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The present's darkening dome designs of time and consciousness in some early poems by Alexander Pope.

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LA THÈSE A ÉTÉ MICROFILMÉE TELLE QUE NOUS L'AVONS RECUE
"The Present's Darkening Dome:

Designs of Time and Consciousness in
Some Early Poems by Alexander Pope

by

Stephen William Brown

A Thesis
submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies
through the Department of English
in Partial Fulfillment of
the requirements for the Degree of
Master of Arts at
The University of Windsor

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABSTRACT .................................................................................. 1

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS ................................................................ 111

CHAPTER

I. Introduction and Theory ...................................................... 1

II. Pope's *Pastorals*: The Theory and the Practice .............. 23

III. *Windsor Forest*: A Dream of Order ............................. 79

IV. *Eloisa to Abelard*: Awakening to Despair .................... 133

V. Coda ................................................................................. 183

APPENDIX .................................................................................. 191

BIBLIOGRAPHY ......................................................................... 195
ABSTRACT

"The Present's Darkening Dome."

Designs of Time and Consciousness in Some Early Poems by Pope

The best of Pope's poetry, like all good literature, attempts neither to escape from nor to understand time, but rather to confront it. And, consequently, that aspect of order and control that we expect of eighteenth-century literature often, in fact, gives way to an agitation in the word. A pulse, a boiling in the blood of the text, that throbs against the vascular wall of its confinement. Thus this study of Pope's early work will focus consistently upon his "darker" moments, those sublime passages of verse in which instinct, the emotions, threatens to take back the sceptre from reason. At these times Pope's keenest irony serves but to deepen his despair. So it is with the temptation to suicide in the third eclogue, and the horrors of William I and the hunt in Windsor Forest: these are moments in frieze, tableaux of anguish, separated from the prevailing mood of their respective contexts, and suggesting the conventions of their modes although freed from stylization by the charge of the satiric. These are the threats of chaos, the speaker's immediate
experience of time-present, that contravene and overwhelm the traditional and artificial pattern of received, historic time. These internal rebuttals to the reasoned statement of each poem awaken the protective intellect in the satirist, who dresses them with an emotional excess that might allow us to dismiss their portent if it did not simultaneously make the agony of these representations the key to a psychological reality that remains the soul of motion and life in each work. In *An Essay on Criticism* Pope's best lines seek the dynamic and the asymmetric image through this very means (consider the Longinian imagery of lines 155-60, the Miltonic of lines 697-702). His aesthetics are most distinctive when they seek to embrace the unusual, the ugly, or the chaotic; when he is least the master of Bonamy Dobree's world of ordered-reason, then is he most often the true representative of his age. In hours of darkness his voice cries out the terrible doubts of the Enlightenment.

All right action is freedom
From past and future also.

(T.S. Eliot, "The Dry Salvages")
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT AND DEDICATION

In a very real sense this thesis owes its genesis to each member of the English Department at Windsor. That was my "Arcadia", and, like all such places of instruction and delight, it shall remain whole and pure in memory. But there are certain special individuals to whom I owe much more. In particular, Dr. Charles C. Murrah, in whose graduate seminar these ideas were first formed, and whose careful guidance and eternal patience as my director were chief factors in the evolution and completion of the thesis. And Dr. Roderick Huang, who first introduced me to the eighteenth century, and who offered much understanding assistance as my long-suffering reader. But I must not forget my family. My parents, who for so long encouraged me in my studies in every way, and my wife, who has since taken up this difficult and daily task.

To all these I give special acknowledgements, and offer, as inadequate recompense, the thesis that follows.
Things mused upon are, in the mind, like music,
They flow, they have a rhythm, they close and open,
And sweetly return upon themselves in rhyme.
Against the darkness they are woven,
They're lost for a little, and laugh again,
They fall or climb.

(Conrad Aiken, "The Jig of Fosalsin")
Chapter One

"The Present's Darkening Dome":

Designs of Time and Consciousness in
Some Early Poems by Pope

When we experience literature we do so within a complex system of time. The exchange between reader and text involves such a variety of custom and convention with regard to chronology that it is indeed a difficult task to separate the artificial from the natural, to determine what is time passing as life and what is time passing as art. For the voice of the poet and the words uttered must live within the mutable context of the audience-reader; they aspire after the immortal, they strive to emulate the unknown eternal, but this is only the stuff of ritual, of the convention denying its conventionality.

Post-romantic literature has grown increasingly contrived in its senses of time. By emphasizing the centrality of the individual consciousness as it imposes an order from within upon observed externals, artists since Coleridge have suggested an imagination that grows always more subjective and ironic in describing its universe. The relationship between the individual, his environment, and their mutual history is no longer certain. It must be won by the artist through the assertion of his perception, his time-sense, over that of all he experiences and moves through. As he fails so increases the ironic distance that separates man from the universe. The sin that marks man in this fallen world has become one explicitly associated with the perception of time. It is to this shift in perception that Erich Auerbach speaks in the final chapter of Mimesis:
This shift of emphasis expresses something that we might call a transfer of confidence: the great exterior turning points and blows of fate are granted less importance; they are credited with less power of yielding decisive information concerning the subject; on the other hand is confidence that in any random fragment plucked from the course of life at any time the totality of its fate is contained and can be portrayed. Here the external, historical Nature, has become the artificial, and the subjective has become the Natural.

Fiction defines itself as a genre largely on the basis of its unique capacities to mirror and devise systems of time that are denied to drama and difficult in poetry. Prose and the extended narrative allow great variation in the relationship of writer to subject and of subject to audience, so that the perception of time both within and without the work is the essence out of which the novel is generated. One awaits revelation, one discovers discrepancy between past and present narration, and the development of the plot depends ultimately upon the conflict between the historical flow of narrative, from point to point in accumulative revelation, and the symbolic moment is tableau, that individual incident or description which operates within the time-frame of the narrative but which contradicts the latter's linear motions with the inert but expanding demand of its special moment. The basic thrust of these paragraphs is an easy one: reality as imitated by the Western writer is the conflict between the historical sense of time as a progressing and linear dimension, and time as a still point of revelation and significance, as the isolated and irregular discoveries of the reflecting consciousness. So it is that the explicit and the external conflict with the felt and the internal, and the sense of man's unique comprehension
of time and the infinite becomes the source of his curious isolation. The observed in reality operates with little regard for the felt, and linear time moves "ahead" inattentive to the experience of the individual. 2

All this is obvious enough to the reader of Henry James, Virginia Woolf, or James Joyce. The relationship of perception to time is a scientific as much as an artistic concern for the modern mind and even a popular awareness of the paradox involved here is more complex and probing than my analysis allows. But I do not wish to detail anything like our modern sense of the contradiction of ordered continuity by the random, rather to suggest the more primitive and simple way in which this kind of perception is at the centre of the history of the novel and is the very way of feeling that encouraged and required the maturation of prose writing in the eighteenth century. And most importantly I contend that this "new" sensibility is the gift of poetry to prose during the latter's critically formative years.

It is a process through which allegory is subsumed by the novelist; symbolic setting and action are merged with the subjective perception of the lyrical narrator to produce a moral statement whose context of authority and order is derived from the personal observations of the narrator, from his unique reflections upon particular experiences, and not from an external and historical code. Thus points of private perplexity and insight rise above the public flow of the narrative, dominate over it, and impart significance to it. The individual's peculiar sense of time takes precedence over the evolving pattern of general time. Morality is now not a matter of statement or of action but
one of perception, and accordingly, metaphor takes the place of statement. When Sterne could write of Trim's gestures that they spoke more than the words of Walter, and make of Tristram's personality the locus for significant time in the novel, the eighteenth century had resolved a stylistic and philosophic crisis, and cleared the way for modernism.

In recent criticism of the eighteenth century, music has replaced painting as an analog for literature. This is in accord with the present argument. For in the appreciation of music one continually experiences the paradox of time-present consuming time-past and future. It is never possible to encounter the whole of a piece of music but through the engaging of each part. Reality is always incomplete in music, and the whole is only the illusion of memory and anticipation. This dominion of the part over the whole in the comprehension of music is described by Susanne K. Langer in these terms:

Music, like language, is an articulated form. Its parts maintain some degree of separate existence, and the sensuous character of each element is affected by its function in the complex whole. This means ... a composition ... is articulated i.e. its internal structure is given to our perception.

Unity and order, these can never be confused with the immediate experience of music. They are the obvious and inadequate tools of the intellect applied to a recollection of the actual and emotional experience:

Musical time does not have an objective, abstract, "non-musical" future and past as its orientation. It sets up, so to speak, its own future and past, and it does this constantly in the process of its own motion ... The moment of musical time is not present, it is at best presenting, creating the temporal tension of what has gone before and what is to come, the tension of the whole in the moment.

In painting the encounter of man with his art is in no way so
close to a true, sensory experience. The graphic artist does pretend to contain a complete moment within the boundaries of space and outside those of time. It is the close relationship with time that distinguishes music from painting. Literature perhaps mediates between the two. One can speak of a unity of beginning, and middle, and end, but our experience of literature is increasingly one of parts isolated along that postulated continuum. It is tone that most intrigues the modern critic. The character of the speaking voice and its metaphoric intonations, these are the concerns at the present time: the fascination is with the music that a speaker "sings", not the painting that he "paints". Where literature succeeds, it does so by way of the impact and actuality of its parts against the expectation and projection of the whole. What strikes us as Blake's modernism, the fact that he could see a world in a grain of sand, is possible only because of the developments of the more tradition-conscious writers of the eighteenth century, not in spite of them. And if the novels of Richardson and Sterne first achieved the sense of time prerequisite for the methods of modern prose fiction, they did so in the company of the poets who strove towards this sense of time in their development of the couplet. This is the "sensibility of mediation".  

In poetry we find an increasing tension between the apparent moral direction of the argument and the connotations of metaphors and scenes in the presentation. This is especially true of couplet verse, which Arnold mistakenly calls "poetry of statement". In Dryden, Pope and Johnson isolated passages imprint themselves over the apparent, moral rhetoric. These are not instances of digression. Pope's method of composition underlines the emphatic presence of such passages as those
containing the characters of Sir Balaam, Sporus, and Atticus. From the
temptation to suicide in the Third Eclogue to the close of the Dunciad,
Pope's poems are consistently made inconsistent by the force with which
the parts seem to exceed the whole.

Until the industry of recent years much criticism of Pope was
fixed entirely upon these dramatic passages, and although the reinte-
gration of the works and the attempt to discover their organic unity
are better approaches to the poetry, Pope's earlier critics were
correct in their instincts. The parts are meant to assume the authority
of the whole. Their contradiction of the poetic texture, and their
interruption of the unity are the methods by which Pope suggested the
new sensibility: the concern with time as an individual and not a
universal experience, and the increasing significance of the individual
as a perceiver in the present, not as a receiver of convention from the
past. The great tension in Pope's poetry that is the source of its
dramatic excellence is born of this contest in texture. The progress-
ive presentation of an argument is marked by the significant metaphorlic
counterpoint at particular but asymmetrical stages. Always in Pope
chaos threatens to destroy order by way of this tension in form. That
"Grace beyond the Reach of Art" is the result of the impact of these
emotional, lyrical interludes upon the projected rationality of the
statement. Once more the musical analogy asserts itself as an explanation
of the kind of tension necessitated by this argument between projected
order and ideals, and the reality of the emotional and immediate. It
is a contest between two distinct kinds of experience of time. Here,
again, is Susanne Langer's description of the phenomenon:
... an image of what might be termed "lived" or "experienced" time—the passage of life that we feel as expectations become "now," and "now" turns into inalterable fact. Such passage is measurable only in terms of sensibilities, tensions, and emotions; and it has not merely a different measure, but an altogether different structure from the practical or scientific time.  

As much as Pope may wish to assert the supremacy of order and reason he never fails to allow the emotional and the instinctive to take their proper place of domination over the plans of the mind:

Say, where full Instinct is th' unmerring guide,  
What Pope or Council can they need beside?  
Reason, however able, cool at best,  
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,  
Stays till we call, and then not often near;  
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer.  

(Essay on Man, III, 83-8)

In this respect the question of a persona in Pope has less to do with the need for a mask than with the need to create a human personality to exist dramatically within the chaotic present of the poem and to contrast in the tension of his character with the steady and orderly delineation of his argument. Pope's speakers are closer to the narrators of his age's fiction than to the characters of its stage because of their close involvement with the crucial time structures of his poems. Their voices and Pope's passages of intense emotion are the instances of time passing as life; those epochal statements of reason and well-ordered arguments for the moral and correct are the minutes of time passing as art.

When Arnold called Dryden and Pope the "classics of our prose" he was much closer to the truth of their achievement than most critics since have allowed him. Pope's particular style in poetry, the two-level conflict between the projected, historical line of statement and the
intense, local experience of time and emotion, is a close parallel to
the relationship between character, incident, and plot in the emerging
novel. His sense of time and of narrative seek to present a view of
man akin to that of Richardson. His imagination and its self-revelation
in his art are shared not only with fellow satirical poets but with
those fellows in sensibility who created the English novel. Arnold
unwittingly recognized one aspect of this relationship; in our age we
are coming to understand another. The object now is to appreciate the
poetry not as statement but as significant variations upon a stated
theme. It is here that we find Pope's complex sense of time, out of
which are generated his particular kinds of doubt and distrust with
their curiously modern tendencies.\footnote{12}

As did his age, so did Pope attempt to resolve these tensions
through an increasing attention to the integrity and responsibility of
the individual. And the great hierarchies of order and schemes of
Christian Time are counterpointed, harmonized, and eventually discorded
by the despairing and mortal-bound time of the individual's experience
and unique vision. But in approaching this dilemma Pope neither attempts
the new pastoralism of the pre-Romantics nor accepts the growing sense
of social democracy in the novelists; his is the task of yoking together
the old world-frame of Renaissance order with the new individualism, the
time of the God-ruled universe with that of the consciousness-centred
universe. But in Pope one has a Hercules who is forever on the point
of being torn limb from limb by his oxen. What results is the ambivalent
nature of the late poetry in which the support of the Great Chain has
been broken, and the new attention on the individual links seems
inadequate.

The sense of time and the centrality of the individual mind through which Pope searches in the late works, suggest the time-frame and the consciousness that eventually emerge from the work of the century's most innovative and creative novelists, Sterne and Richardson. Such works describe the precarious tension between the central importance of individual experience and the unique quality of each mind's sense of time, on the one hand, and the memory of and yearning for the security of external verities and those conventions of time that were lost with the passing of the Christian hierarchy on the other. To stress the power of the individual is to admit the triumph of time, and ultimately to despair of the promise of salvation and eternity. Such is the experience of Lovelace in Clarissa, and the motivating terror behind Tristram's mad memoirs. So too for Pope's "ladies" and the other characters in his Epistles. Where the individual prevails so does the sensate and with it the finite and the limited, with tragic results for Richardson and ironic ones for Sterne. In Pope this tension takes the form of a kind of pastoralism, not as escapism, but as instruction. It is a reminder filled with irony of the long journey yet to be made to discover a golden world, which itself comes not before but long after the fallen time of experience.

To Bathurst: Of the Use of Riches affords some interesting instances of this aspect of Pope's sensibility as it affects the design of the late poetry. When the moral of this third Essay is contradicted by the emotional impact of the portrait of Villiers, the result is a kind of intellectual mutability. The attempt by the speaker to create
a moral order and to summon exempla to the support of reason is upset by the emotional impact of one of those supporting parts. An element of shared humanity revealed in the lines about Villiers rises against the explicit purpose of the poem not to contradict but to complicate the argument by the addition of emotional hesitation and qualification to its emphatic and intellectual statement. Tone is thus made complex not by imbuing the rhetorical line itself with levels of ambiguity nor by posing rebuttals to the argument, but through allowing the descriptive and supportive elements of the poem, the exemplum and the metaphor, to move contrarily to the direction of the verse's statement. Villier's pain cries out against the ideals of the poem. The forward motion of reason is thus impeded, blocked, stopped altogether by the still and expanding points of emotional reflection.

The conflict between the portraits of Sir Balaam and the Man of Ross works to a similar purpose. No commentator could fail to recognize that Pope intends his reader to be deeply impressed by the compassionate portrait of Kyrle. The argument is so developed and the adversarius so encouraged as to make this vignette a high point in the moral structure of the poem. Pope's reply to Bathurst's question about the income of the Man of Ross is consciously histrionic:

Of Debts and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,  
This man possessed--five hundred pounds a year.  
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!  
Ye little Stars! hide your diminished rays.  

(11. 279-82)

The main allusion here is to Milton's Paradise Lost, Book III, and to the specific image of the Sun dwarfing the stars at the introduction of Christ thereby establishing that Son's superiority over the angels.
Pope's point is the obvious one: the Man of Ross is a Christ-figure, a man far different from the usual human-kind. And Pope's dramatization of the philanthropic lord is deliberately excessive. The anticlimax supplied by the subsequent portraits of Villiers and Sir Balaam works not to disrupt the poem but to indicate the at once horrific and pathetic immediacy of their experiences to the actual society of men. Ross's example is unique, an ideal seldom achieved in a fallen world. Like those of Eden, Arcadia, and all the ideals of myth and morality, his experience and identity are far removed from reality. Although his character is drawn from an actual member of Pope's society, the code of behaviour that the Man of Ross represents is a thing of memory and of the Arcadian past. Even in the Miltonic allusion Ross is related to Christ in heaven not Christ on earth. It is for this reason that Pope does not give him a personal name as he does the subjects of all the other portraits in this Essay. The man is identified with his locale; his name is that of the pastoral and manorial estate wherein he is the source of a kind of Grace. Ross is an ideal; his state a timeless one. He is the achievement of the mind imagining the possible, and he dwells for the purposes of this poem in the innocent and elevated contexts of a received tradition out of which the speaker-rhetorician spins the fabric of his moral argument.

Villiers, Hopkins, Cotta, Balaam, these men are specific and individual in name. Their contemporaneity is stressed. Their experiences are related in distinct details, and each of their dramas ends with a vivid encounter with death. They dwell in the immediate, in the mutable time-frame of the reader's present, and the intense
metaphors that surround their chaotic lives are each drawn from the elements of man's socio-economic world. Their tales are told in the heightened, emotional voice of a speaker who is immersed in the chaotic actual and compelled by self-doubt to despair over the efficacy of his ideals. The omniscient voice that speaks of the Man of Ross sets itself up as conscious instructor and paragon. But the teller of the fallen tales is forced by the nature of his human subjects to admit of fallibility, and under the shadow of self-doubt he struggles with reality. 16

The Man of Ross's story is a very static one; it says nothing of his birth, and little of his death or daily fortunes. Bathurst remarks:

And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
(II. 283-4)

And Pope's reply is clear: the Man of Ross is known for the ideal that he actualizes, not the frail, earthbound creature that he might be.

This cue from Bathurst brings no elaboration upon the Man of Ross, rather a shift by Pope into the detail of the disease and death that seize Hopkins and Villiers. To complain of this shift in focus and of the scene-stealing drama of Villiers that they destroy the impact of the Christian fable of the Man of Ross is to miss the fine orchestral movement with which this moral essay ends. 17 Of course Pope's sentiments lie with Ross and his argument intends to demonstrate the fatal consequences of the improper use of riches. But the reality of human character must interject with evidence of man's actual, fallen condition. Where the portrait of Ross was beyond the marked bounds of human experience, these fallen figures are firmly grasped by time and their sins closely tied to the terrors of mutability. The dynamic structure of the poem
is derived from this debate between the aspiring and the despairing voices of the speaker; far from being an indication of disunity and inconsistent composition, the sharply contrasting tones of the essay To Batherst are the ultimate source of its drama and meaning. It is necessary that the darker tones and harsher rhythms of experiential time should steal the ear away from the ordered and balanced fugue of the ideal. It has been said of Pope that his music sometimes threatens to turn from Mozart into Stravinsky. But Pope's genius is his effective and imaginative use of such counterpoint within the tight regulations of his poetic conventions. While his perfect couplets may be images of the progressive rhythms of a well-tuned universe, his finer and darker themes continually intervene with the anxious and harried moments of the small and frightened world of mortal men.

In this regard one does well to recall the significant fascination with horological concepts of the universe that grew ever more prevalent during the late seventeenth century. From Descartes to Kelvin the use of the clock is a constant metaphor for the universe at a time when, understandably, the mechanical clock was becoming a more common and complex phenomenon. But such concepts and instruments made possible the dissociation of time from human events and created an independent world of historical chronology and order which had to be consciously intercepted and penetrated by the individual experience. Here was the beginning of that isolation of the individual from the eternal which distinguishes "modernism".

In Western thought, well into the Middle Ages, measurement of time was irregular in its perception of the length of the hours, and
decidedly non-geometric because the method of *horae temporales* and *horae equinoctales* varied so as to agree with seasonal changes, so that day and night hours were of differing lengths. And until the seventeenth century both the agricultural basis of society and the undependable nature of mechanical clocks forced the continuation of this close relationship between time, nature, and human activities. Only with the displacement of "magical" time by scientific did the concept of hours take on geometric characteristics of uniformity. Such developments then further isolated the human individual from the great plan of nature, by further disconnecting the essential linkages of the Chain of Being. One might recall Isaac Barrow's words to describe this new sensibility in both its sudden maturity and its horror:

> Whether things move or are still, whether we sleep or wake, Time pursues the even tenour of its way ... for Time has length alone, is similar in all its parts and can be looked upon as constituted from a simple addition of successive instances ...²⁰

When the understanding of the universe that had established a "true" beginning and end around the centre of Christ's birth was finally eroded, it fell to the individual to establish beginnings and endings about the centre of his own consciousness. As microscopes and telescopes destroyed the dependability of the external dimensional hierarchy, the trusted relationship of macrocosm to microcosm became a process of internal awareness, but one that lacked any true point of external confirmation. Knowledge was identified with observation and intuition, not tradition and received fact.²¹ But that lovingly precise sense of the mystical whole that one associates with the *Summa Theologica* was a long time breaking up into the scattered atoms of materialism; although by
the end of the seventeenth century the great voids between the multi-
itudinous particles of human existence were clearly apparent and sorely
in need of some new source of cohesion. By the middle of the eighteenth
century Samuel Johnson was able to dismiss the idea of a universal
hierarchy through the simple application of Zenos paradoxes:

The Scale of Existence from Infinity to Nothing cannot
possibly have Being. The highest Being not infinite
must be ... at an infinite distance below Infinity ...
Between the lowest positive existence and Nothing ...
is another chasm infinitely deep ... In the Scale there are
infinite vacuities ... and consequently all the Parts
of that which admits them may be infinitely divided.22

Johnson's concern is with change and isolation, and the sense of time
that is measured out by hastening mutability. But the demarcations,
the reliable beginnings and endings, that would fit a convention of
moral necessity to this mystery are no longer given for the poet, nor
can he depend upon a stable tradition in myth and theology to supply
those verities. Whatever order is discovered, whatever pattern of
morality brought to bear, must come from the immediate and empirical
present of the individual.

All these kinds of motions toward a modern and scientific sense
of Nature and the universe are common knowledge now. But as they
evolved through the seventeenth century they affected a traumatic
division between order and pattern in the mathematical understanding
of a human environment, and the disordered and fragmented experience
of the emotional human present. These are the beginnings of what Carl
Becker describes as "the factual quality (of the) modern climate of
opinion" in which "our world can be computed even if such computations
have little to do with our immediate experiences." Becker continues,
"science has taught us the futility of not troubling to understand
the 'underlying agency' of the things we use." But if contemporary
man reacts to this dissociation with either complacency or despair, this
was not so of those who felt the first fissures of this schism. For
Pope it becomes a necessity to force the fine patterns of moral and
natural order to intersect with the experiential and vice versa.
Although such a vocation was for him always an unhappy and infelicitous
one, it provided him with the essential motif and design for his works.

Consider these lines from the Essay on Man:

Could he whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of the Mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

(II, 35-8)

Here Pope's scepticism is directed at the Newtonian universe.

He cannot upset the new notions and their alienating effects by
resorting to older concepts of providential order; such currencies
have been hopelessly devalued. And when Pope does resort to the deistic
claim that God is in his heaven and all is well, or to the dogmatic
"whatever is, is right" the arguments are hollow and their insubstanti-
ality is made apparent by the weak verses that attempt to contain them.

But here in countering Newton, or at least the potential hubris, and
apparently dissociative quality of the mathematical universe, Pope
offers the enigma of man himself and the experiences of that "darkly
wise" being on the "isthmus of a middle state." Pope can never resolve
the tensions in his poetry by making the study of man an exclusively
empirical one; he can never fully release the claims of the older,
surer order, or the faith in an active, present God. But he will
does require a free and honest intersection of the potential with the actual, even when the results deny the possibility of that potential by making all too apparent the agony and blind power of human actuality:

Lo! thy dread Empire, Chaos! is restored. Light dies before thy uncreating word. Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall. And universal Darkness buries All.

Thomas Edwards has said that Pope's yearning for the classical ideals of "amplitude and equanimity (are) complicated by the poet's anxious 'modern' concern about the workings of mutability." Edwards develops this observation through a demonstration of the density of metaphor in the late work. He shares this perspective with much recent criticism. But invariably these studies have found the late satiric poetry more amenable, and Pope's early works have remained outside the body of those selected for close consideration. Of the 1717 collection only The Rape of the Lock has received unqualified praise. Yet, since Cleanth Brook's New-Critical analysis made this piece a favourite for close readings, the academic popularity of The Rape has perhaps prevented a full awareness of the textual-thematic excellence of the other early poetry. At any rate there have been only a few attempts to discover a stylistic and thematic relationship among the early poems, and it is the purpose of the present study to bridge this gap. The use of persona, multiple levels of tone, and especially Pope's increasingly modern sense of time as a contradiction of experience and reflection, all features which are the acclaimed successes of the mature verse, can be demonstrated in Pope's formative work. The final contribution of this reevaluation of some of the 1717 poems will be to make Eloisa to Abelard, not The Rape of
the Lock, the crucial exercise in Pope's poetic development. The theory of poetics delineated here can give to Pope's one heroic epistle the emphatic integrity of form and theme that critics since Johnson have always felt when reading Eloisa but have not always successfully discovered when analyzing the poem.

The thesis will not pretend that the long years of translation that separate the satires of Pope's middle age from the poetry of his youth are not indicative of an equally great spread of style. Certainly the texture and tone of the late work benefits from the tutelage of time, but the early work does indicate all that is to be, and in it we can discover the same use of argument and image that characterize a work like To Bathurst. Pope's greatest achievement of variation within the controls of form is doubtlessly the final Dunciad. But the genius for inversion evinced by the shift of energy from the creative artist to the uncreating dunces in Book III, with its metaphoric apocalypse in Book IV, is prefigured in the earliest of Pope's works. From the writing of the Pastorals Pope's foremost concern is to develop the thesis-antithesis embryo of the couplet into a dramatic formula through which he can creatively encounter the contradiction between aspiration and the actual, between the golden age of moral certainty and rhetorical truth and the fallen present of chaotic change and compromised intention. This theme receives its first complete expression in Eloisa to Abelard.

Pope's philosophic concern is one that he shares with his age. His great moral courage is his refusal to take the pacific way of the sentimentalists and of the progressive philosophers, and to attempt instead, in the small but brilliant company of Swift and some few others,
the unsure and demanding way of irony. Pope does not easily surrender his traditions and never truly leaves the company of his seventeenth-century predecessors. Because Pope was Tory and Roman Catholic, his personal appreciation of the social changes of his age is small and limited. But divorced from that society by politics and personality, and isolated by physical handicap and personal choice, he becomes a careful observer of the changes, accepting, if reluctantly, the new perspective, and shouldering the immense responsibility placed upon the individual by a changing world view that now gives to man the freedom and constraint of judging himself and his history through the fluid immediacy of his own imperfect consciousness. But Pope and man must pass this judgement without the aid and comfort of a traditional faith in the pattern and destiny of the cosmos.
NOTES

Chapter One


2. Newton’s characterization of Time in the scholium of his *Philosophiae naturalis principia mathematica* (1687), was the culmination of the process by which the concept of Time was separated from that of concrete physical change:


7. Thomas R. Edwards, Jr. employs this terminology in the introduction to his *This Dark Estate: A Reading of Pope* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1963), pp. 5-12. In developing the idea of a "sensibility of mediation" he does not deal at any length with Pope's early poetry. In many ways this present study is an attempt to carry the spirit of Edwards' readings of the late Pope back to the poems of the 1717 edition.


11. Despite Irvin Ehrenpreis' important objections, the concept of 'persona' in Pope's poetry remains the essential point in understanding the structure of all the works. While this present study does not deal with either Mack's or Donald Greene's specific use of this term, it does require their theories as a background to the idea of a double perspective of time in Pope's dramatic structure. In the early poetry the two experiences of time are usually reflected in two distinct voices. It is with *Eloisa to Abélard* that Pope first merges these two into one, rounded personality. See "Dramatic Texture in Pope," *From Sensibility to Romanticism: Essays Presented to Frederick A. Pottle*, eds. Frederick W. Hilles and Harold Bloom (New York: Oxford University Press, 1965), pp. 31-55. Also, Maynard Mack, "Introduction", *Essay on Man, Twickenham Edition* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1950).


13. *Moral Essays*, III, To Bathurst, ll. 299-306. All references to Pope's poetry are to the Twickenham Editions of the poems.

14. This allusion is identified by neither Reuben Brower nor the poem's Twickenham editor, F.W. Bateson. And, despite his detailed explication of the Man of Ross as a Christ-figure, Earl Wasserman also misses this clear allusion to *Paradise Lost*, III, ll. 60-4.

15. With Williers Pope alludes to the glory and tradition of Appleton House for this man was husband to the virgin in that famous poem. Here Pope presents a despairing contrast of past grandeur and noblesse oblige with present destitution and moral bankruptcy. See, Raymond Williams, *The Country and the City* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1973), pp. 76-7.
To return to the analogy with the development of narrative tone in the novel one might think of the moral preacher in Pope as like the self-assured narrator of Fielding's introductory chapters in Tom Jones, while the fallible voice is rather like the anxious and troubled narrator of Amelia. In Pope these two narrators, the one above and the other within the human fray, tend to debate and then merge within each single poem. I owe the concept of the fallible paragon in fiction to Sheldon Sacks, Fiction and the Shape of Belief (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1964), p. 110.

Certainly the contexts of Christian Time and Consolations have a great effect upon Pope's themes; part of my purpose is to demonstrate his struggle with the concept of Christian Time. But to demand of his poems that they adhere closely to Christian orthodoxy and symbols is to make a priest of the "Twickenham wasp". For an example of this type of criticism see Earl Wasserman, The Subtier Language (Baltimore: John Hopkins University Press, 1959), pp. 101-168.

The concept of the clockwork universe can be traced to the writings of the Bishop of Lisieux, Nicole Curéme (1323-82). A brief discussion of the currency of this idea in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries may be found in A Dictionary of the History of Ideas, "Time and Measurement", IV, 399-406.

When discussing how the advent of the mechanical clock brought about far-reaching and drastic changes in the European concept of time's relationship to mankind, Lewis Mumford has argued that "it (the clock) dissociated time from human events and helped create the belief in an independent world of mathematically measurable sequences." Technics and Civilization, p. 15.


This Dark Estate, p. 2.


Of course Reuben Brower's Poetry of Allusion supplies the constant background of source, convention, and innovation in Pope against which the close analyses of the poetry are defined.
The innocent and the beautiful
Have no enemy but time.
(W.B. Yeats, "In Memory of Eva Gore-Booth and Con Markiewicz")

These sudden ends of time must give us pause.
We fray into the future, rarely wrought
Save in tapestries of afterthought.
More time, more time.
(Richard Wilbur, "Year's End")
Chapter Two

Pope’s *Pastorals*: The Theory and the Practice

Sentiments like these (Pope’s “Autumn”), as they have no ground in Nature, are indeed of little value in any poem, but in pastoral they are particularly liable to censure, because they want that nice exaltation above common life.

(Rambler 37)

The passage to which Johnson’s criticism refers is found in Pope’s third eclogue, “Autumn”. When taken together this eclogue and Johnson’s evaluation of it provide an excellent entrance into the world of Pope’s *Pastorals*. Both parts of Johnson’s full judgement of these poems are still shared by most modern readers, and any attempt to increase the impact of Pope’s poetic art in the *Pastorals* must deal almost exclusively with these issues: in what way are the *Pastorals* more than the fine surface exercises in convention that Johnson takes them to be, and how are the emotional excesses of the third eclogue to be interpreted in themselves, and then made integral with a coherent exegesis of the overall structure of the *Pastorals*? Two recent commentators have demonstrated that these poems are much deeper in thought and execution than received opinion has allowed, but have not been able to answer the charges of disunity against “Autumn.”

Martin Battestin confesses an inability to bring this eclogue into his theory of the *Pastorals*. He develops the theme of mutability that distinguishes the genre, and points out the deviations from and assertions of the tradition in Pope. But finally, despite the stress he places upon the all-importance of time to Pope’s theme in these poems, he is unable to explain the dual focus of the laments of the two
shepherds in "Autumn." Battestin does, however, join some other recent critics to emphasize the relationship of Messiah to the thematic fulfillment of the Pastorals. This is an important point. Pope chose in the 1717 edition of his poems to include Messiah as the fifth unit in his pastoral cycle suggesting that his imitation of Pollio necessarily completed the pattern and sense initiated with the seasonal poems. Critics too often separate the works despite Pope's action, and Mr. Battestin commendably corrects this error. But his suggestion that Pope's imitation of Virgil's crucial fourth eclogue asserts the supremacy of a Christian framework around the poetic cycle is ultimately ineffective. Not that he is misguided when he makes Messiah the poem of resolution for the Pastorals, but rather in his elucidation of the Christian principles of order, he is still unable to account for the function of the third eclogue. He cannot bring the theology of Messiah into any relationship with the sensibility of "Autumn." And this Mr. Battestin openly admits.

David S. Durant offers a rather different reading. He joins Mr. Battestin in an effort to relate the Pastorals thematically to Pope's later poetry. And he does so by studying the tension between man and nature in the arcanian cycle. His thesis, which, in opposition to Battestin, minimizes the elements of temporal change in the Pastorals, is perhaps too contrived in its last objective: he would have the Pastorals read as a direct and conscious preparation for the philosophic focus of the Essay on Man. He makes no effort to accommodate Messiah within the general pattern of the Pastorals. But his excesses finally rest in corollaries; his theorem is a just and timely one.
Here then are three approaches to the *Pastorals* which together offer an effective triad of possibilities. There is the conventional reading, derived from Johnson and reflecting the modern disinterestedness in the genre itself, which presents the poems as highly efficient exercises in technique, consciously imitative of classical and English models (Virgil by way of Dryden for the most part), and demonstrating the superficiality that is customary in the pastoral mode. If this is representative of the norm then Mr. Battestin stands to the right from where he emphasizes the "Augustan" qualities of the *Pastorals* and discovers in the poems a careful exposition of the Christian ideals of time, order, and eternity. Which leaves David Durant on the left, and from this vantage he makes some original observations about the structure of the eclogues themselves; which, although they tend toward the speculative, at least indicate that there is much substance beneath the well-wrought surfaces of the poems. There is justification for each of these attitudes and certain merit in all three approaches. But no one of these methods sufficiently deals with the design and language of the *Pastorals*, although both modern critics are able to see in three dimensions a work that is too often viewed in only two. This is especially evident in their attempts to discover a structure that will support the complete cycle of the *Pastorals*. And in this objective we find a critical desire to uncover true substance and meaningful themes in the *Pastorals* that takes its just cue from Pope himself, who engaged in a major literary feud in order to defend these poems and who hoped that his readers would find these works "by no Means Pastorals but something better." Let us therefore consider Pope's theory of Pastoral before engaging his
practical achievement in the genre. For Pope’s objective in the *Pastorals* differs from the convention that he received in the intensity of its critical concern with man’s relationship to time and nature. Pope does recognize the high artifice of the tradition in which he writes and justly associates such artificiality with ideals and projections that are blind to the actual human condition.

But this blindness is unavoidable in the pastoral mode, a form which is often necessarily abstract and intellectual and which may only be brought indirectly into contact with human realities. The ideal forms of the pastoral must be retained in order to mark off the horizon against which a poet may work his moral perspectives. For as long as the ideal image of Arcadia remains it gives to the pastoral a fixed point against mutability about which the poet may construct alternatives to the complexity and uncertainty of the human present. Or, as William Empson has described it, pastoral poetry is "the process of putting the complex into the simple." In Pope’s terminology this amounts to the assertion that realism, either of rural business or human nature, is "best shown by inference" so that the primary form is "a perfect image of a happy time" ("A Discourse"). What results is an abstract but less than imaginative intercourse between the most general concepts of nature and of art in which the challenge to the poet is to create a significant emotional tension within an essentially intellectual pattern.

The modern pastoral, beginning with Sanazarro, offers an instructive and delicate interaction between the purest ambitions of Fancy and the hardest truths of reality. Pope’s terms for this precarious balance involve the union of an "Idea of Nature" with "an image of what they call
the Golden Age" ("A Discourse"). This is simple and conventional, but Pope adds one small and compelling stipulation: the Ideal must clearly dominate the Actual so that their small conjunctions are more implied than explicit. Pope writes:

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age ... We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries. ("A Discourse")

But there is another important distinction in Pope's definition. The poet should conceal, but not ignore nor deny, life's miseries. His execution of this difficult task makes Pope's Pastorals particularly interesting.

For the most part Pope's cheeky essay upon Philip's Pastorals, printed as Guardian 40, is an extended re-iteration of this one point; by anglicizing and naturalizing the ideal setting and trappings of the genre, Ambrose Philips had destroyed the special balance of the pastoral form. Pope makes this obvious with the burlesque of the naturalist pastoral that he uses to close his Guardian paper. Pope's own objective in pastoral is always subtly to bring the poetic "memory" of Eden into the small dimensions of the present by discovering true glimpses of human nature within the idealized behaviour of bucolic man. Such was Virgil's method. And both he and Pope would agree with Renato Poggioli's estimation that

the pastoral represents ideally the Golden Age. Poetry, however, is not only the child of fancy, but also the daughter of memory; and this makes her the sister of history.
And that intersection of history with eternity, the moment with the infinite, is the source of all conservative anguish over the unworthiness and incompetence of men; these are always both Pope's horror and his fascination.

Pope's theory of pastoral is, for the most part, taken from the work of Rapin, and shows an easy acceptance of the neo-classic doctrine of decorum. But as described and practised by Pope this is less theory than simple common sense. He recognizes the pure art involved in the pastoral form. The genre looks neither to past nor future but to ideals which involve concepts of time and morality yet intersect only reluctantly with reality. For this reason arguments about natural settings, realism in the language, personality and pursuits of the shepherds, and the movement toward modernizing the form after the example of a Philips or individualizing it in the manner of a Fontenelle, have no place in Pope's theory:

So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been ... lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. ("A Discourse")

The ideal is accepted as the standard. Classical conventions offer a stability and a certainty of form and practice within which and against which the modern writer must establish his mark but always "with an esteem for the virtues of a former Age" ("A Discourse"). This is a conservatism of a sensible kind, weak in theory, perhaps, but rich in practical example, which distinguishes Pope's criticism not only in pastoral matters but in all instances.

In the composition of his own pastorals Pope's chief fascination
is with analogs and conventions of time. This affects both the formal structure and the content of his poems, and displays its influence in the most cogent passages of his "Discourse." In that essay Spenser's design of a calendar for his own eclogues impresses and intrigues Pope because it makes acute the relationship in pastoral between the idealization of human life and the long, rather distant pattern of natural change and seasonal cycles. This essential dialogue between the changes in man and the changes in nature affords Pope considerable possibilities for the development of parallel images of time. He evolves patterns of conventional kinds out of the ages of civilization, the seasons of the years, the hours of the day, the various ages and stations of man, and especially the cycle of life and death. All these are examples of a delicately crafted and deliberate effort to compact Spenser's structure into one which will highlight the presence of time in Arcadia and make unusually taut the tension between the grand intellectual patterns of change in the universe, and the particular and even painful experience of such change on the chaotic level of the personal. Pope justifies the need for alterations to Spenser's device of the calendar in this way:

Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has obliged him to either repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it ... The reason is evident, because the year has not the variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

("A Discourse")

At a later point in "A Discourse" he describes the pattern of his own improvements to Spenser's design:

That they have as much variety of description ... as Spenser's: that in order to add variety, the several
times of the day are observed, the rural employments
in each season or time or day, and the rural scenes
or places proper to such ... the several ages of man,
and the different passions proper to each age.
("A Discourse")

Pope is more impressed by Spenser's calendar than by any other
single convention of pastoral with which he deals in his brief history
of the genre. So much so that the impression of beauty and genius left
upon him, tempers noticeably his criticisms of Spenser's archaisms and
halting rusticities. Qualities which Pope rudely criticizes and burles-
ques in his Guardian essay. In Pope's view Spenser's great Dequest to
the tradition is his comparison "of human life to the several Seasons"
and his exposition of a "view of the great and little worlds, in their
various changes and aspects" ("A Discourse"). Pope's whole concept of
the pastoral and his conscious ambitions in his own eclogues share the
same simple source and objective: to describe the contest of the general
and the particular upon the fields of time. It is a recognition of the
importance of the place of mutability within the pastoral tradition, and
especially reveals itself in a fascination with the prospect of death.
The songs of all Pope's shepherds are variations upon one refrain: Et
in Arcadia ego.

But Pope's place in this tradition is a singularly aesthetic one.
Unlike Theocritus, Virgil, Spenser, or Milton, his chief forebears, by
each of whom he is stylistically influenced, Pope does not use the
pastoral to make any social or political commentary. But this should
not indicate an absence of concern for real human problems. Pope rightly
perceives that social realism is necessarily alien to the neoclassical
pastoral. Yet this principle of decorum need not make the form one of
preciosity. Rather it offers the intriguing opportunity to confront a
most stylized kind of art with a genuine human emotion, and, by not
taking the easier route of adjusting the form by making it conscious-
of and amenable to the demands of reality, to force a confrontation
between the grand design of art with its unambiguous patterns of time and
eternity, and the emotional confusion of the human immediate. By his
deliberate compacting of the Spenserian design Pope creates a truly
sharp focus upon the single issue of aloof and relentless time as it
works its changes, and thus he emphasizes the tension between the ambitions
of pure art and the ambivalent source of these aspirations in human
emotions. Pope's theme is that eternal one which describes the contra-
diction of man's desire for and contemplation of the ideal by his own
mutable reality. It is a theme immensely well suited to the pastoral.

In keeping with his own decorous precepts Pope devises a pattern
that suggests a conventional response to his theme of mutability: Art,
which by reaching for ideals and striving to improve upon nature through
an imitation of the lasting order that is assumed to embrace the sensate
world, offers men a glimpse of freedom from time's ravages. The images
thus generated by Pope in his Pastorals are deliberately stylized and
have been lovingly compared to the dream-like scenes of Poussin's pastoral
paintings. It is a question finally of mood, and increasingly as one
moves through Pope's Pastorals there grows an association between the
environment and the shepherds particular kinds of loss, which encourages
a soft and elegiac music. Reuben Brower describes this effect as "not
action but Pope's choreographic sense. We are reminded of the dance
gestures and poses ... in the twilight landscapes of Poussin and
Zuccarelli.\textsuperscript{14} This tone is indicative of the first and the most apparent of Pope's many treatments of mutability. Yet the artifice is intensely self-conscious and keenly aware of its conventionality.

All this is made explicit by the arrangement of the \textit{Pastorals}. "Spring" is the most conventional of the eclogues. It initiates the cycle with a predictable and tightly orchestrated contest in song between two love-struck shepherds. In character and situation the shepherds are wholly defined by their relationship to their art. Their point of contention is specifically the question of beauty, and whatever humanity they or their adjudicator, Damon, possesses is determined through their articulation of simple aesthetic truisms: love is beauty, beauty is love, nature and art are amicable companions, and poetry is the soul of existence. Nothing "true" of humanity is to be found. The eclogue itself is a high-gloss miniature as like to the bowl that the shepherd Daphnis offers as his wager as any poem could be:

\begin{quote}
And I this bowl . . .  
Four figures rising from the work appear,  
The various seasons of the rolling year;  
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,  
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie? \textsuperscript{(11, 37-40)}
\end{quote}

In these four lines of verse Pope neatly reduces the long, detailed description of the bowl in Theocritus. But if "Spring" is a coldly precise exercise, its own image of perfection has a purpose beyond this virtuosity and mere prettiness. "Spring" is consciously "golden" and uses the art both of the shepherds and of the external poet as a means to indicate their current and potential places in a divinely conceived order. The figures in the poem are static. They experience no crisis and articulate no awareness of time as anything other than a natural and
regular agent that is as companionable and amenable to human ends as any of the other agents of universal order; nature, man, and time flow into a composition of complimentary shapes and colours:

With joyous music wake the dawning day! Why sit we mute when early linnets sing, When warbling Philomel salutes the spring? Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear, And lavish Nature paints the purple year? (11, 24-28)

Here is a pagan golden age that looks forward to the Christian golden age of Messiah. It is prelapsarian and utterly literary. For this last quality it finds a parallel in Messiah. In both poems man's happiness and promised victory are the gifts of art, and so dominant are the aesthetic values in Messiah that one easily agrees with Brower's "uncomfortable feeling that the secular is being worked up as a substitute for the religious". ¹⁵

Both "Spring" and Messiah stand outside of the time frame of real human experience; the first is an image of a world before the separation of men from eternal principles of order, while the last is the image of fallen time transcended by the victory of Christ. They define an arc that measures the progress of Pope's Pastorals from the aesthetic projections of Arcadia ("Spring"), downwards through the nadir of the chaotic actuality of time and mutability ("Autumn"), and then upwards through the agency of art ("Winter"), to a projection of Christian eternity (Messiah). ¹⁶

The eclogues of "Summer" and "Winter" bear the same relationship to one another as do those of "Spring" and Messiah. Each poem struggles with a decided separation of nature from man, with Alexis, the singer of "Summer" and Thyrsis in "Winter" turning to art as an incomplete and unsatisfactory response to their common dilemma: a sense of isolation
from the dependable processes of nature, and a recognition that their life must proceed into ever greater chaos even as they know that dawn must move toward darkness. In both "Summer" and "Winter" art is only convention, and the artist is quite aware that it is an inadequate consolation for a troubled soul. Yet the shepherds must accept this convention and make through their art an alternative world to the one in which they suffer. If art and reality are one in the charged order of "Spring" and Messiah, they are decidedly discreet entities in "Summer" and "Winter", in which poems their union can be attained only in the realm of imagination.

"Autumn" completes the pattern of the Pastorals. It presents two speakers, each one unaware of the other's presence although they suffer similarly deep experiences of loss and lonely confusion. The disappointments of each are entirely defined by his sense of a chaotic immediate and a helpless finity. They lament absent lovers. But the departed lovers in this eclogue have not gone out to other worlds, they have not won immortality in art, or otherwise passed into eternity. Aegon's betrayer and Hylas's absent lover are both still part of the fabric of mortal time, and, accordingly, the pain that their actions inflict upon these shepherds cannot be transposed into art, myth, or the fabric of the eternal. Either of the beloveds may yet return. Therefore their shepherd-lovers are left in a suspended state between memory and anticipation. This is Pope's closest encounter in the Pastorals with a human experience of time.

It is for this reason that the "Autumn" eclogue seems to tear away from the nice pattern of the Pastorals: the subject and the pain
expressed by its actors are the vivid experiences of man in his mutable order. Without the relief of death their torments cannot be made into the predictable events of myth; their life is one of constant change, and their sorrows can and do continually rise and fall without their exercising control over the causes. Until the objects of their plaints, their two absent loves, are somehow taken outside the disorder of experience, the poetry with which they attempt to assuage their condition is constantly contradicted and mocked at by the reality of Doris and Delia. Here the poet is presented with an impossible dilemma. The poet who dwells in the immediate through his art is ravaged by time and chaos, and forced to face the possibility of a despair so great that no answer is to be found in art.

Such an analysis of the design of the *Pastorals* takes into account Pope's desire to make *Messiah* the fifth and final eclogue, as well as offering a solution to the ever-present critical problem of what to do with the difficult, ironic, and conspicuous "Autumn." The easy geometric pattern of the *Pastorals* now emerges: a classical concept of art is brought into conjunction with the ambiguous quality of human experience, and five instances of the contest between art and mutability are plotted as on a parabolic graph. The first, "Spring", is the union of art and nature in an intellectual image of that first golden age; in "Summer" art as convention is separated from mutable nature; in "Autumn" one encounters the fierce image of the tension between art and the ravages of time; with "Winter" the convention of art, again as in "Summer", is presented as a palliative to the human dilemma, although now an uneasy one; and finally in *Messiah* time is transcended through Christian art.
The completed design can be easily diagrammed as the descent of art from the pagan eternal into the realm of time until reclaimed by human aspiration and the miraculous example of Christ. The effect of the pattern in the poetry is to emphasize the dimension of time. When each poem is carefully analyzed within this overall scheme the poetry's new interrelationships of imagery and theme can be clearly seen as reinforcing the external pattern. Such a critical exercise makes apparent the substantial themes Pope attempted in his *Pastorals*.

In "Spring" the two singers, Daphnis and Strephon, are each representative of one of the two sides of a nature versus art contest. Strephon declares his allegiance by offering a lamb as his wager in the contest; Daphnis counters nature's stake with the artist's exquisite bowl. This distinction continues throughout their alternating verses. Strephon is invariably concrete in his descriptions of love and offers simple visions of human emotions expressed through images of nature. Daphnis reaches for the abstract. The human and especially the intellectual element are supreme for him. It is nature which must express itself anthropomorphically for Daphnis; nature comes to man, not man to nature. The distinction is acute and crucial. It remains the only source of vitality for Pope in this first eclogue.

Consider Pope's description of the bowl proffered by Daphnis:

> And I this bowl, where wantonivy twines,
> And swelling clusters bend the curling vines.  
> (11, 35-6)

The artwork here is most sensual. The craftsman has graced his piece with images of nature and the zodiac but these are viewed in exclusively human terms. And terms which are obviously conscious of the human body.
The image of nature that the artist portrays here is compact yet vivacious. The sexual imagery of the "wanton ivy" and "swelling clusters" is conventional but striking and in considerable contrast to the actual environment of the shepherds as described by Strephon:

While you slow oxen turn the furrowed plain
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
Here Western winds on breathing roses blow.

(11. 30-3)

Strephon's lamb wanders freely. It plays and dances in a setting that is innocent and gentle. Daphnis and Strephon see distinctly different worlds, one sexual, one innocent, but without their uttering one breath of contradiction; here nature and art do not seek to contain or "improve" one another. This is the ideal world where lamb and lion may lie down together. The tension suggested by this contest is therefore never threatening, never active, but always brilliant, refined and static. Pope establishes this mood in the key image of the pastoral's second paragraph:

So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But, charmed to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aerial audience clap their wings.

(11. 13-16)

As the nightingale and thrush may each sing without jealousy or ambition so may the two shepherds who follow freely display their unique natures, and so, more importantly, may man and nature display equally their distinct beauties and wonders. It is not that art and nature are at one in this eclogue. They are as distinct in kind and form as are the thrush and the nightingale. And Strephon and Daphnis will no more find a point of resolution for their contest in song than they will a true point of contention. Art is finally just convention and mere language. The
concept and exercise of art in "Spring" are, as Pope describes the ideal pastoral in his "Discourse", the successors to the creation of the world, and not just a leisurely pursuit in song. Art can no more take on natural traits than can nature become artificial. Yet their co-existence is a compatible one, and this Arcadia remains blissfully ignorant of the paradox that it embodies. Where nature is unfallen, art has no redemptive function. And when art is innocent, nature need not make an example of man.

The poem is set in the morning, and throughout it is consistent with the easy expectation for renewals which distinguish a day’s early hours. All is convention. And Pope follows his classical models closely in pursuit of the course of exchange between the shepherds. Each sings the praises of his beloved, Strephon of Delia, Daphnis of Sylvia. Their names however are extraneous. These women have the same single point of distinction between them as have their lovers: Delia is nature's ideal of woman; Sylvia is art's. When the shepherds bargain with the muse for inspiration Strephon offers "a milk-white bull" to Phoebus, but Daphnis melodramatically proffers his "heart" to the muse of love. Strephon deals in the actual; for Daphnis all life, from the gods themselves to the very rocks of the earth, is a metaphor and the very stuff of art. And this is most just, for Daphnis's name-sake was the founder of pastoral poetry in the first Idyll of Theocritus.

The differences between the shepherds become more clear when each describes the flirtatious play of his courtship. These are the two passages:

Strephon

He gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Daphnis
The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

(11. 53-60)

The verses are conventional enough, with obvious sources in both Virgil and Theocritus, but Pope's purpose here is more than virtuosity of style and allusion. Consider Strephon's Delia. She moves at one with her surroundings. A shadow to nature. Her personality also proves to be just and open. She is "willing", without deceit, and, in contrast to Sylvia, reveals herself to her love, and discloses her place with a feigned laugh. However, Sylvia's vanity is immediately apparent. She "trips" and "hopes she does not run unseen," taking greater pleasure in this game of pursuit than does Delia. And while she may give a "kind glance" to her lover, her feet are "much at variance" with this gesture. This is not deception; the vanity here is quite innocent. It is all the result of Sylvia's delight in play. And it is right that art (Daphnis) should portray his love as an object of play and pursuit, while nature (Strephon) emphasizes the resolution and union of love.

Neither of these scenes should be taken as a commentary upon the other. They contrast but do not conflict. They are the two conditions of life, one physical the other fanciful. Although they are forever at war in the world of fallen time, it is possible to choose amicably between them in Arcadia. As does Strephon when he says:

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

(11. 61-4)
Here time is friend to both nature and art. There are no ravages, no slow declines, no death. Art is not called upon to present an alternative world to a present of pain and chaos. In this eclogue when a man embraces nature, nature returns his embrace. So Strephon sings of his love:

If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

(11. 71-2)

Equally it is possible to choose a world of art, and yet find that life flows even in the artificial. This is Daphnis's choice:

If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquished nature seems to charm no more.

(11. 75-6)

(But art yet charms, as here!) Strephon's songs are always straightforward, his Delia an entity of nature. Daphnis is in love with a woman who is but a metaphor, yet such art as his is not empty. His arms of simile are as full as Strephon's arms of flesh. Both are fulfilled, and their unique worlds meet only through the agency of their adjudicator, Damon.

In this role Damon pre-figures the Christ of Messiah, though Damon's is by far the easier task. He is not required to bind together two raging opposites. Here there is no fallen time to transcend. Man and nature are not at war. They are in balance, and Damon need only protect and proclaim their eternal symmetry. And to this end he graces nature with art, and blesses artifice with the natural in Pope's conventional resolution of the eclogue:

Cease to contend for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in every grace excel;
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well!

(11. 93-96)

"Spring" is Pope's traditional pastoral. It mirrors most closely the
image of the golden age which Renaissance poets developed for their Arcadias. It is not Virgil; it is not Theocritus. It is the neoclassic and Christian ideal of pagan innocence. As such it has no commerce with time or historical realities. It is a memory of what never was, an expectation for what never can be. In the scheme of the Pastorals "Spring" serves Pope as an image of a world of pure art and perfect nature, an ideal from which the imperfect situation of the eclogue "Summer" may descend, a mythic world out of which men fell.

Each of the eclogues is tied to the next through Pope's references to the changes in the weather as the long day of the Pastorals progresses from dawn to darkness. And in each case one can immediately measure the mood of the new eclogue by the very different response of the new shepherd to the climate he shares with his predecessors. With each new poem these responses become more painful as each speaker comes to a clearer recognition of the figure of time in the garden. Thus "the fruitful showers" which descend at the close of the first eclogue are received as the mournful weeping of the Naiads and Jove's consenting, silent shower when the eclogue "Summer" is introduced. This is a poem in which the shepherd-poet will discover his estrangement from the processes of nature, and will use his art to assuage the unhappiness which ensues. Time can be heard to tick now, and there are tears in this new world.

"Summer" presents a single speaker, Alexis, who traces his lineage to the Cyclops, Corydon. He complains of an unrequited love in stylized verses which steadily grow to reflect this shepherd's awareness that his situation is fraught with difficulties for which neither
his art nor nature can offer remedies. His is a self-conscious art, and one which is significantly different from that of Daphnis in "Spring". This eclogue begins with a lengthy example of the pathetic fallacy. Pope describes nature in terms applicable to human mourning. In an afternoon shower the shepherd Alexis sees the image of his own sorrow. But rain drops are obviously not tears, and Alexis slowly comes to recognize that poetry is not an element of the natural world. Human emotions are alien to nature. Indeed, the verbal arts exist because of this very separation of man from his environment. They are man's consolation, but offer no final answer to his dilemma. In this manner the pathetic fallacy is confronted and exposed. But if Alexis's art lacks the happy balance that blessed the songs of Daphnis and Strephon, it does not bring him to a final despair. He is aware of his difficult condition, and conscious that his being is wracked by a pain unique to his humanity which neither nature nor art may relieve. But still he takes consolation in his verses and uses art to create verbal illusions, embryonic conventions and myths, which provide him with an adequate alternative.

As in "Spring" the love complaint in "Summer" is conventional in theme and language. Alexis compares the heat of noon to the flame of love in his heart and questions the absence of his beloved who might soothe him "as ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams" give relief from physical heat. But Alexis's love is a "hopeless love" and the object of his affections refuses to acknowledge him. Still his emotions are great, and they impose themselves metaphorically upon his surroundings. This is the source of the eclogue's simple irony: Alexis believes that nature agrees with his great passion because of apparent similarities
in surface appearances. His observation is obviously false. Though the symptoms of a scorching summer's day and a courtly lover's infatuation may agree, their sources and their treatment are quite different. The sun's heat is answered by shade and rain, and all three elements are parts of a fertile cycle. Alexis's unrequited love goes forever unanswered. It is unproductive, and abstract, the simple source and end of his art alone. The needs of the body may be fulfilled in nature, but not those of the mind and the emotions. Alexis may cure his diseases and surfeit his hunger but he cannot arrest his yearnings and aspirations:

Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
(11. 33-4)

Alexis approaches despair no more closely than at this point. He considers forsaking his art:

But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent since despised by thee.
(11. 43-44)

But immediately he fantasizes about his beloved and imagines himself a caged bird singing for her rapt attentions. Such thoughts inspire this artist anew, and Alexis slowly regroups his shattered confidences and creates a poetic world that is worthy of his image of love. His descriptions now move from scenes of "fairer flocks" and pastures to visions of "the rural throng" of Satyrs, Nymphs, and Pan. All this he experiences in renewed celebration of his love. Now Alexis is untroubled by images of isolation from the cycle of nature. He creates an Elysium in Arcadia, and turns from a longing to be a Colin to some fair Rosalinda to a daydream of Venus and Adonis:

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis strayed,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade.

(11. 59-62)

This specific passage displays considerable verbal complexity. It is witty in a truly seventeenth-century fashion, and recalls the dexterity of the riddles in "Sprin." Wolfgang Rudat points to the elaborate sexual innuendo implied in the descent of the gods, and he follows the golden shower of Jove through the episode of Venus and Adonis to its climax in Alexis's description of the viper lurking in his breast:

This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.

(11. 67-8)

Mr. Rudat interprets this passage as a Marvellian seduction. Perhaps his reading is too specific. It certainly makes Alexis appear to be a far more persistent and physical lover than his experiences in the poem have indicated. At any rate, the allusions in this passage are many and indicate the increasingly deliberate artifice of Alexis's song.

By this point Alexis has forgotten the contradiction implicit in his earlier pathetic fallacies, and he now builds his song to its most elaborate fantasy of nature's seeming subordination to art. Alexis makes his ideal woman an Orpheus of love whose beauty enchants her surroundings:

Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.

(11. 73-76)

Suddenly the world that offered no shade to the lover, and returned no true image of his besieged heart, gives Alexis both these prizes and his beloved's recognition in one rich passage of verse. And these lines do
achieve as pretty and as concise a unit as any in the *Pastorals*. But it is pure artifice on Alexis's part, and quite contrary to the usual motions of the natural world that the shepherd has elsewhere described. Alexis, locked out of the tight and intuitive cycles of nature, and beleaguered by his chaotic passions, has created a timeless world of artful patterns with which to give order to his own experiences. This is not escapism, but rather a conventional and necessary use of myth and art to impose an order where none otherwise exists. When he completes his song, Alexis sees again the timely patterns of nature from which he is excluded, and feels, once more the pain of his emotions:

    But soon the sun with milder rays descends
    To cool the ocean, where his journey ends:
    On me love's fiercer flames forever prey,
    By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

(11. 89-92)

Alexis thus admits the gulf that lies between the creations of his songs and the actual cycles of time and life that continue around him. He acknowledges the natural rhythms that surround him and takes his place with the other shepherds who "shun the noon-hour Heat," although the "fiercer flames" remain within him. For nature cannot be subjugated by Alexis. When David Durant describes this eclogue as bringing the natural world under the control of art by way of the poet's elaborate use of personification, he fails to distinguish between Alexis's actual environment and the shepherd's improvements upon this unresponsive nature when he sings of his love. 20 The first is a world of unconscious rhythms and cycles; the second is one made from the deliberate patterns of art. Between these two "creations", the former God's, the latter the poet's, is the poet himself, torn by his unruly passions.
Throughout this eclogue Pope takes care to present two views of nature. He distinguishes the world of day and night, sun and showers, flocks and shepherds, from the personified nature that serves Alexis in his paean to love. While Pope borrows this bifocal description from Virgil, whose second eclogue, "Alexis", is his source, he gives a much greater range to the artist's concept of nature than does Virgil. 21 Virgil's speaker, the Cyclops Corydon, is an object of ridicule; he is in love with the handsome shepherd Alexis, and thus neglectful of his duties and subsequently criticized for his lack of common sense. In Dryden's translation, the love-sick Corydon is told to return to his shepherd and to find himself "an easier love, not so fair." Theocritus takes the same attitude toward his unrequited lover. But Pope allows Alexis more "credibility", so far as such a term has any currency when applied to this genre, because it is not his immediate purpose to jest about love, whether misguided or otherwise. Both Virgil and Theocritus use their eclogues to have a bit of fun at Corydon's expense. Pope's theme, however, is art. And especially the role of art as a bridge between the chaos of human passions and the great, calm patterns of eternity. It is for this reason that the beloved in "Summer" is never named. She is an ideal, without a place in nature but central to the concept of art. A source of agony for the emotions which are bound to the present, but of ecstasy for the mind which transcends. In this way she is unlike the beloved in Pope's classical sources who is for Corydon too much a figure of the flesh and of desirability.

There is irony in Pope's attitude toward Alexis, as there always must be in the precarious association of art and nature. When the
shepherd accepts an ideal of his own creation in place of an actual but unresponsive lover, the reader would err greatly should he assume that it is this ideal that Alexis truly loves and longs for. Martin Battestin suggests that Alexis "longs in vain to live with his ideal." But this is a misguided reading. Alexis longs for a fleshly love and longs to live at peace with nature. But in the face of his exclusion from love, and from the happy concourse of the natural world, he accepts the ideal as the lesser gift of his art. Here grudging convention is the only recourse for an art that is estranged from nature. In "Summer" the shepherd-poet accepts a conventional consolation; in the third eclogue he cannot do so.

"Autumn" begins by offering the poet the shade that was unhappily pursued in "Summer":

Beneath the shade a spreading Beech displays,  
Hylas and Aegon sung their rural lays.  
(11. 1-2)

As with "Spring" and "Summer", "Summer" and "Autumn" are linked by a shift in response to the elements. The welcome shade at noon becomes the uneasy shadows of nightfall. Dusk now embraces two shepherds, each in soliloquy. Again they complain of the problems of love. But Pope has arrived at the point of crisis in the overall pattern of the Pastoral, and the words that he gives to these shepherds, and the situations that he creates around them, mark this poem as unique among his eclogues. It is a pastoral addressed to despair. A poem of isolation and loneliness. The two shepherds in "Autumn" are caught in a flux and tormented by their sense of the impending and the unpredictable which are the chief characteristics of an emotional comprehension of time.
Wycherley receives the dedication of this eclogue, which is most fitting. Pope describes the poet-dramatist as one who is blessed by "Menander's fire", "skilled in nature", and privy to "the hearts of Swains ... and their tender pangs" (ll. 7-12). Of course this is the stuff of dedicatory convention. Yet it is especially apt in this context. "Autumn" displays a particular kind of irony that reaches for insight into the psychology of the individual in a manner reminiscent of Wycherley's dramatic technique. This is a claim to be made carefully, and with some reservations. The pastoral mode is not given to much profundity. But Pope's themes in these pastorals do wrestle with real human dilemmas, and it is in "Autumn" that his themes receive their most honest, and perhaps least "pastoral" treatment.

Anticipation and uncertainty define the tone in "Autumn". The two speaking characters have been abandoned by their beloveds and are found in anxious states of unexpected crisis and unpredictable resolution. Hylas, awaiting the return of his departed Delia, looks to nature as a source of relief through illusion. He combines art with observation for the sole purpose of self-delusion. Aegon, betrayed by Doris, sees only the mutual dissociation of art from nature, and is brought to despair by his discovery that art cannot make whole the fractured sensibility of human experience. The encounters of both shepherds with pain, separation, and disappointment, that is with the mutable realities of life, are like those of all men. In this respect they attain a "realism" denied to the other characters in Pope's *Pastorals*. They are suspended in the unpredictable element of the present, haunted and sometimes soothed by passive memory, but also tantalized and even horrified.
by the impending future. They await the resolutions of their crises in love unable to affect or alter the outcome, their present made uneasy by the illusions of past and future. Although they share with the shepherds of the other eclogues a deep consciousness of the patterns and cycles of the natural world, Aegon and Hylas are also keenly aware of the complete separation of human experience from anything that is dependable or stable. Whereas the activities in "Spring" and Messiah take place outside of mutability; and while the poets of "Summer" and "Winter" can find images of perfection and the eternal in the conventions of their art, the two shepherds in "Autumn" are overwhelmed by experience, and their art is made ineffective by the acute and immediate chaos of their dilemmas in the present. Their isolation is complete: as men they are separated from nature, as souls from a place in the mosaic of the eternal, as lovers from their beloveds, and as artists from the encounter of each other's art. This poem moves through the rhythms of experiential time; its minutes are measured out by emotional anticipation. "Autumn" is an image of humanity divorced from the reassuring perimeters of historical and Christian time, and thus the poem necessarily struggles against the nice pattern of the other eclogues.

Hylas sings first, sad words of a pain that "caused rocks to weep and made the mountains groan" (l. 16). The relationship between man and nature seems to have been restored, and the environment itself somehow seems to share and reflect the loss and suffering of the poet. The illusion is short-lived. The pathetic fallacy of the third stanza turns to a simple simile in line 19, "as some sas Turtle to his lost love implores," then to the strictly rhythmical artifice of the poem's
first refrain, "Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along." Hylas quickly discoversthe essential difference between his sense of loss and the apparent reflection of a similar pain in the natural world. The incidents of depletion, of decay and death, that mark the autumnal landscapes are the parts of a great pattern of change, all interrelated and each the necessary prelude to the revitalization of the land. But Hylas's love is absent by conscious choice, and her return, unlike the seasonal return of Spring, is not to be predicted. Her absence is not part of a plan of renewal to which her lover is partner; rather it is the disruption of their pattern of love. The source of Hylas's pain is founded in the discontinuity of the human life. But nature's decay is cyclical, and a part of a grand design of time, continuity and rebirth. Suffering belongs to the human particular, not the generality of nature.

When Hylas puts his rhetorical question the implications are two-fold: "Say, is not absence death to those who love?" (l. 30). The "deaths" that the shepherd has described in the previous stanza (ll. 23-30), those of limes and lilies, and flowers and trees, are either metamorphoses or hibernations. Each is representative of the progression of an element of the natural world through the successive stages of its seasonal cycle. Even the birds whose silence Hylas compares to that of his absent love are responding to this great unconscious pattern. Hylas's suffering has no such design. The "absence" Hylas experiences is a true separation, and his death from love's pain, though metaphoric, is the source of a real emotional distress and of a torment nowhere evinced in the long decay that autumn brings to nature. The pattern of Hylas's life has been suspended; the pattern of nature continues uninterrupted.
There are three clearly differentiated stages to Hylas’s response to this crucial distinction. In the first he projects his pain onto the absent Delia by damming the perfect landscape that holds her to suffer the ravages of the season which embraces him:

Cursed be the fields that cause my Delia’s stay;
Fade every blossom, wither every tree,
Die every flower, and perish all, but she.

(11. 32-4)

With this imagery Hylas externalizes the emotional desolation that he has described previously. He makes a wasteland of nature, stopping the cycle of decay and rebirth, and making of autumn’s decline a final death to all but Delia. But his love calls back these harsh images, and he declares instead an early spring with glories of colour to celebrate his beloved:

What have I said? where’er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise;
Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.

(11. 35-8)

Thus with one drastic shift in metaphor, Hylas transforms his pain and denies the image of death whose shadow has darkened both his world and his heart. The conventions of Arcadian love are completed when Hylas in his third stanza lifts his passions above even the glories of an imagined nature. His song to love is now to be eternal, outlasting all the sweet music of the birds, trees, and streams:

The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.

(11. 40-2)

These verses are very much in the tradition of pastoral idealism. They suggest a natural world whose antecedents are wholly literary and which
has no external correlative. These are the characteristics of the classical pastoral which Pope lauds in his "Discourse", and which have no communication with the supposed rustic realism of Ambrose Philips. But this is emphatically not a precious nor an escapist poetry. The ironic discrepancies between the timeless world of pastoral song and the tense, unpredictable situations in which the poet-shepherds find themselves bring a maturity and even a kind of psychology to Pope's classicism; traits which are lacking in the superficial naturalism of the Philips-Fontenelle type of pastoral. The pastoral is an art form that fulfills an intellectual need for perfection. But his is a perfection that is much at odds with its uncertain source in the emotions. Pope's shepherds as pastoral artists become increasingly aware of the tension between their pristine art with the intellectual satisfaction garnered from the patterns which it fulfills, and the tangle of emotion which inspires yet remains only partially fulfilled by such art. This contest between the intellectual and the emotional, between convention and experience, is the essential theme of all Pope's early work. In these poems love is the catalyst that enlivens social and artistic conventions. In the _Pastorals_ Pope uses love as he does in _The Rape of the Lock_ and _Eloisa to Abelard_ as the prime human passion, and the human image of the flux of experience around which he may act out whole complexes of social reality. Love in the early poems is a meeting point for the immediate and the potential, just as right action and moral choice are in the late satiric poetry. In the _Pastorals_ Pope makes an implicit but steady statement of his poetics by changing the quality of the love relationships suffered by his shepherds and portrayed by them
in their art. Art easily responds to the ideal and passive lovers of "Spring". This is not the case in "Autumn" in which the love relationships are active and subject to change. Hylas cannot suit his art to his situation. The poetry which he creates ultimately disregards and misrepresents his experience.

Such art as Hylas makes is all fancy. It denies the reality both of environment and emotion. It is marked by deceit. Autumn still surrounds Hylas; within him love is yet unrequited. But "frenzy" succeeds in summoning the image of Delia, and art covers reality with a dream:

Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!  
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?  
She comes, my Delia comes! ...

(11. 51-3)

Those "gentle gales" which bore away the shepherd's sighs have returned to him nothing but an echo. And this "echo" is the clue to the true nature of his vision of Delia, and a key word in this pastoral. It is Hylas's own art that returns to him in the echo. Nature brings back his sorrows to him. Sent out on the wind his complaint of Delia comes back an airy nothing, a delusion of hope. Nature replaces its losses with rebirths; the poet Hylas has no such power in his art. He cannot recreate Delia; he cannot remove the source of his unhappiness. Illusion alone remains his. It is interesting to note that Pope's source for the character of Hylas is an enchantress in Virgil who actually conjures up a phantom beloved. But Pope grants his lover no magic stronger than poetry, and poetry's true strength, as Pope well knew, resides in its sense of reality.

The second shepherd Aegon continues to play with this image of
an "echo." His refrain is constructed around the word "resound."

This is simply écho in its easiest form, meaning to repeat:

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!

(11. 57, 65, 71, 77, 85, 93)

But unlike Hylas, Aegon is not magic's fool. When confronted by life's unpredictability he is compelled into a vision of pessimism. For him there can be no hope of a return to past happiness, no pastoral dream of a restored Edenic love. His experience teaches him to judge the promises of the seasonal cycles as all false. Love has betrayed him despite his actions, and he cannot trust to any external system, any convention, or individual to bring about a return to innocence and hope. For him all must be forward movement and the exercise of individual will. Thus the conventional pattern of pastoral is inconsistent with the critical demands of Aegon's present moment. His life's fabric has been torn by a faithless lover. The elements of chance and risk in his encounter with Doris have brought the shepherd to despair: "of perjured Doris dying I complain."

But Aegon is not up to the now necessary task of self-regeneration. His art fails him, and he yields under the weight of despair. He looks for the re-iteration of his sorrows, a reply to his pessimism, in nature. There is no reply forthcoming.

His song like that of Hylas is divided into three parts. With the first he catalogues images of decline taken from the pastoral landscape that surrounds him:

Here where the mountains lessening as they rise Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies: While labouring oxen, spent with toil and heat, In their loose traces from the field retreat: While curling smokes from village tops are seen
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
(11. 59-64)

Each image of the wearing down of nature seems to reflect the emotional fall and death of the shepherd. The catalogue itself is spoken in descending order from mountains to vales to oxen to smoke to shadows on the grass, from the first substantial example to the last fleeting instance of topographic and diurnal decay. Next Aegon moves to images of decay which carry the story of his own losses in love:

Oft on the rind I carved her amorous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hope decays.
(11. 67-70)

These images are of a common sort. They recall Marvell and the carpe diem, and attempt for the moment to merge the lover's emotional death with the physical death in his surroundings. But with the third stanza of his song Aegon recognizes the essential difference between the human experience of change and that in nature. As the autumn landscape declines it displays the fruits and seeds of its own rebirth. The dying woods and fields are aflame with the colours of harvest that blend and flow into a composition of seasonal promise and return.

For Aegon there can be no such promise of a life annually renewed nor of a love innocently returned. The pattern of his existence must be woven in the moment and will always be unpredictable. This is his desperate epiphany:

Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?
(11. 72-6)
Here is truth, but it is a truth which Aegon cannot go beyond. He recognizes the distinction between the human and the natural worlds but with this recognition finds only paralysis and hopelessness. Thus he sacrifices himself to faithless love, to his own emblem for the erratic, active element of human emotions:

From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world— but love!
I know thee, Love! ... 
Thou wert from Etna's burning entrails torn ... (ll. 87-92)

Aegon chooses to end life when he discovers that consciousness of choice and incumbent responsibility are the traits that separate a man from his natural environment. Although his despair is real and gives to his eclogue a somewhat elegaic tone, his weakness is a grave fault and becomes in turn the source of a subtle irony in Pope's final image in the eclogue:

One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
Thus sang the shepherds till th' approach of night....
(ll. 95-7)

Both shepherds are left unfulfilled in their intended resolutions. Both continue to sing the same sad but weak-willed laments while their dilemmas remain unrelieved, their art incomplete. This is the implication of Pope's closing verse, "Thus sang the shepherds till th' approach of night." When confronted by the unpredictable reality of the moment, pastoral art cannot achieve any resolution. It is a static vision, dependent upon self-contained and conventional patterns of fulfillment, and capable of giving form to only a passive experience of life.

Aegon and Hylas cannot make pastorals out of loves which contain
such large amounts of uncertainty. Their Virgilian counterparts were simply mocked at for unreasonableness in love; for those classical shepherds there was no doubt of their place within Arcadia from whence they simply and, rationally one might add, ignored those influences which beckoned from outside their confines. Although Pope treats his two shepherds ironically, he does not deny their dilemma. In adapting Virgil he develops to full impact an emotional crisis that is but lightly treated in the original, and thus he uses this meeting of art and life to indicate the very edge of the pastoral flatland; an edge which Hylas discovers but will not, or rather cannot, leap beyond.

Several readers have pointed to the satiric element in "Autumn". The eclogue is weightier than its fellows and is marked by a poignancy and tension that are absent from the other *Pastorals*. Irony is present, and Pope makes his readers aware of the self-centred absurdity of his shepherds' despair. But he is similarly self-conscious in his attitude toward Alexis in "Summer", and one erra if the satiric element is stressed too heavily. Martin Battestin is inclined to use the presence of satire as an explanation for the difficult and different atmosphere in "Autumn." By doing so he attempts to establish a generic integrity for the eclogue that separates it from the rest of the *Pastorals*. The result offers insights into "Autumn" but at the expense of Pope's overall accomplishments in the cycle, and the reader continues to be perplexed with the sudden seriousness and complexity of "Autumn."

But it is not the element of satire that creates this effect of alienation in the poem. There is satire in each of the *Pastorals,* from the political allusions in the closing riddles of "Spring," through the
characterization of Alexis, to the closing images of "Winter."²⁶

However, the purposes to which the satiric element is put in "Autumn" are strikingly different. Now Pope focuses upon the uncertainty of human experiences, that ever-present element of change and flux over which the individual exercises no control. In the other pastorals the shepherds are able to see their experiences of time and its alterations in terms of the exercises of mutability in their natural environment. They accept this pattern in nature as a sufficient metaphor for their own seasons of love and suffering, growth and death. Hylas and Aegon are transfixed by more immediate problems. Their dilemmas are beyond their control, and they must submit their fortunes to the external whims and to the uncertain promises and actions of beloveds over whom they exercise no real influence. The pattern of the seasons and the regular and implicit cycles of nature provide no true metaphors, hold no consolations for these two shepherd-poets. Their alienation gives a very different and even painful turn to their art; and when Pope moves to satirize the foolishness of these lovers, as he does all lovers in his poetry, his tone must necessarily take on an ironic and tenuous quality. Here he confronts reality with the satiric; he encounters the ambivalent and unpredictable with the possible and ideal. It is the first such encounter in his poetry and, although small, still a significant predecessor of the great engagements of moral expectation with the uncertainty and insufficiency of human endeavor that are the central issues of the late epistles and satires. Hylas in his self-delusion and Aegon in his despairing cowardice are the forbears of the Cibers and the Balams.

In this respect they are richer creations than Alexis and Thyris although all are necessarily diminished by the conventions of the genre in which
they appear.

But their differences and the disquieting effects of their brief, almost elegaic interludes do not take Hylas and Aegon outside of the world of the pastoral. They come to the very limits of that world, but it is Pope's design that they should so threaten to fall from Arcadia. The bucolic arts that were sweet and satisfying to the singers in "Spring" but were inadequate interpreters of Alexis's situation in "Summer," are the diffident and disquieting guides to the emotional dilemmas of Hylas and Aegon. Such is the crisis of art. It creates worlds of convention and control which but darkly indicate reality. Poetry is no easy explicator of human experiences. It does not kindly adjust to the constant change of lives and ages. The simpler way is to return uncritically to the traditional. This Pope does with the eclogue "Winter," rebuilding a classical expression that leads hopefully into the eternal promise of Messiah. But "Autumn" stands at the apex, a constant reminder of the difficult distance that separates the ideal from the real. In this fashion, in its tone, and especially through the complex and significant relationship that it shares with the other four Pastorals, "Autumn" is the "satiric" voice among the seasons. It offers no explicit lesson, speaks by no easy example. But the ambivalence and tension that mark the eclogue's tone make an important impact upon the whole cycle. These are qualities that will reappear and achieve their first full statement in Eloisa to Abelard.

When Martin Battestin describes "Autumn" as a poetic disunion that somehow clashes with the other four Pastorals he is utterly correct. The poem is almost a contradiction of the principles Pope espoused in
his "Discourse" and to which he attends so closely in the other eclogues. But Battestin's error, and it is one that he shares with Johnson and most readers of this poem, is his determination that so strained a sensibility as the one exhibited in "Autumn" must be contrary to the overall pattern of the Pastoral. "Autumn" strives against the other eclogues because it comes deliberately closer than they to contact with the reality of human experiences. Not that it is "realistic" in any sense. It is still very much contrived in its setting and characters. But in its attention to the mood of isolation that marks man off from nature, this eclogue denies itself any encounter with the conventional patterns of time and consolation which contain Pope's other pastorals, and which he accepts with other neoclassicists as essential characteristics of the genre. Yet "Autumn" is not the last of the pastorals. We do not follow Aegon over the precipice and into the dark chasm below. Nor can we say that Aegon himself ever takes his plunge. The chaos of his experiences is the nadir to which we arrive in journeying through the poems, but "Winter" soon returns us to the conventional, and to a concept of art that attempts to lift men out of their dark present with the hope and promise of eternity.

The scene of "Winter" Pope tells us "lies in a grove, the time at midnight." The late afternoon shadows which appeared at the close of "Summer" and grew into the ever "lengthening shades" in the final image of "Autumn," have become the eternal shade, an actual death, in the opening of the fourth eclogue. All nature is silent, frozen over with winter, while the shepherds are chilled by their own loss, the death of Daphne. Once again a crisis in love focuses the poetry. But in this instance
the beloved is separated from her suitors by death. And it becomes apparent that even when she lived Daphne was viewed more as a principle of beauty than as an actual woman.

The relationship between man and nature and the demands consequently placed upon art have moved back to a position that is parallel to that in "Summer." Indeed the Daphne of "Winter's" lament is identified as the unnamed woman who so bewitched and tormented Alexis in the second eclogue:

Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That called the listening Dryads to the plain.

(11. 11-2)

Although the beloved of "Summer" is now named she has lost none of her aloof and ideal qualities. Daphne is quite simply the muse of pastoral innocence. She is closely drawn from the Virgilian original who in the Roman's fifth eclogue and Theocritus's Idyll I was Daphnis, the legendary first pastoral poet. Pope's Daphne is no less emblematic. Her passing takes the element of innocence out of the world and plunges the shepherds into a sudden recognition of the bleak prospects life truly offers:

Ah what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

(11. 35-6)

Despair, however, has no place here. The sadness at Daphne's passing and the love she inspired in life are of a mythic kind. They touch the heart only by way of the mind, and lead immediately to reassurances that all the activities of the little world have their place in the eternal. This is a great change from the emotional flux of "Autumn" in which the lost beloveds were both very much human beings, fickle and finite in all they did and felt. Doris and Delia could not
guide and reassure. Because they are subject to the same assaults of
time and mutability as were their shepherd-lovers, their departure from
and betrayal of love were inescapably human failings. But Daphne is
beyond mutability. In "Summer" she never condescended to accept the
invitations of Alexis although his "sweet numbers pleased the rural throng."
And in the fourth eclogue death takes her beyond the realm of human
consideration so that the sadness it inspires becomes a necessary condi-
tion of life. That is, Daphne's "departure", unlike that of Doris or
Delia, is absolute. There is no element of choice nor any possibility
of her return. Her mourners, Lycidas and Thyris, can hold no false
hopes, no illusions, such as plagued Hylas and Aegon. So it is that
with this pastoral Pope returns to the idea of art as pure convention
that he presented first in "Summer." But now his shepherd-artists have
lost the innocence of "Spring" and even the optimism that sometimes
characterized Alexis. After the dark voyage of irony and true despair
in "Autumn" the pastoral art can no longer turn easily to conventional
patterns of hope. Thus begins the poetic apotheosis of Daphne in the
tradition of pastoral elegy, and with her heavenly rebirth comes the
earthly assurances of perfection and eternity through art.

Pope employs two voices in "Winter," the shepherds Lycidas and
Thyris. They join in colloquy, as did the voices in "Spring," thus
breaking the temporary pattern of isolation established by the singers
in "Autumn." A sense of community is here restored.

Lycidas is much like Strephon from the first eclogue. His chief
concern is for the fertility of the land and the health of his flock.
It was Strephon, one recalls, who offered a lamb as a prize and a bull
as a sacrifice in "Spring." And Daphnis, possessor of the famous bowl in the first eclogue, finds his second image here in the poet Thyrsis who is called upon to eulogize the new goddess Daphne:

(To Thyrsis)
So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin: this charge the dying Daphne gave ....
(11. 15-7)

Such parallels with the first and, especially, the second eclogues serve to re-establish conventional pastoral mannerisms, reclaiming the arcadian sensibility from the dissociation that it suffered in "Autumn."

The great beauty of this pastoral, Pope's favourite and the most delicately turned of the eclogues, is in the long description of the desolate and static landscape of the winter scene (11. 29-68). All nature is silent and still while Thyrsis laments. All the senses are brought into his description, but only to be set in paralysis by Daphne's passing. Taste, sound, smell, sight, and touch are now lost sensations as flocks refuse food (11. 37-8), Echo herself is silent (11. 41-4), woodland perfumes have vanished (11. 46-50), flowers have lost their glory while clouds obscure the sky (11. 29-34), and birds and larks have suspended their probing and gliding (11. 51-5). Even the ice upon the boughs and branches becomes an image of this arrested condition, like tears that forever well but will not flow: "Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear" (1. 31). The five verses structured around the progressive cessation of the senses comprise the longest single passage in the pastorals. But bleak though its images may be it is still the product of a conscious universal order, and is safely embraced by the verities of eternity. Thyrsis finally witnesses Daphne's metamorphosis
and with this blessed motion of the heavens the lost sensations of nature are restored through the poet:

But see! where Daphne wandering mounts on high Above the clouds, above the starry sky Eternal beauties grace the shining scene, Fields ever fresh, and groves forever green!

(ll. 69-73)

With this vision of the beneficent intercessor the poet is given a fixed star to assure and guide him through the travails of the dark season.

Now the sad silence of the woodlands is, turned from the effects of despair to a transfixed, almost religious fascination with the beauty of the poet's song. With an allusion to the delicate metamorphosis of the ravaged Philomela into a gifted nightingale, Lycidas attributes the pall of silence upon the world to nature's anticipation of the poetry of the nightingale, Thyrsis. This appearance of myth is the chief development in the fourth eclogue. With the general effect of Daphne's apotheosis and the particular example of Philomela, the use of myth becomes the pastoral poet's prime method of re-interpreting reality to suit his genre's orderly preconception of the eternal. As it is rendered by the poet Thyrsis, Daphne's death becomes a glorious transformation that bodes well for all as it seals a kind of bond of obligation between the infinite and the finite. And Lycidas immediately uses the myth of Philomela to reinterpret the harsh still landscape of winter in a gentle and fanciful manner:

Now all things listen, while thy Muse complains! Such silence waits on Philomela's strains, In some still evening ....

(ll. 77-9)

In this instance David S. Durant is correct when he draws the reader's attention to this seemingly total subjugation of nature to the recreative
will of the artist. 28 Such is the great lie of pastoral convention: to make a close bond with eternity and attempt to deal with life by lifting it outside of experiential time.

For the shepherds of the first eclogue who dwelt in the original and peaceable arcadia there was no such need because they lived beyond the claims of mutability. But beginning with the second eclogue and the first descent of Pope's time-conscious schedule for his Pastorals, the shepherd-poets are brought into the world of fallen time. But Alexis in pursuit of his Daphne is able to transcend this context. No such option is available to Hylas or Aegon. Because they are caught in the flux of the unpredictable human element, they have no opportunity of escape to the eternal and no recourse to an ideal art, but are bound forever by the limitations of their fallen world with all its sorrows and repetitions. The conventions of pastoral art are restored in "Winter" and with them the artists reclaim the assurances of an ideal world and a classical pantheon. But Pope's scheme for his Pastorals remains incomplete at this point. He has taken the genre from its arcadian origins through the descending arc of fallen time, and then restored it to its classical setting, now deepened by the accumulated experiences of mutability. But it remains for him to infuse these poetics with the example of Christian art, and to frame his images of fallen time with those of the Christian millennium.

Although something of the innocence that evigorated the early Pastorals has been regained through the shepherd-poet's use of myth in "Winter" the impressions left by the experience of frantic, fallen time in "Autumn" have not been wholly eradicated. And Thyrsis follows his
pacan to Daphne with a closing reminder of the powerful influences of
time upon his art:

    Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
    Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.

    (11. 87-8)

If the pastoral poet is to regain the lost innocence of "Spring" he
must free himself and his art from the enslaving measures of fallen
time. And so "Winter" closes on an unhappy note; and classical pastoral
must await the Christian example to free it from its earthly bonds.

In this respect it is no coincidence that Pope's eclogue "Winter"
recalls Milton's pastoral elegy in so many details, from the character
of Lycidas to the floral chorus that proclaims the apotheosis of the
new muse. Both use their elegies to summarize and classify classical
traditions in the genre, and Pope, like Milton in Lycidas, will complete
his pastoral exercise by enclosing the classical within the Christian.
This he does with Messiah. Pope always considered Messiah as the fifth
and last of his Pastoral. In the 1717 edition of the poems he placed
his version of Virgil's Pollio immediately after his seasonal poems and
encouraged his readers to consider them as one unit. Where tradition
has long separated the works, recent criticism has granted Pope's wish.
Both Martin Battestin and Frederick Keener consider all five eclogues
as one unit in their analyses of the Pastoral. The triumph of art
over time begun in the seasonal poems but left incomplete there, reaches
its fulfillment with Messiah, and all five poems are very closely tied
in theme and execution.

Messiah restores the optimism and innocence which began to fade
from the Pastoral after "Spring." It is a herald of the second Eden
which breaks the bonds of time that held the shepherds in the preceding
eclipsed. It is a total repudiation of the patternless and temporal
which dissociated the sensibilities in "Autumn." Messiah begins with an
invocation to the muse. In this point it recalls "Spring" but with one
important difference. Whereas the poet in the first pastoral asked for
a special dispensation that would allow the transfer of Sicilian modes to
an English medium, from Theocritus to Pope himself, the invocation of
Messiah asks that the complete pastoral scenario, with all its conventions,
be moved to the higher plane of religious prophecy. In both instances
the invocation is entirely conventional, but the shift in Messiah immedi-
ately indicates the relationship that poem bears to Pope's other pastorals:
with Messiah Pope uses the authority of Christian historical and millen-
nial time to confirm the ideals and aspirations of the pagan arcadia.
This completes the arch initiated by "Spring." The pastoral experience
is now returned to the locus amoenus of an ideal world through a Christian
reclamation. Now Christ assumes Daphne's role as the bucolic muse. But
whereas Daphne, though she was the shepherd's inspiration in the seasonal
poems, and particularly in "Summer" and "Winter", was never an actual
persona but appeared only in the allusions of the shepherd's song, Christ
is the only figure to be delineated in Messiah. 30 Now a single narrative
voice speaks; and there are no dramatic personae. Indeed there are no
dramatic tensions whatsoever in Messiah, and the whole piece is one
sustained and static celebration.

The chief development in this pastoral is the transformation of
the elements of mythology and hope from the pagan eclogues into Christian
theology and happy reality. But lost in the transition is the human
aspect of the pastoral, that sense of tension and uncertainty, the need for and yet the fear of love, which, although it expanded and contracted throughout the seasonal poems, remained a crucial point in the understanding of those works. And in this respect Pope differs from his two sources for Messiah. Both Virgil and Isaiah are very conscious of the human element around which their allegorical prophecies of a new and glorious time are worked. For Virgil the Golden Age is an historical event, despite the assertions of later Christian exegetes to the contrary. And Isaiah, like all Old Testament prophets, speaks God's word as a man, and in a human voice describes the human event to come, and he speaks this allegory against the very vivid background of human sins and failings. Yet Pope's disembodied narrator is deliberate in his expunging of the human from his tone and message. And to this end: that he should found the new Eden entirely outside the bounds of experiential, that is of human, time.

The centrality of this theme of time binds Messiah to Pope's other Pastorals because it is only through the obliteration of fallen time in Messiah that the ideal goal of those other eclogues can be attained. So it is that this "fifth" eclogue immediately answers the complaints of the earlier shepherds. The elemental inconvenience of "Spring" and "Summer", the sudden shower which interrupted the shepherd's singing in the former (ll. 101-02), and the insufferable heat that silenced Alexis in the latter (ll. 89-92), are quickly and effectively relieved:

The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,  
From storms a shelter and from heat a shade.  
(ll. 13-4)

Next the dilemmas of Hylas and Aegon are adroitly, if somewhat too easily
dispensed with when "returning Justice" puts an end to "fraud" and thus
puts an end to such future betrayals in love as had plagued those two
shepherds (11. 17-18). And finally the closing yearning of the eclogue
"Winter" is answered when Daphne returns to her faithful in the person
of the infant Christ: "and white-robed Innocence from heaven descends"
(1. 20). In this fashion Messiah indicates its relationship to the
Pastorals within its first twenty lines. But Pope takes greater care
to resolve his early statement of poetics with Messiah.

In the eclogue "Spring" nature and art could be compatibly united
through human agents. A close and happy union was effected between men
and their environment through conventionally Edenic means. But this union
was lost through the effects of time and the experience of human isola-
tion, and only partially regained in "Winter" through metaphoric and
mythological identifications of nature with men. Still time prevailed.
With Messiah metaphor and reality become one, and the tyranny of time is
ended. This Pope does by restoring the senses which were paralyzed by
the onslaughts of winter. What Thyrsis could only accomplish with metaphor
("Winter", 70-6), Christ may achieve in fact:

See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saro rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears.

(11. 26-30)

Touch ("dance"), taste ("spicy"), smell ("perfumes"), sound ("voice"),
and sight ("appear"), are each fully re-activated, so that poetry and
reality, once separated in "Winter", are once again united as they were
in "Spring."

Notice too how Pope has employed the same chorus to announce the
coming of the Messiah that he used to bemoan the passing of Daphne in "Winter." Even the hills which "resounded" the bitter sighs of Aegon are here transformed into the rocks that "proclaim the approaching Deity" (1.32). Despite the fact that much of Pope's material for Messiah is taken directly from his sources in Virgil and Isaiah, it is apparent that he has laboured to connect these images to the themes and devices of the four earlier Pastorals. Messiah consciously completes those poems.

But the great achievement of Messiah is the return of the Edenic God to the earth. The metamorphosis of Daphne is reversed: the mortal creature who died and became a god in "Winter" is now the God who is born and becomes a mortal man. The myth thus becomes the reality, and Alexis's fantasy song of "descending gods" ("Summer", 60-2), becomes a recorded fact. Of course this is all seen from a Christian perspective in which the attempt by pagan art to recapture the golden age can never be more than mythology until enlivened by the fact of the Redemption.

But to break the bonds of time, to become immortal, is to lose all touch with humanity, and thus the art in Messiah, though quite remarkable in technique, is ultimately superficial and lifeless. Such was Reuben Brower's complaint and it is echoed by Frederick Keener. Pope will encounter the same problem when he imagines a contemporary social utopia through his descriptions of the Man of Ross in the Epistle to Bathurst. In any image of a Christian new-Eden there can be no more sense of "reality" than there could be in a pagan Arcadia. So it is that Messiah is a near-perfect twin to "Spring."

If "Spring" is the pagan image of perfection, and Messiah the transcendent Christian reclamation of that ideal of a golden age, then one
might well summarize the intellectual design of the complete pastoral cycle in this fashion. With "Spring" and Messiah Pope presents images of the past and the future, those intellectual states of time nowhere to be found in actual experience. While in "Autumn" he recreates the anxiety and contradiction that is the true image of man's sense of time-present. Thus "Autumn", the actual and chaotic experience of time pulls away from "Spring" and Messiah, the intellectual and ordered projections of the cosmic year of the Great Chain of Being. The interposed statements of "Summer" and "Winter", respectively employ the poetic devices of metaphor and mythology to sustain the grand tension of the overall design. While art and nature are synonymous terms in "Spring" and Messiah, and totally antinomous in "Autumn," Alexis and Thyrsis create illusions of the compatibility of these two states in their respective eclogues. And, in this respect, if Alexis and Thyrsis are types of the seventeenth-century gardener, grooming the earth in the images of Arcadia and the new-Eden, then Aegon and Hylas dwell in the grotto of "Autumn," in the dark and rebellious underside of art and nature.

The sense of life in Pope's Pastoral comes from his encounters with fluid and internal experiences of time as moments that are lived; not from the external and intellectual patterns of historical and Christian time. And Messiah transcends all dimensions of human time with a long catalogue (ll. 47-90) that reverses the many situations of death and destruction that plague the fallen world. Beginning with an image of death bound "in adamantine chains" it closes with a clever and crowded image of yet-unborn souls that are already reaching for
their heavenly rewards:

See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See, future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

(II. 87-90)

Such artifice is richer than anything to be found in the other eclogues.

All awareness of time vanishes as sun and moon dissolve in one blaze of eternal light:

No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in Thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'er flow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!

(II. 99-104)

Here the greatest expectations for the golden age are fulfilled, and Pope's pastoral art stands at the fullest remove from that bitter farewell to the light of day, and the total lengthening of every shade with which the eclogue "Autumn" had closed. Now the hopeful dawn of "Spring" (I. 21) is made eternal. And when the bonds of time are broken and those of space are dissolved, then all of nature becomes one with art, united in the creating word:

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay;
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

(II. 105-08)

Now the fiat lux is triumphant. But not through the resolution of the anxieties of the human condition. Messiah is an image of the perfect kingdom that will come at the end of the world's Great Year. And lost in the complex pattern of that divine calendar is the dark terror of man's single day. And so it is that "Autumn" pulls away from the high
Leaf 73 omitted in page numbering.
by random and darkling actuality. Until, in the Dunciad, this character bitterly concedes to the onslaught of chaos.

But in the Pastoral the two experience of time, the ordered and removed, and the chaotic and immediate, are not brought into direct conflict, although both are presented at some length. Each is contained in separate poems, a design that creates a tension in the overall pattern, but presents no direct engagement nor conflict. The same is true of the other early poems. In Windsor Forest Pope takes up the external perspective on its own, and views the human estate from within a vast historical and religious scheme. Hope and expectation are thus impersonal and potentially assurable. The poet deals principally with images of past and future. In Eloisa to Abelard Pope creates his first fully developed persona who dwells in the immediate moment, and Pope probes this individual consciousness for an internal appreciation of the same problem, that of sustaining order against the threat of chaos. Windsor Forest thus follows in the manner of Messiah and "Spring" in its attempts to create a poetry that can sustain that promised order of tradition, while Eloisa to Abelard expands the situation of "Autumn" as it struggles to create a language of hope from the limited perspective of the isolated individual. These are two very different appreciations of time and history. The first is external, patterned, and progressive in its movement from Eden to Eternity. The second is internal, fluid, and Lockean in its recognition that each man may be a world and an eternity unto himself. The first of these is the garden; the second, the grotto. And for Pope they may never be successfully separated nor merged.
NOTES

Chapter Two


4. Pope makes this plea in his brief "Discourse on Pastoral Poetry". Future references to both this essay and Pope's paper published as Guardian 40 will be to the texts in Volume One of the Twickenham Edition of the works. The editors of this volume are E. Audra and Aubrey Williams, Pastoral Poetry and An Essay on Criticism (London: Methuen, 1961). In part the problematic attitude that has always made serious acceptance of the Pastoral difficult is caused by Pope himself. He always thought these the most technically proficient of his works, but, because he used the very early date of their composition as evidence of his natural genius and prodigy (Pope was a man of considerable vanity), Pope contributed to the impression that they should bear an innocent resemblance to the later poetry. The best known of these references comes in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, "Soft were my numbers; who could take offence/ While pure Description held the place of Sense" (II. 147-8). But these late reflections, and all are ambiguously rhetorical ones, should not deny that intensity with which Pope actively defended his Pastoral at the time of their publication. In the process he makes his first literary enemies in Philips, Addison and Dennis (Sherburn, pp. 144-49). Nor can one avoid the deep influences that both the theory and the practice of the Pastoral had upon Pope as a writer and a man. He continued to rework these poems throughout his life, and made improvements upon them for each new edition of his works (Williams,
Twickenham Edition, pp. 50-55). Pope's poetic attitude often returns to that of the Pastoral, and he actually constructed his estate at Twickenham and led his private life there in keeping with pastoral precepts (Maynard Mack, The Garden and the City: Retirement and Politics in the Latter Poetry of Pope, Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1969). There is little doubt that the ethics and the image of the garden paradise were a strong and central force in Pope's life and philosophy. This alone suggests that his formative works of prodigy are deserving of a more reflective attention than that which most critics have been inclined to give.


9 The Oaten Flute, p. 41.


16 See diagram, Appendix I.
17 The Poetry of Allusion, pp. 24-8.

18 Of course, Pope's obvious reference in these lines is an elaborate and conventional reference to himself and Sir William Trumbull. He as thrush and Trumbull as nightingale. But one should also stress the precise and elegant tone of Pope's little concerto in nature. This relationship between the birds and their songs (and the decorum displayed by their audience) is a consistent precursor of the ongoing compatibility of art and nature in the eclogue 'Spring.'


21 See Dryden's translation from Virgil. Pope owes many of his phrasings to Dryden.


25 In "A Discourse" Pope writes of pastoral that "the numbers ... should be the smoothest, the most easy, and flowing imaginable ... consisting in simplicity, brevity, and delicacy," thus making "Autumn" all the more conspicuous. See Aubrey William's comments in "Introduction," Twickenham Edition, I, 51.

26 See diagram, Appendix I.

27 It is not necessary to associate Daphne so closely with the unnamed woman of Alexis' song, although Martin Battestin would join me in identifying the two women as being in fact one. ('The Transforming Power," p. 198) However one cannot altogether overlook the significant reference that Pope makes to the second eclogue. Obviously he intends the reader, at this very early point in the poem (l. 11), to begin drawing parallels between the summer and winter eclogues.


29 "The Transforming Power: Nature and Art in Pope's Pastoral," pp. 201-04. Frederick M. Keener, An Essay on Pope (New York: Columbia University Press, 1974), pp. 27-9. Although the Twickenham editors separate Messiah from the Pastoral their justification for this policy seems weak. They use Pope's assertion from Guardian 40 that most critics of pastoral consider only two of Virgil's ten eclogues as true pastoral, and exclude his Pollux because of its religious overtones. In this the
editors ignore the obviously ironic vein of the Guardian paper. Pope seldom, if ever, shares the common critical opinion of his contemporaries on any matter. However, if all else fails, then common sense dictates that an author be allowed to choose the genre in which he will labour. And Pope did subtitle his Messiah, "A Sacred Eclogue."

30. The historic reference is to Walsh's friend, Mrs. Tempest. But the connection between this woman's actual demise and the death of the mythological Daphne is quite secondary to Pope's purpose in these verses. In his own notes to the poem, Pope clearly indicates that his dedication to Mrs. Tempest was a decided after-thought. His first intention was to dedicate the poem to Walsh himself. Therefore, while one must keep Mrs. Tempest in mind when reading Pope's account of Daphne's transformation, one should not allow this historic reference to in any way minimize the thematic development of the various allusions. See the Twickenham Edition, vol. I, p. 88. Here is an excerpt from the letter in which Walsh asks the favour of Pope:

Your last Eclogue being upon the same subject as that of mine on Mrs. Tempest's Death, I shou'd take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as it were to the Memory of the same Lady, if it were not written for some particular Woman whom you wou'd make immortal. You may take occasion to shew the difference between Poets Mistresses, and other Men's. I only hint this, which you may either do, or let alone just as you think fit. (I shall be very much pleas'd to see you again in Town, and to hear from you in the mean time.)


32. A complete list of the borrowings for Messiah is given in the notes to the Twickenham Edition, Volume One.

33 An Essay on Pope, p. 29.
What can you dream to make Time real again?
I have read in a book that dream is the mother of memory,
And if there's no memory where-- oh, what-- is Time?
(Robert Penn Warren, "Dream")
Chapter Three

Windsor Forest: A Dream of Order

The language of hyperbole throughout much of Windsor Forest immediately recalls that of Messiah. Both poems take Virgil's Aeneid as a major source and both are of that species of poetry which seeks to effect a metamorphosis of the historical present by discovering in the events of the moment the emerging pattern of a new Golden Age. The first draft of Windsor Forest was probably composed some four or five years before the Messiah and lacked any point of historical focus more immediate than the general celebration of the Tory expectations for the renewed Stuart line and an assertion of the "tyranny" attendant upon the appointed monarchy of Orange. In this early form Windsor Forest was already a poem with an apparently more historic theme than Messiah, but the appearance of the Treaty of Utrecht as an ostensible subject gave the expanded version of 1713 a specific historic context out of which to generate its stylized vision of a new Augustan age. Both poems then are concerned with the transforming powers of a unusual event in human history; their achievements lie in their presentation of that vision of transformation not in any attempt to understand the historic event or the human moment. But the "event" at the centre of Messiah, the advent of Christ, is so unique that it can be easily transferred from the actual to the plane of ideas and literature. The event is in itself the very symbol of the new Golden Age, and in it the ideal and the actual are indistinguishable. The circumstances of Queen Anne's treaty are far less significant to the general history and expectations
of mankind, and accordingly the moment must be expanded and heightened. This Pope achieves by establishing the treaty within a calculated structure of partisan history, metaphor and mythology. In this manner the actual and historic moment is defined only through its prefiguration of the ideal in the eternal.

Both Messiah and Windsor Forest depend upon the poet and the public exposition of his art to create an order that finds in the actual some reflection of the ideal. This typological interpretation of political history necessitates the discovery of wholeness behind the partial, of unity where separation and division seem to prevail. What Pope writes of the potentially unifying power of the river Thames in Windsor Forest also applies to his own method in that poem:

Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind
And seas but join the regions they divide.
(11. 398-400)

That which divides may, when viewed from a longer perspective, be seen to join, as that which puts an end to war may be said truly to make a beginning for peace. But where one chooses the more optimistic interpretation of events the tendency is to move quickly away from the actual and to speak in terms of the benevolence of the fullness of time. The significance of the present is consequently to be found only in its interpretation of the past and its prefiguration of the future.

Pope gives over most of Windsor Forest to the contemplation of lost ideals and a prophecy of their restoration and allows but small consideration of the actual events of history and the human condition. In this respect his work differs vastly from his supposed sources. He makes no attempt to construct a coherent progression of fallen history
from a lost Eden to the possibility of its reclamation as Milton does in
the hill-top sequence of *Paradise Lost* (XI, 370-870). He offers no
instructive historic allegory like that of Denham's stag hunt in *Cooper's
Hill* or Virgil's apiary in the fourth Georgic. Nor does his description
of country life reflect the reality of labour and the careful inter-
relation of man with nature that distinguish Virgil's reanimation of a
civilized society in the *Georgics* from the tragedy of civil war in Book
One to the image of social cooperation in his description of bee-keeping
in Book Four.³ Both Denham and Virgil find the reassertion of universal
order in the specific exposition of order in nature and in its discovery
and imitation by rural man. Pope has no such careful transitions. The
prospect of a true monarchy, the promise of a single treaty, those
isolated events become the focus for a metamorphosis that miraculously
reclaims the fallen world. Unlike Virgil's *Georgics*, Pope's poem has no
internal process of history, nor makes any active search for nature's
order through practical principles such as Virgil's examples in farming
and husbandry.⁴ For Pope the art of the georgic and its vision of a
new Golden Age are the products of the meditating mind in *Windsor Forest*,
the discoveries of culture and not of Virgil's agriculture. The temper
of Pope's georgic is much closer to that of his *Pastorals* than is Virgil's
to his *Eclogues*. And as in the *Pastorals* Pope's hero ultimately is the
poet himself, who "paints the green forests and the flowery plains" (1. 428).

In the opinion of Kenneth Clark the achievement of Virgil in
the *Georgics* is the fine mixture of instructive realism with the innocent
dream of a perfect time.⁵ But Virgil does not doubt, nor does Milton,
that arduous labours must precede any rewarding glimpse of the Golden Age.
Following his invocation Virgil begins his poems with the image of oxen breaking the stubborn ground after the harsh frosts of winter:

    E'en in this early dawning of the year,
    Produce the plow, and yoke the sturdy steer,
    And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
    Till the bright share is buried in the soil.

Not so Pope. If anything his poem reverses Virgil's procedure. The invocation of Windsor Forest is followed by a sweeping description of the new Eden in England (ll. 7-42), and only after the establishment of an ideal image of the Forest does Pope plunge his narrative into the experience of fallen man. And when this fall comes it carries the poetry back to the chaotic times of the Norman kings. There is no engaging of England's historic present state until much later in the poem. Indeed there is no extended consideration of the "present" until the meditation upon Trumbull at line 235. And nowhere is fallen time described with the immediate sense of sweat and struggle which Virgil evokes in his Georgics. Pope does not attempt to represent the daily toil of men, to reproduce any image of the slow chaotic progress of time as it is experienced in the individual life. There is nothing of the temporal realism that distinguishes Virgil's work. The actual lands and seasons of the Forest, and the history associated with the grounds of Windsor are secondary to the supreme symbol of the Forest itself as it is created and sustained by the poet.

The reign of Anne and the Treaty of Utrecht provide an efficacious historical point at which to prophesy the sudden transformation of England from a fallen land torn by civil strife to a commercial Arcadia; but this change is to be achieved not through the determined labours of the people nor through the gradual evolution of a civilized consciousness,
but through the miracle of a metamorphosis initiated by Anne's divine fiat: "Let Discord cease!" (1. 327). And it is the theme of metamorphosis, of the beauty of the sudden resolution of crisis and dilemma through the poetic operation of the gods in nature that makes the Lodona episode central to any full appreciation of the poem and thus something much more than the old-fashioned literary device too often complained of by commentators. The symbolic action of this interlude joins the two distinct sections of Windsor Forest and establishes the precedent by which the poet can move from the long expectation of rejuvenation to the splendid vision of a new age.

Windsor Forest can be divided into seven units, which in turn are organized into two movements, each comprised of three parts, that are connected by the story of Lodona's metamorphosis. The first movement (11. 1-164) begins with the identification of the Forest with the eternal day of the New Eden (11. 1-42), then turns to the long and stagnant night of England's rule by William I (11. 43-92), and resolves itself with the return of the good earth to the fruition of the seasonal cycle (11. 93-164). As the movement closes, the natural order is yearning for its prelapsarian stability. During the interlude that follows Pope carefully delineates the allegory of Lodona personifying and answering the Forest's desire for rejuvenation with the example of the nymph's metamorphosis (11. 165-234). The second movement of the poem (11. 235-434) is initiated with the celebration of Trumbull's retirement to Windsor Forest and the parade of poets who have found inspiration within the Forest (11. 253-98). With this episode that first idyllic description of Windsor Forest re-enters the poem through the example of the poets who are able
to recreate the Golden Age out of their meditation upon the natural world. Once again the poem moves from an indication of the potential for the ideal to a description of the actuality of the historic by way of the catalogue of English monarchs whose fates have been joined with those of the Forest, who actually establish the Stuart line, and are then lost with England in the trauma of civil war (11: 299-328). Both historic interludes are closed with the image of a lost and lonely grave: William who is denied a grave in line 80, and Charles whose grave goes unmarked in line 320. Again a metamorphosis is effected.

On this occasion Father Thames appears to pronounce the blessing of the land's glorious future. In the case of the first transformation, when spring renewed the fertility of the land after the Norman tyranny, it was "Liberty, Britannia's Goddess" (11: 91-2) whose pronouncement moved the changes. Here it is Queen Anne whose fiat introduces the miraculous prophecy of the river god:

At length great Anna said- "Let Discord cease!"
She said! the world obeyed, and all was Peace!
(11: 327-8)

The two movements of Windsor Forest differ from one another in their respective choices of focus. The first is delivered from the point of view of nature: it begins with an image of a locus amoenus, then shifts to an account of man's abuse of this Edenic locale, and closes with a rural account of the potential for the renewal of the ideal in nature. Throughout this passage man is portrayed as the hunter whose blood-lust has the capability to destroy the natural world and can only be controlled through the ritual of the hunt. But with the Lodona episode the hunter is metamorphosed into the reflecting river, a
type for the poet who holds the mirror up to nature and captures some image of the ideal world. The second movement then shifts its focus away from nature to a primary source in man the poet. It begins with a celebration of the great men of Windsor Forest who are capable of meditating upon green thoughts in a green shade. From the poets it moves to an heroic account of history in which legitimate kings labour to give majesty to Britain, not to enslave and tyrannize her as did the illegitimate William. And the resolution comes with the prophecy of Father Thames in which the New Eden is portrayed as a political, that is a man-centred, ideal. Now nature, in her seas and resources, submits to the will of an enlightened human order. These two movements and their interlude are drawn together and interrelated through a painter's eye. Pope contrasts the significant presence of colour with its absence, and the regular motion of nature; principally in the flow of waters, he juxtaposes with the irregular and harassed movements of men engaged in the hunt. Thus rhythm, colour, and symmetry control and contain the emotional impact of the themes of transformation and redemption in Windsor Forest.

This Pope makes evident with his invocation in which he presents the reader with a six-line miniature of his themes and the vehicles for their larger design. Here is the passage:

Thy forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats.
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids,
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades,
Granville commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?

(II. 1-6)

The scene is thus established at Windsor Forest and immediately the
poem's mood of pastoral meditation is indicated in the phrase "green
retreats." The image of painting the world green through the agency of
poetry, in very much the seventeenth-century sense of Arcadian reflection
that poets like Marvell and Vaughan have tied to the concept of the
Edenic garden, will be three times repeated in the poem, beginning with
line 8. In each instance the image will serve to indicate the relation-
ship between the achievement of a new Golden Age and the agency of
poetry. Now Pope moves from the mood of his new Eden's transformation
to the vehicles of that change, the monarch and the muses. Here Queen
Anne and the poets of Windsor Forest are prefigured. Queen Anne not
only represents the historic point for the birth of a new world but
becomes for Pope the actual source of a deus ex machina; and the muses
are not again recalled until line 259 when their second invocation
precedes the eulogy to Windsor's poets whose inspired imaginations can
fulfill the divine command for rejuvenation of the world. When he has
thus indicated the setting, tone and agents of his poem, Pope then
suggests the means by which the poetry will flourish:

Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.

(1.4)

The line is a conventional prelude to prophetic vision. "Springs" of
inspiration must be "unlocked" and "shades" of the prophet's eyes must
be "opened" to the vision. Moreover, this line also identifies the
metaphoric devices that Pope will employ in his poem. Consider the
The two imperatives are verbs of action and motion; it will be through
a contrast of irregular and regular motions that the fallen and redeemed
states of Windsor Forest will be compared.
The two plural nouns are equally suggestive. When the springs of nature are unlocked, brooks and rivers flow from those sources; rivers will be a primary source of metaphors in the poem, and through the metamorphosis of a hunter into a river, the connection between man, the monarch, and the poet will be achieved. Thus the word "springs" implies much more than the abstract notion of a source for visionary inspiration. So too with "shades," both in the word's sense of colour and of gloom and death. Pope will use muted "shades" of colour, tones of black and white, to indicate the history of fallen man in his Georgic. Both historic interludes will pall under the shadow of death, and each will end in the ultimate image of a "shade," the graves of William I and Charles I. And the opening of shades, the drawing back of cloudy history, will allow the rebirth of colour in the soliloquy of Father Thames. Pope's language throughout Windsor Forest is always skilfully chosen and often reflects a complexity of meaning equal to that in this invocation. Here, in four lines, he encapsulates a complete plan for the poem and its devices, which he will enlarge upon with equal care.

When Pope first describes the Forest he presents a prospect that so mingles the living landscape of Windsor with the imagery of "the Groves of Eden" that the ideal is indistinguishable from the actual. Eden lives only "in description, and looks green in song" (1. 8), and Pope declares his intention of achieving a comparable fame for his native woods. He offers a rolling panorama that begins with a classical concors discordia rerum of "the world harmoniously confused." But this amenable tension of opposites is so refined, so nearly free of any sense of conflicting dispositions that it becomes an image of the perfect world that
is so near a recreation of the Golden Age that the very inhabitants of Olympus yearn to join the scene:

Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Though gods assembled grace her towering height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here,
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.

(11. 33-6)

The description throughout this passage seems to recall that of the eclogue "Spring" and several key images refer directly to that pastoral. Perhaps the most effective of these compares the slow and rhythmic motions of the trees to the hesitations of a coy beloved:

Here waving groves a chequered scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day;
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.

(11. 17-20)

This is a near evocation of the parallel love pursuits described by Daphnis and Strephon ("Spring," 11, 53-60), and shares with those arcadian interludes a mood of right motion and innocent inclination. The image suggests the natural movement of the groves themselves, an unselfish and intuitive sense of rhythm that will be effectively opposed to the harried pursuit of Londona by Pan and the anxious hunts of the sylvan war.

Displays of colour and waves of motion distinguish this passage. One long and fluid movement carries the reader across the Windsor vista. The effect is almost "cinematic" as the eye moves over a plain, through forests, and ascends the hills to a cloud-blue sky (11. 11-32). Pope's guidance of the reader's vision is complemented by the motions within the landscape. Verbs of explicit actions, and in general these verbs indicate motions of ascent, rush the poetry forward: "waving,"

Mountains, trees, and grasses although rooted in the landscape still suggest to the poet these intuitive and perpetual motions upwards and outwards towards the heavens and eternity. What appears to be static is at its essence kinetic. Pope finds an almost primordial rhythm in the forests at Windsor, and draws his reader into the experience of this motion through the sweep of the poet's eye, fixed at its point of observation; yet free in imagination to touch the very horizons. The scene is also richly painted with tones of "green," "flame," "russet," "bluish," "purple," "verdant," "sable," and "amber." The sense of colour that marks all Pope's verse is nowhere more apparent.12

Colour and movement come together in the famous description of "blushing Flora:"

See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crowned,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamelled ground.

(11. 37-8)

The nymph's colour actually moves through and infuses the landscape. The internal mechanism of a blush through which colour opens out the emotions in a human face becomes a metaphor for the awakening spread of lush colour in a spring meadow. And with the use of the word "paints" the metaphor expands to include the artist, whether poet with words or painter with colours, who reveals human emotions upon a page or a canvas.

When Pope has thus shaped and coloured his vision he populates it with the demigods of the classical world and then resolves all in a transitional image of the historic monarchy:

Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

(11. 41-2)
As mythology gives way to history, and as Flora and Ceres give place to Anne, the colours of the Forest evaporate and a fallen world unfolds. This is the first of Pope’s two historic interludes in Windsor Forest. From a vision of the Edenic potential for peace and plenty in the present Stuart reign the reader is carried to a "dreary desert and a gloomy waste" (1. 44) of the Norman past. Whereas the pastoral Windsor of the former passage was characterized by a rhythmic showing forth of colours, Windsor under William has a closed and severely limited perspective:

Now thus the land appeared in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more serious and severe than they;
Who claimed the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they stormed the dens and caves,
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.)

(11. 43-50)

This first appearance of a human figure in the poem becomes the source of a sudden antagonism between man and nature. Concordia discord is now reduced to the horror of terrible contradictions. Men starve amid teeming fields (11. 53-6), and the king upsets all sense of hierarchy by valuing animals above men.

Pope derives the tone for this scene and much of the imagery of the cataclysm in nature (11. 65-72) from Virgil’s description in the closing passage of Book One of the Georgics of the upheavals that followed Caesar’s death. Pope shares with Virgil the objective of contemporary political allusion and criticism but has a keener interest in the evocation of mood. In spite of his many references to the injustice of both "usurping" Williams, criticisms of forest laws and of mismanagements of the land, Pope’s chief purpose lies in the generalization of
particular historic events. He mythologizes history in order that he may create a totemic narrative in place of an historic one. Thus William becomes Nimrod and Windsor Forest becomes an archetype of an inverted moral order. The harmonious motions of the Golden Age are now the hectic charges of the hunt. And beast and man are preyed upon for pleasure:

Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man ....

(11. 61-2)

The image of the hunt that is initiated here is carried through to the Lodona episode, and it is always associated with the tension between man and nature, and between savagery, which Pope views as an exclusively human characteristic, and order, which Pope describes as the preserve of nature and art. Throughout this passage Pope offers no adjectives of colour, and his multiple references to deaths and graves add to an atmosphere of deep cosmic despair. But in so generalized a world it is ultimately the principle of art that shapes moral resolutions, and thus poetic justice denies a grave to the king who tyrannized the land, and makes his hunter-sons prey to their own chase:

But see, the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave!
Stretched on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey.

(11. 79-82)

This is a kind of moral metamorphosis, and the result is a transformation in the land, the return of colour to the poem, and the re-opening of the Golden Age perspective as "cottages rise," "yellow harvest spreads," and Queen Anne's "Fair Liberty," leads the land into its "golden years."

The next section of the poem (11. 93-164) combines the earlier,
Edenic image of Windsor Forest with this last fallen vision to form a
terse, minor resolution to the georgic's first long movement. Two
kinds of motion are contrasted: the primordial rhythms of nature
presented in the cycle of the seasons, and the physically exhausting
pursuits of the human hunter. The motion in nature is towards regeneration
and the showing forth of the potential in the land. The activities
of the hunt Pope portrays as exclusively sporting, not practical, a
manifestation of an urge for destruction and finitude. In the potential
Arcadia of Windsor, Forest man is the agent of mutability and the figure
of death. Although Pope no longer gives to the hunt the demonic qualities associated with William, and allows it to be the just image of
war and the pastime of noble men, the chase is still portrayed with
much ambiguity.

Each of the seasonal passages has at its centre the death of an
animal of Windsor Forest at the hand of a man. The pheasant and the
lark are each particularized and granted lyric and emotionally arresting
death scenes. Again colour is an essential element in the description
of nature's agents. On the other hand, the human actors are portrayed
in groups, bereft of colour and distinction, and their hunting parties
are decidedly ancillary to the lyric impact of each passage. The
descriptions throughout this section are very graphic, and once again
the general motion of ut picture poesis has been applied with much
effective distinction. The overall effect of this seasonal unit is to
present a parade of images which represent the tension in the fallen
world. But to associate this tension with the concept of concordia
discors in the poem is a grave error. The opening sequence (11. 1-74)
which described Windsor in terms of the new Eden, a description which lacked a human element, is a just image of the harmonious agreement of opposites in nature. In that passage opposites unite to aspire after an ideal of perfection. But in the hunting passages opposing forces harass one another. Mankind brings death to the landscape and drives out aspects of nature, depleting it in its parts and expunging its colour and beauty. And Pope's final image of the endlessly pursued hart is one of terror and disruption. The parts do not come together to form a universal harmony, but flee from one another and scatter in confused horror. The natural world in the cycle of its seasonal parts is an image of the right order for which nature yearns; but the hunt is a metaphor for the still disruptive elements of time and mutability which must be somehow transformed before that first true Eden can be reborn.

In the autumn sequence (ll. 111-8) the hunter is not described. He is present only as the apparent cause of the death of the pheasant. With winter (ll. 119-34) the Fowler appears simply through the device of synecdoche. His presence is felt only in the image of the "slaughtering guns" and in the action of their discharge:

He lifts the tube and levels with his eye:
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky.
(ll. 129-30)

But it is the temperament of man the aggressor that is Pope's next focus. In the spring passage (ll. 135-46) the fisherman reacts to his success with unusual control. He is "unmoved" although his fishing rod trembles and bends and nature quivers and breathes around him. Yet at this point the complete human figure is part of Pope's scene and the fisherman is at the physical centre of the passage (ll. 135-9). Now that man as the
agent of death has become the affirmed catalyst in the poetry, the summer verses (ll. 147-64) explode with the rough action of a hart chase. It is interesting that Pope leaves this last sequence unresolved. The youths and their hounds put the hart to flight but in Pope's final image of them there is no prospect of the hunt's end:

See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hand o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
(ll. 155-8)

The reader is left with an open image of the perpetual contest between man and nature in which man alone is always the aggressor. The very earth seems to retreat before the violent powers of man.

If we consider once again that first image of the pheasant this relationship is made more clear. Here is the passage:

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
(ll. 111-18)

These are the most colourful verses in Windsor Forest, often remarked upon but too often sentimentalized. There is no cue for pathos here. "Short is his joy" is a simple statement of truth. And the fact that the pheasant's colours do not protect him from death is an obvious and straight-forward concession to inescapable mortality. This talk of colours merely suggests that art is itself subject to mutability. But this is not a sentimental observation. The resplendent pheasant as a literary image has its source in the intellectual, not the emotional, and in this respect it is much different from a parallel passage in
Virgil's *Georgics*:

The Steer, who to the yoke was bred to bow
Falls down and dies; and dying, spews a flood
Of foamy madness, mixed with clotted blood.

His mournful fellow from the team disjoins;
With many a groan forsakes his fruitless care,
And in the unfinished furrow leaves the share.

Now what avails his well-deserving toil
To turn the glebe, or smooth the rugged soil?

(III, 515-30)

Both Virgil and Pope describe the death of the beast through metaphors originally associated with the significant characteristics of the living creature: colour for the pheasant, and strength for the ox. But the crux of both passages lies in the irony that such beauty and strength cannot save the animals from ignoble deaths. Yet in this point all similarity between Pope and Virgil ends, and a further comparison of the two passages in necessary.

Virgil poses a moral question about the death of the ox in a line very similar to one of Pope's:

Now what avails his well-deserving toil
To turn the glebe, or smooth the rugged soil?

The answer that Virgil seeks is an easy one: Work is the lot of the mortal, and yet good works, although the necessary route to a new Golden Age, are not in themselves the agents for an immediate transformation of the finite into the infinite. And thus the farmer is united with his draught animals in death as in life, and this "brotherhood" evokes a sympathetic and sentimental response:

The serf, who cursing Providence repines,
His mournful fellow from the team disjoins;
With many a groan forsakes his fruitless care.

(II. 519-21)
The farmer in fact bewails his own fate in mourning that of the faithful ox. But Pope deliberately avoids any such empathy in portraying the death of the pheasant. The pheasant is alone at the moment of his death, unmourned by his fellow creatures, unattended by men. There is nothing of Virgil's attempt to merge the natural with the human world. Man is the cause of this death in nature; their worlds are opposed, not united. When Pope echoes Virgil's line, "ah, what avail," his concern is with the abstract principle of beauty in nature, not with the evocation of an emotional image of man's finitude. There is some irony in Pope's rhetorical question because beauty will yet avail. But only when, from the example of such beauty in nature, mankind accepts the creative principles of art in place of the destruction of the hunt. This theme is echoed throughout the subsequent seasonal vignettes.

In the lines dedicated to winter another image is taken from Virgil's catalogue of animal deaths and altered to suit Pope's purpose:

To brids their native heavens contagious prove;  
From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above.  

(III, 546-7)

In Windsor Forest this becomes the larks who "fall and leave their little lives in air." They die Pope tells us when they are about to sing: "as the mounting larks their notes prepare" (1. 133). In this respect they are like the pheasant because their slaughter by the hunter destroys the example of their art for humanity. Although their deaths are presented in a light and delicate image, it remains an image that is free of the sentiment that is associated with its classical source. There is also a new suggestion here that, although these creatures die and return to the earth, something of them is eternal in its union with the cycle of
nature. "Leave their little lives in air" may have two meanings. The
first is the simple statement that they depart from their brief aerial
existence; but a second implies that they leave behind a small image in
their element like the "souls" (anima) of Virgil's birds. Such are the
two possible meanings of the verb "to leave." In the context of the
previous line the word "air" may even suggest the "notes" of their
interrupted song. In any case it is a richly suggestive image which
is more intellectual than emotional in the complex nuances of its design
and meaning.

The autumn and winter sequences repeat the pattern of spring and
summer. In the former the catalogue of fish displays nature in all its
colour and makes of it a kind of painting:

The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes rolled,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropped with gold,
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

(11. 142-6)

But the steadily increasing emphasis placed upon man's violence in each
of the seasonal passages has now attained to the point that the image
of the violence is a part of the seasonal cycle itself. Consequently
the pike as predator is given a human attribute; and this "tyrant", like
William, is denied the expression of colour granted to the things of the
natural world.18 With the coming of summer the human figure is fully
engaged:

Now Cancer glows with Phoebus' fiery car:
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war.

(11. 147-8)

Now all three elements of the poem are fully defined: man the hunter,
nature the hunted, and that ambiguous middle ground of beasts who like
the pike and the hounds and horses of the chase submit to the human
and "learn of man each other to undo" (1. 124). The contest between
the two kinds of movement is now complete. The flight of birds, the
flow of rivers, these motions are liquid and reflect the timelessness
that is at the heart of the rhythm of the seasons. The acts of the
hunters interrupt these motions, and with the summer passage Pope gives
a very physical description of the rhythms of men:

(11. 156-8)

The situation from the verses upon the pheasant has been reversed. In
those lines the emphasis was upon the creature of nature whose beauty and
flight are arrested by the unseen hunter. Now it is the victim who is
 accorded the least attention in the verses ("rouse the fleet hart"),
and the focus is upon the hunter and his hounds and horses who have
submitted to his ways and assist in his violence. Consider how Pope's
description of the dying pheasant, "panting beats the ground" (1. 114),
has been transferred to the dogs and the hunter's mount:

Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
And, paving, seems to beat the distant plain.  
(11. 151-2)

Once again Pope has inverted the relationship of the hunter and
his victim. Language first applied to an object of prey ("panting,"
"beats the ground") is now applied to a predator; the inversion is a
subtle one, much more so than in the death of William's son, but it is
a complete instance of the kind of transformation that achieves its
greatest effect in the metamorphosis of Lodoice. Through this operation
of magical change poetic justice corrects the inequalities that are the
sources of distress in nature. And not only does the hart flee these pursuers, but the effect of the hunter's movement is such that the earth itself seems to retreat before these adversaries (Il. 157-8). But these images of the hunt must be carefully distinguished from the Nimrod episode. That first was a description of the pure evil which entered the garden at Windsor through a human agent. But from that terrible fall the land has begun to recover itself; an act which cannot be fulfilled before the regeneration of men. These seasonal hunts are the images of human temporality which is still in conflict with the unconscious rhythms of the natural cycles. When man turns from hunter to poet, and when a present monarch of liberty counters that past tyranny of William, then this regeneration may be accomplished. Here Pope differs significantly from his source in Denham's Cooper's Hill (Il. 241-322). Denham's stag hunt while realistic in much of its physical detail is a carefully controlled moral allegory which ultimately reveals the need for man as a political creature to submit to God's universal order. Although Pope obviously imitates Denham's account of an exhausting hunt he does not reiterate Denham's consistent image of the operation of concordia discord within the chain of being. The result of Pope's hunting scenes is much more ambivalent in its image of the relationship between man and nature. Of course this pursuit of the hart is unfulfilled. Its final image opens into the transformational metaphor at the centre of the poem, Lodona's flight from Pan.

From the time of Samuel Johnson's first expression of unhappiness with the artificiality of Pope's pseudo-Ovidian interlude, the Lodona episode has suffered from considerable, adverse criticism. Yet its
function in the poem should be obvious to the reader. Lodona is a nymph of the Golden Age, a huntress whose eagerness for the chase takes her beyond the Windsor Arcadia and who, because of this act of excess, finds her position reversed: she is now the prey of Pan's hunt. This scenario closely recalls those of earlier hunting sequences. But in this instance the divine Cynthia, symbol of Spenser's Elizabeth and Pope's Anne, intercedes on behalf of the victim. Thus Lodona's metamorphosis is achieved and she is turned into the river Loddon. And the Loddon, now flowing beside the Eden at Windsor, reflects its perfect image for the instructive contemplation of musing shepherds. Pope's myth is devised to provide a literary archetype for the transformation of the disruptive image of the hunt into the creative symbol of the artist. The method is not subtle but it most effectively fulfills Pope's needs at this point and is well suited to his aesthetic themes. The episode carries forward the basic devices of the poem; its use of colour agrees with earlier usages and it contains the same fine contrast between the two essential kinds of motion which are consistent with the immortal and the mortal: the unconscious rhythms of nature and the irregular movements of human passions. But it also supplies the example by which these tensions from the first half of Windsor Forest can be resolved in the second.

Pope begins the Lodona sequence by removing his reader to a mythic past (ll. 165-70). For a brief moment the "golden" and "verdant" tones of the first Eden return to the poetry. Although he makes this shift in time, the action of his summer scene, the unfinished pursuit of the hart, is carried over into the Lodona passage. Now it is Lodona who chases and wounds the creature. At this point the first of the several
stages which comprise the metamorphosis begins. The hunter becomes the hunter. Pan pursues the nymph who has strayed into the fallen world outside the Forest's confines. But again identities are blurred, and so irregular and hurried is the motion of this chase that prey and predator seem constantly to exchange roles:

As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urged the chase.
(11. 189-90)

This interchange of actor and object has several purposes. First it is a fulfillment of the transformation effected in the previous hunting scenes and a last prelude to the ultimate metamorphosis. But more than this it expresses the full range of associations behind the figure of Lodona. As huntress she is associated with the human hunters, and as nymph she is a creature of ideal nature. As Pan's prey she is a type of both the transformed hunter of the earlier historic interlude, and of the beautiful victim of fallen passions like the pheasant and lark of the seasonal passage. Thus she is three identities in one: the ideal who, while in her protective Forest was beyond the reach of mutability; the agent who, through her violent sport, is a handmaiden to the processes of change and death; and the victim who, in her flight, attempts to escape the inevitable end of all temporal beings. And when in her final metamorphosis Lodona becomes a type for the artist, she will transfer these complex associations to the identity of the poets of Windsor Forest.

With sudden precision the description becomes specifically sensual, detailed, and temporal:

Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reached her as she ran,
His shadow lengthened by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
(11. 191-6)

This passage is a strikingly minute recreation of the tensions of pursuit. Its suddenly shifting and increasingly particular fixations upon the parts of the diminishing scene evoke the anxiety, exhaustion, exhilaration, and suspense that are hallmarks not only of a hunt but also of fallen time, of the condition in which men live and for which the hunt has provided Pope with a metaphor throughout _Windsor Forest_.

It is a movement unto death, a dissolution of order and being. And as such it is as inescapable as mutability itself. But the strayed Lodona is a fallen ideal and with contrition she invokes the gods who were once her rulers and companions:

In vain on Father Thames she calls for aid
Nor could Diana help her injured maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she prayed, nor prayed in vain;
"Ah, Cynthia! ah-- though banished from thy train,
Let me, O let me, to the shades repair..."
(11. 197-201)

It is Cynthia who ultimately answers her prayers and arrests the terrible motion of Cupid's chase. In the figure of Cynthia Pope recalls Spenser's own "faerie queene" who was the symbol of Elizabeth's Golden Age, and through this allusion he associates Queen Anne with the greatest female monarch of England's past and claims for her era the glories Spenser had claimed for Elizabeth's. 20 Here we encounter the second of Anne's three fiats. As "fair Liberty" she set in motion the reclamation of the English countryside after the horrors of William I (11. 91-2), and at the close of the second historic interlude her third utterance, the logos "Let Discord cease" (11. 327-8), will establish the moment of Eden's return.
But most importantly it is the act of contrition itself, Lodona's recognition of the faults of her enthusiasm in straying beyond her natural station (l. 200), which prepares the way and provides the means for Lodona's salvation:

"... Let me, 0 let me, to the shades repair,
My native shades-- there weep, and murmur there."

(11. 201-2)

This confession of the need to submit to the order of the universe brings that moral dimension into the resolution of the hunt which was absent from the seasonal accounts of hunting and the open-ended hart chase. The allegory which Pope had chosen to avoid in that earlier imitation of Denham's hunt, he now uses in the context of Lodona's metamorphosis. In this respect Pope's myth of the nymph provides true closure for the first full movement of the poem by supplying a resolution for the suspended stag hunt.

From the act and image of Lodona's weeping Cynthia-Anne creates the slow flowing river Loddon, and colour immediately returns to the poetry:

... and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft, silver stream dissolved away.

(11. 203-4)

Lodona the archetypal hunter has become a visual symbol for the poet. The river now "forever murmurs" and "weeps" and "reflects" for the shepherds of the neighbouring plains an image of the ideal world that Lodona once knew in Windsor Forest (11. 205-14). The constant, slow, and regular motion of the river inspires a meditative mood in man; the reflecting river moves the shepherd to a "musing" reflection of his own. This relationship between Lodona and the poet is emphasized through Pope's repetition of an image from his first account of the poet's function
as one which resurrects the green of Eden in the descriptions of song (11. 8, 216). Once more those "Groves of Eden" provide the artist with the colourful imagery of that ideal world:

> In clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
> And floating forests paint the waves with green.

(11. 215-6)

This kind of reiteration of elements from the invocation and first verses of the poem becomes rather complex in the closing lines of the Lodon episode. The original image of "springs" (l. 4) is now developed into the full symbol of the river which not only reinforces the role of the poet and the meditative dimension of the Forest, but turns the rough and destructive action of the hunt into the civilized and constructive occupation of commerce. As the Lodon flows into the swifter Thames Pope unites the pastoral setting at Windsor with the urban centre at London, thus further expanding the human dimensions of his theme (11. 216-22). Again Pope recalls the oaks of Windsor which enter the river as ships and bring to the native shores the wonders of the orient:

> While by our oaks the precious loads are borne
> (1. 31)
> Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
> And future navies on thy shores appear.

(11. 221-2)

Much of the poem's initial mood of optimism is thus recollected when the garden at Windsor seems to thrive once more and the gods reawaken to their earlier envy of this landscape:

> Where Jove, subdued by mortal Passion still,
> Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

(11. 233-4)

Through this resolution in the Lodon episode Pope eliminates his hunting motif and its very effective descriptions of physical
activity from the poem. In the constant flow of the river he has achieved an image of the tranquil and regular movement of a natural world whose parts are once again united in complimentary motion and purpose. And through the figure of Lodona Pope has made the human agent, metamorphosed from an active into a reflective figure, the transfixed centre of this new stability. Throughout the poem's second movement Pope's images of man will be marked by stillness, anticipation, and meditation. No longer will men race like the panting Pan across a besieged landscape. When Pope takes up his history of England once more he will have replaced the active imagery of William's hordes with a meditation upon the quiet graves of heroes and men of vision.

But if the poem has returned to its beginnings, it has done so with a significant variation. Windsor Forest is now viewed from the perspective of its human inhabitants. The opening passage of the poem's first movement described the Forest as an ideal landscape and made no mention of man (ll. 1-42); now Windsor is described as a human ideal, and in the verses praising Trumbull nature submits to the good man and a different sort of Golden Age is represented. The multiple qualities refracted through the allegorical transformation of Lodona do much to eliminate the distance between man and nature by mingling and fusing the aspects of each. The metamorphosis supplies the poem with a new key in which to develop variations upon the three-part theme of the first movement. And consequently in the second movement the reader is presented once again with the same three scenes but now they are viewed from a different angle.

In the figure of Trumbull Pope has a man who combines both the
active and the reflective aspects of life. The account begins with Trumbull's removal from the life at the court to his retirement in the country:

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
His Sovereign favours, and his Country loves;
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom Nature charms and whom the Muse inspires.
(11. 235-8)

These lines grant to Trumbull a gift for poetry and philosophy which he did not in fact possess. But as Pope's thematic purpose necessitates a kind of hagiography at this point the exaggeration presents no problem. There is, however, some difficulty with the apparently secondary importance allowed for the life of the poet. In its immediate context, at least, the superior place granted to the active over the retired life has troubled many readers. Yet when the lines are considered within the larger plan of the poem this should not be the case. Just as the Loddon flows into the Thames and its waters ultimately mingle with the open seas, by which action the slow, pastoral river gives place to the more active commercial tributary and its port, so the poet's role is often ancillary to that of the diplomat. The poet as a sort of teacher and mystic is dependent upon the active man in order that his instructive visions by fulfilled. While the creative principle originally belongs to the poet, he must give way to its practical and political applications. Pope's apparent hierarchy in these lines is rather a distinction of kinds than of degrees. And as the themes of this section of the poem are developed these roles transform one another and are merged as were the various and apparently different and conflicting identities in the Lodona episode and in the previous hunting passages of *Windsor Forest*. 
But this local problem of the active as opposed to the retired may simply reflect Pope's determination to give his poet-philosopher a varied Renaissance character. In retirement the sensitive mind is nurtured and developed under the close tutelage of nature, and the easy harmony of the pastoral environment appears to encourage a union of mind and body:

Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires:
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
(II. 238-40)

When nature's medicines restore his health the "happy man" seems to merge his own body with the body of nature:

He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And draws the aromatic souls of flowers.
(II. 241-44)

In the description of this satisfaction of the senses Pope's language suggests some further spiritual infusion of the envigorated flesh. Now the eye of the philosopher-poet scans the heavens as Pope himself had scanned the dream of Eden in the poem's opening sequence:

Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figured worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead and lives past ages o'er.
(II. 245-8)

While the senses are somehow heightened in nature, and time is transcended through study, the poet "consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er" until all three dimensions of Pope's concern, the self, nature, and mutability, are resolved into a perfect harmony that recalls the concors discordia rerum of the opening passages of Windsor Forest:

To observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end.
(II. 251-2)
The image of harmonious variety wherein "though all things differ, all agree" (I. 16) that expressed the ideal Pope foresaw for the Forest is now transferred to the ideal expectations of the "wise and good" man (I. 250). In those first lines about Windsor Pope emphasized the upward and releasing motions of the Edenic landscape. This pattern is also echoed and resolved by Pope's ideal man whose soul eventually transcends both his body and the natural world to embrace the heavens:

Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his soul expatiate in the skies.
(I. 253-4)

These lines express a notion of garden mysticism that owes much to seventeenth-century meditative verse.

In the parenthetical couplet at the centre of this passage Pope draws together the three chief symbols from the first movement of his poem:

(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)
(I. 265-6)

Here the reader encounters two images of ascent in the hill and the mountain which recall that primordial yearning for the skies that Pope discovered in the surging impulses of teeming grains and mountains during his introductory panorama of the Forest (I. 22-8). These two parallel images are each followed by metaphors that express the transfer of such motions to art. The first is that of the "eternal wreaths", a paradoxical image which suggests the "immortal green" that only art can bring to a temporal and declining world (I. 8, 216, 286). But the second, that of the flowing Thames, is the all-important unifying concept initiated by the Leda transformation, which combines the impulse towards eternity
in the land with the dream of eternity in poetry, and represents their union with the conventional metaphor of the always changing, but constantly flowing rhythm of perpetuity in the river. But the present passage of *Windsor Forest* is only capable of "eternal wreaths;" the triumphant surge of Father Thames is still awaited.

When Pope has delineated certain of the qualities of this relationship between nature and the soul, he turns to a brief history of the poets of Windsor in whose lives these characteristics have found expression. Now he experiences Windsor Forest from the context of the released and meditating soul. Borne away in rapturous visions (11. 260-4) Pope "seems" to hear the music of Denham and Cowley. But the sounds are muted by the hush of death, and once again imagery of "shades" and shadows marks the verses. The scene is conventional. Nature, at first the poet's inspiration, begins to fade and decline when Cowley dies:

O early lost! what tears the river shed,
His drooping swans on every note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

(11. 273-6)

It is a variation upon the Daphnis myth that Pope employed in his "Winter" eclogue. But in this situation the poet's eventual resurrection is an earthly not a heavenly one. The spirit of his art survives the poet and is passed on to a successor. Adjectives of colour return to Pope's descriptions and Granville now is able

To paint anew the flowery sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens.

(11. 285-6)

The painting of immortal greens is an image that unites this full passage with Pope's initial description of Edenic Windsor (1. 8) through
the transitional episode of Lodona's metamorphosis (l. 216). The recreative power of art allows "wise and good" men to resurrect the Golden Age, but only as a visionary and a literary experience. To transfer the green of song to physical reality, to make an eternal Eden of temporal history will require a higher agent. At this point Pope returns his poem to an historical consideration. His first vision of the Edenic potential of Windsor Forest had ultimately turned into the nightmare of William I; now his meditation upon the good men of Windsor gives way to a chronicle of royal heroes. And although Pope's portrayal of man in the Forest has become an enlightened one, in which man is no longer the purveyor of destruction but now is possessed of the spiritual means for the land's resurrection, death remains the great enemy.

Each of the heroes in Pope's second history of Windsor Forest (ll. 299-328) receives a eulogy that is also his epitaph. Glory seems only to sustain mutability:

Oh wouldst thou sing what Heroes Windsor bore . . .
Or raise old warriors, whose adorned remains
In weeping vaults her hallowed earth contains!

(ll. 299-302)

Their fame, their immortal report, depends upon their celebration by the poets. Something of the chaos of the passages describing William is here briefly organized by art when the form and order of poetry are imparted to the events of history. Again Pope gives the rich life of colour to his descriptions of the function of poetry:

With Edward's acts adorn the shining page . . .

(ll. 303)

The lilies blazing on the regal shield:
Then from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall . . .
Still in thy song . . .

(ll. 317-8)
But art cannot deny the grave, nor save the body from temporal vicissitudes, and the confusion that is the reality of fallen time overwhelms the poet and returns to his verses the despair and destruction that characterized the poem's first historical interlude:

The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest,  
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' opprest!  

(11. 317-8)

Again as in that earlier and parallel section Pope turns to Virgil's account of Caesar's death for the imagery to describe the English civil war. Although each of the monarchs whom Pope describes has served the land well, the nature of human existence is such that any ideal of justice and order is lost in the inversions and declines of historic time. In earlier descriptions of the predator and his prey moral distinctions were always blurred and lost. This too is the effect of history. Both the beneficent and the tyrannical come to the same chaotic end. Time is the enemy of each and in the grave they are indistinguishable. The just and the unjust life are both ultimately thwarted in their ambitions.

This is a conventional observation of the human dilemma. And Pope offers a conventional resolution. Only the poet, whose words can create images of "eternal wreaths" and who in his freedom to soar after ideals has the potential to reveal the distant prospect of order, is able to sustain the hope and justice of the moral order when he sings the truth of "what Heroes Windsor bore" (I. 299). The moral enlightenment of poetry can distinguish a William from a Charles although death strives to blur that distinction. Here is the crux of Pope's two English chronicles. Both Charles and William are disgraced in burial: William I, after savaging England, is "denied a grave" when it is claimed by another
man (l. 80); Charles I, savaged by England, is buried in another man's
tomb and denied the monument due to his rank. Pope carefully parallels
the circumstances of their interments, and makes the descriptions of
their "graves" the points of resolution in both passages. The distinction
between the two, blurred in death, is made clear in poetry. William's
humiliation is characterized as an act of "poetic justice" while Charles's
disgrace is framed in the context of tragic irony and surrounded in the
text by drama and despair:

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obscure the place, and uninscribed the stone),
Oh fact accurst! what tears has Albion shed,
Heavens what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
(II. 319-22)

Although the central figures of both historic passages of the poem are
treated similarly in death, despite what Pope considers to be their total
moral and political differences, the poet may keep alive the truth of
their reigns. For it is he who alone makes "sacred Charles's tomb for
ever known."

But, because the art of the poet offers only an intellectual
consolation in the face of chaos and nature's indifference, it cannot
reverse the physical process of universal decline. Just as Lodona
required an intercession from the highest station to save her from
ravishment by Pan, so too must England await a divine act to reverse
the general decline of the world and to enact the new Golden Age. And
the art of the poet is the means for this deus ex machina. Lodona's
tears brought Cynthia to her aid and this relationship is repeated for
England. The "tears Albion had shed" (l. 321) and the sorrow and terrors
of civil war are the acts of contrition that bring about Anne's divine
fiat: "Let Discord cease" (l. 327). And when Albion's tears, like those of Lodona, give way to the image of a river, then Father Thames appears.

The entrance of the Thames finally fulfills the promise of the Lodona myth. In the image of the great river Pope combines the reticulating rhythms of the natural order with the figure of the poet, and joins the pastoral calm of Windsor with the active commerce of London's port. Furthermore Pope emphasizes the paramount importance of art to the fulfillment of this vision of the Golden Age in his symbolic representation of the river god. The reader is immediately impressed by the sculptural quality Pope brings to this description of Father Thames. One is reminded of Bernini^27 and Pope's figure of Father Thames (ll. 329-54) is alive with those elements of the picturesque which Pope so admired in both Bernini and Roubiliac.^28 And the effect of this description on the poetry is quite jarring. Father Thames's appearance is an elaborately contrived piece of writing which, for the moment, shatters the surface unity of the poem. The setting suddenly shifts from the historic to the mythological, and the artistry through which this transition is achieved is exceedingly self-conscious. There is virtuoso writing in this passage, and Pope quite revels in the celebration of line and movement with which he renders his symbolic figure.\textsuperscript{29}

The exaggerated sensibility that is at work in the description of Father Thames establishes the rarified aesthetic atmosphere which shapes the whole of this last passage of the poem into a carefully sculptured vision of the Golden Age. It is a highly artistic vision, consciously Baroque, which recalls quite closely the literary exultation of Messiah. Reality is simply transformed into art. The historic
antagonisms of Europe, the greed and violence of humanity are suddenly resolved into the orderly world of classical, artistic precepts. The device of the metamorphosis, one that has almost become the thematic crux of *Windsor Forest*, provides Pope with a means for redeeming history through literature. The mythological and theological notion of a world that is passing from one Golden Age to another, in spite of its terrible fall and decline, can now be made compatible with the chaotic flux of actual human history. The mighty sculpture of Father Thames, the image of the eternal river, and the great vocation of poetry, all stand against that flux. And not only does Father Thames deliver the prophecy of the new Golden Age for which England's transformation will be a world-wide example, but he and his theme are embodied in statuary, the very art form which was an aesthetic paradigm for eighteenth-century poetry. 30 All these nuances are present in the language of sculpture from which the imagery of Father Thames is drawn. 31

The complete passage on the new Eden (11. 329-422) is parallel to the section describing the seasonal hunts at the close of the poem's first movement. But whereas that former phase of the poem could only intimate the return of the ideal to the land, this last expresses the full flowering of that promise. Consequently the Father Thames passage reflects the colour metaphors and the fascination with motion and rhythm which were central to the account of the seasons. At this point, although man still dominates the land, he does so not as hunter but as artist and innovator. And the land itself has opened up and reclaimed its scattered dominions under one universal sovereignty:

And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold.
(11. 400-01)
Father Thames provides the metaphoric centre, and the four-part division of the seasons becomes a series of images of the four corners of the world and of the union of north, south, east and west. British ships will venture

To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!

(ll. 388-92)

However, the symbolic use of movement, and the resolution of the conflicting images of motion from earlier sequences are the most fascinating developments in this passage.\(^{32}\) The image of Father Thames is simultaneously static and kinetic. It stands with the rigid stability of marble yet, unlike a mere piece of sculpture, not only does it suggest the illusion of movement but it is the actual process of rhythmic motion in nature. These are the active words with which Pope surrounds the description: "swelling," "waves," "swell," "waving," "rise," and "glide" (ll. 334-54). As in previous passages the ideal motion in nature is expressed as one of expansion and ascent. But there is an indication that these impulses in nature have been resolved into an unabrogated and eternal pattern. The flow and rhythm of the river that suggested the right order and pastoral ideals in London's transformation are now directly linked to the ebb and flow of the tides. And as the river Loddon has become the Thames so too has the huntress-nymph Lodona become Diana who is both the goddess of the hunt and the eternal source of the measured motions of the tides. This element is captured in the image of the moon on the Father Thames statue:
Graved on his urn appeared the moon, that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tides.
(11. 333-4)

The account of Father Thames also restores to the poem its complex
palette of colours but with a local intensity that is elsewhere to be
found only in the section describing the seasons of the Forest. The
catalogue is extensive: "golden," "silver," "verdant," "flowery"
"chacky," "milky," "blue," "sedgy," and "sea-green" (11. 332-50). The
reader encounters a significant change in Pope's use of colour in this
passage. The adjectives are inexact. They suggest a likeness to
certain colours but one which varies, and this variation is indicated
by the many "y" terminations. The colours themselves seem to move, to
change and sway, and to be at one with the rhythm of nature. In this
respect their function is literal as well as metaphoric: these are the
colours of rivers whose waters like prisms bend and free and mix the
colours which touch upon their surfaces. In a similar fashion the artist
interprets and renders the colours which are reflected through his work.
Because the consciousness of process is now part of the image pattern this
colour passage is quite unlike those in earlier sections of the poem.
The clusters of distinct colours that were previously applied to the
pheasant and the fish have now become these "showers" of colour images
whose definitions ebb and flow in consort with the pulse of nature.

The fulfillment of the vision of Father Thames is achieved in
three stages: England's metamorphosis from a fallen to a redeemed nation
(11. 355-84), England's overtures to the world (11. 385-94), and the
world's response (11. 395-412). The actual content of the prophecy is
stated in one couplet:
Hail, sacred Peace! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!

(11. 355-6)

The peace to which the lines refer is both that of the Treaty of Utrecht and that of the new Golden Age. Thus Pope infuses the present moment with the significance of the eternal, and transforms the historic into the mythological. England's new glory will subsume and transcend that of all the great military empires of history, a prediction that is illustrated in a catalogue recounting the world's great rivers, each one now subservient to the Thames:

Though Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heaven itself though sevenfold Nilus flows ...

(11. 357-9)

Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train;
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.

(11. 363-6)

The language of armaments which Pope uses to describe the barbarous empires with its synecdochal images of iron and lances is now transformed into the peaceful terms of Arcadia. This pattern repeats the metamorphosis of the historic moment into the eternal, producing from a world of soldiers and chaos a pastoral landscape of shepherds and natural order:

Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase.

(11. 369-72)

Here then is the fulfillment of the "long-expected days" of line 356. Next Pope envisions the effect of this miraculous redemption in the land, and his description is once again alive with images of expansion and
ascent: "ascending Villas," "glittering spires increase," "temples rise," and "new Whitehall ascend" (ll. 375-80). Thus, for the first time in the poem, upward impulses of nature have been ascribed to human contexts.

This movement out of the self, the sense of yearning towards an unseen, perhaps unknown, objective has been central to the thematic development of much of Windsor Forest. Pope has described the impulse in four parallel parts of the poem: first, in the ideal vision of Windsor (ll. 1-42), then in the rejuvenating seasonal passage (ll. 93-164), next, in the meditative experience of the "good and wise" man of Windsor (ll. 235-98), and finally, here, in the redemption of all England (ll. 329-434). In this last sequence Pope finally resolves the reaching motion of nature. Now he reveals that the objective of this yearning is the reciprocation of the very movement itself. As in the previous inversions of hunter and prey, the yearning subject becomes its own object of desire: the embracing ideal returns its own embrace. This one might describe as a kind of meaningful motion in the poetry as opposed to the meaningless chaos of the hunt. Specifically the glories England sends out become the glories she receives; historic Arcadian come home to England to wonder at pastoral ideals. The paradox is complex but central to the resolution of the theme of Windsor Forest.

Pope has accomplished an inversion of the contemporary notion of exploration and the noble savage.33 The ideal of Arcadia is not to be found among the sable people of a newly discovered primitive land. Rather it is, in part, the product of civilization, an outcome of cultural activity. And ultimately it is dependent upon a miraculous intervention, a metamorphosis that turns a military state into a pastoral
one. Here one finds something of the georgic convention that the true Arcadia comes not at the beginning of history but at history's end.

Pope takes time, outside of the flux of the historical interludes to a plane of renewal, redemption, and eternity. Of course Pope's vision of universal peace is founded upon the promise of victory and empire for Anne and England.

This is not to be a linear empire of encelshure and governorship, but a cyclical one of expansion and brotherhood:

'Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more. (l. 408)

Peace reaches forth to grasp its own hand, like Pope's image of the river which in flowing forward reaches out to touch the ocean and then forever joins the tidal circle of ebb and flow. In this fashion the motion of an opening-forth which Pope has associated with the progress towards the redemption of history and the new Eden in Windsor Forest has become one of ebb and flow in this, the poem's final movement. Consider the series of images between line 397 and line 412. Out of the hope that London will become a free port ("unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind") with its very practical implications for the give and take of commerce comes the intriguing if rather innocent notion that primitive and cultivated societies may mingle in mutual admiration:

And feathered people crowd my wealthy side, And naked youths and painted chiefs admire Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire! (I. 404-6)

Pope introduces this final vision of paradise with a geographic metamorphosis by which the barriers of the sea become bridges for human exchange:
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide.
(11. 399-400)

From the example of this transformation in the land there follow
similar changes among the nations. Now the distant ends of the earth are
joined (1. 401), and the lost Arcadian societies of the New World seek
out the Old World (1. 402). Pope's vision of the new Eden which began
with a vision of England's commercial and military triumphs ends with a
stylized image of a primitive Arcadia of the Americas replete with the
restoration of the Inca and Aztec cultures.

The new rhythm in the image of England has now become a movement
out into the four corners of the world. This phase of the world's
transformation was initiated by an intriguing image that Pope has used
twice previously in the poem:

And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her Cross display.
(11. 386-7)

As in the two prior instances (11. 31, 222), the image here clearly
suggests the importance of the navy to England, and the trees are simply
synecdoches for ships. But the present context expands this meaning,
and the trees become more than mere devices of synecdoche. Their origins
in Windsor associate them with the pastoral spirit of that locale and
they carry that association of the peaceful Arcadia into the context of
commercial sailing and trade. England's ships thus bear the values and
ideals of Windsor Forest to their ports of call. But the power of the
image is drawn from its almost comic exuberance. An energy of expectation
overwhelms Pope's description of Windsor as he joins together his two
primary sources of pastoral metaphor, the river and the Forest: "thy
forests rush into thy floods." Once again a meaningful motion fulfills itself in a union.

The verses spoken by Father Thames merge the forces of art and nature. Nature is submitted as an instructive source for the artist and its forms are rendered through his medium and viewed with a painter's eye and touched by a sculptor's hand; but the poetic symbol that results, Pope's figure of Father Thames, is always envigoration with the eternal motion of its source in nature. There is a union of nature and art here that attempts to resolve the division of man from the forest that made uneasy Pope's account of the seasons and the hunt, but it is a decidedly contrived and baroque resolutuion. The basic antagonisms between the violence of humanity and the apparent order of the natural cycle have simply undergone a metamorphosis through the medium of poetry. The poem began with a vision of the perfectability of the timeless world of nature, a dream soon dissipated by the intrusion of fallen history in the verses on William I. This first movement then closed with an uneasy description of the war between man and nature in the seasonal passage. Time, mutability, and death dominated the imagery of the seasons. But with the example of the transformation of Lodona Pope shifted his focus onto the race of men and began his poem's second movement with a hymn to the potential of humanity that is expressed in the example of the poet-philosopher. When fallen time again intervenes with the history of the Stuarts Pope replaces the ironic despair of William's reign with the tragic hope of Charles I. And that hope is fulfilled in Anne's fiat and the vision of Father Thames which brings man and nature into a peaceful union. But they are a trick of art and a transcending miracle which make
possible this perfect world. Only the example of the very artful, pseudo-Ovidian metamorphosis allows for this resolution.

Pope's thematic dilemma in his seasonal passage, and in the poem's two historic interludes, is ignored in the poem's final vision of a new Golden Age. The paradox of the "sylvan chase" (1. 327) still contradicts the promised peace of the pastoral vision of Windsor Forest. And although those harassing and irregular motions of the earlier descriptions of the hunt are now replaced by the free and regular rhythms of rivers and tides, the image of death in the chase continues in the garden, and the threat of fallen time is not entirely removed from Pope's vision of a new world:

The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase.
(11. 371-2)

The effect of this small but nagging ambiguity is most apparent in the closing passage in which verses Pope offers another baroque scene.

With the advent of the new Golden Age all the agents of Discord have been banished to "deepest hell." These figures are the personifications of those human faults and sins which are the ultimate enemies of peace in nature. Pope's vision of hell rages with the rough energy of common human characteristics, and of emotions which move and animate politics and history:

In brazen bonds, shall barbarous Discord dwell;
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bathed in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.
(11. 414-22)
Colour has again gone out of the verses and the movement of the figures is irregular and frantic like that in the hunting scenes and Pope's historic interludes. This is the world of fallen time, of human experience, which is only briefly glimpsed in *Windsor Forest*. These images prefigure those of Pope's later satire; there is nothing like them in works contemporary to *Windsor Forest*. Pope gives us a graphic view of a madhouse with the confused and contorted images of crowds and human activity that one associates with the work of Brueghel. His canvass is already as vivid in its detail of despair as Hogarth's will be. Pope's verse-painting of the madhouse ends the passage which the "statue" of Father Thames initiated. Thus two art forms, one higher, one lower, the first the paradigm for the second, enclose Pope's great vision of Augustan England and comment mutely upon one another and upon that vision. In *Windsor Forest* Pope has given the upperhand to the former image of control, order, and enlightenment. But it is the latter one of chaos, of desertion, and of individual despair that will be engaged in his mature work, and will seize the central theme of *Eloisa to Abelard*.

While discussing the structures of time in Virgil's *Georgica* Sarah Mack observes that "the farmer's life becomes the measure of the universe." But in Pope's georgic it is the poet who is the supreme being. He is the "good and wise" man, the creative philosopher, whose meditations within the garden give birth to a new Golden Age. To this end Pope's poem is intensely art conscious. From the careful and almost breath-taking perspective of his opening vista of the Windsor landscape, to his imitation of sculpture and his closing canvas of the madhouse, Pope infuses his poetry with the values and purposes of its sister art: ut
picture poesis. Such a method is easily recognizable in the poem's impressive use of colour. But its most subtle effects are to be found in Pope's use of line and movement. Much of the emotional impact of the verses and the thematic success of Windsor Forest derives not from the logical progression of argument so often associated with the couplet, but from the meaningful impression of movement left by the imagery of the poem. There is motion in the growth of the Forest, in the progress of the seasons, in the flow of the rivers, and in the ebb of the tides. The essential characteristic of the device of metamorphosis is one of magical movement from one state to another. And in all these kinds of motion there is present an affirmation of order and eternity.

But Pope also indicates the motions of finitude. The destructive pursuit of the hunters, the decline and chaos of history, the ravages of mutability, and the individual's terror of death are movements of another kind which bring to the poetry a contrapuntal theme of despair. These opposing philosophies of hope and despair with their very different moods and perceptions of time are never resolved on the intellectual level of logical argument. Rather Pope increasingly associates their conflict with his imagery of colour and motion so that the concepts become the metaphors which initially only represented them. Hope is the Forest, the rivers and the tides. Despair is the hunt, mutability and fallen history. And as the huntress Lodona had been transformed into a river so too are chaos and finitude metamorphosed into order and infinity. An irregular motion is made regular. In Windsor Forest language has something of the explicit values of music. The theme of the poem finally rests not in any specific
statement but in the effective interweaving of argument and imagery until all delight and import are derived from this choreographic execution of form. The triumph of Windsor Forest is its celebration of movement and colour, not its expression of history and politics.38

This quality of motion in nature which distinguishes much of Windsor Forest comes to express the full hope for England and mankind. It is a positive energy which is evident in the growth and cycles of the Forest itself and which forms the conventional heart of Pope's use of water imagery in the poem. The movement of flow in the rivers and of ebb in the tides becomes a kind of natural metronome imparting a positive if unconscious rhythm to all creation. Pope's vision of Arcadia and of the glorious civilization which concludes Windsor Forest is unified in all of its innocent predictability and curious commercialism by the measure of ebb and flow in its imagery. This universal sense of pattern captures some quality of the tick and tock in nature. Perhaps this is Pope's most subtle expression of deism. Certainly he offers an idea of nature and civilization in which some eternal pattern of order and justice, present from the beginning of his poem in the very soil and grasses of Windsor, ultimately wins its way into the general human imagination and expunges all perception of differences and oppositions. Once again, as in the Pastorals, we encounter in Pope that sense of time which is above the contradictions of history and the confusions of the individual, and articulates itself in the conventional theological divisions of fall and redemption.

Pope's vision of eternity carefully embraces and saves the corrupt history of William and the tragedy of Stuart England. All the horrors of man, his brutality and selfishness, the destructiveness of his
predatory instincts, are miraculously transformed after the example of Lodona's metamorphosis and through the imaginative intensity of the poet-as-hero. Those qualities of humanity which offend are simply banished from this placid eternity to a netherworld of dramatic gloom.

In a similar vein, the eclogue of "Spring" and Messiah embrace and redeem the anxieties and chaos of "Autumn," and impose a pattern of perfection without attempting to resolve the contradictions of that third eclogue through the terrible exercise of confrontation. The threat which "Autumn" poses to the ideals and the pattern of the Pastoral is posed in Windsor Forest by the hunting sequences and by the agitated and irregular movements of the human figure across the landscape of the Forest. Pope's theme operates on two levels: that of this small but continuing fascination with the chaotic immediacy of existence, and that of the larger and more conventional expression of an ordered and timeless perfection. Pope does not attempt to merge the two perspectives. But out of the tensions of their near-collisions comes the drama and originality of his vision of the pastoral. Hope is intellectual and distant; despair is emotional and immediate. Yet no lasting contradiction infects the poetry. Rather contradiction becomes paradox becomes resolution. In Pope's pastoral works this process is always a painless one.

But the intensity of his "Autumn" eclogue and the nervous, panting presence of his hunting sequences in Windsor Forest betray his fascination with these more "realistic" encounters. In such passages as these Pope's pastoral poetry truly comes alive. And the banshee spirits bound in Hell at the close of Windsor Forest do seem to cry a contradiction upon the peaceful resolution of that poem and to suggest the direction that Pope
will take in his third excursion into the pastoral, *Eloisa to Abelard*. The once perfect, time of the universe of the Great Chain of Being cannot touch let alone comprehend the hourly terror of individual experiences. And when the former loses its philosophic credibility the need to encounter the latter becomes inescapable. Any sense of security that might once have been derived from the promise of a providential universe has ended with Windsor Forest; never again will Pope make up his palette out of the conventual "bow in the clouds."
NOTES

Chapter Three

1 A schedule of dates for the two periods of composition of *Windsor Forest* may be found in the introductory notes to the poem in the Twickenham Edition. E. Audra and Aubrey Williams (eds.), *Pastoral Poetry and An Essay on Criticism* I (London: Methuen, 1961). All references to the poem are to this edition.

2 Earl R. Wasserman has made a detailed analysis of the many political and historic allusions which he sees in the themes and imagery of *Windsor Forest*. His is the longest sustained reading of the poem, but he is finally more concerned with the externals of politics than with the internals of poetry. *The Subtler Language: Critical Readings of Neoclassic and Romantic Poems* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press, 1959), pp. 101-168.


7 Reuben Brover concurs in Dr. Johnson’s now standard dismissal of the Loddon episode: "a new metamorphosis is a ready and puerile expedient." *Alexander Pope: The Poetry of Allusion*, p. 57.

8 The divisions are made self-evident by the subject matter of the poem. But whereas most commentators consider the Loddon episode to be parallel to the prophecy of Father Thames and tend to run together the two opening passages, and to combine the passages on Trumbull with that on the English kings, I propose to stress the autonomy of these units, and to consider the metamorphosis as a kind of intermezzo which, although it contains and improves upon the themes of the two "acts" that it separates, is a self-contained unit. The Father Thames episode should be considered as parallel to the descriptions of the seasons. See Appendix II. For a conventional interpretation of these divisions see, David R. Hauser, "Pope’s Loddon and the Uses of Mythology," *Studies in English Literature*, VI (1966), 465-82.

10 The image is traditional and consistent with both Old Testament and classical oracles. Thus it reflects Pope's two sources for prophetic metaphors in Isaiah and Virgil.

11 Pope still does not receive full credit for his complex use of language and imagery. This is particularly true of Windsor Forest, which has been praised more often for its use of history and mythology than for its sensitivity to words. As with much in Pope studies, Maynard Mack remains the only antidote. See, "On Reading Pope," College English, VII (1946), pp. 263-73.

12 Much has been written about the stunning impression of colour left upon the reader by Windsor Forest. For two now classic appreciations see, Norman Ault, New Light on Alexander Pope (London: Methuen, 1949), pp. 85-91; Reuben Brower, The Poetry of Allusion, pp. 48-62. In a more recent study Pat Rogers has connected the pattern of colours in Windsor Forest with the art of heraldry. "The Enamelled Ground: The Language of Heraldry and Natural Description in Windsor Forest," Studia Neophilologica, XLV (1973), pp. 356-71.

13 Although Earl Wasserman is very thorough in identifying the political allusions behind much of Windsor Forest he does not recognize that in this instance mood and impression are more important to Pope than satire and political commentary. See, The Subtler Language, pp. 128-43.

14 The most articulate proponent of this view is Earl Wasserman. He suggests that the deaths of the pheasants and the larks are images of the hunt as a negative thing, while the "sylvan war" and the pursuit of the hart illustrate the hunt in its positive aspects. Such an interpretation presents an irresolvable contradiction: how can the hunt be both good and bad, and how is the reader to distinguish the one from the other? To do so himself Wasserman must resort to considerable extrapolations. It would seem to be more reasonable to consider the hunt in its context wherein it is a conventional image of the agency of mutability in nature. Where the hunt goes, goes death; et in Arcadia ego. And it is to be the task of those poets whom Pope will catalogue in Windsor Forest's second movement to correct this dissolution of things through the operations of their art. See, The Subtler Language, pp. 131-3.


16 Michael O'Loughlin analyzes the sentimental atmosphere of the death of the ox in the Georgics and offers fresh insight into the relationship that Virgil postulates between the farmer and his animal. See The Garlands of Repose, pp. 67-8.
A second source is also considered to stand behind Pope's line. It appears in Cyster by John Philips:

... they leave their little Lives
Above the Clouds, praecipitant to Earth

(II, 169-76)

But Philips' poem was not published until 1708, and if we credit Pope's notes to Windsor Forest, he penned his lines prior to that date. It is most likely that both poets owe a debt to the same source in Dryden's Virgil. See the notes to the Twickenham Edition, I, 162.

Of course, the observed behaviour of the pike in nature has made of this fish a particular metaphor for anti-social and melancholic moods and actions. See, in particular, Izaak Walton's discussion of the pike in Chapter Eight of The Compleat Angler (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1951), pp. 133-45. Note also Walton's use of the phrase "Tyrant of the Rivers" in reference to the pike (p. 134).

For one defense of Lodona that differs from the present argument see: David R. Hauser, "Pope's Lodona and the Uses of Mythology," Studies in English Literature, VI (1966), pp. 465-82. Hauser carefully traces Lodona's relationship to Pope's use of classical mythology and produces for Pope's nymph a respectable family tree.

The reference to the reign of Queen Anne and the mythic frame Pope creates are themselves quite complex though not relevant to the present discussion of the poem. Many of the historic references provided by Wasserman are difficult to justify because of the lateness of the occasion provided in the Treaty of Utrecht. Mythic allusions are more readily apparent. See, Hauser, "Pope's Lodona and the Uses of Mythology," pp. 471-73.


The lines describing the pleasures of service to the nation were late additions along with references to the Treaty and its commercial benefits (Twickenham Edition). But the expansion of the context of the new Golden Age to include the particular historic moment does not offend the essentially pastoral ambitions of the original theme. Pope's mythologizing fits history into his arcadian prophecy in an easy and efficient manner.

In a recent and quite original article Pat Rogers analyzes the paradox of "eternal wreaths" as a deliberate confusion of the notions of space and time. The thesis is intriguing and much of its implication in terms of the whole poem offers strong complements to the present study. However, the paradox of "eternal wreaths" is an indirect allusion to the notion of the "garlands of repose" and the garden mysticism of Marvell and other seventeenth-century poets. Throughout Windsor Forest Pope combines his precepts of art with meditative observations upon the Forest in order to discover a vision of the new Eden. See Pat Rogers, "Time

25. These allusions are identified by the editors of the Twickenham Edition throughout their textual notes.

26. Charles I was buried in the tomb of Henry VIII in St. George's Chapel without services. The monument designed in 1678 was never constructed and the coffin itself was not identified until 1813. See the Twickenham Edition, p. 180.


29. The innovations of Windsor Forest are often of an unusual kind. Here Pope has created his own myth in the episode of Ledona and his own monumental, fountain statuary art. Both passages betray a rather baroque fancy which has often brought them in line for criticism. But they do reveal the considerable extent to which Pope was influenced by seventeenth-century Catholic sensibilities.


31. The sense of line and movement which is central to the development of theme in Windsor Forest may also have been suggested to Pope by contemporary style in sculpture. Wylie Sypher points to the possible relationship between baroque sculpture and literature in Four Stages of Renaissance Style (New York: Doubleday Anchor, 1955), pp. 29-31. The idea that sculpture is a paradigm for all the arts finds expression throughout the century from Shaftesbury to Reynolds.

32. Pat Rogers draws attention to the "surging motion of this verse" and suggests that it is Pope's method of mingling the dimensions of time and space. See "Time and Space in Windsor Forest," pp. 49-9.

33. Pope's novel position should be compared with the more conventional predictions of the lessons Europe may learn from the primitives of the new world. Consider before Pope's work that of Hakluyt and Montaigne, and afterwards that of Voltaire and Rousseau. All postulate that much of moral truth can be learned from primitive people. Typical are Montaigne's comments on the fate of the primitives who might encounter French civilization. The passage is taken from his ironically titled essay, "Of Cannibals."
... how dear, in tranquillity and happiness, it will one
day cost them to know the corruptions of this side of the world,
and that this intercourse will be the cause of their ruin ....

pp. 214.


36. See Donald Greene's seminal essay on logic in eighteenth-century
poetry: "'Logical Structure' in Eighteenth-century Poetry," *Philological

37. The relationship between poetry and music is a difficult one to
talk about because its definition often requires metaphors of its own to
express the emotional implications of union. See George Steiner's succinct
discussion of the relationship in *Language and Silence: Essays on Language,

38. Earl Wasserman must go to great lengths in order to make of
*Windsor Forest* a narrative of English political history, rearranging and
Truly, though our element is time,  
We are not suited to the long perspectives  
Open at each instance of our lives.  
They link us to our losses: worse,  
They show us what we have as it once was,  
Blindingly undiminished, just as though  
By acting differently we could have kept it so.  
(Philip Larkin, "Reference Back")

Nessun maggior dolore  
che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
nella miseria  
(Dante, Inferno, V, 121-3)
Chapter Four

Eloisa to Abelard: Awakening to Despair

At the close of the previous chapter I described Eloisa to Abelard as the last of Pope's three early ventures into the pastoral mode. This may, at first, seem to be a curious classification of the poem. In the strictest sense Eloisa to Abelard is an heroic epistle, a form directly carried over into the English tradition from the Heroïdes of Ovid, most prevalent in the literature of Renaissance Europe, and nowhere better executed than in this late example by Pope. But the Eloisa is an heroic epistle of a special kind. The general subject of a deserted woman despairing of a lost love is present. As is the intensely dramatic and personal monologue form, and the standard conceit of the letter. It is a form Pope closely studies and imitates in his translation of Ovid's Sappho to Phaon. But the circumstances of Pope's one original epistle are strikingly unique; here the reader does not simply find a story of star-crossed lovers, nor one of a love tragically lost. The historic situation from which Pope's poetic situation arises is one marked by a terrible and ruthlessly final catastrophe that gives an unusual significance to the wretchedness of Eloisa's love. The emasculation of Abelard, which scene is the source of the awful imagery and horror that seize Eloisa's mind and through which she confronts and defines her own dramatic personality, presents an obstacle to Eloisa's continuing love that is uniquely rich with possibilities for startling symbolism. In the history of this love one encounters a true instance of "nature injured by late law." Out of the need to recollect, to imagine, to define,
control and contain this dreadful moment of reality Eloisa's own immediate experience is generated. In the emasculature their love's very nature, in the fullest sense of that word, has been destroyed for Abelard and Eloisa through the agencies of law and of fear in thier society. Here is a classic confrontation between the worlds of nature and art, the preserves of feeling and those of intellect, of instinct and of order.

But it is the poem's setting and those choices which are presented to Eloisa by the outcome of her love affair that further distinguish the piece as an heroic epistle and begin to suggest its interesting affinities with the pastoral. Pope has used his sources well. Out of the fact that Eloisa is confined to a convent and is physically separated from a lover who has himself been quite literally separated from his own sexual identity Pope develops within his poem a tension between at least two visions of the pastoral. The first exists in Eloisa's past and is reconstructed through her vivid recollections of the natural paradise that she experienced in sexual love. The second lives only in the somewhat reluctant anticipation of the Christian eternity that has been promised to this most unusual bride of Christ. One might say that Pope presents a pagan arcadia that has been lost, and a Christian one that is still awaited. Between these two dreams of paradise lies Eloisa's reality, the condition that she describes as a "craving void" (l. 94), and "this tumult in a Vestal's veins." (l. 4) In this fashion the dynamic source of imagination in the poem, the sense of times past and future, is closely identified with the conventions of the pastoral. And aspects of at least two pastoral traditions are to be found in Eloisa to Abelard. Each of these is representative of a period in Eloisa's life that is
dissociated from the immediate dimensions of her experience. Her love
for Abelard is recollected as a pure and natural celebration that was
free of any sense of guilt or jealousy. It is a near reflection of the
love enjoyed by the shepherds in a classical eclogue. However, this is
an experience that is now irretrievably lost to Eloisa. Because it has
been rooted out of nature, and taken away from the things of the present,
love now lives only in memory.

Eloisa looks forward to a very different consummation in her
betrothal to Christ, and the images with which she at first anticipates
this future fulfillment are those of the conventional Christian pastoral,
ecstatic but keenly spiritual and thus somewhat reminiscent of both
Lycidas and Messiah. Here one also finds the influences of Crashaw and
the Catholic mystics. And this world too is removed from all real contact
with Eloisa's present experiences. Its place is somewhere in the future,
beyond even the final barrier of Eloisa's death. Both Abelard and Christ,
Eloisa's two pastoral lovers, stand outside of the nun's immediate sensa-
tions. And both are separated from her by the most traumatic kinds of
encounters with mutability: sexual mutilation and physical death, the
cessation both of generation and of life. Eloisa's idyllic memories of
her security in Abelard's physical love, and her expectations for eternal
rest in her spiritual union with Christ, are each equally and infinitely
distant from the chaos of her present condition. Eloisa dwells in a
violent, throbbing, and inconstant present. And this present itself,
marked as it is by dreams of one paradise lost and another yet to be gained,
begins to take the shape of still another, third type of pastoral—the
pastoral of melancholy.
This kind of bucolic mood first came into Pope's poetry in the eclogue "Autumn." And Eloisa's condition and predicament are not unlike those of Hylas and Aegon in that like those shepherds this nun is brought to distraction by her isolation from the social, physical, and spiritual fulfillment of an idyllic contact. All three characters are suddenly thrust into an emotional solitude and are consequently compelled into a particularly critical introspection.9 These elements of solitude and melancholic inward examination are identified by Renato Poggioli as the chief characteristics of the pastoral of the self. In an essay entitled "Pastoral and 'Soledad,'" he determines that "the first of all the privations that make a quasi-pastoral conception of the idea of solitude possible is that of an erotic attachment."10 Such is the case with Pope's speakers in both the "Autumn" eclogue and the present poem. And in each instance the intensity of the reality of the solitary pain suffered by the lovers is measured in the terms of their imaginings and projections of possible resolutions in their future. Their art becomes a counter to their experience of reality, and their chaotic sense of the immediate is only bearable when it is transposed into the ordered possibilities of art; their concept of future is one of an escape from a present filled with pains. This is a Lockean universe. One in which the present is an all-bewildering sensation, a chaos of feelings and impressions, to which order is imparted and in which meaning is embodied only through the processes of memory and the projections of an imagined future.11

These elements of situation that distinguish the pastoral of melancholy are compounded by easily recognizable qualities of mood. The
gothic setting in which Pope places his Paraclete, one that is contrary to the actual environment of the historic monastery, and the sublime imagery drawn from the mountain scenery and its bleak, rugged landscape, declare Pope's affinity to a tradition descended from Ovid. One is reminded of the echoes in the *Pastorals*, and particularly in the eclogue "Autumn," of the twilight tones of Poussin's paintings. Much of this sort of imagery is to be found in Ovid's *Heroides*. But Pope is much more careful than was Ovid to use his external landscapes as a source of imagery through which to translate the psychological landscape of his heroine. Murray Krieger is correct when he emphatically maintains that Pope's language in this poem is a complex of the sexually suggestive that somehow falls short of any explicit statement. Yet he is wrong to attribute this effect to an impression that Pope "is not comfortable with having so profound a threat of chaos on the loose," and to conclude that Pope is somehow "making his poem a partial failure." The truth is, in fact, quite the contrary. If there is some discomfort for the reader in his encounters with the depths of Eloisa's melancholy, and some dismay at the continual imposition of the sexual upon the spiritual, it is because Pope is "writing to the moment" in his representation of Eloisa. His concern is with the dramatic tensions and uncertainties that affect the mind in a world in which the present is so desperately removed from the order of the past and the future, and in which the chaos of immediate experience, what one should call "reality," differs so intensely from the human constructs of history and justice, from our faculty of memory and our anticipations of things to come. Art gives order to these latter aspects of humanity, but the nature of life in the moment is necessarily
without pattern and chronically disruptive. Here is a hint of that "dread, Empire, Chaos" against which the "human Spark" of Abelard and the "Glimpse divine"\textsuperscript{14} of Christ stand and urge Eloisa's imagination to construct a poetic order against anarchic passion.

Memory is the key to the psychology and the design of Eloisa to Abelard. The life's blood of the poem is set pulsing by an act of recollection, and, through the remembrance of Abelard that is awakened by his letter, Eloisa infuses a cold and lifeless environment with warm and active measures. Motionless images of "deep solitudes," "awful cells," and equally motionless acts of "heavenly-pensive contemplation," and "ever-musing melancholy" become the restless and yearning images of roving thoughts, a feeling heart, the heat of love, and a forbidden kiss:

\begin{quote}
In these deep solitudes and awful cells,  
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,  
And ever-musing melancholy reigns;  
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?  
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?  
Why feel my heart its long-forgotten heat?  
Yet, yet I love! --From Abelard it came,  
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.  
\end{quote}

(111. \textit{1-8})

Memory awakens this "tumult," this restless rage in Eloisa's blood.

But, as Samuel Johnson writes, the effect of memory is usually one that arouses an active urge towards melancholy:

\begin{quote}
Every revived idea reminds us of a time when something was enjoyed that is now lost, when some hope was yet not blasted, when some purpose had yet not languished into sluggishness or indifference ... Like vulgar mortals, overburthened by the weight of life, all shrink from recollection, and all wish for an art of forgetfulness.\textsuperscript{15}
\end{quote}

And so it is with Eloisa whose first excitations turn quickly to tears:
But memory, because it imparts organization to past experiences, is essential to any poetic endeavour. The act of creation is the act of recollecting, and although Eloisa does not recollect in tranquility she derives from the selective unity of memory an example of the power of language with which she will be able to shape her own turbulent and amorphous present into a hopeful image of resolution and peace. She is restless for tranquility. A tranquility offered only in the religious calm of the distant promises of eternity. And the images with which to shape and hold this hope for the future she draws out of her fixed recollections of the past. A.N. Whitehead has argued that the past oddly stands apart from the hectic struggles of the present from where it offers the example of achieved form against the chaos of the disjointed moment of immediacy. This is particularly true of Eloisa's past: her physical exultation in Abelard is irretrievably lost. Yet memory may intensely invoke what is in reality no longer possible for Eloisa. There is a sense in which this vivid experience of memory compels Eloisa into a poet’s role. She must discover through the recollective capacities of imagination the language with which to control the violent melancholy of her present, dramatic moment. The significance of the word to Eloisa is, in this respect, essential to the development of the poem’s themes. The word is to her, as it is to the poet, important because it is the only means, although an imperfect means, to the end of comprehension and transcendence. Like flesh to spirit. When it is lost or denied the journey outward from chaos becomes impossible. And in literature time
itself is tolled in the flow of words. Thus Eloisa's is the poet's dilemma. Her source of psychological tension is at one with the continuing source of dramatic tension in all Pope's major poetry. Her task is to reconcile memory with the present, and thus to make possible the future. Pope's vocation, to match heritage with the contemporary in suggestions of things to come, is not much different. Both must confront what appears to be a contradiction of the rational concept of the continuum of time by the vivid and chaotic experience of time-present. Eloisa is perhaps closer to Pope in vocation than any other of his personae. This poet's vocation is one which Eloisa clearly accepts, and the letter from Abelard, which she holds in her hand and which is composed in a language that is consecrated to the past, supplies Eloisa with her first metaphor for freedom. The form of an epistle in particular, and of language in general, Eloisa suddenly recognizes, grants to the individual the power to escape immediate obstacles and the confinements of the present:

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid... They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires.

And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
(II. 51-58)

Language when it is conscious of the lessons of memory can become its own reality.

The external pattern of Eloisa to Abelard is designed to accommodate this tension between past, present, and future, between memory and anticipation, and between the shaping powers of language and the chaos of experience. Once again Pope appears to have given a five-part division to the structure of his poem. The dynamic centre of the poem stands deep in Eloisa's experience of time-present and is a sort of anarchy composed
of the phantasmagoria of her melancholy. On either side of this section
Pope constructs two tensely balanced dichotomies of past-future images
which in turn are embraced by an introductory idyll of memory and a
concluding pastoral of promise. Along these lines *Eloisa to Abelard*
unfolds itself in five clearly defined movements. The first, to line 98,
allusively recounts past love in response to Abelard's letter. Words
struggle with memory, and in this passage horror threatens but never
violates the mind's images. The unit achieves its climax in the descrip-
tion of true love in lines 74 to 84. Section two unleashes the first
clear image of Abelard's castration, and shatters the metaphoric
certainties of Eloisa's universe. Lines 99 to 176 rage with confusion.
The point of this passage is to be found not in what Eloisa says but in
how she says it. Blood, trees, towers, and cold kisses scar the page as
Eloisa builds to the image of her horror:

The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Of lull to rest the visionary maid.

(11. 155-62)

Here chaos is faced, but not overcome. Eloisa, whose "eyes were fixed
upon you," "not on the Cross," has lost that "cross" of flesh that was
her way to a special paradise. And Nature destroyed defies man to
transcend to God; yet Eloisa as poet must do so. She must fix upon the
ture Cross despite the loss of the one of flesh, just as the poet must
seek truth despite the perpetual decay of language. An actual emascula-
tion thus becomes the compelling metaphor for the emasculation of language.
One might recall Pope's use of the symbol of the Tower of Babel elsewhere; the broken phallic image and the lost power of language are to be found in many of his themes and their sources.  

The ensuing section (I. 177-256) argues the fate of love and postulates but does not attempt to reconcile the spiritual love of God and the sensual love of man. With Abelard's "demise" the connection between these two conditions is lost to Eloisa and she contrasts her now demonic lusts with the Vestal purity of the blameless virgin (I. 207-22). The atmosphere here is one of deep melancholy, and the verses fall into a morbidly sensual, and unredeemed vision of the flesh:

I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom-gleam my clasping arms.

Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-browed rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
(I. 233-34, 243-44)

Her melancholy reaches its nadir at this point and threatens to overwhelm the small advances about to be made by Eloisa through her growing sense of the poetic processes of memory in the explicit contrasting dream sequences of lines 249 to 256.

But despair is resolved through a projection into the future. In the fourth partition (I. 257-316) Abelard assumes his beloved's dread and transportation of the sexual becomes the way to transcending the flesh. This section is marked by the initiation of the "O, Come" proclamations. But tension remains and the images of attraction and repulsion between memory and anticipation, and between the separated lovers and their now very separate kinds of love, continue unresolved. The mood however is changed by the energetic return of actively sexual verbs: come, fly, blaze, swell, and spread. Human contextual language
is rediscovered and there is a suggestion that a kind of eternal sexuality can save. Past experiences of physical love appear capable of supplying the imagery through which to transcend the present, and to comprehend the future: the language of man now seems to be that of God also. But still, for Eloisa, death alone is able to relieve the paradox; there is yet no answer in this world:

"Come, sister, come!" (it said, or seemed to say)  
"Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!  
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and prayed,  
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:  
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;  
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,  
Even superstition loses every fear:  
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

(11. 309-16)

But Eloisa, while appearing to accept the substance of this invitation, rejects its form. The poet in the nun has recovered her powers of language and Eloisa replaces the asexual words of the Vestal (underlined above) with the charge of her own potent and once again sensually vibrant vocabulary. Her "I come, I come" is an affirmation of the power of poetry; but if it is an ecstatic resolution it is not one without ironic qualifications.

In the poem's final section (11. 317-66) Eloisa responds to her angelic beckoner with a rapturous sexuality. Sensuous ecstasy marks her progress. We discover the first resolution of the poem in lines 322 to 328:

Thou Abelard! ...  
See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,  
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!  
Ah no— in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,  
The hallowed taper trembling in thy hand,  
Present the Cross before my lifted eye,  
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Here the sexual imagery has been successfully transferred from the
natural world of previous passages (pines, rocks, towers, and the Abelard
of memory) to this supernatural encounter (holy taper, Cross, and God).
But the sexuality of these images clearly dominates and infuses the
spiritual setting with its physical vibrance. Now her memories of
Abelard are no longer in conflict with Eloisa's sense of the present.
The past has, in fact, become an aid to the acceptance of the future;
Eloisa's poetic meditations have fused the dream of Abelard's once-potent
sexuality with her shadowy anticipations of future things.

The beginning of each of the poem's five major divisions is
clearly indicated by a note of exclamation in the first half-line of
each introductory verse paragraph:

Dear fatal name!
Alas, how changed!
Ah wretch!
Come, Abelard!
I come, I come!

(11. 9, 99, 177, 257, 317)

With each of these outbursts Eloisa's mood shows a marked change as she
moves more deeply into her melancholy and more nearly approaches a
resolution of her dilemma. Each also indicates a return on Eloisa's part
to a consideration of present things from a reverie in the immediately
previous lines of things past or future. Pope seems very much occupied
with the need to reveal the intensity of Eloisa's struggle in the lived-
moment of the present. He is far more concerned with the struggle
itself than with its outcome, with the agony of the need to make a choice
rather than with the correctness of the choice that is ultimately to be
made.20 And all five parts of the poem are further distinguished by their
concise and specific relationships to these carefully articulated dimensions
of time that seem to define the various states of Eloisa's consciousness. Thus, although the poem begins in the present when Eloisa reads Abelard's letter, it quickly turns to the past when Eloisa recalls her lost love. The letter brings the past with it, carefully ordered by language, and stirs memories in Eloisa, and reawakens the rage for life in the nun. The greater part of this first division of the poem is then given over to descriptions of a world of love that has long since been lost to time. And, most significantly, because of Abelard's castration, it is impossible that this world could ever be reclaimed. In Eloisa's own words it is a paradise—forever lost to all but memory:

This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas, how changed ....

(11. 97-99)

There was something Edenic about this world where physical pleasures were enjoyed without guilt or sin. It exists wholly apart from the reality of human society. And, although Eloisa first views her beloved "of angelic kind" (1. 61), the paradise of love that they share is definitely sensual and defiant of all religious injunctions:

Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wished an Angel whom I loved a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

(11. 68-72)

It is a lost world, a pagan, sexual arcadia, that now stands very much outside of the time-frame of Eloisa's experiences.

This Eloisa herself asserts when she introduces the poem's second movement:
Alas, how changed! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!
(11. 99-100)

Between lines 99 and 176 Eloisa dwells upon the image of Abelard's emasculation. This is the ultimate barrier that prevents her return to a physical paradise. The effect of the knife on Abelard is analogous to the threat of the fiery sword at Eden: all hope, all possibility of return, is barred. The poetry here is formed out of remembrances, and it presents an image of love that is stained by the blood of violence. Eloisa searches for an escape, and some promise of love's fulfillment, but death alone comes to mind. The ensuing melancholy fills lines 177 to 256, and this third portion of the poem, moving as it does in dream sequences between the two poles of pleasure and pain, salvation and damnation, is a most effective evocation of melancholia. The past and the future, memory and anticipation, are drawn into the whirling confusion of the present. In cataloguing the physical symptoms of melancholia Robert Burton finds a history of agreement upon these characteristics: "absurd and interrupt dreams, and many phantastical visions about the eyes, vertiginous, apt to tremble, and prone to venery." Such is Eloisa's condition. Of the odd and inconstant nature of her dreams she tells the reader herself:

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When at the close of each, sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatched away.
(11. 223-26)

And the curious visions to which she is prone during her waking hours have always been the source of fascination and perplexity among commentators. Before her eyes statues weep (1. 22), phantoms arise (1. 234), and altar pieces come to life (1. 276), while her ears are confused and
tempted by disembodied voices (l. 309). She experiences a terrible vertigo of the soul when she imagines time and again the horrors of a spiritual plunge into flames (ll. 274-75), and consequently she charges her language with the imagery of flight (l. 289). But she is most typically vertiginous, in Burton's "clinical" sense, in her instability of opinion, her inconstancy, and her proneness to rapid emotional changes. And, with regard to the last of Burton's symptoms, Eloisa's trembling anxieties and her sexual obsessions mark her self-revelations and colour her perceptions and her language throughout her monologue. Eloisa's is a textbook case of melancholy. But the particular element of her disease that Pope has given his chief attentions to is the contest between static memories and the kinetic present in the mind of his depressive heroine.

This battle between past and future, memory and anticipation, Abelard and God, which is sometimes the cause and sometimes the effect of Eloisa's melancholy, resolves itself in a sudden image of calm as Eloisa recognizes Abelard's new condition of release:

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fixed repose.
(ll. 249-51)

The violent loss of one past paradise may, in fact, have granted to Abelard a special access to a new and future paradise. The fourth section of the poem (ll. 257-316) thus turns to a consideration of future things. And future things for Eloisa are identified with the prospect of her death. In her physical death she perceives an analogy with Abelard's sexual death, and thus the possibility for a release from physical yearnings. And the terror that Eloisa once felt when recollecting
the violent transgression against Abelard now arises from the prospect of her own demise, and her attentions are fixed upon the unanswerable questions and mysteries surrounding the two possibilities of salvation and damnation. Again as in the two previous sections of the poem there is a tension here between the physical and the spiritual. But when Eloisa moves through the image of her own death and begins to look for tranquility in the promises of the future, and when she ceases to search for that tranquility in the lost moments of the past, she translates the physical into the spiritual, and approaches some understanding of the future in the only manner that can ever truly satisfy her. Through drawing upon the language and the accepted patterns of experience, Eloisa discovers the metaphoric equation of sex and death, and begins to see her own death and even her unknowable future in richly sensual terms. Whereas memory gave shape to Eloisa's amorphous present in the poem's second division (ll. 99-176), anticipation, the order of future possibilities, enlivens and sculpts Eloisa's consciousness in this fourth section.

The poem closes with a vision of eternity (ll. 317-66) in which Abelard and Eloisa are reunited. But, because this scene is to be enacted beyond the bounds of life, it is as inaccessible to Eloisa in her present state as were her vivid memories of physical ecstasy in the poem's opening sequence. Whether her ecstasy is religious or sexual, whether it is an anticipation of a union in Christ or a memory of her sexual fulfillment with Abelard, it is aloof and blind to the turmoils of the present. The paradise that Eloisa foresees in lines 317 to 342 is an imaginative construct whose images are drawn from the promises of
her religious faith and made acceptable to her only through their enclosure within the language and imagery of her own sexual experiences:

See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
(11. 323-24)

But neither a physical nor a spiritual reunion with Abelard can be anything more than a dream for Eloisa. Consequently this product of art and imagination, although it gives shape to her chaotic present and imparts to her immediate days a meaning and a hopeful purpose, must at last give way to the press of time. And mutability, always so close to Eloisa in the traumatic image of her lover’s degradation, supplies the final vision of her own fate in love. Her closing concern is not for the spiritual reunion in heaven but for the physical one in the grave. Love becomes a mingling of dust, and fame speaks not of glory and apotheosis but warns of the terrible vicissitudes of life (11. 344-58). And Eloisa ends with her sensibility strongly fixed upon the things of this physical world of immediacy. Only those who have lived through a love like her own will have the understanding to express her story. Her words are curt and colloquial:

He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.
(1. 366)

And so it is with the whole of Eloisa to Abelard. Although the poem moves between two pastoral visions of love, one of a sexual and the other of a spiritual paradise, the dynamic centre of the poem is in its representation of the melancholic reality of a human consciousness trapped between a dream-poem of memory and a prayerful hymn of the future.

This basic five-part division of Eloisa to Abelard is simple enough in its conception but it grows increasingly complex in its execution.
The combination of three specific time-frames with three different pastoral moods gives an unusual density to the internal design of the imagery and in this manner it succeeds in lending much realism to Pope's representation of the restlessly indecisive quality of human nature. Faith is a difficult proposition in a world in which physical phenomena are alone reliable, in which the flesh not the spirit is the true guide to knowledge. And one should expect that so sensitive a theme will require a considerable degree of colour and tension in Pope's use of language and metaphor. As usual Pope is very careful in _Eloisa to Abelard_ to suggest the eventual shape of the whole in crafting each of the individual parts. Pope's poetry is delicately nurtured, and should be appreciated for the technical fineness of its parts. Accordingly it is necessary at this point to make a closer study of the internal design of the poem in order to discover how and to what extent Pope's development of imagery and of language in the verses of each section reflects the larger structure and the time-pattern of the complete composition.

Pope opens his poem with Eloisa's first response to an unexpected letter from Abelard. She poses three questions:

> What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?  
> Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?  
> Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?

(11. 4-6)

The effect of the restlessness to which all three of these questions refer is to awaken in Eloisa memories and desires long since buried. The tumult in the veins is an excellent image of an intense struggle to escape from a close confinement. The raging energy of Eloisa's memories, cut off as these memories are from her present situation by the cruel passage of time and the cruel act of a human hand, is like that tumult in
the blood because it struggles against the barriers of time and mutability. But those memories, the "loved Idea" of Abelard, have burst upon Eloisa's present, and emotion overwhelms the moment:

Where mixed with God's his loved Idea lies:

In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
(11. 12-16)

With this action Eloisa's internal turmoil is opened out onto her physical surroundings and continuing from this point Pope presents all of Eloisa's environment through the haze and tinctures of her psyche. The memory that struggled with forgetfulness, the rage and tears that struggled against prayerful decorum, find images of themselves in Pope's gothic and uninviting convent. 26 This basic pattern of what one might call the "sensibility" of the poem takes the form of two key images in this passage which govern much of the metaphoric structure of the whole poem. "Trembling" and "awakens" (11. 29-30) indicate both the nature of Eloisa's present condition, and the parameters that contain and ultimately control that position. "Trembling" 27 is associated with Eloisa's dramatic moment; she is suspended in time between two episodes of fulfillment, one recalled and the other anticipated. And Eloisa experiences her movements between these two poles as "awakenings" from two particular kinds of moods or dreams. At the poem's centre she will in fact reduce her own situation to an allegory of two night-time fantasies (11. 225-240). Here as in Windsor Forest and the Pastorals Pope, at a very early point in the verses, supplies in miniature a complete plan for the emotional design of his poem.

Included with the many inferences of these opening lines is one
very important statement by Eloisa. She says that Abelard's "loved Idea" lies closely hidden in her heart where it is "mixed" with that of God (1. 12). Thus, at the poem's outset, one should stress that the ideas of the flesh and the spirit are not separate concepts. They are not in conflict. They merge and share a certain mystery. And it is "silence" that has made this difficult union of soul and body possible for Eloisa:

Dear fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mixed with God's, his loved Idea lies.

(11. 9-12)

But when the word appears, when the letter bearing that fatal name is opened, and Eloisa is moved to write, then the fearful symmetry of God and Abelard is broken, and Eloisa awakens into her grave uncertainties. Immediately Eloisa perceives a dire contrast between her present and her past. In the present her world is divided and in conflict. The convent is "relentless," while she is "trembling." Its inhabitants are silent, "pale-eyed virgins," and emotion within these walls is confined to the statues which "weep" with the damp of the cloisters. Only Eloisa, although immersed in this forbidding landscape, can yet rebel against these suffocating influences:

Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part.

(11. 23-5)

Love still burns in her heart. And this love, its flames rekindled by the letter, sheds the light by which Eloisa is able to look back into the past to recall the pure ecstasy of her first encounter with Abelard. And herein lies the essential difference between that past and this
present, between the Abelard she once knew and the God she cannot yet understand. She recalls her past love in the imagery of bright, warm light but associates the Paraclete with cold and shadows. Eloisa's present existence is one of isolation, "lost in a convent's solitary gloom" (l. 38), whereas her past was a time of sharing and exchange, and of the confirmation of the self that is only possible through union with another person. Union is the condition now sought by Eloisa, and she foresees this union not in the flesh, but in the word. The medium of the personal letter becomes for Eloisa a metaphor for the deep kind of personal exchange and communication that her heart so craves:

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

(11<51-8)

The form of the epistle is significant to Eloisa not only because it is capable of shaping and giving order to experience but also because it can span both space and time, and thus both comprehend emotion and make it accessible in spite of external conditions. Eloisa's are the conventional feelings about the power of language. The epistle freezes a moment of experience and carries it beyond the immediate ravages of mutability. And Eloisa senses that a soul thus freed from its temporal anxieties can only speak in an open and natural manner.

When she goes on to recollect the nature of her first meeting with Abelard, Eloisa's language embodies a philosophy of love that is in many respects parallel to that of John Donne in his songs and sonnets.
She describes a physical commitment that very much strives to transcribe a love of the flesh into a love of the soul. Reuben Brower has noted a similarity between the tone of "Aire and Angells" and this first section of *Eloisa to Abelard*. But Pope's Eloisa and John Donne's lover are allied to a greater degree than this brief allusion would at first appear to suggest. Eloisa's memories of love speak of a guiltless union in which Abelard appears as a kind of angel, wholly spiritual and very nearly divine:

Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind,
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
(II. 62-4)

The element of physical passion enters this love through language, and Abelard's precepts and his sweet songs teach Eloisa that it is "no sin to love" (II. 65-8). This is only fitting. All language, after a fashion, seeks to effect a kind of seduction. And when Eloisa discovers the flesh that surrounds the idea of love she could easily assent to the words of Donne's lover that

Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
But yet the body is his book.
("The Extasie," II. 71-2)

In one respect, however, Eloisa does differ from Donne's speaker in "The Extasie" in that she does not make the function of the body wholly ancillary to the desires of the soul. But Eloisa's discovery that the morality of the act of love depends only upon the character of the communion between the individual lovers does agree with Donne's consistent belief about the nature of sexual love. This belief stands behind Eloisa's assertion that the so-called moral laws of marriage have nothing to do with true love.
How oft, when pressed to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made?
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
(11. 73-6)

Fame, wealth, and honour, the great inducements to marriage, have no
just concert with love. These are the "restless passions", the worldly
inclinations, that Eloisa spurns in a way that is reminiscent of the
lover in Donne's "The Canonization." And just as her love is something
that exists apart from the day to day world so is it similarly isolated
from the heavenly realm of saints. True passion seems to decry both the
political world of human society and the spiritual world of Christian
eternity:

Dim and remote the joys of saints I see
Nor envy them the heaven I lose for thee.
(11. 71-2)

Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
(1. 80)

Such love is intensely experiential and honest. Its truth is commensurate
with the union that it achieves, and therein lies all the world that it
requires.

Yet this kind of love is defined by a passion that ultimately
comprehends and transcends the body. After cursing the world of Caesars,
Eloisa returns to a description of her "happy state" that very much recalls
the meeting of the souls in Donne's "The Extasie:"

Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law;
All then is full possessing, and possessed,
No craving void left aching in the breast.
(11. 91-4)

Here Pope once more uses spiritual imagery to describe an experience
that Eloisa recognizes as being only physical. Again she is in agreement
with Donne. The soul can only know itself through the communion of mutual human love. And this is only possible through the physical union of two bodies. Thus Donne writes in "The Extasie" \(^{32}\) lines that might just as well be spoken by Eloisa:

> So must pure lovers soules descend
> T'affections, and to faculties.
> (II. 65-6)

But for Eloisa the chief satisfaction of this love resides in its capacity to allow for the fulfillment of the self. \(^{33}\) It contradicts the sense of loneliness that is too much the condition of a human life. Eloisa's memories of this union contrast bitterly with her lonely present, and the fulfillment, the sense of completeness, that she knew in love is painfully offended by the stark emptiness of her immediate confinements. The imagery of this "bliss on earth" (I. 97) becomes the source of a paradox that reflects the contest of time, and that endures throughout the poem. The paradox is conventional enough. The loss of the self in the union of true love grants a total freedom to the lovers, and morality and nature become one:

> When love is liberty, and nature, law. \(^{34}\)
> (I. 92)

But what was once the source of liberty is now itself imprisoned, confined in memories and given over into the bondage of time. And Eloisa's hope for another such union, the promise of her Christian vocation, is bound in the silent and forbidding imagery of the convent's solitude. At present Eloisa has no language through which to comprehend the mysteries of religion; the language of freedom and of mature compassion that she learned from Abelard has been lost with the violent end of that relationship. Like love itself which "spreads his light wings, and in a moment
flies" (1. 76). This need for union and the difficulty of its achievement in a mortal life stands behind the imagery throughout Eloisa's monologue. Again one recalls that key line with which Pope initiated the contest between things past and future in this first section of the poem: "mixed with God's, his loved Idea lies." That contest established, Pope now closes out the poem's first movement with a reiteration of the image of the mix of ideas. But now it is the memory of Eloisa's coming together with Abelard that finds life in that image:

All then is full, possessing, and possessed ...
Even thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part.

(11. 93-5)

In these lines one uncovers a hint of the solution to Eloisa's dilemma: both she and her God hold Abelard in common.

For the moment the imagery of confinement triumphs over the imagery of freedom. Eloisa's reveries of love's liberty are shattered by the assertions of time. In the transition between the first and second parts of the poem she confesses the terrible truth that this ecstatic state of union was but "once the lot of Abelard and me" (1. 98). Time is now the victor. And his field marshall, mutability, aided in this instance by men too much desirous of the fame and honour that Eloisa herself had scorned, has established an impassible barrier between Eloisa and her love. Here Eloisa's theme is concerned with permutations, and necessarily the image of the emasculation comes dramatically into the poem, and Eloisa directly faces that great terror for the first time in her monologue. The emasculation is the ultimate act of violence against nature, and it establishes a most serious impediment to Eloisa's development. The natural experience of love in which Eloisa was able to achieve
fulfillment is no longer available to her. Art may, of course, assist and complete nature, and must, in Pope's own words, always "methodize" nature. But where nature has been utterly ravaged (and certainly the emasculation is as strong an image of the anarchic state as were any of the images of chaos that came together in the descriptions of William and the hunt in <I>Windsor Forest</I>) art alone is not capable of restoring good order. Such will be the case in Book Four of the <I>Dunciad</I>. The great task given to Eloisa is to find the language, the art and imagery, through which to impose some form, some method, upon the chaotic storm of her present condition. In a very real sense the creative principle of Eloisa's life was lost when Abelard was castrated, and now she must find and shape that power anew through a confrontation with the outrage itself. But the scene is recalled with too much vivid horror and Eloisa seeks to repress it:

I can no more; by shame, by rage suppressed,
Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.
(11. 105-06)

Most of the imagery in this section of the poem is collected around one of two past actions. The first is the emasculation, a source of grave trauma for Eloisa, and the second is Abelard's founding of the Paraclete. The fact of the emasculation is rarely approached in a direct way by Eloisa. Actually, after the brief drama of lines 99 to 106, she never again refers to this event in any but a cryptic and elusive manner. The memory of the horror is sublimated and asserts itself only through the darkly complex imagery with which Eloisa describes her environs. This psychological process reaches its most dramatic moment during the nightmare that Eloisa recounts in lines 223 to 235. But at this present point
in the poem Eloisa has simply associated that "bloody stroke" with the equally startling occasion of her holy vows:

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day;  
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay.  
(II. 107-08)

She views the taking of holy orders as a kind of terrible defeat ("Heaven scarce believed the Conquest it surveyed"), and she perceives Grace as the enemy of her love. In a marvellously suggestive image she sets the phallic powers of Abelard against the most powerful symbol of her faith:

Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,  
Not on the Cross my eyes were fixed, but you.  
(II. 115-16)

Here Eloisa struggles to resurrect Abelard's lost sexuality. All power of commitment still remains with her first love. In that memory, life thrives. And thus Eloisa attempts to invoke the past as a stay against the demands of her present situation:

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;  
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.  
Still on that breast enamoured let me lie,  
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,  
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be pressed;  
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.  
(II. 119-24)

In these lines the previously spiritual imagery of Abelard's love gives way to a totally sensual description. Eloisa demands the flesh. She requires an emphatic confirmation on the past; that which is now only memory she would make real again. In this respect consider the emphatic repetition of the adverb "still." It stands at the front of three consecutive verses (II. 120-22) demanding that time cease its advance,
and that the past become the present. She will not allow time to go about its work. So desperate is Eloisa to confirm her own identity by making her moment immortal that she seems willing to forsake reality for a world of fantasy, if that fanciful world can reclaim her past: "Give all thou canst— and let me dream the rest." The Eloisa who demanded honesty and freedom in her experiences of love here strikingly contradicts herself. But this contradiction seems to startle Eloisa and, in place of sexual fantasy, she calls upon Abelard for an alternate reality:

Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.
(11. 127-8)

The image of heavens suggested by the "bright abode" quickly becomes the actuality of the Paraclete. The creative powers and potential that were lost by Eloisa with the death of Abelard's sexuality find an important symbol in the monastery that Abelard founded:

You raised these hallowed walls; the desert smiled,
And Paradise was opened in the Wild
(11. 133-4)

For a brief moment Eloisa sees some connection between her religious and her sexual mentors. The Paraclete seems to have been born of the same force in Abelard that first awakened Eloisa's sexuality. It is the product of his creativity and the emblem of his yearning for the eternal. The sense of perfection and the cry for immortality, with which the reflective Eloisa had characterized her sexual awakening with Abelard, she now simply transfers to the act of establishing a religious order. The Paraclete too is a symbol of perfection and a hope for immortality.

And, like that physical love, this physical structure has no commerce with the political society of men:
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers giving,
Here bribe the rage of ill-requited heaven.

(II. 135-8)

That which Eloisa had scorned for the sake of Abelard's love, the
Paraclete too has scorned. And in the very image of a "Paradise ... in the Wild" Eloisa recalls the paradoxical nature of her relationship to Abelard. Their love was also a paradise, an emotional Eden set in the wilderness of the hypocrisies that comprise the usual affairs of men.

But the image is insufficient. Eloisa cannot find the vitality in this image that she requires. As it stands the Paraclete presents a curious symbol to Eloisa's ruminations. It is all tenor and no vehicle. An abstraction not yet imbued with the life of language. The material experiences necessary to sustain its immaterial hopes are absent. The promise that the Paraclete represents must yet find articulation in the actual moments and encounters of Eloisa's life. It must find its source in the flesh of the world. Thus the Paraclete, like the nun for her lover, seems to long for its founder. But "gleams of glory" are not enough, and darkness again invades the imagery. Meditation cannot hold Eloisa's attention for long. Until they can somehow be infused with the sexuality that alone has formed and still commands her nature, Eloisa can find only a negative fascination in her religious activities. This is the seed of tragedy in Eloisa's life. What one philosopher has written about the dangers of a reflective consciousness seems particularly appropriate to Eloisa's situation:

With knowledge and desire we can embrace everything, or almost everything; with the will nothing, or almost
nothing. And contemplation is not happiness—no!
not if this contemplation implies impotence.36

Now Eloisa sees the Paraclete not as "hallowed walls" smiling in a desert
(1.133), but as a place of gloom and sorrow. However, the image of
nature that she evokes at this point is one that is subtly sexual. Trees
hang limply over rocks, then become erect with the breeze; water flows,
and caves respond in echo. Then the wind that had aroused the trees dies,
and pants upon its partner; again water follows, and the scene quivers
and curls. Of course this paraphrase reflects something of the bias of
the present study, but Pope's lines do easily suggest all these associa-
tions, and more:

The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze.
(11.155-60)

There is definitely something morbid about this mingling of death
and sex.37 It freezes Eloisa's hopes and brings with its scenes of
"twilight groves and dusky caves" (1.164) a deep melancholy that
seizes Eloisa's mind. She is trapped now in a present that is filled
with despair. She dismisses the past with an emphatic "no more" (1.161),
and then surrenders the future with the assertion that in this dark
place and hour, "here for ever, ever must I stay." (1.171) Thus death
dominites Eloisa's mood and she stands at her emotional nadir as the
third section of her monologue begins. Once again it is a fear of
hypocrisy and a need to be honest with herself that cause Eloisa's con-
sternation:
Ah wretch! believed the spouse of God in vain,
Confessed within the slave of love and man.
(II. 177-8)

Now the suspension between memory and anticipation, the apparent
tension between Abelard and God, reveals itself in the terrible choices
of damnation and salvation. It is a central Christian dilemma. Eloisa
cannot deny her own humanity in order to come to Christ. Nor can she
come to Christ in any other way than through Abelard and through the
experience of completion, peace, and union that was the paradisiac
lesson of their love:

'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?

Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touched, so pierced, so lost as mine.
(II. 190-96)

And it is this science of forgetfulness that terrifies Eloisa most
deeply. Four times within a span of twenty lines she returns to this
need to forget. She believes that if she is to be received by God she
must "subdue" and "renounce" all her memories of love. This loss of
self, this surrender of her empirical identity, is simply not acceptable
to her. In the chaos of the present she fears the future as much as
she clings to the past. Her reaction is predictably schizophrenic.
The imagery of light and peace with which she had articulated the ecstasy
of her first meeting with Abelard (II. 60-67) Eloisa now projects into
the "blameless Vestal's lot;" but her memories of the physical pleasure
of that encounter (II. 68-72) serve to furnish the imagery for a hellish
vision of death and damnation. But the former vision of pastoral serenity
is too gentle and not fleshly enough for Eloisa. It is a world of
"golden dreams" that Reuben Brower has correctly associated with the lyrical peace of a conventional eclogue. These verses come very close to the language of the pastoral "Spring":

Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whispering Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes.
(11. 215-18)

The imagery here is bloodless. And the peace it describes is too delicate to stand up against the violent confusion that still grips Eloisa's heart. She cannot and will not forget. Thus, when Eloisa imagines this Vestal's consummation with Christ, the small, sexual overtones of the scene (the image of dying and melting in ecstasy) awaken still other, very different dreams in the nun:

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy.
(11. 223-4)

The subsequent verse-paragraph contains Eloisa's one, clearly unredeemed vision. She summons the phantom Abelard of her nightmares. Eloisa both wills this apparition and is victimized by it. It represents her last attempt to deny mutability, and to live again in her lost paradise. There is much that is paradoxical in this situation. In order to assert her physical identity Eloisa has turned to her fancy and to airy nothings. But death infects the dream. Abelard returns not as he was in the days of their pleasure, but as he will become in the grave where his sexuality already lies buried. Eloisa dreams of physical love but receives only grotesquely empty embraces:

I hear thee, view thee, gaze or all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
(11. 233-4)
The image here is quite appalling. Eloisa commits all the power of what was once her gloriously real sexuality to the confirmation of what is now only a lie. But art cannot recreate nature, and Eloisa's dreams cannot restore her lover's potency. The love that was once the source of her fulfillment is now empty and haunting. Eloisa is slowly learning through the medium of her own sexuality the lessons of time, and of change, and of death. But one must not forget that Eloisa's fault does not lie in her will to assert her own sexual apprehension of life, but rather it lies in her failure to accept Abelard's sexual demise. For it was the horrible circumstance of his emasculation that betrayed the emotional centre of Eloisa's sexual identity.

Nature has been transgressed against in the most violent manner, and consequently Eloisa's images of nature always seem to recall the castration:

Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps
And low-browed rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
(II. 243-4)

Here the ivy clasps the "mouldering tower" just as Eloisa glued her arms about her phantom. She is desperate for a phallic connective to replace the totem that she lost in Abelard. Trees, mountains, towers, all have served this purpose at one time or another in Eloisa's imagery. And the sexual significance of the "mouldering tower" is confirmed when its presence triggers yet another ecstatic vision of Abelard:

Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
(II. 245-6)

Once again images of moving waters and blowing winds arouse the nun, but she suddenly recognizes her folly, and "awakens" to a final,
all-important truth: the waters can no longer flow, nor can the winds blow for Abelard. For him there is now no tumult in the veins, none of the suspense of life in the moment, nothing of the terror of death and damnation. Dead to natural instinct, he can no more suffer in concert with the world. He now is like the "pale-eyed virgins" and the marble saints of the Paraclete—still in the world but not of it. Now Eloisa confronts the castration with calmer words, and finds images that can carry Abelard beyond nature:

A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fixed repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow.

(ll. 250-4)

Now the winds and waters are still and silent. Here are images of the world before it was a world, before the logos "bade" and "taught" chaos to live. Before the spirit descended to the body, and soul to senses. This minor resolution begins to part the clouds of Eloisa's melancholy, and Eloisa moves into the poem's fourth movement (ll. 257-316) ready to suit her language to her needs.

None of Pope's commentators has noted that at this point Eloisa summons Abelard in a tone coloured with certain mockery. She now seems to recognize her unique separation from him. Passion is hers alone. It is in her soul, in her very being, but not in Abelard any longer, nor in nature. And as she accepts this isolation ("even thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves") she begins to develop a new courage. A courage that is the gift of one easy insight: Eloisa realizes that, in his present condition, Abelard is free from the demands of passion and thus released from the dilemma of concomitant moral choice. He need not fear damnation as Eloisa
must. Eloisa's sexuality takes on a renewed frenzy now. It moves
rapturously into every dimension of her life. Pope begins once again to
use the verb "to tremble" (11. 276, 279), and to suggest anew the antici-
pation that charges Eloisa's present. Now she is fully cognizant of the
impact of the emasculation. But among the many horrors it has brought
upon her love there is also one strange blessing. Eloisa is now the
preserver of love's memory. The love cannot be betrayed nor diminished
without her acquiescence. It is forever fixed in her past and, in this
somewhat inverted fashion, her love has been immortalized. This is only
possible because the love stands checked, like Abelard. This development
assists Eloisa to come to an acceptance of death. For death is like the
emasculating in that it is a boundary that must be crossed to gain
access to a paradise. In spite of the emasculation memory still sustains
love; beyond death the future offers eternity. Just as Eloisa had been
obsessed with the emasculation in the second division of the poem, so
she is fascinated with death in this parallel section. By crossing the
terrible landscape of the emasculation Eloisa eventually reached and
secured the memories of her once happy state of love. Now if she is will-
ing to cross the equally fearful frontier of death she may yet gain a
second paradise. Eloisa is in control and moves quickly towards a
resolution of her dilemma.

For the first time Eloisa finds in the Paraclete a source of
potently sexual imagery. What she had previously failed to achieve
(11. 99-176), an identification of Abelard as sexual and religious mentor,
as lover and as founder of the Paraclete, a failure that sent her into a
deep melancholy, Eloisa now easily attains. And, with the passing of
melancholy, images of light and warmth return to the poetry: 39

In seas of flame my plunging soul is drowned,
While altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.
(II. 275-6)

Certainly such language flirts with a suggestion with damnation but that is one risk that the properly sensuous Eloisa never ceases to run. That dilemma is necessarily identical with the intense presence of her humanity.

Consider the sexual nuances in the verses that precede this couplet:

When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.
(II. 271-74)

The image of the "swelling organs" certainly dominates the passage with its unbridled innuendo, and as such it is very often remarked upon by commentators. 40 But this particular innuendo is well supported in the text. The "tapers" and the "temples" should follow in suit with the previous sexual images in the poem. And if one questions whether Eloisa actually views these in a sexual way, then the much more dramatic and suggestive use of the image of "taper" in line 326 should confirm the sexual overtones in the passage at hand. Thoughts of Abelard summon up this language of experience, and Eloisa's soul rises and falls in a sexual ecstasy that colours all of her surroundings. 41

But the contest for Eloisa's soul is as atreously divided, as ever. She calls upon her dream of Abelard to steal between her and her God, but just as quickly she demands that her lover fly from her to the very ends of the earth that "Grace serene ... (might) wrap thee in eternal rest." Once again her present conflict bears some resemblance to a previous conflict in the poem's second section. Compare
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woes
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize.
(11. 119,125)

with these present verses:

Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole.
(11. 288-9)

In these two parallel sections of the poem this contest between a kind
of heaven and hell, one that is irresolvable in a fallen world, ultimately turns Eloisa to a contemplation of death. But what was once feared
has now become the source of a restful fantasy. The release from the
demands of nature that the emasculation gave to Abelard can come to
Eloisa in death. And, because Eloisa has found the common cause of these
two grand denouements, she now views death in sexual terms. She imagines
herself reclining in a tomb, and her language is once again suggestive.

See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
Propped on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
(11. 303-4)

Eloisa spreads for death as she had once spread for Abelard. For the
first time in her monologue she dissolves her anxious mood into a moment
of tranquility when she is soothed by a second Vestal who, like Eloisa,
is one of love's victims:

But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep.
(11. 313-14)

Through the use of sexual metaphors, the language of her own
experiences, Eloisa begins to comprehend spiritual matters and to project
a favourable image of herself into the future. In the poem's fifth and
final section (11. 317-66) she analyses death in explicitly sexual terms
and focuses her deepest concerns upon the world of the senses. Her first
approach to death attempts to understand the yearnings of the soul. She imagines herself dying and Abelard present to perform the last rites. The scene opens with a pastoral tone that recalls "the unfading rose of Eden" (l. 217) that she had associated with the blameless Vestal:

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bower,
Celestial palms, and every-blooming flowers.
Thither where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow.
(11. 317-20)

But this is no paradise that Eloisa can readily recognize. It demands Abelard, not an ever-blooming rose, if it is to be complete. And when imagination supplies her love Eloisa "dies" a rapturous death:

See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
(11. 323-24)

But these are the raptures of "damnation." So salvation demands a different office of Abelard who now comes to Eloisa as priest, not lover:

Ah no—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
The hallowed taper trembling in your hand,
Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
(11. 325-28)

But there is no priest. Only Eloisa's fantasies. And fantasies built around Abelard as lover, not abbot. In these verses Eloisa has finally succeeded in charging religious matters with the vitality of physical experience. The "hallowed taper" in Abelard's hand finally restores the phallic power lost in the emasculation. And the Cross itself is granted an unusually earthy completeness in its present context. Eloisa, who could not look upon the Cross when taking her vows because her eyes were fixed upon her lover, can now do so only because that Cross has become a
symbol of her love's lost potency. Eloisa, who throughout her monologue, has been required to supply by acts of imagination that which Abelard could no longer give in fact, now receives her lover curiously restored.

One should not draw back from the rich associations of Eloisa's sexual imagery. Pope has created his nun within the conventions of seventeenth-century religious art. And this was a period whose artists were often inspired to give materializations to mystic visions. Pope's debts to Donne and Crashaw are clear, and neither poet balked at producing intensely physical images out of religious experiences. But perhaps the chief source of justification for finding in Pope's Eloisa an unusually sensual approach to God appears in the work of Bernini. Pope has already demonstrated a poetic affinity for Bernini's style in sculpture in his creation of the Father Thames figure in *Windsor Forest*. The sexual atmosphere of Eloisa's death fantasy also recalls a work by Bernini. The trembling lips and rolling eyes of Pope's nun, and the apparently sexual relationship shared by her and her intercessor at the moment of her ecstasy draw an interesting parallel with Bernini's St. Theresa. Kenneth Clark writes of the sculpture in the Cornaro Chapel that "the swooning sensuous beauty ... is almost shocking." There stands the angel of God thrusting his flaming arrow into Saint Theresa; it takes but little imagination to see the same symbolic effect of the phalus in the taper that Abelard holds when he stands before Eloisa at the moment of her ecstasy. Sexual imagery was an inseparable dimension of the Catholic mysticism of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. There should be no cause for confusion or, surprise at its appearance in Pope.

Ultimately, however, Eloisa is no mystic. She has no experience
of transcendence. The paradise of the "roseate bowers" fades away, and the "seraphic glow" of ecstasy passes on:

See from my cheek the transient roses fly! 
See the last sparkle languish in my eye! 
(11. 331-2)

And when the fantasies are gone Eloisa turns her considerations to a more honest image of her future. There will be no apotheosis. Only the grave awaits her. This development in the poem has troubled many readers. But needlessly. Eloisa cannot imagine herself leaving this world. She is neither a mystic nor an idealist. Hers is the world of experience, the world of the suspenseful present. She subordinates both the past and the future to her keen awareness of the immediate. She lives intensely in the chaotic present; she fashions no escapes from time and mutability. Much of this identity has been forced upon Eloisa. The violent end of her love created an impossible barrier against a retreat into memory. And the image of death and the fear of damnation conspired to disrupt any hope for the future. Sensation and the present were left her. And the language of experience. And it is to these realities that she turns in her difficult resolution. The union that she awaits with Abelard will only come in the grave. And her paradise will be in literature, not in heaven. Her apotheosis is to be one of words. Even her absolution will come not from God, as the phantom sister had promised (1. 316), but in the understanding tears of suffering humanity (1. 358) and the sympathetic verses of a wise and experienced poet.

Here one encounters an ironic reversal of the lovers' fate in Donne's "The Canonization." Eloisa and Abelard will not become the saintly intermediaries for earthly lovers. On the contrary, the lovers
of this world, when they visit the graves of Pope's lovers, will thank 
God that they have not suffered such a passion as these have. Eloisa, 
who bravely faced mutability, has herself become a kind of memento mori. 
Only a poet, and necessarily a poet who has been a victim of a similar 
catastrophe in love, will possess the feeling for life that is prerequisite 
to the appreciation of Eloisa's paradoxical tragedy: 

Then ages hence when all my woes are o'er, 
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more; 

And sure, if fate some future bard shall join 
In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 
Condemned whole years in absence to deplore, 
And image charms he must behold no more; 
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well; 
Let him our sad, our tender story tell; 
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost; 
He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most. 

Eloisa's story has furnished Pope with an unconventional allegory 
of the Fall— one in which the offence is against nature, not God. 
Consequently Eloisa is isolated in her quest for order. Cut off from 
the past, afraid of the future, distrustful of her religion, and withheld 
from communion with nature by the violent act of her fellow-humans, 
Eloisa has only her "art" (her imagination and her experiences) with which 
to make sense out of her life. And Pope's eye like Eloisa's is on this 
world, on present suffering, not on future hope and heavenly promises. 
He attempts to find in the pain and chaos of Eloisa's moment some approach 
to an understanding of human loneliness. He seeks a means by which to 
sustain a hope for a better future, but without transcending, without 
forgetting the present. Here he avoids the simple optimism of the con-
cluding vision in Windsor Forest. Instead he directly confronts the 
problem of salvation in starkly human terms. Here the dream of
perfection cannot penetrate and give order to the chaos of reality. Men and their God communicate but darkly. While past and future, memory and anticipation, do little more than tease humanity. In many ways Eloisa to Abelard presents the full development of a dilemma that Pope first sketched in the eclogue "Autumn." In Eloisa to Abelard Pope never leaves the world of real human doubts and fears. He plumbs the depths of human confusion in attempting to represent a psychologically developed character struggling to survive. He embraces human troubles, and he gazes into the tomb of time.

O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap May who ne'er hung there. (Gerard Manly Hopkins)
Chapter Four

Among the best examples of the heroic epistle in English are those by Dryden collectively entitled *England's Heroicall Epistles* (1597-99). Of course, Dryden's epistles are written in pairs, and each complaint is followed by a reply from the beloved. These pieces therefore lack the tension that Pope achieves in his *Eloisa*. In many ways Pope's development of his heroine's character looks forward to the dramatic monologues of Browning rather than back towards the classical or the Renaissance epistle. Reuben Brower cogently compares Pope's effort with the form and tone that were originally developed and refined by Ovid. See *The Poetry of Allusion*, pp. 74-84. For a further discussion of the tradition within which Pope conceived and designed his *Eloisa* to Abelard see Hoyt Troubridge, "Pope's *Eloisa* and the Heroiides of Ovid," *From Dryden to Jane Austen* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1977), pp. 135-53. Parallels between the heroic epistle and the neo-classical tragedy are developed by Evelyn Hooven in "Racine and Pope's 'Eloisa'," *Essays in Criticism*, XXIV (1974), pp. 368-74.


4. Oddly enough several commentators have remarked upon the absence of explicit sexual references in *Eloisa* to Abelard. These critics often see in the *Eloisa* a use of sexual imagery that calls to mind a kind of intellectual temperament for the metaphors and is not unlike the effect of Donne's language in the Holy Sonnets. Certainly Pope carefully avoids these descriptions of sexual acts that come so easily and effectively into the poetry of Ovid. And when one considers the numerous influences of the metaphysical poets in the *Eloisa*, Pope's apparent "coyness" in his sexual passages does seem curious. But this reluctance is a consistent feature of all Pope's writings. Even his personal letters are marked by this quality, and when their contents do approach sexual matters Pope's expressions seem oddly puerile and even voyeuristic. Consider this passage from a letter to the Blounts: "What is the Pride of a Woman ... to keep your own secrets ... & those white Bums which 'I dye to see'" (*The Correspondence*, ed. Sherburn, 1, 515-16). And again in
an earlier letter to Martha Blount: "Let your faithless Sister triumph in her ill-gotten Treasures ... while you with all your innocence enjoy a Shady Grove without any leaves on" (I, 375). There is indeed a great need for a study of Pope's language of sex and love. Such an investigation should bring about a true appreciation of the psychological importance of sexual passion to Pope's satiric moods. A recent study of the Eloisa within the context of Pope's 'love letters' well indicates the value of such an undertaking on a larger scale. See James A. Winn, "Pope Plays the Rake: His letters to Ladies and the Making of the Eloisa," The Art of Alexander Pope, ed. Howard Erskine-Hill and Anne Smith (London: The Vision Press, 1979), pp. 89-119. However, although there is little explicit sexuality in the Eloisa, Pope's suggestive use of language is rich with an implicit understanding of the human sexual psyche. Eloisa's character is largely defined through these images of her sexuality. It is a difficult task indeed to separate the sexual from the religious imagery in Eloisa to Abelard. Those who attempt too nice a distinction between "nature and grace, virtue and passion" do much to undermine the strategy and success of the poem. See C.R. Kropf, "What Really Happens in Eloisa to Abelard," South Atlantic Bulletin, XLI (1976), pp. 43-49.


7 For Susanne K. Langer the past and the future are both conventions that are similar in their internal unity and in the fact that they are "engendered" by the arts. She argues that the characteristics of the abstraction that we term the past are almost exclusively literary: "The primary illusion created by poesy is a history entirely 'experienced.'" Feeling and Form: A Theory of Art (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953), pp. 262-66.


9 The pastoral accompaniments to Eloisa's introspective melancholy are often, and justifiably one should add, traced to and compared with those of Milton's Il Penseroso. But an important distinction is equally often overlooked. Milton's solitary soul seeks out his isolation, and derives pleasure from this experience. Eloisa's solitude is an involuntary and traumatic condition forced upon her by the violent actions of her society. This quality of violence in Eloisa's situation separates her not only from Milton's melancholic loner but also from Gray, Young, and other eighteenth-century offspring of Il Penseroso.

Memory is born of sensation and in its turn forms ideas. The sense of the future is a construct of these ideas. Reason is of the past, of memory; faith is a condition of what we sense to be the future. See Chapter 10, "Of Retention," in John Locke's *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding*.

The Poetry of Allusion, pp. 68-69.

Murray Krieger, *The Classic Vision* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1971), pp. 102-103. Despite his difficulty in stating his case Krieger's arguments are, for the most part, quite sound. His chief fault lies in his need to attribute the pervasive sexuality and violence of *Eloisa to Abélard* to only a subconscious aspect of Pope's creative purpose: "Pope bares something he dares not confront fully." Eloisa's perspective, not Pope's, is one of terror and confusion. But embraced as it is by an elaborate, external design it does move towards a resolution. The trembling chaos at the centre of the poem reveals no flaw in the design but is intended to convey some sense of experience as it is divorced from the reassurances of reason and theology. A similar sensibility is encountered in the "Autumn" eclogue and in the historic interludes and hunting sequences of *Windsor Forest*. And the same mood, refined to a kind of nervous tension, pervades the late satires.

Dunciad, IV, 11. 652-3.


George Whalley writes: "Memory is the central factor in the process of image-making: without memory there can be no poetic creation." *Poetic Process* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul Ltd., 1953), p. 76. See also pp. 74-84.


See diagram, Appendix III.

Consider in this respect Pope's use of phallic imagery throughout the *Dunciad* and particularly its effectiveness in Book Four. Also of interest is Pope's own drawing for the frontispiece to *An Essay on Man* (reprinted from Twickenham Edition plate, see Appendix IV). This work shows the influences of the usually bathetic, "dark pictures" from the continent. These images of ruination are also often prominently featured in the paintings of Nicolas Poussin whose pastoral studies have often been compared in mood with Pope's eclogues. In the present instance *The Death of Adonis* (c. 1628) is of some interest. By the end of the century, however, such dark imagery was to be found commonly in the work of much lesser artists, and had become a popular motif. Such works are filled with *memento mori* but they seem to lack something of the intellectual fibre that made this style of art valid in the Renaissance (one need only think of Durer's work), and their subjects too often become the easy stuff
of sentiment. But Pope's work carefully avoids the sentiment of his sources, and his drawing displays a characterized satiric bent. In certain eighteenth-century writers, notably Pope and Swift, this sort of "death's head imagery" often suggests the threat of social chaos, intellectual decline, and moral anarchy. Such is the case in this drawing and in the Eloisa. Here Pope has produced a strikingly masculine picture. One quickly notes the broken columns and statues, the broken pipe and tree branch, even a decapitation. These symbolic emasculations, what I have called "broken phallic images," will be a common device in Hogarth's satiric engravings. For a brief discussion of Pope's drawing see Haynard Mack, An Essay on Man, Twickenham Edition (London: Methuen, 1964), p. xc.

Many of the difficulties reported by the various commentators on Eloisa to Abelard arise out of a refusal to recognize this aspect of the poem. One should place less emphasis upon weighing the success or failure of virtue and passion in Eloisa's internal argument and consider more closely the dimensions and nature of the argument itself. The debate between Robert P. Kalmey and Murray Krieger offers an excellent example of the insolvency of the "correct-choice" approach to the poem. See R.P. Kalmey, "Rhetoric, Language and Structure in Eloisa to Abelard," Eighteenth-Century Studies, V (1972), pp. 315-18.

Burton is translating a passage from Malanellius and finds most of his sources agreed on these points. The aspect of sexual indulgence ("venery") is of particular interest to Eloisa's condition. She continually interprets her mood and environs in the context and language of her sexual longings. In this specific section of the poem (11. 177-256) the symptoms of strange and interrupted dreams and waking illusions are especially interesting. The Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. Holbrook Jackson (London: J.M. Dent, 1932), vol. I, pp. 382-84.

These visions have troubled Pope's readers since the eighteenth century. Both Warton and Wakefield commented upon the passages in question (Twickenham Edition, p. 300), and more recently Brendan O Hehir made these visions the subject of a paper on the poem. "Virtue and Passion: The Dialectic of Eloisa to Abelard," Texas Studies in Language and Literature, II (1960), pp. 219-32.

Barrett John Mandel, in the company of a few other critics, has stressed the importance of "experience" and the "moment" in Eloisa to Abelard, but has not gone beyond a simple thematic argument in support of this observation. A close study of Eloisa's own consciousness of time and her development of a language that reflects these elements of the poem is still wanting. The present study is a response to that need. See B.J. Mandel, "Pope's Eloisa to Abelard," Texas Studies in Language and Literature, IX (1967), pp. 57-58.

The importance of melancholy to Pope's development of Eloisa's character cannot be too much stressed. It is the agonizing battle of this very real distress that provides a psychological context for the sexual innuendo in the poem. One need only read Pope's many imitators
or the infamous Lettres Portugaises to come to a very keen appreciation of Pope's subtle and effective handling of his curiously violent and sensuous source materials. By stressing Eloisa's melancholy he is able to move away from the mood in John Hughes' translation of the original letters. Hughes' Eloisa is much stronger, more of a rationalist, and much more at peace with herself and her sexuality. See James E. Wellington, "Introduction", pp. 63-108. But Pope's nun is a true depressive. And her disease is one that makes her unusually acute to the sad decline that is the passage of time. In this Pope agrees with Johnson: "Melancholy like 'great wit' may be near allied to madness." (James Boswell, The Life of Samuel Johnson (London: J.M. Dent, 1958), p. 129). And as to the cure for such madness, Johnson again remarks: One should "expel them (troublesome thoughts) immediately by putting better images into motion." But Johnson concedes that "he to whom the present offers nothing will often be looking backward on the past." And thus deepening his sorrow as Johnson elsewhere, explains. (Idler, No. 72, W.J. Bate, p. 345).


27. It is interesting to note that Pope uses forms of the verb "to tremble" more often in Eloisa to Abelard and Windsor Forest than in any other works except for the translations of Homer. In all, the word appears on five occasions in various forms throughout the present poem, and on five occasions in Pope's georgic. All ten usages are in descriptions of actions that Pope clearly associates with the chaos of fallen time. Four of the five instances in Windsor Forest refer to hunting episodes. All five in Eloisa to Abelard are related to the terrible choice (between salvation and damnation) that marks off the minutes of Eloisa's chaotic hours. Characteristically Pope associates the verb "to tremble" with sudden and chaotic fears. Thus the density of its appearances in these two poems should tell the reader much about the importance of the consciousness of time-passing to the themes of both Windsor Forest and Eloisa to Abelard. A Concordance to the Poems of Alexander Pope, compiled by E.G. Bedford and R.J. Dilligan (Detroit: Gale Research Co., 1972), vol. 2, p. 519.

28. Gilbert Wakefield was the first to explain that the image refers to the moisture that would gather on the cold stone in the dank atmosphere of the cloister. Twickenham Edition, p. 300. However, what Pope had done with the image did not please Wakefield who called it "puerile". Wakefield was wrong. The image works well as a kind of chiasmus applied to the emotions. Pope has given to the statues the emotions that rightly belong with the "pale-eyed virgins" of the previous line. In this convent human beings come to the estate of statues, while beings of marble acquire the qualities of feelings.


31. Compare with Donne's "The Sunne Rising".

32. Joan Bennett remarks of Donne that "prophane love" is consistently the route to knowledge of God's love. And Donne, when he turns to religious poetry, never repents his secular celebrations of physical love. There is no choosing one from the other. And so it is with Eloisa. The reader should not, as many commentators have done, expect that she must surrender her physical longings in order to pass on to a spiritual love. For Eloisa, as for Donne, the body is the soul's means of knowing. What Bennett emphatically writes of Donne's theme in "The Extasie" may be said with equal vehemence of Pope's theme in Eloisa to Abelard: "Donne, in "The Extasie," is attempting ... to explain that the union of spirit with spirit expresses itself in the flesh, just as the soul lives in the body and, in this world, cannot exist without it" (p. 169). Compare and contrast this attitude with a standard discussion of Eloisa's need to turn from the physical to the spiritual in Robert P. Kalmey's essay "Pope's Eloisa to Abelard and 'Those Celebrated Letters'", Philological Quarterly XLVII (1968), pp. 164-78.

33. Compare again with Donne's "The Extasie:"

When love, with one another so
Interinanimates two soules,
That abler soule, which thence doth flow,
Defects of loneliness controules.

(11. 41-4)

34. Some questions have been raised about the morality espoused by Eloisa in her description of love's ambition in these lines. It should be apparent that Pope has created an innocent environment around Eloisa's memories of this love, a somewhat arcadian world. Much doubt could be expelled if one were to consider the contexts in which Pope repeats this specific verse in An Essay on Man:

Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus States were formed; the name of King unknown,
Till common interest placed the sway in one.
'Twas Virtue ONLY ....

(11. 207-11)
See An Essay on Criticism:

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.

(11. 88-91)


Robert Burton recognizes that in love-melancholy the sufferer often demands death in place of lost sensual pleasures: "'Tis the common humour of them all, to commend death, to wish for death, to confront death ... 'tis (saith Tyrius) to die" (vol. 3, p. 165).

The Poetry of Allusion, p. 80.


Much controversy has surrounded the interpretation of these lines with all critics acknowledging the innuendo that is present, but few willing to commit themselves to an explicit reading of the sexual undercurrents in the verse. Murray Krieger's mixture of reticence and puerile snickering is typical. See The Classic Vision, p. 100.

Hehir argues that Eloisa is not fantasizing here but actually sees the scene in the way in which she describes it. He argues that the tears in her eyes cause this swimming confusion before the altar. See "Virtue and Passion," p. 312.


There is much more of Crashaw in this poem than Pope's single note seems to indicate (1. 212). The almost excessive imagery of the eyes and of the great flood of tears that one encounters in Crashaw certainly has its parallels in Eloisa to Abelard. And at times in the poem, Crashaw's St. Theresa appears to have coached Eloisa in the art of ecstasy. We know from his correspondence that Pope had taken a critical interest in "The Weeper" in December of 1710. Although Pope was displeased that "nothing regular can be expected from him," he did find Crashaw "one of those whose works may just deserve reading," and one whom he, Pope, had "read twice or thrice." See The Correspondence of Alexander Pope, 5 vols. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1956), vol. I, pp. 18-20.

Consider this translation of St. Theresa's own description of her ecstasy: "The pain was so great that I screamed aloud, but simultaneously felt such infinite sweetness that I wished the pain to last eternally. It was the sweetest caressing of the soul by God." Quoted by Kenneth Clark, Civilization, p. 191.

The historic couple, after their deaths, were eventually interred in the same grave although Eloisa outlived Abelard by twenty-one years during which time she became Abbess at the Paraclete.
While out of Time, Timelessness brims
Like oil on black water, to coil out and spread
On the time that seems past and the time that may come,
And both the same under
The present's darkening dome.

(Robert Penn Warren, "Antimony: Time and Identity")
Coda

There is a quality of "order" about these early poems that indicates the degree of care and the depth of insight which Pope brought to their composition. Each is contrived within a specific and highly detailed plan so that the development of statement and theme in each instance imparts a sense of movement, and suggests the controlled, intellectual forms of music. Pope proportions his poems, and moves through the various and interrelated parts, like the master of a fugue. His designs are fluid and recitative. The energy and power of these pieces comes exclusively from within. And this last is, perhaps, the most pleasing and surprising aspect of Pope's early works. Not only are they possessed of an unexpectedly complex and intellectually satisfying structure but, for all this technical mastery, these are works of true humanity in which spiritual insights harmonize with structural achievements. Here is no dichotomy, no balance of intellect and emotion, of form and statement. But a careful infusion of one by the other. Reason, if not overwhelmed by passion, is certainly pursued, compelled, and possessed by aspects of instinct and the irrational. Chaos is the dark engine that burns within the orderly machine of Pope's poetic structures. Such is the role of "Autumn" within the overall pattern of the Pastoral. And the effect of historic time and the hunting episodes in Windsor Forest. And, certainly, this is Pope's purpose in his development of Eloisa's character. In fact, in that last poem, Pope arrives at the definition of emotive intellect that will distinguish the later satires. In these early poems time is defined partly in spatial terms;¹ in Eloisa and the
later poems the perception of time is shaped by the intense quality of
the portrayal of human consciousness. For this reason, the acute
presence of a human consciousness, Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard* is essential
to his poetic style in the later satires.

Eloisa's character and her love become a point of deliberate,
social division. Her sensibility marks itself off from that of her
society. And in her love she does not seek understanding from others
because these cannot comprehend the genius of her unique passion. It is
only the artist, the artist who has experienced pain, who, as an isolated
consciousness, has the imaginative vigour to appreciate the experiences
of Eloisa. In a fashion Eloisa is herself a kind of artist who struggles
to impart meaning to chaotic experience. And this is the only resolution
that one can expect from her poem. When Eloisa as artist has merged
Abelard with God, and the language of experience has given a special
vitality to religious convention, she has achieved for Pope the paradox-
ical yoking of time-immediate with time-eternal. Eloisa's dilemma
specifically required her to confront the paradox of man's immersion in
fallen time and the ever-increasing gulf of his separation from the
eternal. In this poem the ontological crisis that marks the changing
sensibility of the eighteenth century is the explicit concern of the
dramatic speaker. Content and form are here truly one. And thus the
poem is crucial to any full understanding of the technique and the
imaginative stimulus in Pope's mature writings. A close examination of
the poem brings the reader to the centre of Pope's passionate intellect,
and demonstrates his sensitive awareness of the most modern concerns of
his age. Pope's art is often compelled, as it is in *Eloisa to Abelard*,
by a self-dividing spiritual crisis that he inherited from his seventeenth-
century predecessors.

But if Eloisa appears to have solved her dilemma, and there are good reasons to doubt this, she is the last of Pope's dramatic speakers to do so. The ironic and anticlimactic allusion to "The Canonization" with which the epistle closes points forward to the later despair and increasing sense of isolation that will mark the tone of the great satiric period at the close of Pope's career. Pope fills his poem with allusions to Crashaw and Donne, and employs a metaphysical wit in a final but vain effort to answer the need for a new definition of man's relationship to time, God, and the universe. But no effort of faith, and no attempt to revive the theological assurances that secured the late-Renaissance, can confirm and make significant the last, near-desperate hopes of Eloisa and her animator. In many ways Eloisa to Abelard anticipates the crisis of faith that will mark the poet's final years.  

Doubt, not certainty, distinguishes the eighteenth-century. Carl L. Becker expresses this important insight simply and cogently when he writes:

The vision of man and his world as a neat and efficient machine, designed by an intelligent Author of the Universe, gradually faded away.  

Yet the opinion that this Augustan Age was the Age of Reason, was a period of faith and certainty, continues to hold a superior place in the modern appreciation of eighteenth-century literature. And, although one can never ignore the fact that this was an age mightily ambitious for the constructive potentials of reason, the doubt that necessarily accompanies introspection and self-knowledge cannot, and must not, be minimized. For, if it was a time when Shaftesbury could write that
"human nature shows itself ... rightly tending and moved by proper and just principles," it was soon to become a time when Hume could conclude that

To be a philosophical Sceptic is, in a man of letters, the first and most essential step towards being a sound, believing Christian.

There is a great difference between the faith in the capacity of human reason to solve and to detail a uniformly operating nature, as the Deists would have it, and the faith that Pope placed in reason (Essay on Man, III, 83-88). He early fell in love with doubt. His mankind can little understand themselves (Essay on Man, II, 1-18), let alone comprehend the operations of nature from which they are estranged and which too often reflect their own chaotic essence. It is a long distance from Windsor Forest to the "Empire of Dulness" in The Dunciad, but in "Autumn" and Eloisa to Abelard the immensity of the abyss, against which the vision of Father Thames is offered, is clearly a present danger, to be feared, and to be confronted. For the abyss is of the individual as much as it is of time. The harmony and trust that appear to be offered and defended by Pope in his Essay on Man are not the same "truths" that he understands and describes with bitter accuracy in his Satires and Moral Essays. And the images in Pope’s early works of man as a being who is isolated from the "orderly processes" of nature are the seeds of his ultimate pessimism, of his distrust of man’s promise, and of his disbelief in man’s ability to fulfill his function as the operator of the "efficient machine" of the universe. It becomes the role of the poet to discover the moral beauty and order of the external world through the imaginative faculties and the discipline of an individual, internal
vision. Where such faculties are barren, as they are increasingly for Pope's society of men, the image of the future is a bleak one. For the great clockwork universe is set to the measure of the individual consciousness; and, where the latter is an erratic chronomètre, where instinct is dull to responsibility, the potential revelations of an ordered cosmos and progressive time become the nightmares of decline, and rage, and final, empty silence. Pope did believe in the potential of the individual of genius. That was a vital necessity for him, and it formed the framework of most of his poetry. But he did not believe in the perfectibility of the race of men. Insight necessarily brings with it isolation. Genius cannot "weed" the error out of human society.

Pope comes to realize that the distinction between the self and the world is deeply complex. And thus he retires to Twickenham, as Candide sought the refuge of his garden, and Dr. Harrison secured Booth and Amelia in their solitary paradise. But Pope never ceases to

Presume Thy Bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

("The Universal Prayer," II. 26-8)

Pope did not possess the faith that the enlightenment philosophers did in knowledge, in reason, or in humanity. "Instinct" was his favourite counter to reason, and "charity" his all-too-weak response to the complex problem of democratic ethics. This is not an indication of a softness of intellect, but an awareness of the perplexity of consciousness. Pope had inherited a fundamental pessimism from the century of his birth. His are the doubts of Donne, and the concerns of Milton. That Pope, like his forefathers in literature, was a confirmed Christian, there can be
no question. But unlike his seventeenth-century mentors, Pope could not trust his future, nor that of his society, to the will of Providence. The new Prometheans, men like Newton and Locke, had uncovered the knowledge of the rationalistic universe, and had taught men that they must direct their lives through their own faculties. But the promises of reason make no covenants; Providence is constant, reason fleeting and unsure. Again Carl L. Becker writes of reason:

    It (reason) does not really matter much, since in either case she will vanish at last, leaving them (philosophers) to face existence with no other support than hope, or indifference, or despair.

Whatever faith that Pope can hold on to, whatever truth that he can recover, must come of experience. And here are but two things certain: the moment of a man's birth, forgotten, and the moment of his death, unknown. Between these two "facts", one of a beginning, the other of an end, Pope confronts the chaos of life in the moment (Essay on Man, II, 133-36). The strength of his poetry comes not from his reasonable precepts and moral expectations, but from his imagery of human failure and doubt. Criticism has begun to recognize this aspect of Pope's work, and to admit that, even in An Essay on Man, Pope's energy arises not out of his visions of universal order, not out of his moral assertions, but out of his intense confrontations with the chaotic actuality of a human life. S.L. Goldberg represents the best of such criticism when he writes of Pope:

    His imagination draws out most of its vigour from the disorder, folly, irrationality, dullness, grotesque, and fantastic distortions and extremes, that it realises as active forces in the world around him... His mind most fully realises itself in realising the strange forms, the ambivalent energies, the self-entangled contradictions of the world.
Although one must recognize that doubt is at the centre of Pope's imaginative perception of his world, one must never confuse this doubt with final despair. It is the source of a kind of realism. And, perhaps, the beginning of the modern temper.
NOTES

Coda


2It is remarkable, however, to discover that this quality of uneasiness is present in Pope's work from the beginning. The threatening quality of chaos does not appear in Fielding until *Amelia* (Peter V. LePage, "The Prison and the Dark Beauty of *Amelia*," *Criticism*, IX (1967), 337-54). Order and a compassionate belief in the power of reason, qualities so emphatic and pervasive in *Tom Jones*, give way to the confusion and deception of *Amelia*. And the rational faculties, represented in Dr. Harrison, falter and fail under the weight of human deceit.


4For a recent, major study undertaken from this point of view see Martin C. Battestin, *The Providence of Wit: Aspects of Form in Augustan Literature and the Arts* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974). However, it is interesting to note the growing concern with the darker side of the eighteenth century. See Michael V. DePorte, *Nightmares and Hobbyhorses: Swift, Sterne, and Augustan Ideas of Madness* (Huntington Library, 1974), and Max Byrd, *Visits to Bedlam: Madness and Literature in the Eighteenth Century* (University of South Carolina Press, 1974).


8*The Heavenly City*, pp. 69-70.

Appendix I

The Pattern of Pope’s Pastorals

PRESENT
(Pagan Golden Age)

SPRING
(Art as convention)
Metaphor

SUMMER
(Art as experience)

AUTUMN
(Time as immediate)

WINTER
(Art as convention)
Mythology

MESSIAH
(Christian Golden Age)

FUTURE

i) The descent and rise imitates fallen time perfected
ii) The pattern suggests the journey of the concept of Art through Time.
Appendix III

Paradise of Spiritual Love
FUTURE (Anticipation)
Part V (ll. 317-66)

Past vs. Future
Flesh vs. Spirit
Part IV (ll. 257-316)

Melancholy
PRESENT TIME
Part III (ll. 177-256)

Future vs. Past
Spirit vs. Flesh
Part II (ll. 99-176)

Paradise of Physical Love
PAST TIME (Memory)
Part I (ll. 1-98)

NOTE: Within the context of the poem Elísa never passes beyond the circle of Present Time.
Appendix IV

Pope's Frontispiece to An Essay on Man

1 Sepia drawing by Pope, probably the original of the frontispiece to the essay on man
(See note on page xc)

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