

**1734**

**AN ESSAY ON MAN**

**Alexander Pope**

**To H. St. John, L. Bolingbroke**

*Pope, Alexander (1688-1744) - Considered the greatest 18<sup>th</sup> century English poet. A childhood prodigy, he published his first poetry at sixteen. Pope's work demonstrates masterful use of the heroic couplet. He is also noted for his satiric attacks on his contemporaries and his translations of Homer. An Essay on Man (1734) - Pope's best-known and most frequently quoted poem. Opening lines of Epistle I: Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things / To low ambition, and the pride of kings. ...*

## THE DESIGN

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

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

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

What is now published, is only to be considered as a general map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent,

their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

## **EPISTLE I**

### **OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE**

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things To low ambition,  
and the pride of kings.

Let us (since life can little more supply Than just to look about us,  
and to die) Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man; A mighty  
maze! but not without a plan; A wild, where weeds and flow'rs  
promiscuous shoot; Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.

Together let us beat this ample field, Try what the open, what the  
covert yield!

The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore Of all who blindly  
creep, or sightless soar; Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,  
And catch the manners living as they rise: Laugh where we must,  
be candid where we can; But vindicate the ways of God to man.

Say first, of God above, or man below, What can we reason, but  
from what we know? Of man, what see we but his station here,  
From which to reason, or to which refer? Thro' worlds unnumber'd  
tho' the God be known, 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce, See worlds on worlds  
compose one universe, Observe how system into system runs,  
What other planets circle other suns, What vary'd being peoples  
every star, May tell why heav'n has made us as we are.

But of this frame the bearings and the ties, The strong connections,  
nice dependencies, Gradations just, has thy pervading soul Look'd  
thro'? or can a part contain the whole? Is the great chain, that  
draws all to agree, And drawn support, upheld by God, or thee?  
Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find, Why form'd so  
weak, so little, and so blind? First, if thou canst, the harder reason  
guess, Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?

Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made Taller or stronger  
than the weeds they shade? Or ask of yonder argent fields above,  
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove? Of systems possible, if 'tis  
confest That wisdom infinite must form the best, Where all must  
full or not coherent be, And all that rises, rise in due degree; Then,  
in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain, There must be, somewhere,  
such a rank as man: And all the question (wrangle e'er so long) Is

only this, if God has plac'd him wrong? Respecting man whatever wrong we call, May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain, A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain; In God's, one single can its end produce; Yet serves to second too some other use.

So man, who here seems principal alone, Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown, Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal; 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains; When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod, Is now a victim, and now Aegypt's god: Then shall man's pride and dullness comprehend His actions', passions', being's, use and end; Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, heav'n in fault; Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought: His knowledge measur'd to his state and place; His time a moment, and a point his space.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere, What matter, soon or late, or here or there? The blest to-day is as completely so, As who began a thousand years ago.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate, All but the page prescrib'd, their present state: From brutes what men, from men what spirits know: Or who could suffer being here below? The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day, Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?

Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food, And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.

Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n, That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n: Who sees with equal eye, as God of all, A hero perish, or a sparrow fall, Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd, And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar; Wait the great teacher death, and God adore.

What future bliss, he gives not thee to know, But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast: Man never is, but always to be blest: The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home, Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; His soul, proud science never taught to stray Far as the solar walk, or milky way; Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n, Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n; Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, Some happier island in the wat'ry waste, Where slaves once more their native land behold, No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.

To Be, contents his natural desire, He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire; But thinks admitted to that equal sky, His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense, Weigh thy opinion against providence; Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such, Say, here he gives too little, there too much: Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust, Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust; If man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care, Alone made perfect here, immortal there: Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod, Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies; All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes, Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

Aspiring to be gods if angels fell, Aspiring to be angels men rebel: And who but wishes to invert the laws Of order, sins against th' eternal cause.

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine, Earth for whose use? pride answers, 'Tis for mine: For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r, Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r; Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew; For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings; For me, health gushes from a thousand springs, Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise; My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies.' But errs not nature from this gracious end, From burning suns when livid deaths descend, When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep? 'No ('tis reply'd) the first almighty cause Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws; Th' exceptions few; some change since all began: And what created perfect?' - Why then man?

If the great end be human happiness, Then nature deviates; and can man do less? As much that end a constant course requires Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of man's desires; As much eternal

springs and cloudless skies, As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design, Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline? Who knows but he, whose hand the light'ning forms, Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms; Pours fierce ambition in a Caesar's mind, Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind? From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs; Account for moral as for nat'ral things: Why charge we heav'n in those, in these acquit? In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, Were there all harmony, all virtue here; That never air or ocean felt the wind, That never passion discompos'd the mind.

But all subsists by elemental strife; And passions are the elements of life.

The gen'ral order, since the whole began, Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

What would this man? Now upward will he soar, And little less than angel, would be more; Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.

Made for his use all creatures if he call, Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all; Nature to these, without profusion, kind, The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd; Each seeming want compensated of course, Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force; All in exact proportion to the state; Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.

Each beast, each insect, happy in its own: Is Heav'n unkind to man, and man alone? Shall he alone, whom rational we call, Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all? The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find) Is not to act or think beyond mankind; No pow'rs of body, or of soul to share, But what his nature and his state can bear.

Why has not man a microscopic eye? For this plain reason, man is not a fly.

Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n, T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n? Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er, To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore? Or, quick effluvia darting thro' the brain, Die of a rose in aromatic pain? If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears, And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres, How would he wish that heav'n had left him still The whisp'ring

zephyr, and the purling rill? Who finds not Providence all good and wise, Alike in what it gives, and what denies? Far as creation's ample range extends, The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends: Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race, From the green myriads in the peopled grass: What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme, The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam: Of smell, the headlong lioness between, And hound sagacious on the tainted green: Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, To that which warbles through the vernal wood? The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!

Feels at each thread, and lives along the line: In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew: How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine, Compar'd, half reas'ning elephant, with thine!

'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier? For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!

Remembrance and reflection how ally'd; What thin partitions sense from thought divide? And middle natures, how they long to join, Yet never pass th' insuperable line!

Without this just gradation, could they be Subjected, these to those, or all to thee? The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone, Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one? See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth, All matter quick, and bursting into birth.

Above, how high progressive life may go!

Around, how wide! how deep extend below!

Vast chain of being! which from God began, Natures aethereal, human, angel, man, Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see, No glass can reach; from infinite to thee, From thee to nothing. On superior pow'rs Were we to press, inferior might on ours; Or in the full creation leave a void, Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd: From Nature's chain whatever link you strike, Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

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

Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly, Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky; Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd, Being on being wreck'd, and world on world; Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod, And nature tremble to the throne of God.

All this dread order break- for whom? for thee? Vile worm!- oh madness! pride! impiety!

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread, Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head? What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd To serve mere engines to the ruling mind? Just as absurd for any part to claim To be another, in this gen'ral frame; Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body nature is, and God the soul; That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same, Great in the earth, as in th' aethereal frame, Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze, Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees, Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent, Spreads undivided, operates unspent; Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart; As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns, As the rapt seraph that adores and burns: To him no high, no low, no great, no small; He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name: Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.

Submit. In this, or any other sphere, Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear: Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r, Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee; All chance, direction, which thou canst not see; All discord, harmony not understood; All partial evil, universal good.

And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite, One truth is clear, 'Whatever is, is right.'

## **EPISTLE II**

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

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,  
The proper study of mankind is man.

Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state, A being darkly wise, and rudely great: With too much knowledge for the sceptic side, With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride, He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest; In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast; In doubt his mind or body to prefer; Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err; Alike in ignorance, his reason such, Whether he thinks too little or too much: Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd; Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd; Created half to rise, and half to fall; Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all; Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd: The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides, Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; Instruct the planets in what orbs to run, Correct old time, and regulate the sun; Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere, To the first good, first perfect, and first fair; Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod And quitting sense call imitating God; As eastern priests in giddy circles run, And turn their heads to imitate the sun.

Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule  
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw  
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,  
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,  
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,  
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?  
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,  
Explain his own beginning, or his end;  
Alas what wonder! man's superior part  
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;  
But when his own great work is but begun,  
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;  
First strip off all her equipage of pride;  
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,  
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;  
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,  
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;  
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts  
Of all our vices have created

arts; Then see how little the remaining sum, Which serv'd the past,  
and must the times to come!

Two principles in human nature reign; Self-love, to urge, and  
reason, to restrain; Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, Each  
works its end, to move or govern all: And to their proper operation  
still Ascribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul; Reason's comparing  
balance rules the whole.

Man, but for that, no action could attend, And, but for this, were  
active to no end: Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot, To draw  
nutrition, propagate, and rot: Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro'  
the void, Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires; Active its task, it  
prompts, impels, inspires.

Sedate and quiet the comparing lies, Form'd but to check,  
delib'rate, and advise.

Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh; Reason's at distance, and  
in prospect lie: That sees immediate good by present sense; Reason,  
the future and the consequence.

Thicker than arguments, temptations throng, At best more  
watchful this, but that more strong.

The action of the stronger to suspend Reason still use, to reason  
still attend.

Attention habit and experience gains; Each strengthens reason, and  
self-love restrains.

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight, More studious to  
divide than to unite; And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,  
With all the rash dexterity of wit.

Wits, just like fools, at war about a name, Have full as oft no  
meaning, or the same.

Self-love and reason to one end aspire, Pain their aversion,  
pleasure their desire; But greedy that, its object would devour, This  
taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r: Pleasure, or wrong or  
rightly understood, Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Modes of self-love the passions we may call: 'Tis real good, or  
seeming, moves them all: But since not ev'ry good we can divide,  
And reason bids us for our own provide: Passions, tho' selfish, if  
their means be fair, List under Reason, and deserve her care; Those,

that imparted, court a nobler aim, Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost; Contracted all, retiring to the breast; But strength of mind is exercise, not rest: The rising tempest puts in act the soul, Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail, Reason the card, but passion is the gale; Nor God alone in the still calm we find, He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight, Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite: These 'tis enough to temper and employ; But what composes man, can man destroy? Suffice that reason keep to nature's road, Subject, compound them, follow her and God.

Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train, Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain, These mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd, Make and maintain the balance of the mind: The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes; And, when in act they cease, in prospect rise: Present to grasp, and future still to find, The whole employ of body and of mind.

All spread their charms, but charm not all alike; On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike; Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame, As strong or weak, the organs of the frame; And hence one master passion in the breast, Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath, Receives the lurking principle of death; The young disease, that must subdue at length, Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength: So, cast and mingled with his very frame, The mind's disease, its ruling passion came; Each vital humour which should feed the whole, Soon flows to this, in body and in soul: Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head, As the mind opens, and its functions spread, Imagination plies her dang'rous art, And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse; Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse; Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r, As heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sowr.

We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway, In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey: Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,

What can she more than tell us we are fools? Teach us to mourn  
our nature, not to mend, A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!

Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade The choice we make, or  
justify it made; Proud of an easy conquest all along, She but  
removes weak passions for the strong: So, when small humours  
gather to a gout, The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, nature's road must ever be preferr'd; Reason is here no guide,  
but still a guard; 'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow, And treat this  
passion more as friend than foe; A mightier pow'r the strong  
direction sends, And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends: Like  
varying winds by other passions tost, This drives them constant to  
a certain coast.

Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please, Or (oft more strong  
than all) the love of ease; Thro' life 'tis followed, ev'n at life's  
expençe; The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence, The monk's  
humility, the hero's pride, All, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th' eternal art educing good from ill, Grafts on this passion our  
best principle: 'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd, Strong grows  
the virtue with his nature mix'd; The dross cements what else were  
too refin'd, And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care, On savage stocks  
inserted, learn to bear; The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,  
Wild nature's vigor working at the root.

What crops of wit and honesty appear From spleen, from  
obstinacy, hate or fear!

See anger, zeal and fortitude supply; Ev'n av'rice, prudence; sloth,  
philosophy; Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd, Is gentle  
love, and charms all womankind; Envy, to which th' ignoble  
mind's a slave, Is emulation in the learn'd or brave; Nor virtue,  
male or female, can we name, But what will grow on pride, or  
grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride) The virtue nearest to  
our vice ally'd: Reason the byas turns to good from ill, And Nero  
reigns a Titus, if he will.

The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline, In Decius charms, in Curtius is  
divine: The same ambition can destroy or save, And makes a  
patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd, What shall divide? The  
God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce, In man they join to some  
 mysterious use; Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade, As, in  
 some well-wrought picture, light and shade, And oft so mix, the  
 difference is too nice Where ends the virtue or begins the vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall, That vice or virtue there  
 is none at all.

If white and black blend, soften, and unite A thousand ways, is  
 there no black or white?

Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain; 'Tis to mistake them,  
 costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, As, to be hated, needs but to  
 be seen; Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face, We first endure,  
 then pity, then embrace.

But where the extreme of vice, was never agreed: Ask where's the  
 North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed; In Scotland, at the Orcades; and  
 there, At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.

No creature owns it in the first degree, But thinks his neighbour  
 farther gone than he: Even those who dwell beneath its very zone,  
 Or never feel the rage, or never own; What happier natures shrink  
 at with affright, The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be, Few in the extreme, but  
 all in the degree; The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise; And  
 even the best, by fits, what they despise.

'Tis but by parts we fellow good or ill; For, vice or virtue, self  
 directs it still; Each individual seeks a several goal; But heaven's  
 great view is one, and that the whole.

That counter-works each folly and caprice; That disappoints the  
 effect of ev'ry vice; That happy frailties to all ranks applied, Shame  
 to the virgin, to the matron pride, Fear to the statesman, rashness to  
 the chief, To kings presumption, and to crowds belief: That,  
 virtue's ends from vanity can raise, Which seeks no interest, no  
 reward but praise; And build on wants, and on defects of mind,  
 The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heaven forming each on other to depend, A master, or a servant,  
 or a friend, Bids each on other for assistance call, 'Till one man's  
 weakness grows the strength of all.

Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally The common interest, or  
 endear the tie.

To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, Each home-felt joy  
that life inherits here; Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,  
Those joys, those loves, those interests to resign; Taught half by  
reason, half by mere decay, To welcome death, and calmly pass  
away.

Whatever the passion- knowledge, fame, or pelf, Not one will  
change his neighbour with himself.

The learned is happy nature to explore, The fool is happy that he  
knows no more; The rich is happy in the plenty given, The poor  
contents him with the care of heaven.

See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing, The sot a hero, lunatic  
a king; The starving chemist in his golden views Supremely blest,  
the poet in his muse.

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend, And pride bestow'd  
on all, a common friend: See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,  
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law, Pleas'd with a rattle,  
tickled with a straw: Some livelier play-thing gives his youth  
delight, A little louder, but as empty quite: Scarfs, garters, gold,  
amuse his riper stage, And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of  
age: Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before; 'Till tir'd he  
sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays Those painted clouds  
that beautify our days; Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,  
And each vacuity of sense by pride: These build as fast as  
knowledge can destroy; In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy;  
One prospect lost, another still we gain; And not a vanity is giv'n  
in vain; Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine, The scale to  
measure others' wants by thine, See! and confess one comfort still  
must rise; 'Tis this, Tho' man's a fool, yet God is wise.

**EPISTLE III****OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO SOCIETY**

HERE then we rest; 'The universal cause Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.' In all the madness of superfluous health, The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth, Let this great truth be present night and day; But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world; behold the chain of love Combining all below and all above.

See plastic nature working to this end, The single atoms each to other tend, Attract, attracted to, the next in place Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

See matter next, with various life endu'd, Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good.

See dying vegetables life sustain, See life dissolving vegetate again:

All forms that perish other forms supply, (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die) Like bubbles on the sea of matter born, They rise, they break, and to that sea return.

Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole; One all-extending, all-preserving soul Connects each being, greatest with the least; Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast; All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone; The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good, Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food? Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn, For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn: Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings? Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat? Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.

The bounding steed you pompously bestride, Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.

Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain? The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.

Thine the full harvest of the golden year? Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer: The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call, Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children all divide her care; The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.

While man exclaims, 'See all things for my use!' 'See man for mine!' replies a pamper'd goose: And just as short of reason he must fall, Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul; Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole: Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows, And helps, another creature's wants and woes.

Say, will the falcon, stooping from above, Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove? Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings? Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings? Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods, To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods; For some his int'rest prompts him to provide, For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride: All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy Th' extensive blessing of his luxury, That very life his learned hunger craves, He saves from famine, from the savage saves; Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, And, till he ends the being, makes it blest: Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain, Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.

The creature had his feast of life before; Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!

To each unthinking being, heav'n a friend, Gives not the useless knowledge of its end: To man imparts it; but with such a view As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too: The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear, Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.

Great standing miracle! that heav'n assign'd Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

Whether with reason, or with instinct blest, Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best; To bliss alike by that direction tend, And find the means proportion'd to their end.

Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide, What Pope or Council can they need beside? Reason, however able, cool at best, Cares not for service, or but serves when prest, Stays 'till we call, and then not often near; But honest instinct comes a volunteer, Sure never to o'er-shoot but just to hit; While still too wide or short is human wit; Sure by quick nature happiness to gain, Which heavier reason labours at in vain.

This too serves always, reason never long; One must go right, the other may go wrong.

See then the acting and comparing pow'rs One in their nature,  
 which are two in ours; And reason raise o'er instinct as you can, In  
 this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and flood To shun their poison,  
 and to chuse their food? Prescient, the tides or tempests to  
 withstand, Build on the wave or arch beneath the sand? Who made  
 the spiller parallels design, Sure as De Moivre, without rule or  
 line?

Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore Heav'ns not his own,  
 and worlds unknown before? Who calls the council, states the  
 certain day, Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?  
 God, in the nature of each being, founds Its proper bliss, and sets  
 its proper bounds: But as he fram'd a whole the whole to bless, On  
 mutual wants built mutual happiness: So from the first, eternal  
 order ran, And creature link'd to creature, man to man.

Whate'er of life all-quick'ning aether keeps, Or breathes thro' air,  
 or shoots beneath the deeps, Or pours profuse on earth, one nature  
 feeds The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.

Not man alone, but all that roam the wood, Or wing the sky, or roll  
 along the flood, Each loves itself, but not itself alone, Each sex  
 desires alike, 'till two are one.

Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace; They love  
 themselves, a third time, in their race.

Thus beast and bird their common charge attend The mothers  
 nurse it, and the sires defend; The young dismiss'd to wander  
 earth or air, There stops the instinct, and there ends the care; The  
 link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace, Another love succeeds,  
 another race.

A longer care man's helpless kind demands; That longer care  
 contracts more lasting bands: Reflection, reason, still the ties  
 improve, At once extend the int'rest, and the love: With choice we  
 fix, with sympathy we burn; Each virtue in each passion takes its  
 turn; And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise, That graft  
 benevolence on charities.

Still as one brood, and as another rose, These nat'ral love  
 maintain'd, habitual those: The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect  
 man, Saw helpless him from whom their life began: Mem'ry and  
 fore-cast just returns engage, That pointed back to youth, this on to  
 age; While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd, Still spread the  
 int'rest and preserv'd the kind.

Nor think, in nature's state they blindly trod; The state of nature was the reign of God: Self-love and social at her birth began, Union the bond of all things, and of man.

Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid; Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade, The same his table, and the same his bed; No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.

In the same temple, the resounding wood, All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God: The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest, Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest: Heav'n's attribute was universal care, And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.

Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!

Of half that live the butcher and the tomb; Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan, Murders their species, and betrays his own.

But just disease to luxury succeeds, And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds; The fury-passions from that blood began, And turn'd on man, a fiercer savage, man.

See him from nature rising slow to art!

To copy instinct then was reason's part;

Thus then to man the voice of nature spake, 'Go, from the creatures thy instructions take: Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield; Learn from the beasts the physic of the field; Thy arts of building from the bee receive; Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave; Learn of the little nautilus to sail, Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

Here too all forms of social union find, And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind: Here subterranean works and cities see; There towns aerial on the waving tree.

Learn each small people's genius, policies, The ant's republic, and the realm of bees: How those in common all their wealth bestow, And anarchy without confusion know; And these for ever, tho' a monarch reign, Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.

Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state, Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.

In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw, Entangle justice in her net of law, And right, too rigid, harden into wrong; Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.

Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, Thus let the wiser make the rest obey; And for those arts mere instinct could afford,

Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd.' Great nature spoke;  
 observant man obey'd; Cities were built, societies were made: Here  
 rose one little state; another near Grew by like means, and join'd,  
 thro' love or fear.

Did here the trees, with ruddier burdens bend, And there the  
 streams in purer rills descend? What war could ravish, commerce  
 could bestow, And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.

Converse and love mankind might strongly draw, When love was  
 liberty, and nature law.

Thus states were form'd; the name of king unknown, 'Till common  
 int'rest plac'd the sway in one.

'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms, Diffusing blessings, or  
 averting harms) The same which in a sire the sons obey'd, A prince  
 the father of a people made.

'Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch sate, King, priest and  
 parent of his growing state; On him, their second providence, they  
 hung, Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food, Taught to command  
 the fire, controul the flood, Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss  
 profound, Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground, 'Till drooping,  
 sick'ning, dying they began Whom they rever'd as God to mourn  
 as man: Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd One great first  
 father, and that first ador'd.

Or plain tradition that this All begun, Convey'd unbroken faith  
 from sire to son; The worker from the work distinct was known,  
 And simple reason never sought but one: Ere wit oblique had  
 broke that steady light, Man, like his maker, saw that all was right;  
 To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod, And own'd a father when  
 he own'd a God.

Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then; For nature knew no  
 right divine in men, No ill could fear in God; and understood A  
 sov'reign being, but a sov'reign good.

True faith, true policy, united ran, That was but love of God, and  
 this of man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone, Th' enormous  
 faith of many made for one; That proud exception to all nature's  
 laws, T' invert the world, and counter-work its cause? Force first  
 made conquest, and that conquest, law; 'Till superstition taught the  
 tyrant awe, Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid, And gods of  
 conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made: She, 'midst the lightning's

blaze, and thunder's sound, When rock'd the mountains, and when  
groan'd the ground, She taught the weak to bend, the proud to  
pray, To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they: She, from the  
rending earth, and bursting skies, Saw gods descend, and fiends  
infernal rise: Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes; Fear  
made her devils, and weak hope her gods; Gods partial, changeful,  
passionate, unjust, Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;  
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive, And, form'd like  
tyrants, tyrants would believe.

Zeal then, not charity, became the guide; And hell was built on  
spite, and heav'n on pride.

Then sacred seem'd th' etherial vault no more; Altars grew marble  
then, and reek'd with gore: Then first the flamen tasted living food;  
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood; With heav'n's own  
thunders shook the world below, And play'd the god an engine on  
his foe.

So drives self-love, thro' just, and thro' unjust, To one man's pow'r,  
ambition, lucre, lust.

The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause Of what restrains him,  
government and laws.

For, what one likes, if others like as well, What serves one will,  
when many wills rebel? How shall he keep, what, sleeping or  
awake, A weaker may surprise, a stronger take? His safety must  
his liberty restrain: All join to guard what each desires to gain.

Forc'd into virtue thus, by self-defence, Ev'n kings learn'd justice  
and benevolence: Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd, And  
found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind, Follow'r of God,  
or friend of human-kind, Poet or patriot, rose but to restore The  
faith and moral nature gave before; Relum'd her ancient light, not  
kindled new, If not God's image, yet his shadow drew: Taught  
pow'r's due use to people and to kings, Taught nor to slack, nor  
strain its tender strings, The less, or greater, set so justly true, That  
touching one must strike the other too; 'Till jarring int'rests of  
themselves create Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.

Such is the world's great harmony, that springs From order, union,  
full consent of things: Where small and great, where weak and  
mighty, made To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade; More  
pow'rful each as needful to the rest, And in proportion as it blesses

blest; Draw to one point, and to one centre bring Beast, man, or  
angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest; Whate'er is best  
administer'd is best: For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right: In faith and hope the  
world will disagree, But all mankind's concern is charity: All must  
be false that thwart this one great end; And all of God, that bless  
mankind, or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives; The strength he gains  
is from th' embrace he gives.

On their own axis as the planets run, Yet make at once their circle  
round the sun; So two consistent motions act the soul; And one  
regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral frame, And bade self-love  
and social be the same.

## EPISTLE IV

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

OH happiness! our being's end and aim!

Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name: That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh, For which we bear to live, or dare to die, Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, O'er-look'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.

Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below, Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow? Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine, Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine? Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian lawrels yield, Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field? Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil, We ought to blame the culture, not the soil: Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere, 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where: 'Tis never to be bought, but always free, And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind; This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind; Some place the bliss in action, some in ease, Those call it pleasure, and contentment these; Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain; Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain; Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less Than this, that happiness is happiness? Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave; All states can reach it, and all heads conceive; Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell; There needs but thinking right, and meaning well; And mourn our various portions as we please, Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, man, the universal cause Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws; And makes what happiness we justly call Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a blessing individuals find, But some way leans and hearkens to the kind: No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride, No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd: Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend, Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend: Abstract what others feel, what others think, All pleasures sicken, and all

glories sink: Each has his share; and who would more obtain, Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is heav'n's first law; and this confest, Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess, If all are equal in their happiness: But mutual wants this happiness increase; All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.

Condition, circumstance is not the thing; Bliss is the same in subject or in king, In who obtain defence, or who defend, In him who is, or him who finds a friend: Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole One common blessing, as one common soul.

But fortune's gifts if each alike possess, And each were equal, must not all contest? If then to all men happiness was meant, God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose, And these be happy call'd, unhappy those; But heav'n's just balance equal will appear, While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear: Not present good or ill, the joy or curse, But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise, By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies? Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys, And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find, Or God and nature meant to mere mankind, Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense, Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence But health consists with temperance alone; And peace, oh virtue! peace is all thy own.

The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain; But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.

Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right? Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst, Which meets contempt, or which compassion first? Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains, 'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains: And grant the bad what happiness they would, One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!

Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.

But fools the good alone unhappy call, For ills or accidents that chance to all.

See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!

See god-like Turenne prostrate on the dust!

See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!

Was this their virtue, or contempt of life? Say, was it virtue, more tho' heav'n ne'er gave, Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?

Tell me, if virtue made the son expire, Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire? Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath, When nature sicken'd and each gale was death!

Or why so long (in life if long can be) Lent heav'n a parent to the poor and me? What makes all physical or moral ill? There deviates nature, and here wanders will.

God sends not ill; if rightly understood, Or partial ill is universal good, Or change admits, or nature lets it fall, Short, and but rare, 'till man improv'd it all.

We just as wisely might of heav'n complain That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain, As that the virtuous son is ill at ease, When his lewd father gave the dire disease.

Think we, like some weak prince, th' eternal cause Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws? Shall burning Aetna, if a sage requires, Forget to thunder, and recall her fires? On air or sea new motions be imprest, Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?

When the loose mountain trembles from on high Shall gravitation cease, if you go by? Or some old temple, nodding to its fall, For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall? But still this world (so fitted for the knave) Contents us not. A better shall we have? A kingdom of the just then let it be: But first consider how those just agree.

The good must merit God's peculiar care; But who, but God, can tell us who they are? One thinks on Calvin heav'n's own spirit fell; Another deems him instrument of hell; If Calvin feel heav'n's blessing, or its rod, This cries there is, and that, there is no God.

What shocks one part will edify the rest, Nor with one system can they all be blest.

The very best will variously incline, And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.

Whatever is, is right. This world, 'tis true, Was made for Caesar- but for Titus too; And which more blest, who chain'd his country, say, Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

'But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.' What then? is the reward of virtue bread? That vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil; The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil, The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main, Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent; Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er? 'No, shall the good want health, the good want pow'r?' Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing, 'Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king? Nay, why external for internal giv'n? Why is not man a God, and earth a heav'n?' Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive God gives enough, while he has more to give: Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand; Say, at what part of nature will they stand? What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy, The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy, Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix? Then give humility a coach and six, Justice a conq'r's sword, or truth a gown, Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.

Weak, foolish man! will heav'n reward us there With the same trash mad mortals wish for here? The boy and man an individual makes, Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes? Go, like the Indian, in another life Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife, As well as dream such trifles are assign'd, As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.

Rewards, that either would to virtue bring No joy, or be destructive of the thing: How oft by these at sixty are undone The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!

To whom can riches give repute, or trust, Content, or pleasure, but the good and just? Judges and senates have been bought for gold, Esteem and love were never to be sold.

Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind, The lover and the love of human-kind, Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear, Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

Fortune in men has some small diff'rence mad One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade; The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd, The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.

'What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!' I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.

You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk, Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk, Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow; The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings, That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.

Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race, In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece: But by your fathers' worth if your's you rate, Count me those only who were good and great.

Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood, Go! and pretend your family is young; Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards? Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies.

'Where, but among the heroes and the wise?' Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed, From Macedonia's madman to the Swede; The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find Or make, an enemy of all mankind!

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes, Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.

No less alike the politic and wise; All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes: Men in their loose unguarded hours they take, Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.

But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat; 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great: Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave, Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains, Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains, Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath, A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.

Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.

All that we feel of it begins and ends In the small circle of our foes or friends; To all beside as much an empty shade An Eugene living, as a Caesar dead; Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine, Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod; An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Fame but from death a villain's name can save, As justice tears his body from the grave; When what t' oblivion better were resign'd, Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.

All fame is foreign, but of true desert; Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart: One self approving hour whole years outweighs Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas; And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels, Than Caesar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies? Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? 'Tis but to know how little can be known; To see all others' faults, and feel our own: Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge, Without a second, or without a judge: Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land? All fear, none aid you, and few understand.

Painful preeminence! yourself to view Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account; Make fair deductions; see to what they 'mount: How much of other each is sure to cost; How each for other oft is wholly lost; How inconsistent greater goods with these; How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease: Think, and if still the things thy envy call, Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall? To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly, Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.

Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life; Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd, The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:

Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name, See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!

If all, united, thy ambition call, From ancient story learn to scorn them all.

There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great, See the false scale of happiness complete!

In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay, How happy those to ruin, these betray.

Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows, From dirt and seaweed as proud Venice rose; In each how guilt and greatness equal

ran, And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man: Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold: Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease, Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!

What greater bliss attends their close of life? Some greedy minion, or imperious wife, The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade, And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.

Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day; The whole amount of that enormous fame, A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth, enough for man to know, Virtue alone is happiness below.

The only point where human bliss stands still, And tastes the good without the fall to ill; Where only merit constant pay receives, Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives; The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, And if it lose, attended with no pain: Without satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd, And but more relish'd as the more distress'd: The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears, Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears; Good, from each object, from each place acquire'd, For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd; Never elated, while one man's oppress'd; Never dejected, while another's bless'd; And where no wants, no wishes can remain, Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss heav'n could on all bestow!

Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know: Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind, The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find; Slave to no sect, who takes no private road, But looks through nature up to nature's God: Pursues that chain which links th' immense design, Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine; Sees, that no being any bliss can know, But touches some above, and some below; Learns, from this union of the rising whole, The first, last purpose of the human soul; And knows where faith, law, morals, all began, All end, in love of God, and love of man.

For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal, And opens still, and opens on his soul; 'Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd, It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.

He sees, why nature plants in man alone Hope of known bliss, and  
 faith in bliss unknown: (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind  
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find) Wise is her  
 present; she connects in this His greatest virtue with his greatest  
 bliss; At once his own bright prospect to be blest, And strongest  
 motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine, Gives thee to make thy  
 neighbour's blessing thine.

Is this too little for the boundless heart? Extend it, let thy enemies  
 have part: Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense, In one  
 close system of benevolence: Happier as kinder, in whate'er  
 degree, And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul Must rise from  
 individual to the whole.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake As the small pebble  
 stirs the peaceful lake; The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,  
 Another still, and still another spreads; Friend, parent, neighbour,  
 first it will embrace; His country next; and next all human race;  
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind Take ev'ry  
 creature in, of ev'ry kind; Earth smiles around, with boundless  
 bounty blest, And heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend, my genius, come along; Oh master of the  
 poet, and the song!

And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends, To man's low  
 passions, or their glorious ends, Teach me, like thee, in various  
 nature wise, To fall with dignity, with temper rise; Form'd by thy  
 converse, happily to steer From grave to gay, from lively to severe;  
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease, Intent to reason, or polite to  
 please.

Oh! while along the stream of time thy name Expanded flies, and  
 gathers all its fame; Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, Pursue  
 the triumph, and partake the gale? When statesmen, heroes, kings,  
 in dust repose, Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,  
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend Thou wert my guide,  
 philosopher, and friend?

That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art From sounds to things,  
 from fancy to the heart; For wit's false mirror held up nature's  
 light; Shew'd erring pride, whatever is, is right; That reason,  
 passion, answer one great aim; That true self-love and social are

the same; That virtue only makes our bliss below; And all our  
knowledge is, ourselves to know. - -

**THE END**