



## **The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.**

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Satires &c.

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

The first Book of the Epistles of Horace, Ep. VI.

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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## E P I S T O L A VI.

**N**IL *admirari*, prope res est una, Numici,  
Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum.

<sup>b</sup> Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis

Tempora momentis, sunt qui <sup>c</sup> formidine nulla.

## NOTES.

VER. 3. *dear MURRAY,*] This Piece is the most finished of all his imitations, and executed in that high manner the Italian Painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties to the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of *excellence*. For the Poet had all the warmest affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addressed: and, indeed, no man ever more deserved to have a *Poet for his friend*. In the obtaining which, as neither Vanity, Party, nor Fear, had any share; so he supported his title to it by all the offices of true Friendship.

VER. 4. *Greech*] From whose Translation of Horace the two first lines are taken. P.

## E P I S T L E VI.

To Mr. MURRAY.

“NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,  
 “To make men happy, and to keep them so.”  
 (Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of  
 speech,

So take it in the very words of Creech.)

<sup>b</sup> This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball, 5  
 Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,  
 There are, my Friend! whose philosophic eyes  
 Look thro', and trust the Ruler with his skies,  
 To him commit the hour, the day, the year,  
 And view <sup>c</sup> this dreadful All without a fear. 10

## NOTES.

VER. 6. *stars that rise and fall.*] The original is  
*decedentia certis*

*Tempora momentis*

by which Horace means no more than *the change of seasons*. But as this change is here considered as an object of admiration, his imitator has judiciously expressed it in the more sublime figurative terms of

*Stars that rise and fall,*

by whose courses the seasons are marked and distinguished.

VER. 8. *trust the Ruler with the skies, To him commit the hour,*] Our Author, in these imitations, has been all along careful to correct the loose morals, and absurd divinity of his Original.

VER. 10. *And view this dreadful All without a fear.*] He has added this idea to his text; and it greatly heightens the dignity of

Imbuti spectent. <sup>d</sup> quid censes, munera terrae?

Quid, maris extremos Arabas <sup>e</sup> ditantis et Indos?

Ludicra, quid, <sup>f</sup> plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?

Quo spectanda modo, <sup>g</sup> quo sensu credis et ore?

<sup>h</sup> Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem

Quo cupiens pacto: pavor est utrobique molestus:

Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque:

<sup>i</sup> Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,

Si, quidquid videt melius pejuse sua spe,

Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?

<sup>k</sup> Infani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui;

Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.

NOTES.

the whole thought. He gives it the appellation of a *dreadful All*, because the immensity of God's creation, which modern philosophy has so infinitely enlarged, is apt to affect *narrow* minds, who measure the divine comprehension by their own, with dreadful suspicions of man's being overlooked in this dark and narrower corner of existence, by a Governor occupied and busied with the sum of things.

VER. 21. *In either case, believe me, we admire;*] *i. e.* These objects, in either case, affect us, as objects unknown affect the mind, and consequently betray us into false judgments.

Admire we then what <sup>d</sup> Earth's low entrails hold, }  
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold ; }  
 All the mad trade of <sup>e</sup> Fools and Slaves for Gold ? }  
 Or <sup>f</sup> Popularity ? or Stars and Strings ? }  
 The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings ? 15  
 Say with what <sup>g</sup> eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,  
 And pay the Great our homage of Amaze ?

If weak the <sup>h</sup> pleasure that from these can spring,  
 The fear to want them is as weak a thing :  
 Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20  
 In either case, believe me, we admire ;  
 Whether we <sup>i</sup> joy or grieve, the same the curse,  
 Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.  
 Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray  
 Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away ;  
 For <sup>k</sup> Virtue's self may too much zeal be had ; 25  
 The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.

NOTES.

VER. 22. *Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse, Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.*] The elegance of this is superior to the Original. The *curse* is the *same* (says he) *whether we joy or grieve*. Why so? Because, in either case, the man is *surprized*, hurried off, and led away captive.

(*The good or bad to one extreme betray  
 Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away.*)

This happy advantage, in the imitation, arises from the ambiguity of the word *surprize*.

VER. 27. *The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.*] Because

<sup>1</sup> I nunc, argentum et marmor <sup>m</sup> *vetus*, aeraque  
et artes

Suspice : cum gemmis <sup>n</sup> Tyrios mirare colores :

Gaude, quod spectant oculi te mille loquentem :

Gnavus <sup>p</sup> mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum ;

<sup>q</sup> Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris

Mutus et (indignum ; quod fit peioribus ortus)

<sup>r</sup> Hic tibi fit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.

NOTES.

when men are carried away by their passions, as all Madmen are, he, who has joined the *Cause of God* to *his own*, must needs do the most mischief, as this junction gives him additional vigour in the pursuit of his extravagances.

VER. 29. *reflected Plate*] This epithet conveys a fine stroke of satire ; it insinuates, that the enamoured possessor, half ashamed of his passion, obliquely eyes his plate from the *reflecting* mirror, that hangs opposite to his Side-board ; which idea he expresses in another place by

*a gilt Buffet's reflected pride.*

VER. 30. *Procure a TASTE to double the surprize.*] This is one of those delicate touches that most enoble a perfect piece. He

<sup>1</sup> Go then, and if you can, admire the state  
 Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate ;  
 Procure a TASTE to double the surprize,      30  
 And gaze on <sup>m</sup> Parian Charms with learned eyes :  
 Be struck with bright <sup>n</sup> Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,  
 Our Birth-day Nobles' splendid Livery.  
 If not so pleas'd, at <sup>o</sup> Council-board rejoice,  
 To see their Judgments hang upon thy Voice ; 35  
 From <sup>p</sup> morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,  
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.  
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife ?  
 For <sup>q</sup> Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife ?  
 Shall <sup>r</sup> One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, conspir'd  
 To form, not to admire but be admir'd,      41  
 Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth  
 Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth ?

## N O T E S.

speaks here of *false taste*, as appears by his directions how to get it, and how to use it when got. *Procure a taste*, says he. Of whom? Of the *Virtuosi*, to be sure, whose science you are to buy for that purpose : for *true taste*, which is from nature, comes of itself. And how are you to use it? Not to cure you of that bane of life, *admiration*, but to raise and inflame it, by *doubling your surprize*. And this a *false taste* will always do ; as a *pretended taste* will always affect to do ; there being none so given to raptures as the *Virtuoso-Tribe* : whereas the *Man of true taste* finds but few things to approve ; and those he approves with moderation.



• Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas;  
 Defodiet, condetque nitentia. \* cum bene notum  
 Porticus Agrippae, et via te conspexerit Appi;  
 Ire tamen restat, Numa \* quo devenit et Ancus.

\* Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,

Quaere fugam morbi. \* vis recte vivere? quis non?

Si virtus hoc *una* potest dare, fortis omiffis

Hoc age *deliciis*.

NOTES.

VER. 44. *Yet Time ennobles, or degrades each Line; It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine,*] One of the noblest houses in Europe.—The Original is,

*Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas;  
 Defodiet, condetque nitentia.*

This wants neither force nor elegance; yet is vastly inferior to the imitation, where a very fine panegyric on two great Characters, in the second line, gives dignity and ease to the masterly conciseness of the first.

Yet <sup>s</sup> Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;  
 It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine : 45  
 And what is Fame? the Meanest have their day,  
 The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.  
 Grac'd as thou art, <sup>t</sup> with all the Pow'r of Words,  
 So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:  
 Conspicuous Scene ! another yet is nigh, 50  
 (More silent far) where Kings and Poets lie ;  
 Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)  
 Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE !

<sup>w</sup> Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,  
 Will any mortal let himself alone? 55  
 See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over,  
 And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.  
 The case is easier in the Mind's disease ;  
 There all Men may be cured, whene'er they please.  
 Would ye be <sup>x</sup> blest? despise low Joys, low Gains ; }  
 Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains ; 61 }  
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

NOTES.

VER. 53. TULLY, HYDE !] In this, indeed, the Parallel fails, That *Tully's* brightest talents were frequently tarnished by vanity and fear; and *Hyde's* most virtuous purposes perverted by mistaken speculations concerning the nature of Government and the origine of Society.

VER. 57. *And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.*] There is a prettiness in this expression, which depends upon the *slippery* medicine, by which this Quack rendered himself famous, namely *Quicksilver*.

<sup>y</sup> virtutem verba putes, et

Lucum ligna ? <sup>z</sup> cave ne portus occupet alter :

Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas :

<sup>a</sup> Mille talenta rotudentur, totidem altera, porro et

Tertia succedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.

Scilicet <sup>b</sup> uxorem *cum dote, fidemque*, et <sup>c</sup> *amicos*,

Et *genus*, et *formam*, regina <sup>d</sup> Pecunia donat ;

Ac bene nummatum decorat Saudela, Venusque.

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns,*] The one appears from his party pamphlets; the other, from his *Rights of the Christian Church*.

VER. 81. *dubb'd a Man of worth,*] Alluding to the City

<sup>y</sup> But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,  
 One who believes as Tindal leads the way,  
 Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns, 65  
 Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?  
 Fly <sup>z</sup> then, on all the wings of wild desire,  
 Admire whate'er the maddest can admire:  
 Is Wealth thy passion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,  
 Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,  
 For Indian spices, for Peruvian Gold, 71  
 Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold:  
<sup>a</sup> Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies;  
 On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,  
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)  
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square. 76  
 For, mark th' advantage; just so many score  
 Will gain a <sup>b</sup> Wife with half as many more,  
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,  
 And then such <sup>c</sup> Friends—as cannot fail to last. 80  
 A <sup>d</sup> Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,  
 Venus shall give him Form, and Anstis Birth.

NOTES.

Knighthoods, where wealth and worship go together.

VER. 82. *Venus shall give him Form, and Anstis Birth.*] Insinuating, that the door of Honour, as well as of Beauty, stands always open to money.—*Anstis*, King at Arms.

Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris ° *Cappadocum rex.*

Ne fueris hic tu. ° chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,

Si posset centum scenae praebere rogatus,

Quî possum tot? ait: tamen et quaeram, et quot  
habebo

Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque

Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.

§ Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa *supersunt,*

Et dominum fallunt, et profunt furibus. ° ergo,

Si res sola potest facere et fervare beatum,

Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

° Si fortunatum species et gratia praestat,

° *Mercemur* fervum, qui dicitur nomina, laevum

NOTES.

VER. 86. Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,] The common reader, I am sensible, will be always more solicitous about the names of these three Ladies, the unlucky Play, and every other trifling circumstance that attended this piece of gallantry, than for the explanation of our Author's sense, or the illustration of his poetry; even where he is most moral and sublime.

(Believe me, many a ° German Prince is worse,  
 Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse)  
 His Wealth brave <sup>f</sup> Timon gloriously confounds ;  
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds ; 86  
 Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,  
 Takes the whole House upon the Poet's day.  
<sup>g</sup> Now, in such exigencies not to need,  
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed ; 90  
 A noble superfluity it craves,  
 Not for your self, but for your Fools and Knaves ;  
 Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,  
 And which it much becomes you to forget.  
<sup>h</sup> If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95  
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.  
<sup>i</sup> But if to Pow'r and Place your passion lie,  
 If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy ;  
 Then <sup>k</sup> hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord 100  
 To do the Honours, and to give the Word ;

NOTES.

But had it been in Mr. Pope's purpose to indulge so impertinent a curiosity, he had sought elsewhere for a commentator on his writings.

VER. 91. *A noble Superfluity, etc.*] These four lines are an admirable paraphrase on

*Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,  
 Et dominum fallunt, et profunt furibus.*

Qui fodicet latus, et <sup>l</sup> cogat trans pondera dextram  
 Porrigere : <sup>m</sup> Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille *Velina* :  
 Cui libet, is fasces dabit ; eripietque curule,  
 Cui volet, *importunus* ebur : <sup>n</sup> Frater, Pater, adde :  
 Ut cuique est aetas, ita quemque <sup>o</sup> *facetus* adopta.  
 Si <sup>p</sup> bene qui coenat, bene vivit : lucet, eamus  
 Quo ducit gula : piscemur, venemur, ut <sup>q</sup> olim  
 Gargilius : qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,  
 Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,  
 Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret.

## NOTES.

VER. 110. *Then turn about, and laugh at your own Jest.*] Which is so natural for all Ministers of State to do, that we need not suppose he meant any particular Minister.

VER. 118. *And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.*] The Poet has here, with admirable sense, exposed what he elsewhere calls,

## THE IMPUDENCE OF WEALTH!

which, in its rage to ingross *all* the blessings of life to itself, without studying to deserve *any*, not only *dares suffer an honest*

Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,  
 To whom<sup>l</sup> to nod, whom take into your Coach,  
 Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,  
 Who<sup>m</sup> rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:

“ This may be troublesome, is near the Chair: 106

“ That makes three Members, this can chuse a  
 “ May’r.”

Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,  
 Adopt him<sup>n</sup> Son, or Cousin at the least,  
 Then turn about, and<sup>o</sup> laugh at your own Jest. }

Or if your life be one continu’d Treat, III

If<sup>p</sup> to live well means nothing but to eat;

Up, up! cries Gluttony, ’tis break of day,

Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;

With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite— 115

So<sup>q</sup> Ruffel did, but could not eat at night,

Call’d happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,

And envy’d Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.

NOTES.

*man to continue poor, but is mean and abject enough to envy him the advantages arising from his very poverty: A degree of corruption not so uncommon as detestable; tho’ it has its root in our nature, if the Poet has not outraged it, in that description of its pride and meanness:*

*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.*



Emtum mulus aprum. ⁊ crudi, tumidique lavemur,

Quid *deceat*, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera

Digni: ⁊ *remigium vitiosum* Ithacensis Ulyssæi;

Cui *potior* ⁊ *patria* fuit interdicta voluptas,

⁊ Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine *amore jocosque*

Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocosque.

⁂ Vive, vale. si quid novisti rectius istis,

Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

NOTES.

VER. 127. *Wilmot*] Earl of Rochester.

VER. 129. *And SWIFT say wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"*] Our Poet, speaking in one place of the purpose of his satire, says,

*In this impartial glass, my Muse intends  
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends.*

and, in another, he makes his Court-Adviser say,

*Laugh at your Friends, and if your Friends be sore,  
So much the better, you may laugh the more.*

because their impatience under reproof would shew, they had a great deal which wanted to be set right.

On this principle, *Swift* falls under his correction. He could not bear to see a Friend he so much valued, live in the miserable abuse of one of Nature's best gifts, unadmonished of his folly. *Swift*, (as we may see by some posthumous Volumes, lately published, so dishonourable and injurious to his memory) trifled away his old age in a dissipation that women and boys might be ashamed of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their *wit* only to shew their parts, to edge their spleen, to pander to a faction; or, in short, to any thing but that for which Nature bestowed it, namely, to recommend, and set off Truth;

Or shall we<sup>r</sup> ev'ry Decency confound,  
 Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnio's take our round,  
 Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice out-do 121  
 \*K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,  
 From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feasts,  
 Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts,  
 Or for a Titled Punk, or foreign Flame, 125  
 Renounce our<sup>r</sup> Country, and degrade our Name?

If, after all, we must with<sup>v</sup> Wilmot own,  
 The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,  
 And SWIFT cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"  
 The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.  
 "Adieu—if this advice appear the worst, 131  
 E'en take the Counsel which I gave you first:  
 Or better Precepts if you can impart,  
 Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

NOTES.

old age, which abates the passions, will never rectify the abuses they occasioned. But the remains of wit, instead of seeking and recovering its proper channel, will run into that miserable depravity of taste here condemned: and in which Dr. Swift seems to have placed no inconsiderable part of his wisdom. *I chuse* (says he, in a Letter to Mr. Pope) *my Companions amongst those of the least consequence, and most compliance: I read the most trifling Books I can find: and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects.* And again, "I love *La Bagatelle* better than ever. I am always writing bad prose or worse verses, "either of rage or raillery," etc. And again, in a letter to Mr. Gay, *My rule is, Vive la Bagatelle.*



