The Epistle to Arbuthnot marks a change in Pope’s couplet style. The taut, line-by-line, couplet-by-couplet progression of the Fortescue is there altered toward a more expansive flow of language, a more—if the adjective is allowable—Miltonic movement from verse paragraph to verse paragraph, from topic to topic, within the poem. While the character sketches of Bufo, Sporus, and Atticus still retain the smaller contrapuntal units of the Fortescue, the remainder of the poem is primarily constructed of these larger blocks of verse—most notably, Pope’s noble culminating defense of his family and heritage. The Second Epistle, dedicated to an anonymous colonel, refines that style to a high level of excellence: it captures beautifully the easy movement and slow but insistent current of conversation of the colloquial, yet gentlemanly, Horatian verse it imitates. This loose, broad progression accurately embodies the thematic materials of the poem. Logically as well as physically, the epistle advances by large steps from one concern to another,1 each one in turn building upon and incorporating its predecessor. As it proceeds from fable to fable, its interests grow from human law to the laws of art to the laws of life, finally to embrace, within the expansive boundaries of the ars moriendi tradition, the confrontation of human and divine justice.
The ostensible interest of a major part of this Imitation is the problem of worldly possessions and what one ought to do with them. Pope contends, here as elsewhere, that real ownership is impossible on earth, and that temporary use of objects is all that man can attain. Implicitly, this argument draws upon perennial Christian teachings about temperance and the use of worldly goods, and it presupposes God's ultimate ownership of all the objects man calls his own. Explicitly, Pope here employs the Roman legal distinction of *dominium* and *usufructus* to secure these points:

If there be truth in Law, and Use can give
A Property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its Fields afford
Their Fruits to you, confesses you its Lord:
All Worldly's Hens, nay Partridge, sold to town,
His Ven'son too, a Guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a Penny, and he paid a Pound.

(230-39)

In quite orthodox fashion, Pope points out that all property, all worldly belongings, are the gifts of Fortune and, like her, are bound to time and mutability. They can never be held, and the certainty of death reveals their final futility.

Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring Hour;
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their Lord.
*Man? and for ever?* Wretch! what wou'dst thou have?

[128]
Heir urges Heir, like Wave impelling Wave:  
All vast Possessions (just the same the case  
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace)  
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?  
Join Cotswold Hills to Saperton's fair Dale,  
Let rising Granaries and Temples here,  
There mingled Farms and Pyramids appear,  
Link Towns to Towns with Avenues of Oak,  
Enclose whole Downs in Walls, 'tis all a joke!  
Inexorable Death shall level all,  
And Trees, and Stones, and Farms, and Farmer fall.  

(248-63)

This much of Pope's argument is commonplace and unexceptional. It is the pattern of associations he has built around these ideas that accounts for the distinctive character of this Imitation. From the very beginning of the poem, the conception of property and possession has been intimately connected with its opposite, theft, and with that which mediates between them, law. All three tend, throughout the poem, to lose their individual character and to merge into one another. Theft becomes a mode of possession, property a form of theft, and law ambiguously either and neither:

If there be truth in Law, and Use can give  
A Property, that's yours on which you live.  

(230-31)

The course of the poem is largely the pattern of the modulation of these ideas. The fable that opens the epistle has been altered from Horace's to bring these conceptions into play at the very outset: where the fault of the Roman slave was a childish attempt at running away (2-16), that of Pope's French servant is theft (3-20). Pope's explanation of this tale immediately casts it into a legal context, and simultaneously calls the nature of law into question by hopelessly fogging the basis of equity:

[119]
If, after this, you took the graceless Lad,
Cou'd you complain, my Friend, he prov'd so bad?
Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think Sir Godfrey should decide the Suit;
Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash, away,
And punish'd him that put it in his way.

(21-26)

The poem as a whole turns upon the four key fables imbedded in it. Pope's application of this one to his own case puts the poet's profession in the same sort of quasi-legal light, and even makes a tentative move toward identifying equity as rules to which all parties agree.

Consider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With Laws, to which you gave your own assent?

(27-30)

The concerns of theft and possessions are developed even further in the tale of the soldier who captured a fortress in anger because he was robbed, and then refused to endanger himself again because he had won a sufficiency (33-51). Pope's personal application of this makes law—or at least laws to which he had not given his "own assent"—the thief, and poetry the means of regaining his stolen patrimony:

But knottier Points we knew not half so well,
Depriv'd us soon of our Paternal Cell;
And certain Laws, by Sufferers thought unjust,
Deny'd all Posts of Profit or of Trust:
Hopes after Hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
While mighty William's thundring Arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He [Pope's father] stuck to Poverty with Peace of Mind;

[120]
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papist He, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I should want the Care of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble, rather than repose.

(58–71)

Pope's moderation in preferring quiet to further gain parallels the soldier's proper "temperance" in spurning the prospect of greater rewards, and represents the appropriate ethical response to the lure of worldliness. That is, of course, a mean that neither despises earthly goods nor values them too highly. Pope elaborates this position at even greater length later in the poem.

Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My Heir may sigh, and think it want of Grace,
A man so poor wou'd live without a Place:
But sure no Statute in his favour says,
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:
I, who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between Carelessness and Care.
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store,
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if sordid Want be far away.

(284–95)

Once again the doctrine of the mean is presented in the language of concordia discors: Pope's orthodox moral stance nicely balances thrift and liberality, carelessness and care. But the mention of statutes (288) draws even this conception of temperance into the pale of the laws that haunt the poem by recalling (as Warburton's note indicates) the restrictions upon papists' inheritance rights. This links
any laws that oppose proper moderation with “certain Laws, by Suffrers thought unjust” (60), and makes of law itself a mode of immorality.

But there are other laws than those of England, and other thieves than the kings of England. Pope’s use of these first two fables has associated his poetry with both law and property. In the first case, his not writing is apparently one of those laws, parallel to the law against theft, to which the unnamed colonel has assented (27–32); and in the second, it is the means by which he has earned his fortune (64–72). Both these applications rather surprisingly tend to describe poetry as a worldly pursuit of much the same order as the acquisition of wealth. Pope firmly cements this identification by the use he makes of the poem’s third fable:

The *Temple* late two Brother Sergeants saw,
Who deem’d each other Oracles of Law;
With equal Talents, these congenial Souls
One lull’d the *Exchequer*, and one stunn’d the *Rolls*;
Each had a Gravity wou’d make you split,
And shook his head at *Murray*, as a Wit.
’Twas, “Sir your Law”—and “Sir, your Eloquence”—
“Yours *Cowper*’s Manner—and yours *Talbot*’s Sense.”

Thus we dispose of all poetic Merit,
Yours *Milton*’s Genius, and mine *Homer*’s Spirit.
Call *Tibbald* *Shakespear*, and he’ll swear the Nine
Dear *Cibber!* never match’d one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut thro’ *Merlin*’s Cave, to see
No Poets there, but *Stephen*, you, and me.
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave Laurel Crowns, and take what Names we please.
“My dear *Tibullus!*” if that will not do,
“Let me be *Horace*, and be *Ovid* you.
“Or, I’m content, allow me *Dryden*’s strains,
“And you shall rise up *Otway* for your pains.”
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace

[122]
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhiming Race;
And much must flatter, if the Whim should bite
To court applause by printing what I write:
But let the Fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough,
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

(127–52)

Not only are poets compared to lawyers, but their actions are pictured as exact analogues of each other: both strive "to court applause" (150) and to aggrandize themselves. This fact explains poetry's association with worldly pursuits: like law, poetry is a public concern, and unavoidably involves the poet in all the distractions of business. As the references to Theobald, Cibber, and Stephen Duck demonstrate, the writers involved in this sort of poetic popularity contest could scarcely be called first-rate, and a place in Queen Caroline's Merlin's Cave could only with heavy irony be described as a distinction Pope might envy. His opinion of this whole state of affairs is contained in the witty adaptation, in line 146, of Dryden's translation of Virgil, "Tell that, and rise a Phoebus for thy pains." The line is taken from the third eclogue (162), which is a traditional shepherds' composition and singing contest that ends, equally traditionally, in a draw. The application of this convention to these decidedly unpastoral circumstances produces a complete distortion of the poet's role and character, and finally results in a gross travesty of the shepherd-poets' customary rivalry for excellence.

Pope has distinguished himself as true poet from these worldly scribblers by indicating his active repugnance for just such "business" as these others profess. This is embodied poetically in his derisive scorn for the locus of these distractions, London.

But grant I may relapse, for want of Grace,
Again to rhime, can London be the Place?
Who there his Muse, or Self, or Soul attends?

[123]
In crowds and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A poet begs me, I will hear him read:
In palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, sir, in bloomsbury-square—
Before the lords at twelve my cause comes on—
There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one.—
"Oh but a wit can study in the streets,
"And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite so well however as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought,
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen at guild-hall's narrow pass,
Two aldermen dispute it with an ass?
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own serv--nce in a carr?
Go, lofty poet! and in such a crowd,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.

(88-109)

These lines describe a ladder of increasing earthliness and alienation not only from the pursuit of true poetry but from anything of spiritual worth whatever. Beginning with the impossibility of cultivating, in town, one's "Muse, or self, or soul" (90), they pass gradually through the petty distractions of poetasters and lawyers to the more weighty interference of a "pig of lead" (102)—wittily transformed from Horace's *hac lutulenta ruit sus* (75)—to end dramatically in the vision of absolute corporeality of noblemen, "exalted as they are," balked by their own excrement borne by in a triumphal chariot. (106-7). Woven into this scale of degradation are words and phrases that associate the whole process with the law, and that in turn bind the concept of legality firmly to the idea of materiality. This is the significance of the mention of "courts, law, business" (91) and "two aldermen" in "guild-hall's narrow pass"
(104–5). For the same reason, two of the affairs that consume the poet’s time are the execution of a deed with his lawyer (92) and the hearing of his case before the House of Lords (96). The beginning of this passage acutely characterizes this whole process as a “relapse, for want of Grace” (88), a repetition of Adam’s original fall from grace. Entering the public life and losing one’s self in business are viewed as a second fall: in themselves, they alienate man from the things of the spirit and tie him to the ephemera of the world.

Opposed to the self-aggrandizement of the scribblers and the unsettling distractions of worldly concerns is the calm, rigorous, and ordered practice of the true poet:

In vain, bad Rhimers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long.
But how severely with themselves proceed
The Men, who write such Verse as we can read?
Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare
That wants or Force, or Light, or Weight, or Care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
In downright Charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive Phrase appears,
Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English, Ages hence,
(For Use will father what's begot by Sense)
Pour the full Tide of Eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the Treasures of each foreign Tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line;

[125]
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:
"But Ease in writing flows from Art, not Chance,
"As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

The most salient fact about this passage is that it casts the craft of poetry, even in its highest reaches, into that ambiguous legal context that has pervaded the poem. It is not simply that poetry has rules or laws that must be fulfilled, but that good poets are in fact judges—"Their own strict Judges" (159). Composition and creation are described in the same sort of jargon: poets do not "spare" (159) words; they "degrade" (163) them even though they find favor at Court; they "command" (167) and "bid" (169) the reformation of the language; they "show no mercy" (175) to a bad line.

Its relation to law, of whatever nature that may be, does little to define poetry, and certainly provides nothing at all in the way of an ethical evaluation of the vocation. If anything, its connection with judging and law would indicate that a vague immorality, a taint of worldliness, clings to even the finest practitioners of an art at best ethically ambivalent. This problem is resolved by the unmistakable presence in Pope's text of verbal reference to a pair of biblical events, either or both of which serve to illuminate Pope's conception of the poetic act.

Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
In downright Charity revive the dead;
Command old words that long have slept, to wake.

The entire metaphor of the passage, the resurrection of the dead, as well as its significant coupling with the command
to sleepers to wake (a simple extension of the basic metaphor), points directly to Christ's raising of Lazarus or of the daughter of Jairus. Since both episodes work toward the same end and function equally well in Pope's allusive context, I here quote the better known instance of the reviving of Lazarus:

These things said he: and after that he saith unto them, Our friend Lazarus sleepest; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep. Then said his disciples, Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well. Howbeit Jesus spake of his death: but they thought that he had spoken of taking of rest in sleep. Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent that ye may believe; nevertheless let us go unto him. . . . And when he had thus spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth. (John 11:11-15; 43-44)

Christ's act is a deliberate demonstration of his Messianic role, accomplished through a free gift of grace—Pope's "downright Charity"—to give glory to God. Pope's application of this incident and its significance to his own profession is entirely consistent with the idea of poetry he has promulgated in other Horatian Imitations. Poetry becomes, once again, the semisacramental act of a morally good man, an almost divinely ordained messenger. Its ultimate purpose is to adumbrate the essential, God-appointed order of the world, and to thereby show forth the glory of God. That glory and that order are demonstrated by the harmony of true poetry and by its concord of opposite elements—in this case, accomplished through a river metaphor that has elsewhere served Pope well as the vehicle for the theme of concordia discors:

Pour the full Tide of Eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong.

(171-72)
In such a context, it is almost redundant for Pope to point out that poetry’s strength is “divine.”

Despite this essentially virtuous character, poetry is still colored and tainted by its connection with legality. Like the concept of property, with which it shares a common touchstone in the theme of law, poetry, too, is bound to time. In Pope’s view of the matter—at least in this poem—poetry retains the aspect of temporality. Like all man’s other works in this world, it exists *sub specie temporis* rather than *sub specie aeternitatis*. The further allusive content of the passage discussed above makes this clear. Many of the commentators on the corresponding section of Horace’s epistle (106-25) refer to a similar locus in the *Ars Poetica* (46-72) that discusses much the same aspects of poetry—that is, usage, neologisms and antique words, and literary refinement. Pope fleshes out his Imitation with materials borrowed from this source. The influence is most readily discernible in his description of the use of old words as a revival or a rebirth (a metaphor that is present in the *Ars Poetica* passage but absent in Ep. II.ii.) and in line 173, “Rich with the Treasures of each foreign Tongue,” for which there is no authority whatever in Horace’s epistle. The significance of the occurrence of this allusion at this point is, as usual, provided by context of the *Ars Poetica* passage as a whole, rather than merely the parts of it that Pope incorporates into his poem to consolidate the reference. In this case, the *Ars Poetica* section drawn upon ends with a heavy emphasis on the transience of all mortal works, including poetry. Here is Creech’s translation:

> As Leaves on Trees do with the turning Year,  
> The former fall, and others will appear;  
> Just so it is in Words, one Word will rise,  
> Look green, and flourish, when another dyes.  
> All We, and Ours, are in a changing State,  
> Just Nature’s Debt, and must be paid to Fate:  
> Great Caesar’s Mole, that braves the furious Tides,
Where now secure from Storms, his Navy rides:
E'en that drain'd Lake, where former Ages row'd,
A great unfruitful Wast, tho now 'tis plough'd,
Bears Corn, and sends the neighboring City's food:
Those new Canales, that bound fierce Tiber's force,
That teach the Streams to take a better Course,
And spare the Plough-man's hopes: e'en these must waste,
Then how can feeble Words pretend to last?10

Such sentiments explain the association of poetry with the much denigrated laws: they are alike in that both are ultimately things of this world, inextricably bound to the evanescence of passing time.

Pope's allusion to the *Ars Poetica* has also defined another subdivision of the poem's general theme of property. Its concern, and that of the passage as a whole, is with words, new and old, and their usage—that is, with literary property and with the literary implications of the doctrines of *dominium* and *usufructus*. What Pope is defending is the poet's right to employ language—all language of all peoples—for his own ends: "Use will father what's begot by Sense" (170). This is particularly the point of his remarks about reviving dead words and commanding "old words that long have slept, to wake" (163). These amount to a succinct justification of this imitation of Horace specifically and of his imitative mode generally. Pope's use of the materials of classical poets and poems involves a question of the ownership and use of literary property. His lines declare that it is the right and duty of the true poet to take possession of the works of his predecessors and to transmit to his age as a living thing the legacy of the past. Because of this, and because poetry and language are so inextricably bound to time, the poet's task in every age inevitably becomes what Pope has described—a resurrection, a raising of dead words, dead thoughts, dead cultures, to life.

This is the real significance of Pope's appropriation to himself of "Homer's Spirit" (136); it is for this reason,
also, especially fitting that he has claimed to live and thrive "thanks to Homer" (68) immediately after utilizing a line from the Iliad to characterize William III pejoratively.11 His request that he be considered Horace (144) must also be viewed in this light. He is not only donning for his age the guise of the Roman poet, but actually assuming his character and poetic rights, commanding his old words to wake into eighteenth-century English. Pope's subsequent plea to be allowed "Dryden's strains" (145) accomplishes exactly what it asks by incorporating and adapting to his own context one of Dryden's lines (146). To increase still further the depth of the application of concepts of property to poetry, the line in question is drawn from Dryden's translation of Virgil, yet another example of a poet's proper assumption of usufructus and of the transmission of a cultural inheritance.

Pope even extends this practice and these concepts to his own early poetry by his insertion of two lines—carefully marked as a quotation—from the Essay on Criticism:

"But Ease in writing flows from Art, not Chance,
"As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

(178-79)

He has appropriately revived these words in his present context by altering the original verb "comes" to "flows," thus linking the couplet closely with his use of the river metaphor and fitting it coherently into the passage. This entire process he summarizes in the final line of the triplet that describes the concordant nature of true poetry; it is, among other things, "Rich with the Treasures of each foreign Tongue" (173). The etymological connection of "treasure" and "thesaurus" defines precisely the nature of language and consequently the limitations of the poet's materials and craft. Words and poems are considered as plunder to be taken and used by the talent of the individual poet; with them as with all other earthly things, "Use can give/ A Property" (230-31).
If language and poetry are varieties of property and subject to all the laws that govern possessions, then they are also subject to the ravages of time. Pope’s argument in this entire section of the epistle has made clear that not even the sacramental nature of true poetry is sufficient to save it from the fate of all mortal works. Pope has made this attitude explicit in the lines that introduce the entire disquisition on poetry.

Years foll’wing Years, steal something ev’ry day,
At last they steal us from our selves away;
In one our Frolicks, one Amusements end,
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend:
This subtle Thief of Life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my Rhime?
If ev’ry Wheel of that unweary’d Mill
That turn’d ten thousand Verses, now stands still.

(72-79)

Time too is a thief that, governed by its own inexorable law, steals away all human accomplishments. It is against this background of futility in the face of inevitable death that Pope has chosen to place his vocation; it is because of this that his otherwise much honored craft is in this poem degraded to the level of worldliness.

This point is reinforced by means of a rather obvious scriptural allusion imbedded in Pope’s description of the plight of the scholar or poet:

The Man, who stretch’d in Isis’ calm Retreat
To Books and Study gives sev’n years compleat,
See! strow’d with learned dust, his Night-cap on,
He walks, an Object new beneath the Sun!
The Boys flock round him, and the People stare:
So stiff, so mute! some Statue, you would swear,
Stept from its Pedestal to take the Air.

(116-22)
The "Object new beneath the Sun" (119) recalls the ultimate source behind the cliché, the famous dictum from Ecclesiastes about human life:

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun. (1:9)

This expressed for the Renaissance the utter instability and transience of human life and of the things of earth; the whole of Ecclesiastes belabors this concept to urge men to faith in God and reliance upon him rather than upon corruptible creatures. In Pope's context, the phrase becomes ironic: the poet is not a new object, but shares the common ephemerality of all other created beings.

All this tends to leave poetry in a rather paradoxical light. At once it is, and it is not, worldly; it is, and it is not divine. It is a sacramental act, revealing and sharing in God's harmonious order; yet at the same time it is an essentially human work, limited and ultimately overcome by the power of common mortality. The explanation of this contradiction lies in human nature itself, of which poetry is the mirror. Man too shares this paradoxical character, being both mortal and immortal, flesh and spirit. Since, as the poem has been at great pains to prove, the flesh and the works of the flesh perish, the resolution of the problem of temporality and the allaying of the paradox depend upon the cultivation of the spirit. For this very purpose, Pope has slighted his own profession; it is only in contrast with works tending immediately toward salvation that poetry is in any way unworthy.

II

Like everything else in the poem, the concept of salvational works is also brought in contact with the touchstone of legality. Pope's fourth fable, once again crucially altered
from the Horatian original, introduces this whole topic into the poem and sets it also in a legal or governmental light.

If such the Plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad Rhiming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There liv'd in primo Georgii (they record)
A worthy Member, no small Fool, a Lord;
Who, tho' the House was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full Debate:
In all but this, a man of sober Life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife,
Not quite a Mad-man, tho' a Pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a Well:

Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they cur'd:
Whereat the Gentleman began to stare—
My Friends? he cry'd, p-x take you for your care!
That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote.

(180-97)

Pope employs this story as an allegory or analogy of his own case. Poetry, like law or politics, is an ephemeral worldly activity, a delusion from which he must be awakened into ultimate reality. As the lord (who has been ubiquitously present in the poem as a symbol of worldly-mindedness) cursed his doctors, Pope also curses his spiritual doctor, Wisdom.

Well, on the whole, plain Prose must be my fate:
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave Verses to the Boys at school:
To Rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I learn to smooth and harmonize my Mind,
Teach ev'ry Thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal Measure of the Soul.

(198-205)

The entire presentation of spiritual activity fuses the concerns of poetry and of law. It is depicted as a turning from the "Rules of Poetry" to the laws of life, but those two disciplines are discovered to be identical in formulation. The activity that Pope describes in lines 203-5 and posits of the soul is exactly the same activity he has depicted at greater length in lines 159-79 and attributed to poetry; they present the same process of polishing and refinement, but what had been originally the concern of language and of poets is now realized to be the proper business of the soul and of men generally. The passages are even more closely linked by their common use of the river metaphor to describe the concord of their respective objects (see lines 171-72 and 204). What this means is that the rules of poetry are also the rules of morality: they differ only in the object to which they are applied. Inevitably, the results of this process are identical. They end again in concord, the harmony that Pope here explicitly states is the object of such labor—"I learn to smooth and harmonize my Mind" (203). Such a conception of spirituality has been almost inescapable: very early in this epistle, when Pope first introduced his dual theme of poetry and ethics, he presented them both as arts.

Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek, the Wrath of Peleus' Son.
Besides, my Father taught me from a Lad,
The better Art to know the good from bad.

(52-55)

Poetry's own sacramental nature makes such a correlation even easier, and renders the application of what are essentially the terms of literary criticism to the work of the soul highly appropriate.
Poetry and morality share a setting as well as a set of rules. Both are best accomplished within the quiet and retirement of the country. The “Grottos and Groves” (110) to which Pope’s poets run to compose their songs recur in the more significant guise of an aid to self-collection and as an escape from the distractions of the town.

Soon as I enter at my Country door,
My Mind resumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-Park-Corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive Grott.
There all alone, and Compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my Heart.

If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your Folly, as Disease?
The Heart resolves this matter in a trice,
“Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice.”

(206-17)

The significance of the retired country seat as a place of genuine spiritual activity must not be underestimated in eighteenth-century poetry. Pope’s seemingly casual mention of it here would serve sufficiently to call to mind the major ramifications of the *topos*, which would in turn illuminate not only the following section of this epistle (the disquisition on property and temporalia), but would also provide a perspective for the poem as a whole. Viewed in the light of the retired as opposed to the active or public life, the Imitation can be seen to compose a lengthy encomium of the virtues and morality of the private life of meditation. It takes the law in all its various manifestations as the concrete exponent of the business of the public life that distracts man from the care of his soul. Its condemnation of all these annoyances, particularly embodied in the symbol of London (the site of Pope’s “relapse,” and of the perverted pastoral singing contest), is then to be under-
stood as the traditional eschewing of the worldliness of cities that comprises one of the main facets of retired-life poetry. Conversely, Pope’s articulation and praise of the doctrine of temperance are the logical sequels of such a moral position, and are equally at home within the confines of the literature of the retired life.

It is against this background that Pope’s numerous references to English law and English government must be placed. They are the concrete manifestations of both the distractions and immorality of the world, and of the irrational and often unjust workings of Fortune as well. For this reason, the fables Pope has adapted from Horace’s poem have been given specific temporal and political locations (“In ANNA’s Wars” [33], “While mighty WILLIAM’s thundering Arm prevail’d” [63], “in primo Georgii” [184]), and Pope’s development of them has involved a semi-autobiographical history of the maladministration of England’s affairs. Chronologically, the whole process begins in 1688, the year of Pope’s birth and the “Glorious Revolution.”

Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek, the Wrath of Peleus’ Son.
Besides, my Father taught me from a Lad,
The better Art to know the good from bad:
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin’s learned Grove.)
But knottier Points we knew not half so well,
Depriv’d us soon of our Paternal Cell;
And certain Laws, by Suff’rers thought unjust,
Deny’d all Posts of Profit or of Trust:
Hopes after Hopes of pious Papists fail’d,
While mighty WILLIAM’s thundring Arm prevail’d.
For Right Hereditary tax’d and fin’d,
He stuck to Poverty with Peace of Mind;
And me, the Muses help’d to undergo it;
Convict a Papist He, and I a Poet.

(52-67)
Since this passage is intended as an explanation and application of the fable that preceded it (the tale of the soldier), William III must inescapably be recognized as the counterpart of the thief who stole the soldier’s money. Moreover, the “knottier Points” (58) that “Depriv’d us soon of our Paternal Cell” (59) correspond to the confiscation of Horace’s property after the final victory of the usurper Augustus (Ep.II.ii. 46–52), and thus set up a broad analogy between the Roman civil war, the reign of Augustus, and his subsequent reprisals, on one hand, and the “Glorious Revolution,” the kingship of William, and the antipapist laws on the other. This is all designed quite obviously to cast William’s title and that of his Hanoverian successors into as poor a light as possible, and to further undermine their weak claim by demonstrating the gross injustice of their subsequent conduct. To reinforce this last point, Pope deviates significantly from his original: where Horace can simply say that he now possesses a sufficiency and imply the generosity of Maecaenas and Augustus, Pope pointedly remarks that it is due to his translations that he can “live and thrive,/ Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive” (68–69). The character Pope would fit upon William is perhaps best defined by the line that he adapts to him out of the Iliad, “While Meleager’s thundring arm prevail’d (ix. 666).” In the Iliad, it occurs in Phoenix’s speech likening Achilles to Meleager and warning him of the consequences of his implacability. Pope’s own note to the Iliad passage points out the similarity of the two in the unswerving nature of their anger and resentment. In our immediate context, the line picks up and develops a suggestion contained in the mention of “the Wrath of Peleus’ Son” ([53] which at least one commentator had seen as oblique satire on Augustus’ reprisals) and defines the antipapist laws passed in William’s reign as the same sort of irrational anger and revenge as that of Achilles, which did so much harm to the Greeks.

Pope’s own political allegiance is made plain in the lines describing his father’s sufferings for “Right Hereditary”
(64), that right—or rather, those rights—being the Stuart succession and the Roman faith. Pope carefully links himself with his father: "Convict a Papist He, and I a Poet" (67). The alliteration, the noun-pronoun chiasmus, the zeugma, the ever-present pun on Pope's surname, all work to equate the two charges, to make Pope's poetic profession a religious commitment, and to link that commitment to the "Right Hereditary" of the Jacobite cause. Such an allegiance places Pope on the side of divine right and freedom of conscience as opposed to usurpation, tyranny, and the abuse of law.

It is for this reason that Pope can speak without irony of the reign of Anne, the last Stuart monarch, and apply to himself straightforwardly the story of the "temperate" soldier's service "In Anna's Wars" (33). It is merely metaphor for Pope to speak of himself and his Tory friends as soldiers in such political wars, and it is quite accurate for him to claim that it was then that he and they gained their worldly sufficiency. The glory, honors, and rewards that are offered the soldier as an incentive for further action are all part of the traditional gifts of Fortune, and imply a necessary thralldom to the things of the world. Such a servitude, indeed, is the lot of the lord who, "in primo Georgii," (184), was "a Patriot of distinguish'd note" (196). Pope very clearly implies that political activity (or, in fact, public activity of any kind) under the Hanoverians can only be madness and delusion. Even his satire, virtuous and public-spirited as it may be, is only another such deception, which must be abandoned for the wisdom of self-possession and the cultivation of one's soul. The reason for this is that the Hanovers have so utterly perverted the public life, both in church and state, that it no longer offers a viable means of government or of salvation.

When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
When servile Chaplains cry, that Birth and Place
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Indue a Peer with Honour, Truth, and Grace,
Look in that Breast, most dirty Duke! Be fair,
Say, can you find out one such Lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your Heart can teach,
You go to Church to hear those Flatt’rers preach.

(218-25)

The debasement of an angelic spirit to a golden coin is as emblematic of the avarice and worldliness for which Pope holds the Hanovers responsible as their failure to cure the King’s Evil is of their want of divine right and legitimate succession. Their lack of God’s sanction, Pope intimates, has been filled by a diabolical right, a complete perversion of the source of kingly authority. This is shown by Pope’s description of “touching” as “royal Witchcraft” (219), and by his attribution of it to the “Devil” who then possessed it—George II. Even the church is an obstacle rather than an aid to salvation, since its function is only to flatter its auditors into complacent self-satisfaction with their worldliness. This pattern of perversion was even reflected in the court’s reaction to poetry: a word the true poet spurns and condemns might—ironically—“find grace” (162) at court.17 It is because of this total corruption of the public avenues of justice and salvation that Pope is forced to choose the life of retirement in a quiet country house—and even this fact takes an ironic and perverse turn from the consideration that it also was dictated by those same anti-papist laws whose injustice Pope has made paradigmatic of the government of England.18

III

Because of the failure of human law and human government, Pope must seek stability and justice in the divine laws of God’s universal dominion. According to the pattern of associations that gathered around the idea of the retired

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life, the country seat provided, besides an escape from the sinful attractions of the world, an unexcelled opportunity to discern the workings of God in nature. Pope's Imitation is faithful to the tradition in this point as well: God is discovered animating, inspiring, and governing, not in nature generally, but in human nature specifically.

Talk what you will of Taste, my Friend, you'll find,
Two of a Face, as soon as of a Mind.
Why, of two Brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from Sun to Sun;
The other slighted, for Women, Sports, and Wines,
All Townshend's Turnips, and all Grovenor's Mines;
Why one like Bu—with Pay and Scorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driv'n by strong Benevolence of Soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from Pole to Pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
Who forms the Genius in the natal Hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our Action, not constrains our Will;
Various of Temper, as of Face or Frame,
Each Individual: His great End the same.

(268-83)

The conception underlying this verse paragraph is Pope's favorite one of the "Ruling Passion," that individual appetite that, governed by reason, "the God within the Mind," impels man to his proper end. The idea—or rather, the complex of ideas—is a very involved one, and has implications affecting Pope's total theologico-philosophical view of the world. The Ruling Passion is implanted in the mind by God to provide the stimulus without which all action, whether morally good or bad, would be impossible. This passion is ideally to be governed by reason, and if so used will maintain man in a proper, balanced state of virtuous activity. Even if abused, however, its effects still tend to
good in the over-all scheme of creation, since God's careful balancing of opposites inevitably draws good out of evil and reconciles divergent extremes to its one great end:

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill,
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
But heav'n's great view is One, and that the Whole:
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice:
That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
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 int'rest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

(Essay on Man, II. 231-48)

Perhaps the most apposite analogue of Pope's present text can be found in his Epistle to Bathurst, where he explains the doctrine of the Ruling Passion more fully and exactly than is usually his wont:

"The ruling Passion, be it what it will,
"The ruling Passion conquers Reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than ev'n that Passion, if it has no Aim;
For tho' such motives Folly you may call,
The Folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth: "'Tis heav'n each Passion sends,
"And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.

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“Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
“Extremes in Man concur to gen’ral use.”
Ask what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That pow’r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Thro’ reconciled extremes of drought and rain,
Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th’ eternal wheels to know their rounds.

(155-70)

This is the long way about to Pope’s adaptation of Horace’s *Naturae Deus humanæ* (188), but all these ideas are contained in essence in the lines from which we began. “That Directing Pow’r” (278) is God as creator and providential governor of the universe; “That God of Nature . . . within us still’ (280) is God as sustainer and preserver of his own creation and system. The “Genius” (279) is then the soul of man, formed and biased from birth by the divergent attractions of the Ruling Passion and of Reason. “His great End” (283), which is the same for all, is not only the harmony of the total scheme of creation, but also that individual concord within each soul that will win for its possessor the greater and more perfect harmony of heaven. This harmony, which has been depicted earlier in the rules of poetry and of life, is here exemplified in its cosmic aspect by Pope’s balancing of opposite personalities against each other: the two brothers, one of whom labors while the other dallies (270-73), the avaricious and contemptible Bubb Doddington, and the generous and admirable Oglethorp (274-77). The entire section ends on a note of unity and harmony in the singleness and coherence of God’s one “great End”.

What all this means for Pope’s poem should now be apparent. The Imitation of Ep.II.ii. has proceeded from its very beginning by means of a series of modifications of the concept of law: the paragraph we have been discussing presents the ultimate manifestation of that legality in a
description of the laws of the universe and of the God whose will is the law of all things. Pope has advanced from earthly, human law to the laws of art and the soul to, finally, the great Nomos that governs the created world. All human laws have been denigrated because they are as nothing in the face of the fiat that originally ordered and still continues to sustain the harmony of the conflicting elements of the universe. Human law is partial and imperfect, and depends inevitably on the forceful coercion of conscience—as is glaringly apparent from the “Laws, by Suff’rers thought unjust” (60) of the poem’s beginning. Even the rules of art, although they approximate the principles and harmony of God’s order, are mutable, marred by their inescapable link to time and man’s mortality. It is only God’s government that is eternal, unchangeable, and everywhere alike, forever reconciling the opposing elements of his creation into a harmonic whole, whether it is in the mind of man, or the order of society, or the revolutions of the spheres. Only God’s laws operate without interfering with the freedom of man’s will, fitting his choices, whatever they are, into the balanced pattern: God “Inclines our Action, not constrains our Will’ (281).

It is to this vision of ultimate law and perfect justice that Pope’s references to English law have led. The imperfection and injustice of earthly laws, their pettiness and futility, have been counterpointed against God’s serene government of the universe. The only point at which they have corresponded is in their mutual insistence on the evanescence of this world, a fact that renders earthly laws by their own decree absurd:

The Laws of God, as well as of the Land,  
Abhor, a Perpetuity should stand.  

(246-47)

The particular Law of God referred to in this case I take to be Leviticus 25: 23:
The land shall not be sold for ever: for the land is mine; for ye are strangers and sojourners with me.

The commentators explain this passage in a manner quite appropriate to Pope's present theme. God, they pointed out, is the Lord of all things, and man has use of them only for his lifetime: in effect, a capsule version of the poem's theme of God's *dominium* and man's temporary *usufructus.* The very fact that a perpetuity cannot stand has been the motivating force behind the entire epistle: the imposition of impermanence as the condition of man's existence in the world has forced Pope to expand his field of vision and to seek after enduring laws and those lands in which he will be more than a mere stranger and sojourner. Such ideas naturally culminate in the metaphor of the passage that concludes this whole section of the *confirmatio,* wherein man's condition in the world is expressed in terms of the Christian symbol of the body as the bark or ship of the soul. This same passage serves Pope as a brief summation by permitting him to announce his personal freedom from the domination of Fortune:

> What is't to me (a Passenger God wot)  
> Whether my Vessel be first-rate or not?  
> The Ship itself may make a better figure,  
> But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.  
> I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,  
> Nor strive with all the Tempest in my teeth.  
> In Pow'r, Wit, Figure, Virtue, Fortune, plac'd  
> Behind the foremost, and before the last.  

(293–303)

This quest for permanence explains the poem's concern with imminent and unavoidable death and with preparedness for it; for Christians, final stability is attainable only after death. This idea returns the poem to some of its very first considerations, and resumes finally the thread of argu-
ment that was hinted in Pope's "Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a Time!/ D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhime" (31–32). Everything in the epistle up to this point has been a prelude to this: the insufficiency of earthly laws, the impossibility of earthly permanence, the discernment of the government of God in the universe—all have led naturally to the idea of a holy preparation for death, and all are appropriately subsumed into that theme. Pope is carefully exploiting for poetic purposes the basic materials of the *ars moriendi* tradition, an almost codified formulation of the preparations for death.²²

The major points of this pattern are easily discernible in the conclusion of Pope's Imitation. His insistence on the transience of human things has led him inevitably to consideration of his own death: the reference to his heir (286) makes clear that this is his concern. Throughout most of the poem, he has sought to show the instability and untrustworthiness of man's life in the world; and, in the later part of the poem especially, he has labored to dispel the false attractions of temporal objects. This in itself constitutes the dissuasion from avarice that looms so large in *ars moriendi* tradition, and it is formally identified as such by the poem's interlocutor: "But why all this of Av'rice? I have none" (304). Immediately after this, Pope launches a volley of questions that combine the interests of the remaining four temptations with the interrogations on points of faith and confession of sins.

I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of Pow'r?
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
Not the black Fear of Death, that saddens all?
With Terrors round can Reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both Worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spight of Witches, Devils, Dreams, and Fire?
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Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each Birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has Life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Can'st thou endure a Foe, forgive a Friend?
Has Age but melted the rough parts away,
As Winter-fruits grow mild e'er they decay?
Or will you think, my Friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?

(305-21)

And the last verse paragraph of the poem corresponds quite closely to the *ars moriendi* pattern's final injunctions about personal conduct, even down to the specific advice to make a will:

Learn to live well, or fairly make your Will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier Age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

(322-27)

These two sections also serve as the final rhetorical divisions of the epistle. The series of questions and counterquestions (304-21) forms a succinct and effective *refutatio* that anticipates and silences the auditor's possible objections to Pope's thesis. The brief *peroratio* (322-27) follows, bringing the poem's legal theme to its inevitable close in the advice to "fairly make your Will" (322) and concluding the whole epistle with the omnipresent and ever-ambiguous concept of grace (326-27). These last lines in particular gather great strength and solemnity from their correspondence to the final steps of the *ars moriendi* tradition's preparations for death. They are the inescapable conclusion of the poem's emphasis on time; they expand the theme of law and judgment to that ultimate law and final judgment that await

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dying man. Beyond the art of poetry lay the art of life, both in their perfection embodying that rule and measure, that balance and harmony, which transcend and finally absorb them. Now, at the very last, Pope—man—must abandon both in the face of universal concord and the justice he has longed for.

1. The distribution of the index guides to the Latin and English texts bears this out: the relationships indicated are almost entirely between whole paragraphs of verse rather than between individual lines and phrases.

2. See, for instance, Thomas Aquinas, Summa Theologica, II.II.q.66.a.1 and II.II.q.141.a.6. Pope utilizes these and similar ideas intensively in his Imitation of Ep.I.vi and his Paraphrase of Sat.II.ii.

3. Most succinctly stated in Lucretius' De Rerum Natura (Dryden's translation), III.97:

For life is not confin'd to him or thee;
'Tis giv'n to all for use; to none for Property.

For a typical discussion of this idea, see the lengthy article on Possessio in Jean Pontas' Dictionarium Casuum Conscientiae (Venice, 1757), III, 91-98.

4. Built around these four fables is the standard rhetorical structure of the epistle. The first fable and its application (1-32) constitute the exordium; they introduce the general theme of worldiness and hint at its opposite, retirement. The second fable and its accompanying application (33-72) comprise the narratio and partitio of the epistle, introducing into the poem the themes of temperance and Fortune, and dividing its interests in two by the bifurcation of Pope's education into the art of poetry and the art of life (with the implied correspondence of those two arts to the active and contemplative lives.) The first part of the confirmatio tallies with the first division: it discusses the craft of poetry and associates it with worldly pursuits and the limitations of time and death. The second part of the confirmatio extends from line 180 to line 303, and is concerned with Pope's mastering of the rules of life and preparing for the end of his mortal career. From line 304 to the end is the poem's refutatio and peroratio.

5. Here is his note in its entirety: "But sure no statute] Alluding to the statutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the Succession of Papists, etc." Many of Warburton's notes of this poem call attention to its legal theme and to the important changes Pope has made from his Horatian original. By and large, that much maligned editor's observations show a perceptivity and awareness of Pope's design that belies his reputation for obtuseness.

6. This allusion was first noted by Wakefield, and is contained in the annotations of the TE.

7. See also the accounts of the raising of the daughter of Jairus, Mat. 9:24-25, Mark 5:39-42, and Luke 8:52-55.
8. See Wasserman’s explanation of Pope’s use of the Thames and of the myth of Lodona, *Subter Language*, pp. 163-68. Interesting precedents for such conceptualization of rivers can be found, of course, in Denham’s *Cooper’s Hill*, in Spenser’s fable of the marriage of the Thames and the Medway (*FQ*, IV.xi), and in the marriage of the Mulla and Allo in *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* (104-55).

9. Desprez cites the *Ars Poetica* passage in connection with lines 115 and 119 (p. 595), and Dacier mentions it in connection with line 119 (VII, 480-81).

10. See below, p. 137.

12. See, for instance, Cornelius à Lapide, pt. VII, pp. 50-51 and Matthew Poole, II, col. 1810, for interpretations of this particular pronouncement. It is again interesting to note, as a further indication of the potential interconnections that the Renaissance recognized between the ideas that Pope is here working with, that Cornelius here quotes several lines from the *Ars Poetica* passage that Pope has incorporated into his poem, for the purpose of proving the inevitability of common mortality. Page 2 of his volume also gives a general statement of the argument of the whole of Ecclesiastes: earthly affairs are vain, and man must turn to the spiritual for the permanent and true.

13. Cf. the Lord of the opening section (14), the Lords of the London passage (96 and 106); the Patriot Lord (185); the “most dirty Duke” (222); the “Lords of fat E’sham” (241) who claim to own “Half that the Devil overlooks from Lincoln Town” (245); Bathurst himself and his worldly accomplishments (256-63), and finally the avarice that becomes a tyrant and “lord[s] it” (305-6).

14. For the peculiar importance of this tradition to Pope, see Rostvig, II, 223-28. Miss Rostvig’s two volumes on the metamorphoses of this theme in English literature are invaluable, and my conclusions here are based primarily on her findings.

15. Noted by Butt, TE, IV, 169.

16. The commentator was the scholiast Porphyryon (in Landino’s edition, p. 263*).

17. An ambiguity about the word “grace,” an ever-present pun on its social and theological senses, has reticulated itself throughout the poem: see lines 18, 21, 88, 162, 221, 286, and 326.

18. Papists were forbidden to reside within ten miles of London or Westminster.


21. The bark of the soul is ubiquitous in Christian iconology and literature, but a handy condensation of its significance can be found in Michael Lloyd’s “The Fatal Bark,” *MLN*, LXXV (1960), 102-8, and in D. C. Allan’s “Donne and the Ship Metaphor,” *MLN*, LXXVI (1961), 308-12. It is important to note at this point that the corresponding lines of Horace’s
poem (199-202) occur in Van Veen's Emblemata Horatiana (p. 92) accompanied by the following verses:

La vie cachée est la meilleure.
Cesse de te ronger des soins ambitieux;
Foule aux pieds les grandeurs qu'en vain tu te proposes:
Vi pauvre, mais content. Ceux-la sont presque Dieux
Qui n'ont besoin d'aucunes choses.

The associations are obviously with the temperate, retired life, which is one of the aspects of this poem that Pope has chosen to exploit; it appears once again that he is working with familiar materials in a manner well known to his audience.

This tradition was occasionally utilized in literary works before Pope: see Kathrine Roller, "Falstaff and the Art of Dying," MLN, LX (1945), 383-85, and B. Langston, "Marlowe's Faustus and the Ars moriendi Tradition" (in A Tribute to George C. Taylor [Chapel Hill, 1952]). For information about the *ars moriendi* tradition, see Sister Mary C. O'Connor, The Art of Dying Well: The Development of the *ars moriendi* (New York, 1942), esp. pp. 24-41. I have also made use of Miss Koller's convenient summary, *op. cit.*, pp. 384-85. The pattern is essentially as follows: consideration of the nature of death and fortitude in the face of it are urged; the five temptations that assail the dying man—disbelief, despair, impatience, pride, and avarice (which stands for all worldly appetite)—are examined so that they may be withstood; the dying man is questioned about points of faith and about a confession of sins, and finally is given positive instructions as to prayers, worship, and the making of his will. The most significant features of this pattern were identical for Catholics and Protestants alike.