and, in spite of pride, and erring reason, this is a clear truth, that, **WHATEVER IS IS RIGHT.**

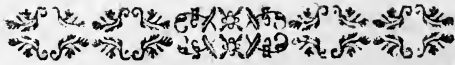
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EPISTLE II.

I. **E**Ndeavour therefore, O man, to know thyself, and presume not to scan the deep designs of PROVIDENCE. The only science man was sent into the world for was to learn to know himself: for, according to the order GOD has placed him in, he may, by making a proper use of his reason, arise to so much knowledge, as to hinder him from being a sceptic, and by this means save him from becoming a stoic. He is in doubt whether to deem himself a GOD or a beast; as he knows he is born to die, he may err in his reason; the pro-

per epitome of it being so very narrow, that he is frequently in doubt whether to prefer the soul to the body, or the body to the soul; and as he is liable to err, he concludes that it is as well for him to think and know too little, as too much; and therefore the only wisdom he ought to purchase is, whatever may be useful for the improvement of his station in this world. Whenever he goes beyond this, though he be the great Lord of all things, yet he becomes a prey to all, being involved in endless errors: he becomes the glory, jest, and riddle of the world: for we sigh in vain for more perfection than our state can bear. It is HEAVEN, which is wise in all its disposals, that made us as we are; for a modest ape might as well aim at

being a man, as he sees and feels as well as you and I do; and it is no more ridiculous in him at aiming to be something above his capacity, than it is for man to aim at being an angel, whom we cannot see, and whose nature and property we know nothing about: for observe how near the monkey comes up to the human race; what human tricks he has! and what a risible face! Pug might call the Gods unkind, because, though he has so often endeavoured to walk on two legs, and has such ardent longings for a mind, yet he has not been set upright, and married to his mind. He may go as a mighty reasoner, and assume the doctor's chain, be as severe as *SENECA*, and as deep in his reasoning as *PLATO*.

MAN may as well measure the earth, weigh the air, or put bounds to the sea; instruct the planets what orbs they are to run in, regulate the sun, and correct old Time, and with PLATO soar to the imperial sphere, to the First Good, and the most perfect of all beings; or he may tread the same mazy road that his followers trod, and imagine, that when they give up their natural sense, they imitate GOD; as the eastern priests turn their heads in giddy circles, imagining thereby that they imitate the sun. Or he may as well teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule, and then drop into himself, and be a fool.

THE superior beings, when lately they saw a mortal man endeavouring to unfold all the laws of nature,

admired that there was so much wisdom treasured up in an earthly shape; and therefore they made a joke of NEWTON, as we do of an ape.

COULD he, who taught each planet where to roll, describe one single movement of his own mind? or account who it was that made each point to rise, or to descend? or explain from what his own nature began, or what would be the end of it? alas! what a wonder is it, that man, who is blessed with superior parts, so that he can climb from art to art, yet, whatever web his reason weaves, is undone by his passions! let Modesty then be thy guide, when thou wouldst trace Science; strip her of all the equipage of Pride, deduct every thing

from the luxury of Learning, which is but Vanity and Dress, and serve only as tricks to shew the stretch of the human brain, being no more than mere curious pleasure or ingenious pain; therefore either expunge the whole, or lop off the excrescent parts of all the arts which our vices have created, and then you will see how little true merit there has been, which has served all the past time of life, and what remains, to serve the time that is to come.

II. FOR there are two principles that always reign in human nature, viz. self-love, to urge us to pursue every thing that is good, and reason, to restrain us from every thing that is evil; and each of those works move towards its proper end,

in governing every one of us, and we must always ascribe every thing that is good to the right governing of our passions, and every thing that is evil, by not ruling them according to the dictates of right reason.

SELF-LOVE is always the spring of motion that actuates the soul, but it must be reason that must give the balance to the whole. Man could not attend to any action, were it not for this, and if it were not for this, man would be active without any sufficient end: he would be just like a plant that is fixed to a particular spot, from whence he should draw nutrition, to propagate his species, and then rot; or, like the lawless flame of a meteor, which runs through every void, destroying all before it, till it is destroyed.

by itself. The moving principle requires our strength to prompt, impel, and inspire it with activity: but it must be ruled by reason alone, which must be sedate and quiet, as it is formed to alleviate and advise us, and to be a check upon our other passions. Self-love acts stronger, according as it sees the object of its wishes nigh at hand; but Reason sits at a distance, and views the future consequences of things: whereas self-love is actuated only by the sense of a present good. For let us be as watchful as ever we will, temptations throng faster about us than we can summon up arguments against them. Reason must always therefore be upon its guard, to suspend the force of the temptation; and, by a close atten-

tion, it will acquire a stronger habit, and more experience, and his reason will be so much strengthened, as to restrain the sallies of self-love. Let subtle schoolmen, who generally are more studious to divide than unite mankind; and Grace, Virtue, Sense, and Reason, with all the rash dexterity of wit, split. Wits are just like fools, frequently at war about a name, which often has the same meaning, and sometimes no meaning at all. Self-love and Reason both aspire at one end; for pain is the aversion, and pleasure the desire of both. Self-love is greedy to devour its object, and to taste the honey, without wounding the flower of Reason: both pleasure and pain, if we rightly understood them, are either:

our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. WE may call the passions no more than so many modes of self-love, as it is either a seeming, or a real good, that moves them all: but since we cannot divide every good thing amongst others, Reason bids us provide for ourselves; and though our passions be selfish, yet when they are employed for proper ends, and listed under the banner of Reason, they tend to exalt nature to the practice of every virtue.

STOICS may boast that virtue consists in a freedom from every passion, and an insensibility to every pain, and therefore their virtue is contracted, and retires to their own breast, and is fixed there, as if it were frozen: but strength of mind

is exercise, and not rest; for the rising tempest puts the soul into action, and though it may commit a ravage upon a part, yet it preserves the whole. As we all fail in a different manner on the vast ocean of life, Reason must be the card by which we must steer, but Passion must be the gale to waft us through it; for we do not find GOD always in the still calm, he sometimes mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

THE passions are like the elements, though they are born to fight, yet when they are mixed, and softened, they unite together in good works: it is enough for us only to temper and employ them; for whatever composes, can likewise destroy man. Let it suffice then, that Reason sub-

jects and compounds them in such a manner, as to follow the road of Nature, which is the law of God. For all the train of fair-smiling Pleasure, Love, Hope and Joy, when mixed with Hate, Fear, and Grief, which are the family of Pain, make and maintain an equal balance in the mind : these, like lights and shades in painting, give all the strength and colour to our life.

WE always have pleasure either in our hands or our eyes, and when they cease in the action, they rise in the prospect. It is the whole employment of the body and the mind to grasp at the present, or to hope for the future; those are continually spreading all their charms, though they do not charm every one alike; for different senses strike more force-

ably on one passion than another, and therefore, agreeable to the weakness or strength of the organ on which they strike. Every man has a MASTER PASSION in his breast, which, like AARON'S serpent, swallows up all the other passions.

As Man, perhaps the very first moment that he breathes, imbibes the lurking principle, which grows up with him in life, till it at length subdues him, so it is the disease of the mind, that the RULING PASSION feeds the whole of every vital humour; for as the mind opens, and spreads its functions, whatever warms the heart, or fills the head, imagination employs her dangerous art in pouring it constantly on the peccant part.

NATURE being its mother, and

Habit its nurse, Wit, Spirit, and Faculties only tend to make it worse; for Reason itself gives it only more power and edge, as the sun, the blest beam of heaven, makes vinegar more sour.

WE only are wretched subjects, though it be to the lawful sway of this weak queen; and if she does not lend us arms, as well as rules, she tells us in fact that we are no more than fools. She teaches us only to mourn our nature, but not to mend it; though she be a sharp accuser, she is but a helpless friend; she turns from a judge to a pleader, to persuade us to make a choice, or to justify it when it is made, being all along proud of an easy conquest. She only removes the weaker passions, that the stronger may take place;

in the same manner as when small pains and humours turn into a gout, the doctor imagines that he has driven them out of the body.

YES, the road of Nature must ever be preferred; for Reason is still a guard, though it be no guide; and it is hers to rectify, and not overthrow, and to treat this passion more like a friend than like a foe. It is a mightier power that sends this strong direction, and impels several men to several ends: Just like the varying winds, tost by their passions, this constantly drives them to a certain coast. Whether gold, glory, knowledge, power, or the love of ease, please, every one follows his darling passion, though at the expence of his life; for the merchant in his toiling finds reason on his side, in the

same manner as do the pride of the hero, the indolence of the sage, and the humility of the monk.

THE eternal art of educating good from evil grafts on this passion our best principle: it is thus that the Mercury of man is fixed, and the virtue grows strong, which is mixed with his nature; for by this means the dross cements, what else would be too refined, and so the body and mind act together in one interest.

As fruits, which are ungrateful to the planter for all his care, by his ingrafting them on stocks which are foreign, he learns them to bear; thus the surest and most substantial virtues shoot from the passions, when the vigour of wild nature works at the root of them. Only observe what crops of wit and honesty pro-

ceed from spleen, obstinacy, hatred, and fear! see how anger and fortitude supply the want of zeal, avarice, prudence, sloth, and philosophy; lust, when it is refined through some certain strainers, is no more than gentle love, and pleases all womankind; and envy, which is a slave in the ignoble mind, is no more than imitation in the learned or brave; and there is no virtue that we can mention, but what will either grow on pride or shame.

BUT let it always be a check upon our pride, that Nature gives us only that which is nearest allied to our vices: it is therefore the bias of nature, that must produce good from evil; for NERO, if he would, might have reigned as illustriously as TITUS. The fiery soul, which

was abhorred in a CATILINE, charmed in DECIUS, and was divine in CURTIUS: the same ambition can either destroy or save, and make a patriot as well as it makes a knave.

IT is therefore the GOD within the mind that must divide this light and darkness, which are joined within us. Extremes in nature produce equal ends in man, and join together for some mysterious use; and though each by turns invade the other's bounds, yet they often mix: as in well-wrought pictures, the lights and the shades set off each other, so where those are mixed, it is very difficult to observe where Virtue ends, or Vice begins.

THEY are fools, who fall into the notion, that there is neither Vice

nor Virtue. It is the same as if you would blend black and white a thousand different ways, so that the colour could not be easily discerned; yet this will never make it appear that there is neither black nor white: for if you will only consult your own heart, you will find nothing is so plain; those that think otherwise, take a deal of time and pains to work themselves into the belief of it.

VICE is a monster of so frightful a mien, that it requires no more than a perfect sight of it to make it hated. Yet if we see it too often, we become familiar with her face, and by this means we first endure the sight, then pity the person in whom it appears; and frequently at last embrace it ourselves. But

we never are agreed about the extremes of vice. The same, as when you ask, where is the North? you are told at YORK, that it is on the TWEED; when there, they tell you it is in SCOTLAND; there, in the ORCADES, GREENLAND, ZEMBLA, or the Lord knows where. So no creature owns vice in its first degree, but still thinks his neighbour farther gone in it than he; yet that very degree, which happier natures shrink at with all the marks of the greatest horror and affright; those who dwell beneath its very zone never so much as own that they feel its rage; nay, they become so hard in the commission of it, that they contend that only they are in the right.

THEREFORE every man must ei-

ther be virtuous or vitious, though in different degrees: The rogue and fool are fair and wise by fits; and even the best are by fits what they despise themselves for. So that we only follow good or evil by parts; for it is Self-love alone that directs us in the choice of either; each individual has a goal that he is moving to, but HEAVEN has one great view in all, and that alone commands the whole. It is that which counteracts each folly and caprice, disappoints the woful effects that every vice would have; and that applies happy frailties to all the different ranks of mankind; it is that which gives shame to the virgin, and pride to the matron, fear to the statesman, and boldness and bravery to the commander, pre-

sumption to kings, and belief to the mixed multitude; for Virtue can exalt itself even upon Vanity, which seeks no interest, but the reward of praise; and the joy, the peace, and glory of mankind is built on the wants and defects of the mind.

IT was Heaven that ordained that each should depend on the other, and be either as a master, a servant, or a friend, and bids each call upon the other for assistance; for GOD makes even evil productive of good; so that even our wants, our frailties, and passions, make it our common interest, and endears the tie that Nature has bound us with. It is frequently to our very wants and infirmities that we are indebted for true friendship, sincere love, and every home-felt

joy that life inherits here below; yet, when we find those passions decaying in our friends, we learn to resign those interests, and we are taught by Reason, and half by the mere decay of Nature, to welcome Death, and pass quietly out of this world.

WHATEVER our passion be, whether knowledge, fame, or pelf, no one will exchange his neighbour's condition with his own. The learned is happy in his exploring of nature, the fool is happy in knowing no more; the rich is happy in the plenty that Heaven has given him, and the poor contents himself with the pleasure of thinking himself to be the care of Heaven. See how the blind beggar dances, the cripple sings, the sot

thinks himself a hero, and the lunatic fancies himself to be a king; the starving chymist is supremely blest in the hopes and views he has of being rich, and the poet is happy even in his muse.

SEE some strong comfort attends us in every stage of life, and the pride that is bestowed on every one, becomes his common friend. See some fell passion supplies every age, hope travels always along with us, and does not quit us even when we die.

BEHOLD the child, by the kindly law of nature, is pleased with a rattle, and tickled with a straw: and as he advances in years, some livelier play-thing of a more noisy nature, though full as empty, gives him delight, and he is amused in

the riper stages of life with scarfs, garbs, and gold, and he makes use of beads and prayer-books as the toys of his old age. He is as much pleased with those baubles, as he was with any others before; till being tired, he falls asleep, and the poor play of life is all over with him. In the mean time, Opinion gilds with varying rays those painted clouds which beautify our days; every want of happiness is supplied by Hope, and every vanity of Sense by Pride: These build as fast as Knowledge can destroy; and the bubble of Joy still laughs in the cup of Folly; for after we have lost one prospect, we gain another; and no vanity we at any time possess is given us in vain; even mean Self-love becomes by divine force the

scale to measure other men's wants by his own. But see! and confess, one comfort still must remain; and it is this, that though man is a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.





E P I S T L E III.

LEARN therefore, dulness, learn! the universal cause acts to one end, though it acts by various laws, let this grand truth be present with us, both night and day, in all the madness of superfluous health, the trim of our pride, and the impudence of our wealth; but let it be well remembered by those who either preach or pray.

Look round the world, and behold the chain of love, combining all above, and all below; observe wise plastic Nature working to this end; the very single atoms tend to each other;

they either attract, or are attracted, to the next in place, and either formed or impelled to embrace its neighbour. Next, observe matter, inclined with various life, still pressing to the general good, as its centre. See the dying vegetables preserve and sustain life, and observe how dissolving life vegetates again: all forms that perish supply other forms, (even by turns we catch the vital breath and die) just like the bubbles that are borne on the sea of matter, they rise, they break, and return to that sea again. Nothing is foreign; for the most remote part has a connexion with the one all-extending and all-preserving soul of the whole, and connects every being, the greatest with the least: by this means the beasts are made to aid and assist man, and man to aid and assist the

beasts. We are either all saved, or all saving; for nothing stands alone; the chain still holds on; but nobody can tell where it ends.

O THOU fool! dost thou think that GOD works only for thy good, thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, and thy food? who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn? has he not as kindly spread the flowery lawn for his support? dost thou think that it is only for thee that the lark ascends and sings? No, joy tunes his voice, and joy elevates his wings. Dost thou think that it is only for thee that the linnet pours his throat? No, it is loves of his own, and his own raptures, that swell the note. Even the bounding steed, which you bestride so pompously, shares with his lord in both his pride and his plea-

ture. Is the seed that strews the plain thine alone? no, even the birds of Heaven vindicate their part of it; and the full harvest of the golden year is kindly and justly paid to the deserving steer: even the hog, that neither ploughs nor obeys the call of man, lives on thy labours, though thou art Lord of the whole universe.

KNOW then, that all the children of Nature divide her care; for the fur that now warms the monarch, first warmed the bear. While man exclaims, "See how all things are made for my use!" the pampered goose replies, "See man for mine!" what care he had to tend, to lodge, to cram, and treat him; he knew all this very well, though he did not know that he was to be eaten: thus far the goose judged and rea-

soned right; but man quite mistakes the matter: and he falls just as short of reason, who thinks that all were made for one, and not one for all.

GRANT, that the powerful controul the weak; and let man be the wit and tyrant of the whole: yet still nature checks that tyrant; for he only knows, and helps, another creature's wants and woes. Will the falcon spare the dove, smit with her various plumage? Does the jay admire the gilded wings of the insect? or does the hawk hear when PHILOMEL sings? it is man that cares for all: he gives his woods to the birds, his pastures to the beasts, and his floods to the fishes; his interest prompts him to provide for some, his pleasures for more, but for more still his pride: All feed and enjoy

the extensive blessing of the luxury of one vain patron; for the very life that his learned hunger craves, he saves from both famine and the savages; nay, feasts the very animal that he dooms to feast on, and makes it blest, till he ends its being; which sees no more the stroke, nor feels the pain, than the man, who is highly favoured, when he is killed by the ethereal touch. Every creature has had his feast of life before his death, and man must perish also, when his feast is over.

HEAVEN is a friend to every unthinking being, and never gives it the useless knowledge of its end: he imparts it to man, but with this view, that at the same time that he dreads it, it makes him hope for it too; his hour is concealed, and the

fear is so remote, that though Death seems still to draw nearer, yet he never appears to be near. This is a great standing miracle, that Heaven has assigned this turn of mind to the only thing that can think.

II. FOR know, whether all are blessed with instinct, or with reason, yet every thing enjoys the power which suits it best; and by that direction they all enjoy blifs alike, and always find the means proportioned to their end. Say, when there is full instinct, that will always prove an unerring guide, can they need either hope or counsel beside this? Reason, however able it may be, yet it is at best but cool, and does not care for service, though it serves when it is pressed to it; it always stays till we call, and then it is very

often not near at hand; while honest instinct always comes a volunteer, and is sure never to outshoot, but hit the mark; while human wit is still too wide or too short; you are sure always to gain that happiness by quick Nature, which heavier Reason only labours at in vain. This likewise serves always, Reason never long; Instinct must always go right, Reason sometimes may err. Observe then, that the acting and comparing powers are one in their nature, which are two in ours: and after all their pains to exalt Reason, it is GOD that directs in Instinct; in what you call Reason, only man directs.

Who was it that taught the nations that inhabit the fields and the woods to chuse their food, and to

shun every poisonous herb? or who gave the inhabitants of the watry worlds the prescience and foreknowledge to withstand the tides and tempests, so as either to gender on the waves, or make an arch for their young beneath the sand? who was it that bid the spider design parallels, as sure as DE-MOIVRE, without either rule or line? who is it that bids the stork, like COLUMBUS, explore heavens that are none of his own, and were unknown before? Who is it that calls the council, or that states the certain day? Who forms the phalanx, and points out the way that armies are to be governed, so as to obtain victory?

III. It is GOD, that founds in the nature of every thing its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds; but as

he framed the whole with a design to bless them all, he also made mutual Happiness to submit to mutual Wants. It was that eternal ORDER ran from the first beginning, when creature was linked to creature, and man to man, or whatever of life all-quickenning Æther keeps, or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps, or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds the vital flame of all, and swells the genial seeds. It is not man alone, but all the different creatures, that roam in the wood, or fly the air, or the fishes that roll along the flood; every one loves itself, but does not love itself alone; both the sexes desiring alike, till two are made one. Neither does the pleasure end with the fierce embrace; they love themselves even a third

time, in their race: Thus both beasts and birds attend their common charge, the mothers nurse their offspring, and the fires defend them from danger; and their instinct stops, and their care is ended, when their young is dismissed, to wander either in the earth, or the air; the link is dissolved, each of them seeks a fresh embrace, another love succeeds, and by this means, another race. But the helpless state of mankind, when born, demands longer care of their offspring, and that contracts more lasting bands: Reason and Reflection still improve the ties, and at once both extend the interest and the love: we fix our choice, and burn with sympathy; every virtue takes its turn in every passion, and still new necessities and wants

rife, that require new habits, by which Benevolence is grafted on Love. Still as one brood arofe upon another, they maintained their natural love, which, by this means, grew habitual : while the laft being fcarce ripened into perfect man, faw their great grandfather from whence they all fprung, quite helpless through old age : Memory and Forefight engage juft returns ; that looks backward to youth, the other forward to man ; while Pleasure, Gratitude, and Hope, combine to fpread the intereft, and preferve the kind.

IV. **NOR** allow yourfelf to think, that they blindly trod in the ftate of Nature ; for the ftate of Nature was the reign of **GOD** : Both felf and focial love were born at once, and union was the bond of all things

as well as of man. There was then no pride nor arts to support it ; man walked with the beast, and was the joint tenant of the shade ; both their beds and their tables were the same ; murder neither clothed nor fed him. They both worshipped in one temple, and the woods resounded, for all vocal beings hymned their common GOD : the shrine was then undrest with gold, and unstained with gore, and the blameless priest was clothed with innocence, free of both bribery and bloodshed. Universal care was the attribute of GOD, and the prerogative of man was to rule, but at the same time to spare. Ah ! how unlike the men who were to come ! who being enemies to nature, became not only the butchers, but the tomb ; and not frightened at the ge-

neral groan, both betray and murder their own species. But Nature has very justly repaid him for this ; for every death that he is the occasion of, breeds its avenger, and just Disease always succeeds Luxury ; for all the furious passions began from the first shedding of blood, and turned on man a fiercer savage, which is man.

SEE how slow is the rise of man from Nature to Art! he is commanded by Nature to go and take his instructions from the creatures ; to learn from the birds, whether the trees bear what is wholesome ; for navigators, when they touch upon a foreign land, never eat of the fruits, though never so beautiful, without they observe they have been first picked by the birds ; he is to learn

from the beasts the physic of the field; and to receive instructions in the art of building from the bee; how to plough from the mole; and from the silk-worm, how to weave; learn from the little Nautilus how to sail, to spread the thin oar, and to catch the driving breeze; for they swim upon the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells, which exactly resemble the hulk of a ship; they raise two feet like masts, and extend a membrane between, which serves as a sail; the other two feet being employed as oars on the sides. This fish is usually seen in the Mediterranean. From the beasts he is also ordered to learn all forms of social union, and hence let Reason instruct mankind: here see subterranean works and cities; and there aerial

towns on the waving tree. Learn the genius and politics of every small people, the republic of the ants, and the realm of the bees: how those bestow all their wealth in common, without anarchy or confusion; and those, though a monarch reign, prescribe their property, and their separate cells. Observe what unvaried laws preserve each state, laws that are as wise as Nature, and as unalterable as Fate. In vain thy reason shall draw finer webs, and entangle Justice in her net of Law; and by this means, maintaining too rigid a right, harden it into wrong, which makes it too weak for the strong, and too strong for the weak. Yet go, and thus bear sway over all the creatures, and let the wiser make the rest obey; and be crowned as

monarchs, or adored as Gods, for those various arts mere Instinct could afford.

V. SUCH were great Nature's orders, and observant men obeyed; by this means societies were made, and cities built: One little state rose here, and another joined it, either through love or dread. In one place the trees bend with ruddier burdens of fruit, and in another the streams descend in purer rills. There was then no need for War to ravish, nor no treasure for Rapine to invade. Converse and Love might strongly draw mankind, when Love was Liberty, Nature was Law. By this means states were formed; though the name of King was unknown, till common interest made it necessary for the sway to be placed in one. It

was then only Virtue, or a distinguished skill in arts or arms, in the person who either diffused blessings, or warded off miseries, the same which makes the sons obey their fires, that made a prince the father of a people.

VI. TILL then, each patriarch, crowned by Nature, sat the king, priest, and parent of his growing state; they hung on him, as their second providence, his eye was their law, and his tongue their oracle. He called the food from the wondering furrow, taught how to command the fire, or controul the flood, to draw forth the monsters from the profound abyss, or fetch to the ground the eagles, that flew in the air. And when he, whom they revered as a God, began to droop,

sicken, and die, then they mourned for him as a man: and then looking up from fire to fire, they explored their First Father, and adored him. The faith of this plain tradition, that this All began, they conveyed unbroken from fire to son; the worker was known distinctly from the work, and simple Reason never sought but one: for before oblique Wit had broke that steady light, man, like his Maker, saw that all was right; and trod in the paths of Virtue to Pleasure, and when he owned a GOD, owned him as a Father. All the faith and allegiance then is Love; for Nature knew no divine right in man, and could fear no ill in GOD; and understood no other sovereign but a sovereign good. True faith and policy ran united together,

the one being the love of GOD, the other that of man.

WHO was it that first taught undone realms, and souls enslaved, that enormous article of faith, that many were made for one; that proud exception to all the laws of Nature, to invert the world, and even to work its cause? it was Force that first made Conquest, and Conquest that made Law; till Superstition taught the people to reverence the tyrant, then shared the tyranny, and lent it aid, making Gods of conquerors, and slaves of subjects: She availed self of the blaze of the lightning, and the sound of the thunder, when the mountains rocked, and when the ground groaned; it was she who taught the weak to bend, and the proud to pray to a Power unseen,

and far mightier than they: She saw from the bursting skies and rending earth the Gods descend, and infernal fiends arise: here she fixed the dreadful, and there the blest abodes; All the notion she had of devils, proceeded wholly from fear; and the weak hope she had made her believe a GOD, whose attributes she imagined to be rage, revenge, and lust; such as the heathen Gods and conquerors were. It was a blind furious zeal, and not the sweet bond of Charity, that became their guide; and their spite dictated to them a hell for their enemies and opposers, and their pride was so great, that they disdained even to go to Heaven, without they were seated there as a God. The ethereal vault was now no longer sacred; their altars,

which should have been the abode of a peaceful God, became marble, and reeked with gore; then first the Flamen tasted living food; after which he smeared his idol over with human blood; he shook the world below with heaven's thunders, and made even his God an engine against his foe.

So it is that Self-love drives the man to things just or unjust, to one man's ambition, lucre, or lust: and the same self-love it is that becomes the cause of restraining the whole human race, though it is sometimes pretended to be the government and the laws. For if every one was to like the same as another, a weaker person might rob them of it by surprize, or a stronger take it by open force; therefore his safety both

sleeping and awake must depend upon the laws, which make each man the guardian of his private property. Self-defence having forced all men into virtue, this made even kings learn justice and benevolence: Self-love forsook the path it first pursued, and found that its own private interest was only to be secured by the public good.

It was then that both the studious head and the generous mind, the follower of God, or friend to the human kind, whether poet or patriot, rose only to restore that faith and moral, which Nature had given before; they did not kindle a new light, but relumed the ancient one of Nature; if they could not make God's image, yet they drew a shadow of it: It was this that

taught the due use of power both to people and Kings, and taught them neither too much to slacken nor to strain its tender strings; like a well-tuned instrument, which, when you touch one string, must strike the other also, and must make every jarring interest create to themselves a well-mixed government. Such is the great harmony of the world, that springs from order, union, and full consent of things: when both small and great, weak and mighty, were made to serve, not to suffer, to strengthen, and not to invade; makes each more powerful, as needful to the rest, and is itself blest in proportion as it blesses others, and brings to one central point beast, man, angel, servant, lord, or king.

LET then only fools contest for

forms of government ; for whatever is best administered is best : let graceless zealots fight for modes of faith ; for the man's faith can never be wrong which produces a good life. Though the world may disagree with regard to the objects of faith and hope, yet all the race of mankind's concern is Charity : every thing that thwarts this great end must be false ; and every thing must be of God that makes men happier, or mends their morals.

MAN, like the generous vine, lives by support, and gains strength by the kindly assistance he gives to others. As the planets, though they run on their own axis, yet make at once their circle round the sun ; so the soul is actuated by two consistent motions, one of which

has a regard to its own interest, and the other to that of the whole race of mankind.

THUS both GOD and Nature have linked together the general frame, and commanded both self and social love to be the same.





E P I S T L E IV.

OH Happiness! to which we all aspire, thou art our being's end and chief aim! winged by strong hope, and whatever we may imagine it to be, that contains any thing that is good, pleasant, and agreeable: Thou art that something for which both the rich and the poor sigh, and the only thing that makes life tolerable; for the obtaining of which, we even dare to look Death in the face, and though it be so near us, yet it always seems as at a great distance. It is overlooked, and seen double, both by

the fool and the wise man. Oh Happiness! thou art a plant that springs only from celestial seed! if thou art dropt on this earth, inform us in what mortal soil thou designest to grow. Art thou to be found in the propitious shine of court-favour, or dost thou lie in the deep mire with flaming diamonds? Art thou wreathed with the laurels which PARNASSUS yields, or art thou to be found in the fields of war, those iron harvests? it is in vain to search where it grows; for where does it not grow? sincere happiness is fixed to no spot, we ought neither to blame the culture nor the soil: for it is never to be bought, but always free; and though it be fled from monarchs, yet it dwells with thee, O St. JOHN!

IF you ask of the learned the way, they are blind; one tells you it is to serve, the other to shun mankind. Some place their happiness in action, and a hurry of business; some in all the indulgencies of ease and sloppiness; some in pleasure, and others in what they call contentment; some are so sunk in brutish pleasures, as frequently to find their delight end in pain; some are so swelled with pride, as to despise even virtue, and call it vain; or else they grow indolent, and fall to an extreme of trusting in every thing, or doubting of all.

THEY who thus define it, come to no other conclusion than this, that happiness is happiness.

TAKE Nature's path, and leave all mad opinions; every head can

conceive it, and every state can reach it; her goods are obvious; they dwell in no extreme; no more is needed but thinking right, and meaning well; and notwithstanding we may repine and mourn over the different portions of happiness allotted to us, yet we shall find that this is an equal allotment of common sense and common ease.

FOR remember, man, the universal cause acts by general laws, and not partial ones; and makes what we justly call happiness to consist not in the good of the individual, but of the whole.

THERE is not a single blessing individuals find, but some way or other tends to promote this; not even the most fierce banditti, or the tyrant mad with pride, nor even

the hermit, who lives in a cavern, is self-satisfied: for even those who pretend most to shun or hate mankind, are desirous to have an admirer, or would have one they could fix on as their friend: and abstracted from whatever all others may pretend, all pleasures sicken, and all glories sink: every one has his proper share; and whoever would expect to find more, shall find that his pleasure does not pay for half the pains he is at in procuring it.

ORDER is the first law of heaven; and when you can be brought to think and confess this, there must be some in a more exalted condition, and some in a lower one; some more rich, more wise; but for any person to conclude from thence, that they are more happy,

must shock all common sense. Do not say, that Heaven is profuse to one, and sparing to another, and makes a thousand slaves for the use and pleasures of one monarch; you will find, when the causes and ends of every thing are known, that heaven made the one to serve the thousand. For Heaven thus breathes through every member of the whole, as one common soul. And if Fortune's gifts were possessed alike by each, it is plain that God could never place content in externals. Peace of mind is the whole that is to be wished for and desired.

FORTUNE may variously dispose of her gifts, and one be called happy, and another unhappy; but Heaven's just balance will appear

equal, when the one is placed in Hope and the other in Fear: for it is not the present joy that the one possesses, or the wretchedness of the other, but the future views of what each expects to possess in the next world.

OH ye sons of men! will ye still attempt to rise to the skies, by one mountain piled upon another? Heaven views the vain toil with laughter, and buries such madmen in the very heaps they raise.

KNOW then, that all the good GOD or Nature ever meant, or individuals possess, was meant to mere mankind; for Reason's whole pleasure, and all the joys of Sense, are in these three words, Health, Peace, and Competence. But Health can be found only in Temperance, and

Peace in Virtue ; for the good and the bad equally gain the goods of Fortune ; but they risk the most in Fortune, who take bad means to obtain it. Whether does Vice or Virtue meet with contempt or compassion first? for when you count all the advantage that prosperous Vice attains to, it is nothing but what Virtue flies from and disclaims ; and when you grant all the happiness to the bad they would chuse to have, they must want one, which is to pass for good.

THOSE are blind to truth, and GOD'S whole scheme of providence here below, who fancy that he gives happiness to Vice, and misery to Virtue. But those who follow the great scheme of God's providence will be the most blessed ; for

it is only fools who call the good unhappy, for any evil that may happen to them from the common occurrences of life. See the virtuous and the just FALKLAND dies, and God-like TURENNE is prostrate on the dust! See amidst the martial strife, how SIDNEY bleeds! say, whence did all this proceed from, their virtue, or their contempt of life? and was it virtue that sunk lamented DIGBY to the grave? is it Virtue that makes the son expire? why then does the sire live, full of days and honour? how happened it that the good Bishop of MARSEILLES drew a purer breath amongst all the contagion, when even Nature sickened, and when each gale brought Death along with

it? or why did Heaven lend a parent so long to the poor and me?

WHAT is it that makes all physical and moral ill? Nature makes the first, and the will wanders in the last. For if it be rightly understood, GOD never sends any ill; partial ill is universal good; for Heaven seldom lets Nature fall short of its purpose, till man has improved or misimproved it. We might with as much wisdom complain of Heaven, that righteous ABEL was destroyed by CAIN, as that the virtuous son is ill at ease, when his lewd father gave the foul malady. Can we allow ourselves to think, that the Eternal Cause acts in the same manner as the weak Prince, who is prone to reverse

his laws, in order to oblige some favourite?

IF a sage requires it, shall burning ÆTNA forget to thunder, and recal his fires? or the air and sea be impressed with new motions, to relieve the breast of blameless BETHEL? Shall gravitation cease, if you go past when the loose mountain trembles from on high? or some old temple, when nodding to its ruin, reserve its hanging wall to fall upon the head of a CHARTRES?

BUT notwithstanding that this world is so well calculated for the knave, it does not give content. If we want a better, then let it be the kingdom of the just: but first consider how those just agree among themselves. Certainly the good must merit GOD's peculiar care;

but there is none can tell us but **GOD** who those just are. — One thinks that **GOD**'s own spirit fell on **CALVIN**, while, at the same time, another boldly asserts, that he is the instrument of hell ; if **CALVIN** feel either the blessings or the rod of Heaven, the one party says there is a **GOD**, the other as boldly asserts there is none. Therefore the same thing that shocks one party, will edify the other, since all can never be blest with the same system. The very best will have different opinions, and think that what rewards their virtue is a punishment to mine. **WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT.**—For it is true that this world was made for **CÆSAR**, but it is equally as true, that it was made also for **TITUS**: and say, which was more blest of

the two? he who took away the liberty of his country, and forged chains for them, or he whose virtue was so deeply affected, when he lost a day?

“ BUT it may be that sometimes Virtue may starve for want of bread, while Vice lives luxuriantly.” Why, what then? has Virtue no other reward than the bounties of Providence in this life? When Vice gains it, it is at the expence of toil; for even the knave deserves it, when he tills the land, or boldly adventurous, tempts the main, where Folly both fights for kings, and dives for gain. The good man may be both weak and indolent, but then his whole desire terminates more in Contentment than in

Plenty. But if he has riches, then your demand is over?

“ BUT suppose he wants health and power?” Add to him both health and power, and every other blessing that Earth can bestow. “ Then why is his power bounded by his being in a private capacity? why is he not a King? Nay, why is external for internal given? Why is he not made a GOD, and this earth whereon he dwells a celestial mansion?” Whoever talks and reasons thus, will scarcely conceive and be persuaded, that GOD gives enough, while he has more for them in reserve: for if man’s power were immense, his demand would be still more so; for he would not be satisfied at whatever Nature could give.

BUT the fair prize of Virtue lies in the soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy, which nothing on earth can give, and it is not in the power of any earthly object to destroy. If you would fix a better, then give Humility a coach-and-six, a conqueror's sword to Justice, Truth a gown, or public Spirit a crown, which is its only cure. Dost thou think, weak foolish man, that thou shalt be rewarded in heaven with the same trash that mortals wish for here? the boy and the man are the same individual person; but dost thou now sigh for cakes and apples? or, like the INDIAN, dost thou expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife, in heaven? thou mayest as well do this, as to imagine that such toys as empires

are assigned for a God-like mind. Those are rewards that would bring no joy to Virtue, nay, rather would destroy it: for how often have those virtues that the mind has been possessed of at twenty-one, been undone at sixty! riches can give neither repute nor trust, content nor pleasure, to any but the just: for judges and senators have been bought for gold, but love and esteem were never to be purchased. Oh man! what a fool art thou to think that GOD, who is both the lover and the love of all the human kind, should hate the worthy mind, whose life is healthful, and whose conscience is clear, for no other reason, but because he does not give him a thousand pounds a-year!

HONOUR and shame arise from

no condition in life ; only act your part well, for there all the honour lies. The only difference there can be, is, that the one is clothed with rags, the other with brocade ; the cobbler, who is girt with an apron, or the parson, who is clothed with a gown ; the friar, who is hooded, or the monarch, who is crowned. You will perhaps cry then, “ Pray, what difference is there greater than betwixt a crown and a cowl ? ” Why, I will tell you then, friend, a wise man and a fool. For you will easily find, that if the monarch once acts the monk, or the parson get himself drunk, as well as the cobbler, it is only worth that makes the man, and the want of it the fellow ; every thing else is no more than prunella or leather.

FOR suppose that you should look upon titles and ribbons to be the only happiness; though thou mayest be by kings or their whores; and if you esteem your own by your father's worth, though both father and mother were as chaste as LUCRETIA, yet none are truly great, but those who are good. If you be sprung from an ancient family, your ancient but ignoble blood, for any thing you know, may have crept through the blood of scoundrels since the flood; therefore pretend your family is young, and do not own that your fathers have been fools so long: for there is nothing that can ennoble fots, slaves, or villains, not even all the blood of the noble family of the HOWARDS.

LOOK next on greatness; pray,

where does true greatness lie? Why, in no place but amongst the wise and virtuous heroes. One point you may be assured of, that heroes without this divine principle are the same, from ALEXANDER the MACEDONIAN hero, to CHARLES XII, SWEDEN'S madman; the whole strange purpose of their lives being to find or make an enemy of all mankind: Not one of them looks backward, but goes on like an impetuous torrent, and yet never looks forward further than his nose. The politic and the wise are exactly the same; every one of those are fly-blow things, with the utmost circumspection; they take men in their loose unguarded hours, not because they themselves are wise, but they take advantage of the other's weak-

ness. But we will for once grant, that the one can conquer, and the other can cheat; it is still most absurd to call a villain great: for whoever is wickedly wise, or madly brave, makes himself more the fool or the knave. But he who obtains noble ends by noble means, or if he fail in this, smiles in exile, or bound with chains, like good AURELIUS, whether he reigns, or bleeds, like SOCRATES, that man is great indeed.

AND pray, what is Fame? why it is no more than a fancied life in the breath of others, a thing that seldom is right placed, and gives no real pleasure before our death: for only what you hear now is your own, what follows after is all the same whether it be TULLY'S or

your own. All that we feel of it begins and ends in the small circle of our friends; to every body else it is as an empty shade, a living EUGENE, and a dead CÆSAR; it is all the same when and where they shone, whether on the RUBICON or on the RHINE. A wit is no more than a feather, or a shuttlecock, and this or a chief has frequently been made the rod of Providence; it is only an honest man who is the noblest work of God. It is nothing but Fame that can save from Death a villain's name, as it is justice that tears his body from the grave, when it would be better that the part that is hung on high, and poisons one half of mankind, were resigned to oblivion. All other fame is foreign, but that which we truly deserve;

it only plays round the head, but never touches the heart; for one self-approving hour far outweighs whole years of stupid flarers, mixed with loud huzzas; and MARCELLUS, though exiled, feels more true joy than CÆSAR, though he had a whole senate shouting at his heels.

PRAY, tell, what is it to be wise? Why, it is to know how little can be known; to see the faults of all others, but to feel our own: whether you are condemned to business, or to drudge in arts; without a second, your heart may itself be the judge; for if you would teach truths, those are things which few understand; and through fear none will aid you, though you were to endeavour to save a sinking land. It is only a painful pre-eminence, to view your-

self; this is something worse than all the weakness and the comforts of life.

THEREFORE bring all these things then to a strict account; and after you have made all reasonable allowances, see what they all amount to; how much ease and comfort you lost to obtain a higher degree, and how inconsistent greater goods are to what you now possess, how sometimes life is risked for them, and always ease. Think seriously, and if still those things call forth thy envy, say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall? only remark how they grace LORD UMBRA. or Sir BILLY. If yellow dirt be thy darling passion, only take a look of GRIPUS or of GRIPUS'S wife. If parts allure thee, think how Lord

BACON shined, the wisest, brightest, and at the same time the meanest of mortals: for though he discovered and laid down those principles by which NEWTON was enabled to unfold the whole law of Nature, yet being convicted of bribery and corruption, in the administration of justice, while he presided in the supreme court of equity, he made use of means to repair his fortune, that were disgraceful to the very profession of letters, or of those arts ravished with the whistling of a name. Observe how CROMWELL is damned to everlasting shame! but if all should join together to call forth thy ambition, read ancient story, and there you will learn to scorn them all. Then, in the rich, the honoured, famed, and great, you will fully see

the false scale of happiness. Mark even in the heart of kings and queens, how happy those seem to be, to ruin or betray those who trust in them; and mark from what their glory grows; from no other than what VENICE rose from, dirt and sea-weed. In every one of them greatness and guilt were alike blended; for every thing that raised the hero, sunk the man. Behold now the laurels of EUROPE twined round their brow, but observe how they are either stained with blood, or they have made a bad exchange of them for gold. Observe them either broke with toils, or sunk in ease, or made infamous for plundering provinces. Is not all wealth ill-fated, which no act of fame ever taught to shine, or sanctified from shame? there is no

greater blessing attends their close of life, than leaving the whole of their substance to some greedy minion, or imperious wife; their coats of arms and trophies are to be seen no where but in their halls, or haunt their slumbers in the arches of their pompous shade in churches and dormitories. Alas! if you are not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, compute the morning and the evening of their day; the whole of their enormous fame amounts to no more than a tale, which blends their glory with their shame!

THEREFORE endeavour to learn this truth, that Virtue alone is Happiness here below, and this is sufficient for man to be sensible of. This is the only point where human bliss stands upon; a proper founda-

tion, which tastes the good, without fearing to fall to ill ; the only place where Merit receives constant pay, and is blessed with whatever it takes, or what it gives ; and the joy cannot be equalled, if it end in gain, and if it lose, it still is attended with no pain : and though ever so much blessed, it is not attended with Satiety ; and has the more relish, where it is most distressed : for the broadest mirth wears only the marks of unfeeling folly, and is far less pleasing than the tears of virtue. It acquires good from every object, and from every place ; is for ever exercised, yet never tired ; is never elated, so long as one man is oppressed, and never dejected, when another is blessed ; and where-ever there is no wants, no wishes can remain,

since you are always sure to gain virtue, when you wish for it.

SEE this is the only bliss that Heaven would bestow, which every one who feels can taste, and he who only thinks can be acquainted with: and all those who have ever so much fortune, or are blind with learning, if they want virtue, must lose, and the good man, untaught, shall find. It is a slave to no sect, nor takes any private road, but looks through Nature up to Nature's God; pursues that chain which links together the immense design, and joins things mortal and divine; and heaven and earth together; sees that no being can know any bliss but what touches both, some above and some below; he learns from this union of the rising whole, the first end, the last pur-

pose of the human soul; and knows that as faith, law, morals, all began, so they must all end in love to God and man. For Hope alone leads him from goal to goal, still opening on his soul, till it is lengthened on to faith, and unconfined, it pours in the bliss that fills up all the mind. He now sees the reason why Nature plants in man alone the hopes of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown: Nature, if he follows her dictates, is wise in connecting of Virtue with Blessedness; his first and strongest desire is to be blessed himself, after which he is strongly moved to assist the whole human race.

SELF-LOVE is thus pushed from social to the love of things divine, and makes by this means his neighbour's blessing conduce to his own.

And as if this were too little for the boundless heart of a good man, he extends it, and lets his enemies have a part of it. Nay, he grasps the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense, in one close system of benevolence, and finds his happiness is more complete, as it rises greater, and that his height of bliss is still heightened by greater degrees of charity.

GOD loves from whole to parts: but the human soul must rise from the individual to the whole. Self-love serves only to awaken the virtuous mind, in the same manner as the small pebble, when thrown into the peaceful lake, moves the water; but when the centre is moved, a circle succeeds, and after that another, and still another spreads; so the virtuous mind will first embrace its

friend, parent, neighbour, then its country, and after that the whole human race; and the overflowings of his mind takes in every creature of every kind; Earth smiles around, blest with his boundless bounty, and all Heaven beholds its own image in his breast.

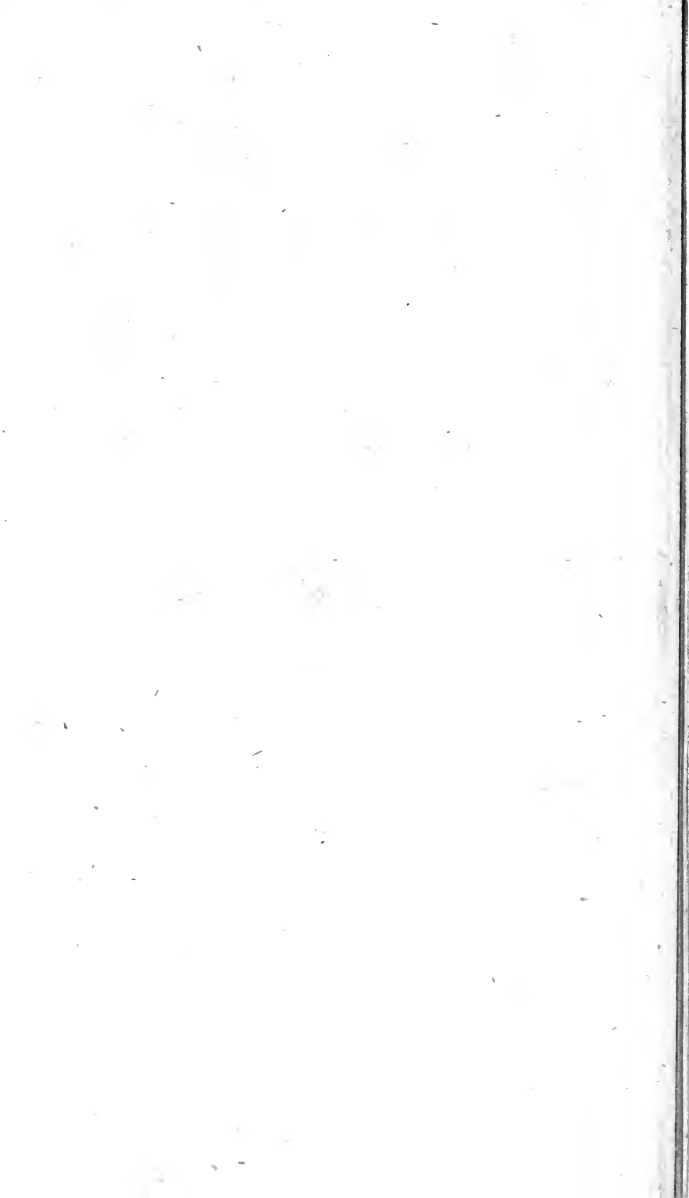
COME then, my friend! my genius! come along; oh master of the poet and the song! and whenever my muse stoops or ascends to the low passions or the glorious ends of man, teach me, like thee, who art well skilled in the various orders of Nature, to fall with dignity, or to rise with temper; and formed by thy conversation, happily to start from the grave to the gay, from lively to severe; to correct the vices and follies of mankind, with easy elo-

quence, being always intent to Reason, and always so polite as to please. Oh! while thy name expended flies along the stream of Time, and gathers all its fame, let my little bark sail attendant on thee, pursue the triumph, and partake of the gale. When kings, statesmen, and heroes shall repose in the dust, whose sons shall blush that their fathers were thy foes, this verse shall then shew to future ages, that thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend. That being urged on by thee, I turned the tuneful art from empty sounds to the things themselves, and from pleasing the fancy to the improving of the heart; and held up the light of nature, instead of the false mirror of Wit; shewing erring pride, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT**; that both Reason and

ESSAY ON MAN. 111

Passion, answer the same great aim ;
that true Self-love and Social-love
are alike ; that nothing but Virtue
can make us blessed here below ;
but Virtue and the whole of our
knowledge consists IN KNOWING
OURSELVES.







T H E

U N I V E R S A L P R A Y E R .

D E O O P T . M A X .

O THOU Father of all, who in every age and every clime hast been adored, by faint, savage, and sage, under the different names of JEHOVAH, JOVE, or LORD ! thou art the great First Cause, though thou be the least understood ; O do thou confine all my senses only to know this, that thou art good, and that I myself am blind : yet give me in this dark estate to see the difference between good and evil ; and that thou hast left free the human

will, binding Nature fast in Fate. Whatever my conscience dictates to me to be done, make me pursue that more than Heaven, and whatever it warns me not to do, teach me to avoid and shun it more than hell. Let me not cast away whatever in thy free bounty thou art pleased to give me; for thou art paid when men receive it with thankfulness; and to enjoy thy bounty is to obey thy command. Yet let me not think so mean of thee, as to imagine thy bounty is confined to this world alone, when there are thousands of worlds around me. O let not this weak and unknowing hand presume to throw thy bolts, and deal damnation round the world on every person I judge to be thy foe. But if I am right, do thou impart thy perfe-

UNIVERSAL PRAYER. 115

vering grace, to keep me in the way; if I be wrong, oh teach my heart to find out that better way. Save me from foolish pride, upon the account of any thing thy goodness has lent me, and suffer me not to be discontented at any thing thy goodness has thought fit to deny me. Teach me to feel the woes and miseries of my fellow-creatures, and do thou shew that mercy to me, that I shew to others. Though I must confess myself mean, yet I am not wholly so, as I am quickened by thy breath. Oh lead me, wheresoever I go, through this day's life, and through the dark valley and shadow of death. Grant that I may this day enjoy sufficient food, and peace; but thou knowest best whether any thing else beneath the

116 UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

fun is for our good or not; and let thy will be done. Let therefore all Nature's incense rise, and every being join in chorus to Thee, whose altar is all the earth, sea, and skies, and whose temple is all space.





The DYING CHRISTIAN

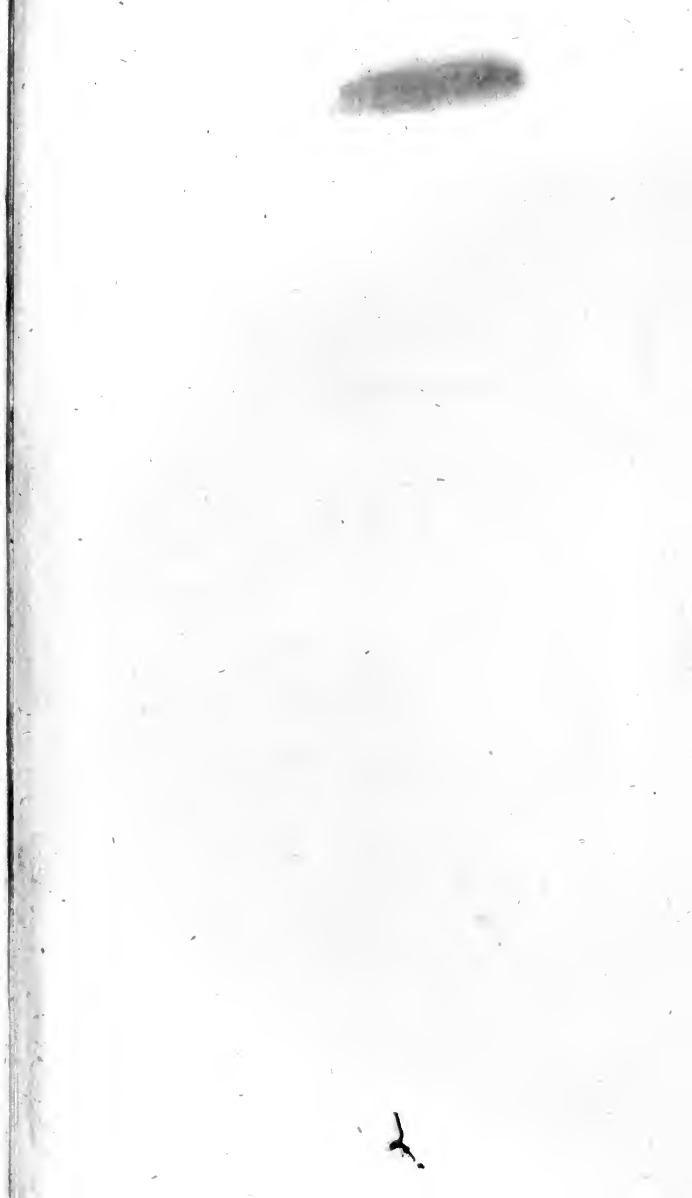
To his S O U L.

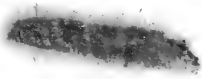
OH Thou vital spark of heavenly
extraction ! who art constant-
ly trembling, hoping, flying ! Cease,
fond Nature, Oh cease thy strife,
and let me feel the bliss of dying,
and languish into life. Hark, how
the angels whisper ! they say, Sister
spirit, come away ! what can it be
that thus quite absorbs me, that
steals away my senses, and shuts
my sight ? that drowns my spirits,
and draws away my breath ? Oh,
tell me, my soul ! can this be death ?
the world now recedes and disap-
pears ; my eyes observe the heavens

open, and my ears ring with the terrific sounds of angels. Oh ye angels! lend me your wings. I find myself mounting, I fly! O grave! where is now thy victory? O Death! where is now thy sting?

F I N I S.







21

