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AN

ESSAY ON MAN;

IN

FOUR EPISTLES

TO

H. ST. JOHN LORD BOLINGBROKE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE

UNIVERSAL PRAYER, MESSIAH, AND ELEGY.

BY ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

ANDSO, VT....PUBLISHED BY J. LOWE.

1820.
ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

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

THE ARGUMENT.

Man in the abstract.—That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relation of systems and things. That man is not to be emed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him known. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends,—the pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final use of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural. The reasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfection of the Angels, on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable. That throughout the whole visible world, universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creatures to creature, and of all creatures to
AWAKE, my St. John! leave all
To low ambition, and the pride of
Let us, (since life can little more b
Than just to look about us, and to-
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of
A mighty mazeel but not without a
Wild, where weeds and flow'res pro-
Or garden tempting with forbidden
Together let us beat this empty fiel-
Try what the open, what the cover
The latent tracts, the giddy heights
Of all who blindly creep, or sightles-
ne nature walks about.
man, what see we but his station here,
which to reason, or to which refer?
Many worlds unnumber'd, though the God be
known,
ours to trace him only in our own.
Who through vast immensity can pierce,
worlds on worlds compose one universe,
see how system into system runs,
it other planets circle other suns,
it vari'd being peoples every star,
tell why Heaven has made us as we are,
of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
strong connexions, nice dependencies,
stations just; has thy pervading soul
'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

The great chain, that draws all to agree,
drawn, supports, upheld by God, or thee?

Impious man! the reason would'st thou find,
form'd so weak, so little and so blind?
If thou canst, the harder reason guess,
form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
If thy mother earth, why oaks are made
and stronger than the weeds they shade?
And all that rise, rise in due
Then, in the scale of reason
There must be somewhere, as
And all the question, (wrangle
Is only this, if God has plac’d

Respecting man, whatever we
May, must be right, as relative
In human works, though labor
A thousand movements scarce
In God’s one single can it seen
Yet serves to second, too, some
So man, who here seems prince
Perhaps acts second to some sp
Touched some who
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ough
His knowledge measur'd to his state and
His time a moment, and a point his spac
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here, or the
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book
All but the page prescrib'd, their present
From brutes what men, from men what
know,
to hope humbly then; with trembling
wait the great teacher Death, and G
That future bliss he gives not there,
but gives that hope to be thy blessi
Hope springs eternal in the human
soul uneasy, and confin'd from
ests and expatiates in a life to com

po, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd
ess God in clouds, and hears him in
soul proud science never taught;
or as the solar walk, or milky way,
et simple nature to his hope has gi
and in thy state of sense weigh thy opinion against Providence; all imperfection what thou fanciest such, y, here he gives too little, there too much destroy all creatures for thy sport or gui cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust man alone engross not heaven's high estate he made perfect here, immortal there; watch from his hand the balance and the judge his justice, be the GOD of God's pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies; quit their sphere, and rush into the skin e still is aiming at the blest abodes, would be angels, angels would be gods
it errs not nature from this grand
rom burning suns when livid de
then earthquakes swallow, or w.
w.
sweep
owns to one grave, whole nation
No, (tis repli’d) the first almighty
cts not by partial, but by gen’ral,
h’ exceptions few; some change
nd what created perfect?” Why
the great end be human happiness
hen nature deviates; and can man
then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
nows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,
leaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;
fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
as young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;
and for moral, as for natural things:
charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?

for us, perhaps it might appear,
there all harmony, all virtue here;
never air or ocean felt the wind;
never passion discompos'd the mind.
ill subsists by elemental strife;
passions are the elements of life.
general order, since the whole began,
kept in nature, and is kept in man.

would this man? Now upward will he soar;
little less than angel, would be more;
looking downwards, just as griev'd, appears
want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
for his use all creatures if he call,
what their use, had he the powers of all?

for these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign
Each seeming want compensated of course
Here with degrees of swiftness, there, of k
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone
Shall be alone, whom rational we call
Be pleas’d with nothing, if not bless’d with

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing
Is, not to act, or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body, or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can be.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given
T’ inspect a mite, not comprehend the 1
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o’er,
To smart and agonize at ev’ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the bra
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder’d in his opening ears,
And stunn’d him with the music of the s
How would he wish, that Heaven had le
The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Like in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green miriads in the peopled grass!
That modes of sight, betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Smell, the headlong lioness between,
And bound 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 poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew.
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier,
Forever sep'rate, yet forever near!
Remembrance and reflection how alli'd;
But thin partitions sense from thought divide:
And middle natures, how they long to join.
through this air, this ocean, and bursting into life, how high progressive life may ascend, how wide its extent; chain of being! which from God's ethereal, human, angel, must, bird, fish, insect! what no eye or glass can reach; from infinite to thee to nothing!—On superior there we to press, inferior might or in the full creation leave a void; there, one step broken, the great destroy'd:

... nature's chain whatever link...
system only, but the whole must fall:
earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
ts and suns run lawless through the sky:
jailing angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
; on being wreck'd, and world on world;
en's whole foundations to their centre nod;
nature tremble, to the throne of God!
is dread order break?—For whom? for thee;
worm!—O madness! pride! impiety!

if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
and, to toil, aspire to be the head?
if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
us absurd for any part to claim
another, in this gen'ral frame:
us absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains;
great directing mind of all ordains.

re but parts of one stupendous whole;
te body nature is, and God the soul;
chang'd through all, and yet in all the same;
in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
is in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all ex-
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal par-
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 deg
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on th
Submit, in this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not:
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.

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

THE ARGUMENT.

Mind of man is not to pry into God, but to
himself. His middle nature; his powers and
and the limits of his capacity. The two prin-
of man, self-love and reason, both necessary:
the stronger, and why: their end the same.
ussions, and their use. The predominant pas-
and its force; its necessity in directing men to
purposes; its providential use, in fixing our
le, and ascertaining our virtue. Virtue and
ained in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet
segments separate, and evident. What is the office
son. How odious vice in itself, and how we
ourselves into it. That, however, the ends
vidence and general good are answered in our
ns and imperfections. How usefully these are
ated to all orders of men. How useful they are
ety, and to the individuals, in every state, and
ey age of life.

Then thyself, presume not God to scan;
per study of mankind is Man.

On this isthmus of a middle state,
darkly wise, and rudely great:
so much knowledge for the sceptic side,
so much weakness for the Stoic's pride.
s of thought, and passion, all con-
by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
ted half to rise, and half to fall;
t lord of all things, yet a prey to
t judge of truth, in endless error 
story, jest, and riddle of the work

vond'rous creature! mount where
guides,
measure earth, weigh air, and state
uct the planets in what orbs to ru
act old time, and regulate the sun;
ur with Plato to th' empyreal spl
he first good, first perfect and first
ead the mazy round his foll'wers
Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton as we show 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 the 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.
ribe all good; to their improper,

- love, the spring of motion, acts son's comparing balance rules the l, but for that, no action could at l, but for this, were active to no d, like a plant, on his peculiar sq draw nutrition, propagate and to meteor-like, flame lawless through roving others, by himself destro

it strength the moving principle ve its task, it prompts, impels, in rate and quiet, the comparing lies, n'd but to check, delib'rate and s
...attention, habit, and experience gained.
Each strengthens reason, and self-love.

Let subtle schoolmen teach these frie-
More studious to divide than to unite.
And grace and virtue, sense and reason,
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
Pleasure, or wrong, or rightly undesire.
acted all, retiring to the breast; 
length of mind is exercise, not re
ning tempest puts in act the soul, 
may ravage, but preserves the 
's vast ocean diversely we sail, 
the card, but passion is the gale 
and alone in the still calm we find 
ents the storm, and walks upon 
s, like elements, though born to 
ix'd and soft'ned, in his work un 
tis enough to temper and empl 
hat composes man, can man des 
 that reason keep to nature's rose 
it compound them. follow her an
and when in act they cease, in
Present to grasp, and future still
The whole employ of body and of
All spread their charms, but charm
On different senses, different objec
Hence different passions more or le
As strong or weak, the organs of the
And hence one master passion in th
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up

As man, perhaps, the moment of his
Receives the lurking principle of de
The young disease that must subdue
Grows with his growth, and strengthens
strength:
Imagination plies her dangerous 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 power,
As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour,
We, wretched subjects, though to lawful away,
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 humors gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, nature's road must ever be prefer'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier power the strong direction sends.
ESSAY ON MAN.

ad sever'ral men impels to sever'ral ends,
ike varying winds, by other passions tost,
his drives them constant to a certain coast.
at power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
, (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
ough life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
be merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
be monk's humility, the hero's pride,
, all alike, find reason on their side.

be eternal art, educing good from ill,
afts on this passion our best principle;
is thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
rong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd,
he dross cements what else were too refin'd,
nd in one inter'est body acts with mind.

fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care;
a savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
de surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
ild nature's vigor working at the root.
hat crops of wit and honesty appear
en spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
ergie, zeal and fortitude supply;
ay's wise, prudence; sloth, philosophy:
Lust, through some certain strainers well red
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 shan

Thus nature gives us, (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice alli'd:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhor'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:
Though each by turns the other's bounds in
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
ESSAY ON MAN.

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

ite and black blend, soften and unite
tousand ways, is there no black or white?
your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
to mistake them, costs the time and pain,
is a monster of so frightful mein;
to be hated, needs but to be seen;
seen too oft, familiar with its face,
irst endure, then pity, then embrace.
where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
where's the north? at York 'tis on the Tweed;
tolland, at the Orcades; and there
tenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where:
ature owns it in the first degree,
hinks his neighbor farther gone than he.
those who dwell beneath its very zone,
ever feel the rage, or never own.
happier natures shrink at with affright;
hard inhabitant contends is right.

ous and vicious every man must be,
in the extreme, but all in the degree;
urge and fool by fits is fair and wise,
whole:

at counter works each folly and caprice to disappoint th' effect of every virtue's ends from vanity can
which seeks to interest, no reward but build on wants, and on defects of
enjoy, the peace, the glory of mankind:

aven forming each on other to defame master, or a servant, or a friend, is each on other for assistance call
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, 
Not one will change his neighbor's 
The learn'd is happy, nature to exp.
The fool is happy that he knows no 
The rich is happy in the plenty given, 
The poor contents him with the car 
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple, 
The sot a hero, lunatic a king; 
The starving chemist in his golden 
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse. 
See some strange comfort every star 
And pride, bestow'd on all, a comm.
Meanwhile opinion gilds with vain,
Those painted clouds that beautify
Each want of happiness by hope set.
And each vacuity of sense by pride.
These build as fast as knowledge
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble.
One prospect lost, another still we
And not a vanity is't giv'n in vain.
Even mean self-love becomes, by &
The scale to measure others' wants.
See! and confess, one comfort still
'Tis this, though man's a fool, yet ( 
THE ARGUMENT.

whole universe one system of society. de wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for the happiness of animals mutual. Reason operate alike to the good of each individual instinct operate also to society, in all the far society is carried by instinct; how by reason. Of that which is called the sense. Reason instructed by instinct, in the arts, and in the forms of society. Political societies. Origin of monarchy. Pol perament. Origin of true religion and govern the same principle of love. Origin of and tyranny, from the same principle influence of self-love operating to the public good. Restoration of true religion and society on their first principle. Mixt go various forms of each, and the true end of a
in a and upon a we neighbour to matter next, with various life ens to one centre still, the general; dying vegetables life sustain, life dissolving, vegetate again: forms that perish, other forms sup turns we catch the vital breath, the bubbles on the sea of matter born by rise, they break, and to that se thing is foreign; parts relate to wh all extending, all preserving sou nnects each being, greatest with th le beast in aid of man, and man of serv'd, all serving. Nothing sta chain holds on, and where it ends
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?
Coves of his own, and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labors of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children shall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, 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 powerful still the weak control;
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,
some his interest prompts him to pursue his pleasure, yet for more his 
heed on one vain patron, and enjoy extensive blessing of his luxury; 
every life his learned hunger crave 
ives from famine, from the savage 
feasts the animal he dooms his fee 
till he ends the being, makes it 
ch sees no more the stroke, nor feels 
ror’d man by touch ethereal s 
creature had its feast of life befor 
a, too, must perish, when thy feast 
ach unthinking being Heaven a f 
es not the useless knowledge of its
where full instinct is the unerring guide at Pope or council can they need the reason, however able, cool at best, as not for service, or but serves where we call, and then not often nor honest instinct comes a volunteer, never to o’ershoot, but just to hit; still too short or wide is human wisdom by quick nature happiness to gain, such heavier reason labors at in vain. too serves always, reason never lost must go right, the other may go wrong when the acting and comparing powe
before?
who calls the council, states the case
who forms the phalanx, and who points

ed, in the nature of each being, four
proper bliss, and sets its proper boat
as he form'd a whole, the whole
mutual wants built mutual happiness
from the first, eternal order ran,
and creature link'd to creature, man.
whate'er of life all-quickness ether
breathes through air, or shoots below
deeps,

pours profuse on earth, one nature
the vital flame, and swells the genial
love themselves, a third time, in their race. 
est and bird their common charge attend, 
others nurse it, and the sires defend; 
young dismiss'd to wander earth or air, 
stops the instinct, and there ends the care; 
ink dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace, 
er love succeeds, another race.
ger care man's helpless kind demands; 
longer care contracts more lasting bands: 
sition, reason, still the ties improve, 
ce extend the int'rest and the love: 
choice we fix, with sympathy we burn; 
virtue in each passion takes its turn; 
still new needs, new helps, new habits rise, 
graft benevolence on charities.
as one brood, and as another rose, 
the nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those: 
last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man, 
helpless him from whom their life began: 
try and forecast just returns engage, 
pointed back to youth, this on to age; 
the pleasure, gratitude, and hope combin'd, 
spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.
ESSAY ON MAN.

Nor think in nature's state they blind!
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
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the
The same his table, and the same his bed
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder se
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gore
undress'd,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless p
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to cor
Of half that live the butcher and the tom
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral-groa
Murders their species, and betrays his ow
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, mar
from Nature rising slow to art!

my instinct then was reason's part;
then to man the voice of Nature spake—
from the creatures thy instruction take:
from the birds what food the thickets yield;
from the beasts the physic of the field;
arts of building from the bee receive;
of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
of the little Nautilus to sail,
d the thin oar and catch the driving gale.
all forms of social union find,
ience let reason, late, instruct mankind:
subterranean works and cities see;
towns aerial on the waving tree.
each small people's genius, policies,
t's republic, and the realm of bees;
those in common all their wealth bestow,
marchy, without confusion, know;
ese forever, though a monarch reign,
separate cells and properties maintain.
what unvari'd laws preserve each state,
wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
thy reason finer webs shall draw,
gle justice in her net of law,
ght, too rigid, harden into wrong,
ESSAY ON MAN.

For the strong too weak, the weak too strong,

Of all and thus o'er all the creatures sway,

Let the wiser make the rest obey;

For those arts mere instinct could afford,

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 war.

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend?

And there the streams in purer rills descend.

What war could ravish, commerce could destroy.

And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.

Converse and love mankind might strong!

When love was liberty, and nature law.

Thus states were form'd; the name of unknown,

'Til common int'rest plac'd the sway

'Twas virtue only, (or in arts or arms)

Diffusing blessings, or averting harm.

The same which in a sire the sons

A prince the father of a people made

'Til then, by nature crown'd, ever safe,
Taught to command the fire, c
Draw forth the monsters of th' a
Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the y
'Til, drooping, sick'ning, dying o
Whom they rever'd as God, to n
Then, looking up from sire to sire i
One great first father, and that f
Or plain tradition that this all be u
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire a
The worker from the work distin
And simple reason never sought b
Ere wit oblique had broke that stea
Man, like his Maker, saw that all t
To.
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and read
undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for on
That proud exception to all nature's law
'T' invert the world, and counter-work'd
Force first made conquest, and that conquest
'T'il superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid
And Gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subject
She, 'mid the lightning's blaze, and thunder
sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when
the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud
To power unseen, and mightier far than
She from the rending earth and bursting
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise.
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, un
Whose attributes were rage, revenge or
Such as the souls of cowards might cond
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would
Zeal then, not charity, became the guid
And hell was built on spite, and heaven
n sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
rs grew marble then, and reek'd with gore;
first the Flamen tasted living food;
his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
heaven's own thunders shook the world
below,
play'd the god an engine on his foe.

Drives self-love through just and through unjust,
one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust;
same self-love in all becomes the cause that restrains him, government and laws.
what one likes, if others like as well, it serves one will, when many wills rebel?
th shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake, weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
safety must his liberty restrain:
join to guard what each desires to gain:
'd into virtue thus, by self-defence,
kings learn justice and benevolence:
love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the studious head, or gen'ro
Foll'wer of God, or friend of human kir
Poet or patriot rose but to restore
The faith and moral, nature gave before
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew
Taught power's due use to people and
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tendes
The less or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other
'Til jarring inter'sets of themselves creath
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state
Such is the world's great harmony, that
From order, union, full consent of things;
Where small and great, where weak and
made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not inv
More powerful each as needful to the res
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre br
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or ki

For forms of government let fools contes
Whate'er is best administer'd, is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots f
Man, like the generous vine, supple
The strength he gains is from thence gives.
On their own axis as the planets run
Yet make at once their circle round.
So two consistent motions act the
And one regards itself, and one the
Thus God and nature link'd the gen
And bade self-love and social be the
EPISTLE IV.

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

THE ARGUMENT.

False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, are answered. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular, laws. As it is necessary for order and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these. But notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept by providence, by the two passions of hope and fear. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that a good man has here the advantage. The error of putting to virtue what are only the calamities of man or of fortune. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favor of particulars. That are not judges who are good; but that whoever are good, they must be happiest. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with destructive of virtue. That even these can make man happy without virtue. Instances in riches, 
or, nobility, greatness, fame, superior talents, with pictures of human infelicity in men possess them all. That virtue only constitutes a happiness whose object is universal, and whose prospect and view. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consist in conformity to the order of Providence here, as a resignation to it here and hereafter.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim.

Good, pleasure, ease, content! whatever thy name:
yet look'd, seen double, by the foot
Plant of celestial seed! if drop'd be
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign
Fair op'ning to some court's propri-
Or deep with di'monds in the flam
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the fl
Where grows? where grows it not?
toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not
Fix'd to no spot is happiness since
'Tis no where to be found, or every
'Tis never to be bought, but alway
And fled from monarchs, St. John!
can this, that happiness is happiness

like nature's path, and mad opinion
all states can reach it, and all heads,
ovious her goods, in no extreme the
here needs but thinking right, and
well;
and mourn our various portions as we
ual is common sense, and common

remember, man, "the universal Can
its not by partial, but by gen'r'al la
and makes what happiness we justly
blish, not in the good of one, but a
there's not a blessing individuals fin
ract what others feel, what others think, pleasures sicken, and all glories sink: he has his share, and who would more obtain; I find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

er is Heaven's first law; and this contest, e are, and must be, greater than the rest, e rich, more wise; but who infers from hence t such are happier, shocks all common sense. ven to mankind impartial we confess, l are equal in their happiness: mutual wants this happiness increase; nature's difference keeps all nature's peace. dition, circumstance, is not the thing; is the same in subject or in king, who obtain defence, or who defend, who is, or him who finds a friend: ven breathes through every member of the whole common blessing, as one common soul. fortune's gifts if each alike possest, each were equal, must not all contest? en to all men happiness was meant, in externals could not place content.
 Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
   And these be happy call’d, unhappy those;
But heaven’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!
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surve,
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 content.
But health consists with temperance alone,
And peace, oh Virtue! peace is all thy tone.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain.
But these less taste them as they worse.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong or right?

Of vice or virtue, whether blest or cursed,
 Which meets contempt, or which成效 first?
count all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,
but what virtue flies from and disdains:
and grant the bad what happiness they would,
be they must want, which is, to pass for good.

blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
no fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
no sees and follows that great scheme the best,
at knows the blessing, and will most be blest,
it fools, the good alone unhappy call,
will or accidents that chance to all.

Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
the god-like Turenne prostrate on the dust!
Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue or contempt of life?
y, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er
gave,

Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me if virtue made the son expire,
thy, full of days and honor, lives the sire?
thy drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
then nature sickned, and each gale was death!
why so long (in life if long can be)
but Heaven a parent to the poor and me?
Or change admit, or nature why,
Short and but rare, 'til man improve.
We just as wisely might of Heave.
That righteous Abel was destroy'd.
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease.
When his lewd father gave the di
Think we, like some weak prince

Caute
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse I

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage recal
Forget to thunder, and recal her
On earth or sea new motions be it
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve
When the loose mountain tremble

Oh! 'tis the price, if you m
ESSAY ON MAN: 53

A kingdom of the just then let it be; first consider how those just agree. The good must merit God's peculiar care; but who, but God, can tell us who they are? He thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell; another deems him instrument of hell; Calvin feel heaven's blessing, or its rod, His cries there is, and that there is no God. That shocks one part will edify the rest, or with one system can they all be blest. He 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, 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
power?"
Add health and power, and every earthly
"Why bounded power? why private? why
king?"
Nay why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heave
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce cono
God gives enough while he has more to gi
Immense the power, immense were the de
Say at what part of nature will they stand

What nothing earthly gives, or can destro
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-fu
Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then gave humility a coach and six,
Justice a conq'ror's sword, or truth a gow
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward u
With the same trash mad mortals wish fo
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sight thou now for apples and for ca
ESSAY ON MAN.

like the Indian, in another life
pect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
wards, that either would to virtue bring
joy, or be destructive of the thing:
own by these at sixty are undone
vices of a saint at twenty-one!
who can riches give repute or trust,
nt, or pleasure, but the good and just?
ges and senates have been bought for gold,
em and love were never to be sold.
ool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 lover and the love of human kind,
ose life is healthful, and whose conscience
clear,
ause he wants a thousand pounds a year:
for and shame from no condition rise;
well your part, there all the honor lies.
une in men has some small diff'rence made,
flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
cobler apron'd and the parson gown'd,
friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
Worth makes the man and want of
The rest is all but leather or prune

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round
That thou mayst be by kings or what
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucius
But by your father's worth if yours
Count me those only who are good
Got! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since
Got! and pretend your family is you
Nor own your fathers have been for
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or
Alas! not all the blood of all the H
he whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
make, an enemy of all mankind!
not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
and ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
0 less alike the politic and wise;
ll sly, slow things, with circumspective eyes:
en in their loose, unguarded hours they take,
on that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Is phrase absurd to call a villain great:
'Ho wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
but the more a fool, the more a knave.
'Ho noble ends by noble means obtains,
or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
ike good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
ike Socrates; that man is great indeed.

'hat's fame? a fanci'd life in others breath,
thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
'st what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
he same, (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own,
ll that we feel of it begins and ends
in the small circle of our foes or friends;
An honest man's the noblest work
Fame but from death a villain's nail
As justice tears his body from the g
When what t' oblivion better were r
Is hung on high to poison half man!
All fame is foreign, but of 'true dese
Plays round the head, but comes not
One self-approving hour whole year
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzza:
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd
Than Caesar with a senate at his h

In parts superior what advantage li
Tell (for you can) what is it to be
'Tis but to know how little can be
When these blessings to a strict account air deductions; see to what they 'n much of other each is sure to cost; each for other oft is wholly lost; consistent greater goods with these sometimes life is risqu'd, and always and if still the things thy envy calls shouldst thou be the man to whom the fall?

for ribands if thou art so silly, now they grace lord Umbræ or sir B:i w dirt the passion of thy life; sit on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife. allure thee, think how Bacon shin'
See the false scale of happiness complete
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens with
How happy those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their gloom
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice.
In each how guilt and greatness equal
And all that rais’d the Hero, sunk the
Now Europe’s laurels on their brows beat.
But stain’d with blood, or ill exchange’d.
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in
Or infamous for plunder’d provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fate
E’er taught to shine, or sanctifi’d from
What greater bliss attends their close of
Some greedy minion, or imperious with
The trophi’d arches, stori’d halls invade.
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide
Compute the morn and evening to the
The whole amount of that enormous
A tale, that blends their glory with the

Know then this truth, (enough for man
“Virtue alone is happiness below.”
The only point where human bliss star
ESSAY ON MAN.

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, if its end it gain,  
And if it lose, attended with no pain:  
Without satiety, though 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 acquir'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 heaven could on all bestow!  
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:  
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,  
The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;  
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 heaven 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 begin;
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;
'Til 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 unlook'd
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek the 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 neighbor's blessing.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
*Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life and...*
God loves from whole to parts: but
Must rise from individual to the whole
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind.
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful
The centre mov'd, a circle strait such
Another still and still another spread.
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will
His country next, and next all human
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bough
And Heaven beholds its image in his

Some the
Pursue the triumph, and partake the
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in c
Whose sons shall blush their father foes,
Shall then this verse to future age
Thou wert my guide, philosopher a
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tu
From sounds to things, from fancy
For wit's false mirror held up natur
Shew'd erring pride, whatever is
That Reason, Passion, answer one
That true Self-love and Social are
That Virtue only makes our bliss
And all our knowledge is, ourselv
THE
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.*

DEO OPT. MAX.

Father of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

'Let gave me in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

* It may be proper to observe, that some passages in the preceding Essay, having been unjustly suspected of tendency towards fate and naturalism, the author composed this prayer as the sum of all, to show that his system was founded in free-will and terminated in piety; that the first Cause was as well the Lord and Governor of the universe, as the Creator of it; and that, by submission to his will (the great principle enforced throughout this essay) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along by a blind determination, but the resting in a religions acquiescence, and confidence full of hope and immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet chose for his model the Lord's prayer, which of all others best deserves the title prefixed to his paraphrase.
For God is paid when man recei
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted spa
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of ma
When thousand worlds are rou

Let not this weak, unknowing ha
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the I
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deni'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.
Teach me to feel another's
MESSIAH.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou knowest if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.
To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

MESSIAH.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maid;
Delight no more.—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire.

Rapt into future times, the hard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the air;
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.

Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crime shall cease, and ancient fraud shall cease.
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white rob'd Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected mo
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert.
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears.
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply.
The rocks proclaim th' approaching day.
Lo, earth receives him from the deep.
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye sea,
With heads declin'd, ye cedars bow.
Be smooth, ye rocks, ye rapid flood.
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind.
He from thick films shall purge the eye,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour.
He the obstructed paths of sound shall open.
And bid new music charm th' unfonned ear.
The dumb shall sing, the lame his step.
And leap exulting like the bounding doe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear.
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry woe.
In adamantine chains shall Death lie.
And hell's grim tyrant feel the everlast'ning reign.
As the good shepherd tends his flock.
Seeks freshest pasture, and the pure
Flocks of his fold, the winding shore.
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;  
but useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
and the broad faichion in a ploughshare end.  
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful Son  
shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;  
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
and the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the  
field.

The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;  
and starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
new falls of water murm'ring in his ear.  
In ritted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
the green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods,  
the spirey fir and shapely box adorn:  
To leafless shrubs the flow'ry palms succeed,  
and od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant  
mead.

And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;  
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
and harmless serpents sick the pilgrim's feet.  
The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,  
Eas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,  
and with their forky tongues shall innocently  
play.

Be, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!  
Salt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!  
E a long race thy spacious courts adorn;  
E future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
Crouding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skyes!  
E barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Talk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;  
E thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate  
kings,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her
But lost, dissolv'd in thy super
One tide of glory, one uncloud
O'erflow thy courts: the Light
Reveal'd, and God's eternal d
The seas shall waste, the skies
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains
But fix'd his word, his saving
Thy realm forever lasts, thy c
reigns.

---*---

ELEGY

IN THE MEMORY OF AN UNF

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along shade
Invites my steps, and points to
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding
Why dimly gleams the visionary
Oh, even here seeng
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull, sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these, perhaps, (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separâte from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
The passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)
Lo! these were they whose souls the furies steel'd;
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlimeted pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.
What can a lone, (oh ever injur'd shade!)
By strangers' honor'd, and by a
What though no friends in sad
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, to
And bear about the mockery of
To midnight dances, and the
What though no weeping loves
Nor polish'd marble emulate to
What though no sacred earth and
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd
Yet shall thy grave with rising
And the green turf lie lightly on
There shall the morn her earliest
There the first roses of the year
While angels with their silver
The ground now sacred by thy

So peaceful rests without a stor
What once had beauty, titles, with
How lov'd, how honor'd once, a
To whom related, or by whom th
A heap of dust alone remains of
'Tis all thou art, and all the pro