# An Essay on Criticism

by Alexander Pope

*Free public domain classic — Noveliopdf*

## The Project Gutenberg eBook of An Essay on Criticism

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: An Essay on Criticism

Author: Alexander Pope

Release date: February 1, 2005 [eBook #7409] Most recently updated: February 7, 2015

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/7409

Credits: Produced by Ted Garvin, David Garcia and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team.

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM ***

## AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

BY ALEXANDER POPE, WITH INTRODUCTORY AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

# ALEXANDER POPE.

This eminent English poet was born in London, May 21, 1688. His parents were Roman Catholics, and to this faith the poet adhered, thus debarring himself from public office and employment. His father, a linen merchant, having saved a moderate competency, withdrew from business, and settled on a small estate he had purchased in Windsor Forest. He died at Chiswick, in 1717. His son shortly afterwards took a long lease of a house and five acres of land at Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames, whither he retired with his widowed mother, to whom he was tenderly attached and where he resided till death, cultivating his little domain with exquisite taste and skill, and embellishing it with a grotto, temple, wilderness, and other adjuncts poetical and picturesque. In this famous villa Pope was visited by the most celebrated wits, statesmen and beauties of the day, himself being the most popular and successful poet of his age. His early years were spent at Binfield, within the range of the Royal Forest. He received some education at little Catholic schools, but was his own instructor after his twelfth year. He never was a profound or accurate scholar, but he read Latin poets with ease and delight, and acquired some Greek, French, and Italian. He was a poet almost from infancy, he "lisped in numbers," and when a mere youth surpassed all his contemporaries in metrical harmony and correctness. His pastorals and some translations appeared in 1709, but were written three or four years earlier. These were followed by the Essay on Criticism, 1711; Rape of the Lock (when completed, the most graceful, airy, and imaginative of his works), 1712-1714; Windsor Forest, 1713; Temple of Fame, 1715. In a collection of his works printed in 1717 he included the Epistle of Eloisa and Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady, two poems inimitable for pathetic beauty and finished melodious versification.

From 1715 till 1726 Pope was chiefly engaged on his translations of the Iliad and Odyssey, which, though wanting in time Homeric simplicity, naturalness, and

grandeur, are splendid poems. In 1728-29 he published his greatest satire—the Dunciad, an attack on all poetasters and pretended wits, and on all other persons against whom the sensitive poet had conceived any enmity. In 1737 he gave to the world a volume of his Literary Correspondence, containing some pleasant gossip and observations, with choice passages of description but it appears that the correspondence was manufactured for publication not composed of actual letters addressed to the parties whose names are given, and the collection was introduced to the public by means of an elaborate stratagem on the part of the scheming poet. Between the years 1731 and 1739 he issued a series of poetical essays moral and philosophical, with satires and imitations of Horace, all admirable for sense, wit, spirit and brilliancy of these delightful productions, the most celebrated is the Essay on Man to which Bolingbroke is believed to have contributed the spurious philosophy and false sentiment, but its merit consists in detached passages, descriptions, and pictures. A fourth book to the Dunciad, containing many beautiful and striking lines and a general revision of his works, closed the poet's literary cares and toils. He died on the 30th of May, 1744, and was buried in the church at Twickenham.

Pope was of very diminutive stature and deformed from his birth. His physical infirmity, susceptible temperament, and incessant study rendered his life one long disease. He was, as his friend Lord Chesterfield said, "the most irritable of all the genus irritabile vatum, offended with trifles and never forgetting or forgiving them." His literary stratagems, disguises, assertions, denials, and (we must add) misrepresentations would fill volumes. Yet when no disturbing jealousy vanity, or rivalry intervened was generous and affectionate, and he had a manly, independent spirit. As a poet he was deficient in originality and creative power, and thus was inferior to his prototype, Dryden, but as a literary artist, and brilliant declaimer satirist and moralizer in verse he is still unrivaled. He is the English Horace, and will as surely descend with honors to the latest posterity.

# AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM,

**WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1709**

[The title, An Essay on Criticism hardly indicates all that is included in the poem. It would have been impossible to give a full and exact idea of the art of poetical criticism without entering into the consideration of the art of poetry. Accordingly Pope has interwoven the precepts of both throughout the poem which might more properly have been styled an essay on the Art of Criticism and of Poetry.]

## PART I.

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill Appear in writing or in judging ill, But of the two less dangerous is the offense To tire our patience than mislead our sense Some few in that but numbers err in this, Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss, A fool might once himself alone expose, Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none Go just alike, yet each believes his own In poets as true genius is but rare True taste as seldom is the critic share Both must alike from Heaven derive their light, These born to judge as well as those to write Let such teach others who themselves excel, And censure freely, who have written well Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true [17] But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely we shall find Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind Nature affords at least a glimmering light The lines though touched but faintly are drawn right, But as the slightest sketch if justly traced Is by ill coloring but the more disgraced So by false learning is good sense defaced Some are bewildered in the maze of schools [26] And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools In search of wit these lose their common sense And then turn critics in their own defense Each burns alike who can or cannot write Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite All fools

have still an itching to deride And fain would be upon the laughing side If Maevius scribble in Apollo's spite [34] There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits then poets passed Turned critics next and proved plain fools at last Some neither can for wits nor critics pass As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass. Those half-learned witlings, numerous in our isle, As half-formed insects on the banks of Nile Unfinished things one knows not what to call Their generation is so equivocal To tell them would a hundred tongues require, Or one vain wits that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame, And justly bear a critic's noble name, Be sure yourself and your own reach to know How far your genius taste and learning go. Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet And mark that point where sense and dullness meet.

Nature to all things fixed the limits fit And wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit. As on the land while here the ocean gains. In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains Thus in the soul while memory prevails, The solid power of understanding fails Where beams of warm imagination play, The memory's soft figures melt away One science only will one genius fit, So vast is art, so narrow human wit Not only bounded to peculiar arts, But oft in those confined to single parts Like kings, we lose the conquests gained before, By vain ambition still to make them more Each might his several province well command, Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow nature and your judgment frame By her just standard, which is still the same. Unerring nature still divinely bright, One clear, unchanged and universal light, Life force and beauty, must to all impart, At once the source and end and test of art Art from that fund each just supply provides, Works without show and without pomp presides In some fair body thus the informing soul With spirits feeds, with vigor fills the whole, Each motion guides and every nerve sustains, Itself unseen, but in the effects remains. Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse, [80] Want as

much more, to turn it to its use; For wit and judgment often are at strife, Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife. 'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed, Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed, The winged courser, like a generous horse, [86] Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules, of old discovered, not devised, Are nature still, but nature methodized; Nature, like liberty, is but restrained By the same laws which first herself ordained.

Hear how learned Greece her useful rules indites, When to repress and when indulge our flights. High on Parnassus' top her sons she showed, [94] And pointed out those arduous paths they trod; Held from afar, aloft, the immortal prize, And urged the rest by equal steps to rise. [97] Just precepts thus from great examples given, She drew from them what they derived from Heaven. The generous critic fanned the poet's fire, And taught the world with reason to admire. Then criticism the muse's handmaid proved, To dress her charms, and make her more beloved: But following wits from that intention strayed Who could not win the mistress, wooed the maid Against the poets their own arms they turned Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned So modern pothecaries taught the art By doctors bills to play the doctor's part. Bold in the practice of mistaken rules Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools. Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey, Nor time nor moths e'er spoil so much as they. Some dryly plain, without invention's aid, Write dull receipts how poems may be made These leave the sense their learning to display, And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then, whose judgment the right course would steer, Know well each ancient's proper character, His fable subject scope in every page, Religion, country, genius of his age Without all these at once before your eyes, Cavil you may, but never criticise. Be Homers works your study and delight, Read them by day and meditate by night, Thence form your judgment thence your maxims bring And trace the muses upward to their spring. Still with itself compared, his text peruse, And let

your comment be the Mantuan Muse. [129]

When first young Maro in his boundless mind, [130] A work to outlast immortal Rome designed, Perhaps he seemed above the critic's law And but from nature's fountain scorned to draw But when to examine every part he came Nature and Homer were he found the same Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design And rules as strict his labored work confine As if the Stagirite o'erlooked each line [138] Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem, To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare, For there's a happiness as well as care. Music resembles poetry—in each Are nameless graces which no methods teach, And which a master hand alone can reach If, where the rules not far enough extend (Since rules were made but to promote their end), Some lucky license answer to the full The intent proposed that license is a rule. Thus Pegasus a nearer way to take May boldly deviate from the common track Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend, And rise to faults true critics dare not mend, From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part, And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, Which without passing through the judgment gains The heart and all its end at once attains. In prospects, thus, some objects please our eyes, Which out of nature's common order rise, The shapeless rock or hanging precipice. But though the ancients thus their rules invade (As kings dispense with laws themselves have made), Moderns beware! or if you must offend Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end, Let it be seldom, and compelled by need, And have, at least, their precedent to plead. The critic else proceeds without remorse, Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts Those freer beauties, even in them, seem faults Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear, Considered singly, or beheld too near, Which, but proportioned to their light, or place, Due distance reconciles to form and grace. A prudent chief not always must display His powers in equal ranks and fair array, But with the occasion and the place comply.

Conceal his force, nay, seem sometimes to fly. Those oft are stratagems which errors seem, Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. [180]

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands, Above the reach of sacrilegious hands, Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage, [183] Destructive war, and all-involving age. See, from each clime the learned their incense bring; Hear, in all tongues consenting Paeans ring! In praise so just let every voice be joined, And fill the general chorus of mankind. Hail! bards triumphant! born in happier days; Immortal heirs of universal praise! Whose honors with increase of ages grow, As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow; Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound, [193] And worlds applaud that must not yet be found! Oh may some spark of your celestial fire, The last, the meanest of your sons inspire, (That, on weak wings, from far pursues your flights, Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes), To teach vain wits a science little known, To admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

## PART II.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind, What the weak head with strongest bias rules, Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools. Whatever nature has in worth denied, She gives in large recruits of needful pride; For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find What wants in blood and spirits, swelled with wind: Pride where wit fails steps in to our defense, And fills up all the mighty void of sense. If once right reason drives that cloud away, Truth breaks upon us with resistless day Trust not yourself, but your defects to know, Make use of every friend—and every foe.

A little learning is a dangerous thing Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring [216] There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain, And drinking largely sobers us again. Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts, In fearless youth we tempt the

heights of arts While from the bounded level of our mind Short views we take nor see the lengths behind But more advanced behold with strange surprise, New distant scenes of endless science rise! So pleased at first the towering Alps we try, Mount o'er the vales and seem to tread the sky, The eternal snows appear already passed And the first clouds and mountains seem the last. But those attained we tremble to survey The growing labors of the lengthened way The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes, Hills peep o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit With the same spirit that its author writ Survey the whole nor seek slight faults to find Where nature moves and rapture warms the mind, Nor lose for that malignant dull delight The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow, Correctly cold and regularly low That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep; We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep. In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts Is not the exactness of peculiar parts, 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, But the joint force and full result of all. Thus, when we view some well proportioned dome (The worlds just wonder, and even thine, O Rome!), [248] No single parts unequally surprise, All comes united to the admiring eyes; No monstrous height or breadth, or length, appear; The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see. Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be. In every work regard the writer's end, Since none can compass more than they intend; And if the means be just, the conduct true, Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due. As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit, To avoid great errors, must the less commit: Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays, For not to know some trifles is a praise. Most critics, fond of some subservient art, Still make the whole depend upon a part: They talk of principles, but notions prize, And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

Once on a time La Mancha's knight, they say, [267] A certain bard encountering on

the way, Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage, As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage; [270] Concluding all were desperate sots and fools, Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules Our author, happy in a judge so nice, Produced his play, and begged the knight's advice; Made him observe the subject, and the plot, The manners, passions, unities, what not? All which, exact to rule, were brought about, Were but a combat in the lists left out "What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight. "Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite." "Not so, by heaven!" (he answers in a rage) "Knights, squires, and steeds must enter on the stage." "So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain." "Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus critics of less judgment than caprice, Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice, Form short ideas, and offend in arts (As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine, And glittering thoughts struck out at every line; Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit; One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit. Poets, like painters, thus, unskilled to trace The naked nature and the living grace, With gold and jewels cover every part, And hide with ornaments their want of art. True wit is nature to advantage dressed; What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed; Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find That gives us back the image of our mind. As shades more sweetly recommend the light, So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit For works may have more wit than does them good, As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express, And value books, as women men, for dress. Their praise is still—"the style is excellent," The sense they humbly take upon content [308] Words are like leaves, and where they most abound Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. False eloquence, like the prismatic glass. [311] Its gaudy colors spreads on every place, The face of nature we no more survey. All glares alike without distinction gay: But true expression, like the unchanging sun, Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon; It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still Appears more decent, as more suitable, A vile conceit in pompous words expressed, Is like a clown in regal purple dressed For different styles with different subjects sort, As several garbs with country town and court Some by old words to fame have made pretense, Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense; Such labored nothings, in so strange a style, Amaze the unlearned, and make the learned smile. Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play, [328] These sparks with awkward vanity display What the fine gentleman wore yesterday; And but so mimic ancient wits at best, As apes our grandsires in their doublets dressed. In words as fashions the same rule will hold, Alike fantastic if too new or old. Be not the first by whom the new are tried, Nor yet the last to lay the old aside

But most by numbers judge a poet's song And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong. In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire, Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire, Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear, Not mend their minds, as some to church repair, Not for the doctrine but the music there These equal syllables alone require, Though oft the ear the open vowels tire; While expletives their feeble aid do join; And ten low words oft creep in one dull line, While they ring round the same unvaried chimes, With sure returns of still expected rhymes, Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze," In the next line it "whispers through the trees" If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep" The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep" Then, at the last and only couplet fraught With some unmeaning thing they call a thought, A needless Alexandrine ends the song [356] That, like a wounded snake drags its slow length along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow; And praise the easy vigor of a line, Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join. [361] True ease in writing comes from art, not chance, As those move easiest who have learned to dance 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense, The sound must seem an echo to the sense. Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows, [366] And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows, But when

loud surges lash the sounding shore, The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar, When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw, The line too labors, and the words move slow; Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain, Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main. [373] Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise, [374] And bid alternate passions fall and rise! While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove [376] Now burns with glory, and then melts with love; Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow, Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow: Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found, And the world's victor stood subdued by sound? [381] The power of music all our hearts allow, And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such, Who still are pleased too little or too much. At every trifle scorn to take offense, That always shows great pride, or little sense: Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best, Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest. Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move; For fools admire, but men of sense approve: As things seem large which we through mist descry, Dullness is ever apt to magnify. [393]

Some foreign writers, some our own despise, The ancients only, or the moderns prize. Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied To one small sect, and all are damned beside. Meanly they seek the blessing to confine, And force that sun but on a part to shine, Which not alone the southern wit sublimes, But ripens spirits in cold northern climes. Which from the first has shone on ages past, Enlights the present, and shall warm the last, Though each may feel increases and decays, And see now clearer and now darker days. Regard not then if wit be old or new, But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own, But catch the spreading notion of the town, They reason and conclude by precedent, And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent. Some judge of authors names not works, and then Nor praise nor blame

the writing, but the men. Of all this servile herd the worst is he That in proud dullness joins with quality A constant critic at the great man's board, To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord What woful stuff this madrigal would be, In some starved hackney sonnetteer, or me! But let a lord once own the happy lines, How the wit brightens! how the style refines! Before his sacred name flies every fault, And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus through imitation err; As oft the learned by being singular. So much they scorn the crowd that if the throng By chance go right they purposely go wrong: So schismatics the plain believers quit, And are but damned for having too much wit. Some praise at morning what they blame at night, But always think the last opinion right. A muse by these is like a mistress used, This hour she's idolized, the next abused; While their weak heads, like towns unfortified, 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. Ask them the cause, they're wiser still they say; And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day. We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow; Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so. Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread. Who knew most sentences was deepest read, [441] Faith, Gospel, all, seemed made to be disputed, And none had sense enough to be confuted: Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain, [444] Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane. [445] If faith itself has different dresses worn, What wonder modes in wit should take their turn? Oft, leaving what is natural and fit, The current folly proves the ready wit; And authors think their reputation safe, Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind, Still make themselves the measure of mankind: Fondly we think we honor merit then, When we but praise ourselves in other men. Parties in wit attend on those of state, And public faction doubles private hate. Pride, malice, folly against Dryden rose, In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux; [459] But sense survived, when merry jests were past; For rising merit will buoy up at last. Might he return, and bless once more our eyes, New Blackmores and

new Millbourns must arise: [463] Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head, Zoilus again would start up from the dead [465] Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue, But like a shadow, proves the substance true: For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known The opposing body's grossness, not its own. When first that sun too powerful beams displays, It draws up vapors which obscure its rays, But even those clouds at last adorn its way Reflect new glories and augment the day

Be thou the first true merit to befriend His praise is lost who stays till all commend Short is the date alas! of modern rhymes And 'tis but just to let them live betimes No longer now that golden age appears When patriarch wits survived a thousand years [479] Now length of fame (our second life) is lost And bare threescore is all even that can boast, Our sons their fathers failing language see And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be So when the faithful pencil has designed Some bright idea of the master's mind Where a new world leaps out at his command And ready nature waits upon his hand When the ripe colors soften and unite And sweetly melt into just shade and light When mellowing years their full perfection give And each bold figure just begins to live The treacherous colors the fair art betray And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things Atones not for that envy which it brings In youth alone its empty praise we boast But soon the short lived vanity is lost. Like some fair flower the early spring supplies That gayly blooms but even in blooming dies What is this wit, which must our cares employ? The owner's wife that other men enjoy Then most our trouble still when most admired And still the more we give the more required Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease, Sure some to vex, but never all to please, 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun, By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ignorance undergo, Ah! let not learning too commence its foe! Of old, those met rewards who could excel, And such were praised who but

endeavored well: Though triumphs were to generals only due, Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too. Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown, Employ their pains to spurn some others down; And, while self-love each jealous writer rules, Contending wits become the sport of fools: But still the worst with most regret commend, For each ill author is as bad a friend To what base ends, and by what abject ways, Are mortals urged, through sacred lust of praise! Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast, Nor in the critic let the man be lost Good-nature and good sense must ever join; To err is human, to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain, Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain; Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes, Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times. No pardon vile obscenity should find, Though wit and art conspire to move your mind; But dullness with obscenity must prove As shameful sure as impotence in love. In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease, Sprung the rank weed, and thrived with large increase: When love was all an easy monarch's care, [536] Seldom at council, never in a war Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ; Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit: The fair sat panting at a courtier's play, And not a mask went unimproved away: [541] The modest fan was lifted up no more, And virgins smiled at what they blushed before. The following license of a foreign reign, [544] Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain, [545] Then unbelieving priests reformed the nation. And taught more pleasant methods of salvation; Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute, Lest God himself should seem too absolute: Pulpits their sacred satire learned to spare, And vice admired to find a flatterer there! Encouraged thus, wit's Titans braved the skies, [552] And the press groaned with licensed blasphemies. These monsters, critics! with your darts engage, Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage! Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice, Will needs mistake an author into vice; All seems infected that the infected spy, As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

# PART III.

Learn, then, what morals critics ought to show, For 'tis but half a judge's task to know. 'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join; In all you speak, let truth and candor shine: That not alone what to your sense is due All may allow, but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense; And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence: Some positive persisting fops we know, Who, if once wrong will needs be always so; But you, with pleasure, own your errors past, And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true; Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do; Men must be taught as if you taught them not, And things unknown proposed as things forgot. Without good breeding truth is disapproved; That only makes superior sense beloved.

Be niggards of advice on no pretense; For the worst avarice is that of sense With mean complacence, ne'er betray your trust, Nor be so civil as to prove unjust Fear not the anger of the wise to raise, Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take, But Appius reddens at each word you speak, [585] And stares, tremendous with a threatening eye, Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry Fear most to tax an honorable fool Whose right it is uncensured to be dull Such, without wit are poets when they please, As without learning they can take degrees Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires, And flattery to fulsome dedicators Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more, Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain, And charitably let the dull be vain Your silence there is better than your spite, For who can rail so long as they can write? Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep, And lashed so long like tops are

lashed asleep. False steps but help them to renew the race, As after stumbling, jades will mend their pace. What crowds of these, impenitently bold, In sounds and jingling syllables grown old, Still run on poets in a raging vein, Even to the dregs and squeezing of the brain; Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense, And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!

Such shameless bards we have, and yet, 'tis true, There are as mad abandoned critics, too The bookful blockhead ignorantly read, With loads of learned lumber in his head, With his own tongue still edifies his ears, And always listening to himself appears All books he reads and all he reads assails From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales [617] With him most authors steal their works or buy; Garth did not write his own Dispensary [619] Name a new play, and he's the poets friend Nay, showed his faults—but when would poets mend? No place so sacred from such fops is barred, Nor is Paul's Church more safe than Paul's Churchyard: [623] Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead, For fools rush in where angels fear to tread Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks, It still looks home, and short excursions makes; But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks, And, never shocked, and never turned aside. Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide,

But where's the man who counsel can bestow, Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know? Unbiased, or by favor, or in spite, Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right; Though learned, well-bred, and though well bred, sincere, Modestly bold, and humanly severe, Who to a friend his faults can freely show, And gladly praise the merit of a foe? Blessed with a taste exact, yet unconfined; A knowledge both of books and human kind; Generous converse, a soul exempt from pride; And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were critics such the happy few, Athens and Rome in better ages knew. The mighty Stagirite first left the shore, [645] Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore; He steered securely, and discovered far, Led by the light of the

Maeonian star. [648] Poets, a race long unconfined and free, Still fond and proud of savage liberty, Received his laws, and stood convinced 'twas fit, Who conquered nature, should preside o'er wit. [652]

Horace still charms with graceful negligence, And without method talks us into sense; Will like a friend familiarly convey The truest notions in the easiest way. He who supreme in judgment as in wit, Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ, Yet judged with coolness though he sung with fire; His precepts teach but what his works inspire Our critics take a contrary extreme They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm: Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations By wits than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine, [665] And call new beauties forth from every line!

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please, [667] The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find [669] The justest rules and clearest method joined: Thus useful arms in magazines we place, All ranged in order, and disposed with grace, But less to please the eye, than arm the hand, Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire, [675] And bless their critic with a poet's fire. An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust, With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just: Whose own example strengthens all his laws; And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reigned, License repressed, and useful laws ordained. Learning and Rome alike in empire grew; And arts still followed where her eagles flew, From the same foes at last, both felt their doom, And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome. [686] With tyranny then superstition joined As that the body, this enslaved the mind; Much was believed but little understood, And to be

dull was construed to be good; A second deluge learning thus o'errun, And the monks finished what the Goths begun. [692]

At length Erasmus, that great injured name [693] (The glory of the priesthood and the shame!) Stemmed the wild torrent of a barbarous age, And drove those holy Vandals off the stage. [696]

But see! each muse, in Leo's golden days, [697] Starts from her trance and trims her withered bays, Rome's ancient genius o'er its ruins spread Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverent head Then sculpture and her sister arts revive, Stones leaped to form, and rocks began to live; With sweeter notes each rising temple rung, A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung [704] Immortal Vida! on whose honored brow The poets bays and critic's ivy grow Cremona now shall ever boast thy name As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from Latium chased, Their ancient bounds the banished muses passed. Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance, But critic-learning flourished most in France, The rules a nation born to serve, obeys; And Boileau still in right of Horace sways [714] But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despised, And kept unconquered and uncivilized, Fierce for the liberties of wit and bold, We still defied the Romans as of old. Yet some there were, among the sounder few Of those who less presumed and better knew, Who durst assert the juster ancient cause, And here restored wit's fundamental laws. Such was the muse, whose rule and practice tell "Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well." Such was Roscommon, not more learned than good, With manners generous as his noble blood, To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known, And every author's merit, but his own Such late was Walsh—the muse's judge and friend, Who justly knew to blame or to commend, To failings mild, but zealous for desert, The clearest head, and the sincerest heart, This humble praise, lamented shade! receive, This praise at least a grateful muse may give. The muse whose early voice you taught to sing Prescribed her heights and

pruned her tender wing, (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise, But in low numbers short excursions tries, Content if hence the unlearned their wants may view, The learned reflect on what before they knew Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame, Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame, Averse alike to flatter, or offend, Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

## LINE NOTES

[Line 17: Wit is used in the poem in a great variety of meanings (1) Here it seems to mean genius or fancy, (2) in line 36 a man of fancy, (3) in line 53 the understanding or powers of the mind, (4) in line 81 it means judgment.]

[Line 26: Schools—Different systems of doctrine or philosophy as taught by particular teachers.]

[Line 34: Maevius—An insignificant poet of the Augustan age, ridiculed by Virgil in his third Eclogue and by Horace in his tenth Epode.]

[Lines 80, 81: There is here a slight inaccuracy or inconsistency, since "wit" has a different meaning in the two lines: in 80, it means fancy, in 81, judgment.]

[Line 86: The winged courser.—Pegasus, a winged horse which sprang from the blood of Medusa when Perseus cut off her head. As soon as born he left the earth and flew up to heaven, or, according to Ovid, took up his abode on Mount Helicon, and was always associated with the Muses.]

[Line 94: Parnassus.—A mountain of Phocis, which received its name from Parnassus, the son of Neptune, and was sacred to the Muses, Apollo and Bacchus.]

[Line 97: Equal steps.—Steps equal to the undertaking.]

[Line 129: The Mantuan Muse—Virgil called Maro in the next line (his full name being, Virgilius Publius Maro) born near Mantua, 70 B.C.]

[Lines 130-136: It is said that Virgil first intended to write a poem on the Alban and

Roman affairs which he found beyond his powers, and then he imitated Homer:

Cum canerem reges et proelia Cynthius aurem Vellit—Virg. Ecl. VI]

[Line 138: The Stagirite—Aristotle, born at the Greek town of Stageira on the Strymonic Gulf (Gulf of Contessa, in Turkey) 384 B.C., whose treatises on Rhetoric and the Art of Poetry were the earliest development of a Philosophy of Criticism and still continue to be studied.

The poet contradicts himself with regard to the principle he is here laying down in lines 271-272 where he laughs at Dennis for

Concluding all were desperate sots and fools Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.]

[Line 180: Homer nods—Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus, 'even the good Homer nods'—Horace, Epistola ad Pisones, 359.]

[Lines 183, 184: Secure from flames.—The poet probably alludes to such fires as those in which the Alexandrine and Palatine Libraries were destroyed. From envy's fiercer rage.—Probably he alludes to the writings of such men as Maevius (see note to line 34) and Zoilus, a sophist and grammarian of Amphipolis, who distinguished himself by his criticism on Isocrates, Plato, and Homer, receiving the nickname of Homeromastic (chastiser of Homer). Destructive war—Probably an allusion to the irruption of the barbarians into the south of Europe. And all-involving age; that is, time. This is usually explained as an allusion to 'the long reign of ignorance and superstition in the cloisters,' but it is surely far-fetched, and more than the language will bear.]

[Lines 193, 194:

'Round the whole world this dreaded name shall sound, And reach to worlds that must not yet be found,"—COWLEY.]

[Line 216: The Pierian spring—A fountain in Pieria, a district round Mount

Olympus and the native country of the Muses.]

[Line 248: And even thine, O Rome.—The dome of St Peter's Church, designed by Michael Angelo.]

[Line 267: La Mancha's Knight.—Don Quixote, a fictitious Spanish knight, the hero of a book written (1605) by Cervantes, a Spanish writer.]

[Line 270: Dennis, the son of a saddler in London, born 1657, was a mediocre writer, and rather better critic of the time, with whom Pope came a good deal into collision. Addison's tragedy of Cato, for which Pope had written a prologue, had been attacked by Dennis. Pope, to defend Addison, wrote an imaginary report, pretending to be written by a notorious quack mad-doctor of the day, entitled The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris on the Frenz of F. D. Dennis replied to it by his Character of Mr. Pope. Ultimately Pope gave him a place in his Dunciad, and wrote a prologue for his benefit.]

[Line 308: On content.—On trust, a common use of the word in Pope's time.]

[Lines 311, 312: Prismatic glass.—A glass prism by which light is refracted, and the component rays, which are of different colors being refracted at different angles show what is called a spectrum or series of colored bars, in the order violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red.]

[Line 328: Fungoso—One of the characters in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humor who assumed the dress and tried to pass himself off for another.]

[Line 356: Alexandrine—A line of twelve syllables, so called from a French poem on the Life of Alexander the Great, written in that meter. The poet gives a remarkable example in the next line.]

[Line 361: Sir John Denham, a poet of the time of Charles I. (1615-1668). His verse is characterized by considerable smoothness and ingenuity of rhythm, with here and there a passage of some force—Edmund Waller (1606-1687) is celebrated as one of the refiners of English poetry. His rank among English poets, however, is very

subordinate.]

[Line 366: Zephyr.—Zephyrus, the west wind personified by the poets and made the most mild and gentle of the sylvan deities.]

[Lines 366-373: In this passage the poet obviously intended to make "the sound seem an echo to the sense". The success of the attempt has not been very complete except in the second two lines, expressing the dash and roar of the waves, and in the last two, expressing the skimming, continuous motion of Camilla. What he refers to is the onomatopoeia of Homer and Virgil in the passages alluded to. Ajax, the son of Telamon, was, next to Achilles, the bravest of all the Greeks in the Trojan war. When the Greeks were challenged by Hector he was chosen their champion and it was in their encounter that he seized a huge stone and hurled it at Hector.

Thus rendered by Pope himself:

"Then Ajax seized the fragment of a rock Applied each nerve, and swinging round on high, With force tempestuous let the ruin fly The huge stone thundering through his buckler broke."

Camilla, queen of the Volsci, was brought up in the woods, and, according to Virgil, was swifter than the winds. She led an army to assist Turnus against Aeneas.

"Dura pan, cursuque pedum praevertere ventos. Illa vel intactae segetis per summa volaret Gramina nec teneras cursu laesisset aristas; Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumenti, Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret aequore plantas." Aen. vii 807-811.

Thus rendered by Dryden.

"Outstripped the winds in speed upon the plain, Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain; She swept the seas, and as she skimmed along, Her flying feet unbathed on billows hung"]

[Lines 374-381: This passage refers to Dryden's ode, Alexander's Feast, or The Power of Music. Timotheus, mentioned in it, was a musician of Boeotia, a favorite

of Alexander's, not the great musician Timotheus, who died before Alexander was born, unless, indeed, Dryden have confused the two.]

[Line 376: The son of Libyan Jove.—A title arrogated to himself by Alexander.]

[Line 393: Dullness here 'seems to be incorrectly used. Ignorance is apt to magnify, but dullness reposes in stolid indifference.']

[Line 441: Sentences—Passages from the Fathers of the Church who were regarded as decisive authorities on all disputed points of doctrine.]

[Line 444: Scotists—The disciples of Duns Scotus, one of the most famous and influential of the scholastics of the fourteenth century, who was opposed to Thomas Aquinas (1224-1274), another famous scholastic, regarding the doctrines of grace and the freedom of the will, but especially the immaculate conception of the Virgin. The followers of the latter were called Thomists, between whom and the Scotists bitter controversies were carried on.]

[Line 445: Duck Lane.—A place near Smithfield where old books were sold. The cobwebs were kindred to the works of these controversialists, because their arguments were intricate and obscure. Scotus is said to have demolished two hundred objections to the doctrine of the immaculate conception, and established it by a cloud of proofs.]

[Line 459: Parsons.—This is an allusion to Jeremy Collier, the author of A Short View etc, of the English Stage. Critics, beaux.—This to the Duke of Buckingham, the author of The Rehearsal.]

[Line 463: Blackmore, Sir Richard (1652-1729), one of the court physicians and the writer of a great deal of worthless poetry. He attacked the dramatists of the time generally and Dryden individually, and is the Quack Maurus of Dryden's prologue to The Secular Masque. Millbourn, Rev. Luke, who criticised Dryden; which criticism, although sneered at by Pope, is allowed to have been judicious and decisive.]

[Line 465: Zoilus. See note on line 183.]

[Line 479: Patriarch wits—Perhaps an allusion to the great age to which the antediluvian patriarchs of the Bible lived.]

[Line 536: An easy monarch.—Charles II.]

[Line 541: At that time ladies went to the theater in masks.]

[Line 544: A foreign reign.—The reign of the foreigner, William III.]

[Line 545: Socinus.—The reaction from the fanaticism of the Puritans, who held extreme notions of free grace and satisfaction, by resolving all Christianity into morality, led the way to the introduction of Socinianism, the most prominent feature of which is the denial of the existence of the Trinity.]

[Line 552: Wit's Titans.—The Titans, in Greek mythology, were the children of Uranus (heaven) and Gaea (earth), and of gigantic size. They engaged in a conflict with Zeus, the king of heaven, which lasted ten years. They were completely defeated, and hurled down into a dungeon below Tartarus. Very often they are confounded with the Giants, as has apparently been done here by Pope. These were a later progeny of the same parents, and in revenge for what had been done to the Titans, conspired to dethrone Zeus. In order to scale heaven, they piled Mount Ossa upon Pelion, and would have succeeded in their attempt if Zeus had not called in the assistance of his son Hercules.]

[Line 585: Appius.—He refers to Dennis (see note to verse 270) who had published a tragedy called Appius and Virginia. He retaliated for these remarks by coarse personalities upon Pope, in his criticism of this poem.]

[Line 617: Durfey's Tales.—Thomas D'Urfey, the author (in the reign of Charles II.) of a sequel in five acts of The Rehearsal, a series of sonnets entitled Pills to Purge Melancholy, the Tales here alluded to, etc. He was a very inferior poet, although Addison pleaded for him.]

[Line 619: Garth, Dr., afterwards Sir Samuel (born 1660) an eminent physician and a poet of considerable reputation He is best known as the author of The Dispensary,

a poetical satire on the apothecaries and physicians who opposed the project of giving medicine gratuitously to the sick poor. The poet alludes to a slander current at the time with regard to the authorship of the poem.]

[Line 623: St Paul's Churchyard, before the fire of London, was the headquarters of the booksellers.]

[Lines 645, 646: See note on line 138.]

[Line 648: The Maeonian star.—Homer, supposed by some to have been born in Maeonia, a part of Lydia in Asia Minor, and whose poems were the chief subject of Aristotle's criticism.]

[Line 652: Who conquered nature—He wrote, besides his other works, treatises on Astronomy, Mechanics, Physics, and Natural History.]

[Line 665: Dionysius, born at Halicarnassus about 50 B.C., was a learned critic, historian, and rhetorician at Rome in the Augustan age.]

[Line 667: Petronius.—A Roman voluptuary at the court of Nero whose ambition was to shine as a court exquisite. He is generally supposed to be the author of certain fragments of a comic romance called Petronii Arbitri Satyricon.]

[Line 669: Quintilian, born in Spain 40 A.D. was a celebrated teacher of rhetoric and oratory at Rome. His greatwork is De Institutione Oratorica, a complete system of rhetoric, which is here referred to.]

[Line 675: Longinus, a Platonic philosopher and famous rhetorician, born either in Syria or at Athens about 213 A.D., was probably the best critic of antiquity. From his immense knowledge, he was called "a living library" and "walking museum," hence the poet speaks of him as inspired by all the Nine—Muses that is. These were Clio, the muse of History, Euterpe, of Music, Thaleia, of Pastoral and Comic Poetry and Festivals, Melpomene, of Tragedy, Terpsichore, of Dancing, Erato, of Lyric and Amorous Poetry, Polyhymnia, of Rhetoric and Singing, Urania, of Astronomy, Calliope, of Eloquence and Heroic Poetry.]

[Line 686: Rome.—For this pronunciation (to rhyme with doom) he has Shakespeare's example as precedent.]

[Line 692: Goths.—A powerful nation of the Germanic race, which, originally from the Baltic, first settled near the Black Sea, and then overran and took an important part in the subversion of the Roman empire. They were distinguished as Ostro Goths (Eastern Goths) on the shores of the Black Sea, the Visi Goths (Western Goths) on the Danube, and the Moeso Goths, in Moesia ]

[Line 693: Erasmus.—A Dutchman (1467-1536), and at one time a Roman Catholic priest, who acted as tutor to Alexander Stuart, a natural son of James IV. of Scotland as professor of Greek for a short time at Oxford, and was the most learned man of his time. His best known work is his Colloquia, which contains satirical onslaughts on monks, cloister life, festivals, pilgrimages etc.]

[Line 696: Vandals.—A race of European barbarians, who first appear historically about the second century, south of the Baltic. They overran in succession Gaul, Spain, and Italy. In 455 they took and plundered Rome, and the way they mutilated and destroyed the works of art has become a proverb, hence the monks are compared to them in their ignorance of art and science.]

[Line 697: Leo.—Leo X., or the Great (1513-1521), was a scholar himself, and gave much encouragement to learning and art.]

[Line 704: Raphael (1483-1520), an Italian, is almost universally regarded as the greatest of painters. He received much encouragement from Leo. Vida—A poet patronised by Leo. He was the son of poor parents at Cremona (see line 707), which therefore the poet says, would be next in fame to Mantua, the birthplace of Virgil as it was next to it in place.

"Mantua vae miserae nimium vicina Cremona."—Virg.]

[Line 714: Boileau.—An illustrious French poet (1636-1711), who wrote a poem on the Art of Poetry, which is copiously imitated by Pope in this poem.]

[Lines 723, 724: Refers to the Duke of Buckingham's Essay on Poetry which had been eulogized also by Dryden and Dr. Garth.]

[Line 725: Roscommon, the Earl of, a poet, who has the honor to be the first critic who praised Milton's Paradise Lost, died 1684.]

[Line 729: Walsh.—An indifferent writer, to whom Pope owed a good deal, died 1710.]

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

## THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg

electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License

included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or

hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

• You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.” • You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works. •

You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work. • You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY

DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement,

and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair

NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks,

online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.