ALEXANDER POPE

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

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EDITORIAL NOTE TO THE ELECTRONIC EDITION

The edition that this volume is based on is one of the rare occurrences in publishing history, the creation of what is considered an ideal edition, in which the text, typography and illustrations compliment each other perfectly. There are only a handful of such books which include; the Kelmscott Press edition of Chaucer, Baskerville’s Milton, and Oscar Wilde’s Salome illustrated by Beardsley. I can only hope that I have done this book justice.

The pagination, page layout & illustration placement have been retained for this edition. The front cover has been reproduced based on the original design by Aubrey Beardsley. All preparation work done by Frater Nec Temere Nec Timide for Sovereign Sanctuary Press.

Questions, comments or suggestions can be directed to the Editor c/o: sovsancpress@yahoo.ca
The Rape of the Lock
The Rape of the Lock

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM

IN FIVE CANTOS

WRITTEN BY

ALEXANDER POPE

EMBROIDERED WITH NINE DRAWINGS

BY

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

“Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.”—MART.
“A tonso est hoc nomen adepta capillo.”—OVID

SOVEREIGN SANCTUARY PRESS
TO

EDMUND GOSSE

THIS NEW EDITION

OF

“THE RAPE OF THE LOCK”
# THE DRAWINGS

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THE RAPE OF THE LOCK was first published in the year 1712, by Bernard Lintott, at the sign of the Cross-Keys, between the two Temple Gates, Fleet Street. It was then in two cantos. It was occasioned by a frolic, carried rather beyond the bounds of good breeding, in which Lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor’s hair. The poem was undertaken at Mr. Caryl’s request (see Pope’s notes), in order to reconcile the two families, this incident having caused a considerable estrangement between them.

The great success of this *jeu d’esprit* induced Pope to extend it from the original two cantos—comprising some 330 lines—to five, by the addition of the “machinery” of Sylphs and Gnomes.

Those readers anxious to be acquainted with the original form of the work will find its extent indicated in the author’s notes to the poem, which is here printed in its extended form, with Pope’s final revisions.
To MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR

Madam,

It will be vain to deny that I have some Value for this Piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet You may bear me Witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good Sense and good Humour enough, to laugh not only at their Sex’s little unguarded Follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the Air of a Secret, it soon found its Way into the World. An imperfect Copy having been offered to a Bookseller, You had the Good-Nature for my Sake to consent to the Publication of one more correct: This I was forced to before I had executed half my Design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to compleat it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Criticks, to signify that Part which the Deities, Angels, or Daemons, are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one Respect like many modern Ladies: Let an Action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it
appear of the utmost Importance. These Machines I
determin’d to raise on a very new and odd Foundation,
the Rosicrucian Doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard
Words before a Lady: but ’tis so much the Concern of a
Poet to have his Works understood, and particularly by
your Sex, that You must give me leave to explain two or
three difficult Terms.

The Rosicrucians are a People I must bring You
acquainted with. The best Account I know of them is in a
French Book called Le Comte de Gabalis, which both in its
Title and Size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair
Sex have read it for one by Mistake. According to these
Gentlemen the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits,
which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders.
The Gnomes, or Daemons of Earth, delight in Mischief:
but the Sylphs, whose Habitation is Air, are the best-condi-
tioned Creatures imaginable. For they say, any Mortals
may enjoy the most intimate Familiarities with these gentle
Spirits, upon a Condition very easy to all true Adepts, an
inviolate Preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto’s, all the Passages of them are
as Fabulous, as the Vision at the Beginning, or the Trans-
formation at the End; (except the Loss of your Hair, which I always name with Reverence.) The Human Persons are as Fictitious as the Airy ones; and the Character of Belinda, as it is now manag’d, resembles You in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in Your Person, or in Your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass thro’ the World half so Uncensured as You have done. But let its Fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this Occasion of assuring You that I am, with the truest Esteem,

Madam,
Your most Obedient
Humble Servant,
A. POPE.
WHAT dire Offence from am’rous Causes springs,
What mighty Contests rise from trivial Things,
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due:
This, ev’n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the Praise,
If She inspire, and He approve my Lays.

Say what strange Motive, Goddess! cou’d compel
A well-bred Lord t’ assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor’d,
Cou’d make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In tasks so bold, can little Men engage,
And in soft Bosoms, dwells such mighty Rage?

Sol through white Curtains shot a tim’rous Ray,
And ope’d those eyes that must eclipse the Day:
Now Lap-dogs give themselves the rousing Shake,
And sleepless Lovers, just at Twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the Bell, the Slipper knock’d the Ground,
And the press’d Watch return’d a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy Pillow prest,
Her guardian Sylph prolong’d the balmy rest.
’Twas He had summon’d to her silent Bed
The morning-dream that hover’d o’er her Head.
A Youth more glitt’ring than a Birth-night Beau
(That ev’n in slumber caus’d her Cheek to glow)
Seem’d to her Ear his winning Lips to lay,
And thus in Whispers said, or seem’d to say.

Fairest of Mortals, thou distinguish’d Care
CANTO I

Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e’er one Vision touch’d thy infant Thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught,
Of airy Elves by Moonlight Shadows seen,
The silver Token, and the Circled Green,
Or Virgins visited by Angel-pow’rs,
With Golden Crowns and Wreaths of heav’nly Flow’rs;
Hear and believe! thy own Importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow Views to things below.
Some secret Truths, from Learned Pride conceal’d,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal’d:
What tho’ no Credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.
Know, then, unnumber’d Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower sky:
These, tho’ unseen, are ever on the Wing,
Hang o’er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an Equipage thou hast in Air,
And view with scorn Two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our Beings were of old,
And once inclos’d in Woman’s beauteous Mold;
Thence, by a soft Transition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to these of Air.
Think not, when Woman’s transient Breath is fled,
That all her Vanities at once are dead.
Succeeding Vanities she still regards, 55
And tho’ she plays no more, o’erlooks the Cards.
Her Joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And love of *Ombre*, after Death survive.
For when the Fair in all their Pride expire,
To their first Elements their Souls retire:
The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a *Salamander’s* name.
Soft yielding Minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with *Nymphs*, their elemental Tea.
The graver Prude sinks downward to a *Gnome*,
In search of Mischief still on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in *Sylphs* aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the Fields of Air.

Know further yet ; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects Mankind, is by some *Sylph* embrac’d:
For Spirits, freed from mortal Laws, with ease
Assume what Sexes and what Shapes they please.
What guards the Purity of melting Maids,
In Courtly Balls, and Midnight Masquerades,
Safe from the treach’rous Friend, the daring Spark,
The Glance by Day, the Whisper in the Dark,
When kind Occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when Dancing fires?
'Tis but their *Sylph*, the wise Celestials know,  
Tho' *Honour* is the word with Men below.

Some Nymphs there are, too conscious of their Face,  
For Life predestin’d to the *Gnomes’* embrace.  
These swell their Prospects and exalt their Pride,  
When Offers are disdain’d, and Love deny’d.  
Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant Brain,  
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping Train,  
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,  
And in soft sounds, *Your Grace* salutes their Ear.  
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,  
Instruct the eyes of young *Coquettes* to roll,  
Teach Infant Cheeks a bidden Blush to know,  
And little Hearts to flutter at a *Beau*.

Oft, when the World imagine Women stray,  
The *Sylphs* thro’ Mystic mazes guide their Way,  
Thro’ all the giddy Circle they pursue,  
And old Impertinence expel by new.  
What tender Maid but must a victim fall  
To one Man’s Treat, but for another’s Ball?  
When *Florio* speaks what Virgin could withstand,  
If gentle *Damon* did not squeeze her Hand?  
With varying Vanities, from ev’ry Part,
They shift the moving Toyshop of their Heart;
Where Wigs with Wigs, with Sword-knots Sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish Beaux, and Coaches Coaches drive.
This erring Mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to Truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy Protection claim,
A watchful Sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang’d the crystal Wilds of Air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
I saw, alas! some dread Event impend,
Ere to the Main this morning’s Sun descend,
But Heav’n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn’d by the Sylph, oh pious Maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy Guardian can.
Beware of all, but most beware of Man!

He said: when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap’d up, and wak’d his Mistress with his Tongue.
’Twas then, Belinda, if Report say true,
Thy Eyes first open’d on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish’d from thy Head.

And now, unveil’d, the Toilet stands display’d,
Each Silver Vase in mystic Order laid.
CANTO I

First, rob’d in White, the Nymph intent adores,
With Head uncover’d, the *Cosmetic* pow’rs.
A heav’nly Image in the Glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her Eyes she rears ;
Th’ inferior Priestess, at her Altar’s side,
Trembling begins the sacred Rites of Pride.
Unnumber’d Treasures ope at once, and here
The various Off’rings of the World appear ;
From each she nicely culls with curious Toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt’ring Spoil.
This Casket *India’s* glowing Gems unlocks,
And all *Arabia* breathes from yonder Box.
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transformed to *Combs*, the speckled and the white.
Here Files of Pins extend their shining Rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its Arms ;
The Fair each moment rises in her Charms,
Repairs her Smiles, awakens ev’ry Grace,
And calls forth all the Wonders of her Face ;
Sees by Degrees a purer Blush arise,
And keener Lightnings quicken in her Eyes.
The busy *Sylphs* surround their darling Care ;
These set the Head, and those divide the Hair,
Some fold the Sleeve, whilst others plait the Gown ;
And *Betty’s* prais’d for labours not her own.
CANTO II

NOT with more Glories, in th’ Etherial Plain,
The Sun first rises o’er the purpled Main,
Than, issuing forth, the Rival of his Beams
Launch’d on the Bosom of the Silver Thames.
Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone.
But ev’ry Eye was fix’d on her alone.
On her white Breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively Looks a sprightly Mind disclose,
Quick as her Eyes, and as unfix’d as those:
Favours to none, to all she Smiles extends,
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the Sun, her Eyes the Gazers strike,
And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful Ease, and Sweetness void of Pride,
Might hide her Faults, if Belles had Faults to hide:
If to her share some Female Errors fall,
Look on her Face, and you’ll forget ’em all.

This Nymph, to the Destruction of Mankind,
CANTO II

Nourish’d two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal Curls, and well conspir’d to deck
With shining Ringlets the smooth iv’ry neck.
Love in these Labyrinths his Slaves detains,
And mighty Hearts are held in slender Chains.
With hairy sprindges we the Birds betray,
Slight lines of Hair surprise the Finny Prey,
Fair Tresses Man’s Imperial Race insnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single Hair.

Th’ Advent’rous Baron the bright Locks admir’d;
He saw, he wish’d, and to the Prize aspir’d:
Resolv’d to win, he meditates the way,
By Force to ravish, or by Fraud betray;
For when Success a Lover’s Toil attends,
Few ask, if Fraud or Force attain’d his Ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor’d
Propitious Heav’n, and ev’ry Pow’r ador’d,
But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three Garters, half a Pair of Gloves;
And all the Trophies of his former Loves;
With tender Billet-doux he lights the Pyre,
And breathes three am’rous Sighs to raise the Fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent Eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the Prize:
The Pow’rs gave Ear, and granted half his Pray’r,
The rest, the Winds dispers’d in empty Air.

But now secure the painted Vessel glides,
The Sun-beams trembling on the floating Tydes,
While melting Musick steals upon the Sky,
And soften’d Sounds along the Waters die.
Smooth flow the Waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil’d, and all the World was gay.
All but the Sylph—With careful Thoughts opprest,
Th’ impending Woe sat heavy on his Breast.
He summons strait his Denizens of Air;
The lucid Squadrons round the Sails repair:
Soft o’er the Shrouds Aerial Whispers breathe,
That seem’d but Zephyrs to the Train beneath.
Some to the Sun their Insect-Wings unfold,
Waft on the Breeze, or sink in Clouds of Gold.
Transparent Forms, too fine for mortal Sight,
Their fluid Bodies half dissolv’d in Light.
Loose to the Wind their airy Garments flew,
Thin glitt’ring Textures of the filmy Dew;
Dipt in the richest Tincture of the Skies,
Where Light disports in ever-mingling Dies,
CANTO II

While ev’ry Beam new transient Colours flings,
Colours that change whene’er they wave their Wings.
Amid the Circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the Head, was Ariel plac’d ;
His Purple Pinions op’ning to the Sun,
He rais’d his Azure Wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Daemons, hear !
Ye know the Spheres and various Tasks assign’d
By Laws Eternal to th’ Aerial Kind.
Some in the Fields of purest Aether play,
And bask and whiten in the Blaze of Day.
Some guide the Course of wand’ring Orbs on high,
Or roll the Planets thro’ the boundless Sky.
Some less refin’d, beneath the Moon’s pale Light
Pursue the Stars that shoot athwart the Night ;
Or suck the Mists in grosser Air below,
Or dip their Pinions in the painted Bow,
Or brew fierce Tempests on the wintry Main,
Or o’er the Glebe distil the kindly Rain.
Others on Earth o’er human Race preside,
Watch all their Ways, and all their actions guide :
Of these the Chief the Care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms Divine the British Throne.
Our humbler Province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho’ less glorious Care.
To save the Powder from too rude a Gale,
Nor let th’ imprison’d Essences exhale;
To draw fresh Colours from the vernal Flow’rs;
To steal from Rainbows e’er they drop in Show’rs
A brighter Wash; to curl their waving Hairs,
Assist their Blushes, and inspire their Airs;
Nay oft, in Dreams, Invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelo!

This Day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair,
That e’er deserv’d a watchful Spirit’s care;
Some dire Disaster, or by Force, or Slight,
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt in Night.
Whether the Nymph shall break Diana’s law,
Or some frail China jar receive a Flaw,
Or stain her Honour or her new Brocade,
Forget her Pray’rs, or miss a Masquerade,
Or lose her Heart, or Necklace, at a Ball;
Or whether Heav’n has doom’d that Shock must fall.

Haste, then, ye Spirits! to your Charge repair;
The flutt’ring Fan be Zephyretta’s Care;
The Drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the Watch be thine;
CANTO II

Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav’rite Lock;  115
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To Fifty chosen Sylphs, of special Note,
We trust th’ important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold Fence to fail,
Tho’ stiff with Hoops, and arm’d with Ribs of Whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever Spirit, careless of his Charge,
His Post neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,
Shall feel sharp Vengeance soon o’ertake his Sins,
Be stop’d in Vials, or transfixed with Pins;
Or plung’d in lakes of bitter Washes lie,
Or wedg’d whole Ages in a Bodkin’s Eye:
Gums and Pomatums shall his Flight restrain,
While clogg’d he beats his silken Wings in vain;
Or Alom-Stypticks with contracting Pow’r
Shrink his thin Essence like a rivel’d Flower.
Or, as Ixion fix’d, the Wretch shall feel
The giddy Motion of the whirling Mill,
Midst Fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the Sea that froths below!
He spoke; the Spirits from the Sails descend;
Some, Orb in Orb, around the Nymph extend,
Some thrid the mazy Ringlets of her Hair,
Some hang upon the Pendants of her Ear;
With beating Hearts the dire Event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the Birth of Fate.
CANTO III

CLOSE by those Meads, for ever crown’d with Flow’rs,
Where Thames with Pride surveys his rising Tow’rs,
There stands a Structure of Majestic Fame,
Which from the neighb’ring Hampton takes its Name.
Here Britain’s Statesmen oft the Fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here Thou, great Anna! whom three Realms obey,
Dost sometimes Counsel take—and sometimes Tea.

Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the Pleasures of a Court;
In various Talk th’ instructive Hours they past,
Who gave a Ball, or paid the Visit last:
One speaks the Glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian Screen;
A third interprets Motions, Looks, and Eyes;
At every Word a Reputation dies.
Snuff, or the Fan, supply each Pause of Chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Mean while, declining from the Noon of Day,
The Sun obliquely shoots his burning Ray ;
The hungry Judges soon the Sentence sign,
And Wretches hang that Jury-men may Dine ;
The Merchant from th’ Exchange returns in Peace,
And the long Labours of the Toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom Thirst of Fame invites,
 Burns to encounter two adventrous Knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their Doom ;
And swells her Breast with Conquests yet to come.
Straight the three Bands prepare in Arms to join,
Each Band the number of the Sacred Nine.
Soon as she spreads her Hand, th’ Aerial Guard
Descend, and sit on each important card :
First Ariel perch’d upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the Rank they bore ;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient Race,
Are, as when women, wond’rous fond of Place.

Behold, four Kings in Majesty rever’d,
With hoary Whiskers and a forky Beard ;
And four fair Queens whose Hands sustain a Flow’r,
Th’ expressive Emblem of their softer Pow’r ;
Four Knaves in Garbs succinct, a trusty Band ;
Caps on their heads, and Halberds in their hand ;
And particolour’d Troops, a shining Train, 
Draw forth to combat on the Velvet Plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her Force with Care; 
*Let Spades be Trumps!* she said, and Trumps they were.

Now move to War her sable *Matadores,* 
In show like Leaders of the swarthy *Moors.*
*Spadillio* first, unconquerable Lord! 
Led off two captive Trumps, and swept the Board. 
As many more *Manillio* forc’d to yield, 
And march’d a Victor from the verdant Field.
Him *Basto* follow’d, but his Fate more hard 
Gain’d but one Trump and one *Plebeian* card.
With his broad Sabre next, a Chief in Years, 
The hoary Majesty of *Spades* appears; 
Puts forth one manly Leg, to sight reveal’d, 
The rest, his many-colour’d Robe conceal’d.
The Rebel-*Knave,* who dares his Prince engage, 
Proves the just Victim of his Royal Rage.
Ev’n mighty *Pam,* that Kings and Queens o’erthrew, 
And mow’d down Armies in the Fights of *Lu,*
Sad Chance of War! now destitute of Aid, 
Falls undistinguish’d by the Victor *Spade!*

Thus far both Armies to *Belinda* yield;
Now to the Baron Fate inclines the Field. His warlike Amazon her Host invades, Th’ Imperial Consort of the Crown of Spades. The Club’s black Tyrant first her Victim dy’d, Spite of his haughty Mien, and barb’rous Pride: What boots the Regal Circle on his Head, His Giant Limbs, in State unwieldy spread; That long behind he trails his pompous Robe, And, of all Monarchs, only grasps the Globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace; Th’ embroider’d King who shows but half his Face, And his refulgent Queen, with Pow’rs combin’d, Of broken Troops an easy Conquest find. Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild Disorder seen, With Throngs promiscuous strow the level Green. Thus when dispers’d a routed Army runs, Of Asia’s Troops, and Afric’s Sable Sons, With like Confusion different Nations fly, Of various Habits, and of various Dye, The pierc’d Battalions dis-united fall, In Heaps on Heaps; one Fate o’erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily Arts, And wins (oh shameful Chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
Canto III

At this, the Blood the Virgin’s Cheek forsook,
A livid Paleness spreads o’er all her Look ;
She sees, and trembles at th’ approaching Ill,
Just in the Jaws of Ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper’d State)
On one nice Trick depends the gen’ral Fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth : The King unseen
Lurk’d in her Hand, and mourn’d his captive Queen.
He springs to Vengeance with an eager Pace,
And falls like Thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The Nymph exulting fills with Shouts the Sky ;
The Walls, the Woods, and long Canals reply.

Oh thoughtless Mortals ! ever blind to Fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate !
Sudden, these Honours shall be snatch’d away,
And curs’d for ever this Victorious Day.

For lo ! the Board with Cups and Spoons is crown’d, the Berries crackle, and the Mill turns round ;
On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver Lamp; the fiery Spirits blaze :
From silver Spouts the grateful Liquors glide,
While China’s earth receives the smoking Tyde.
At once they gratify their Scent and Taste,
And frequent Cups prolong the rich Repast.
Straight hover round the Fair her Airy Band;
Some, as she sipp’d, the fuming Liquor fann’d,
Some o’er her Lap their careful Plumes display’d,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich Brocade.

Coffee (which makes the Politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut Eyes)
Sent up in Vapours to the Baron’s Brain
New Stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.

Ah cease, rash Youth! desist ere ’tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla’s Fate!
Chang’d to a Bird, and sent to flit in Air,
She dearly pays for Nisus’ injur’d Hair!

But when to Mischief Mortals bend their Will,
How soon they find fit Instruments of Ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting Grace
A two-edg’d Weapon from her shining Case;
So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
Present the Spear, and arm him for the Fight.
He takes the Gift with rev’rence, and extends
The little Engine on his Fingers’ Ends;
This just behind Belinda’s Neck he spread
As o’er the fragrant Steams she bends her Head:
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprights repair,
A thousand Wings, by turns, blow back the Hair;
And thrice they twitch’d the Diamond in her Ear,
Thrice she look’d back, and thrice the Foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close Recesses of the Virgin’s thought;
As on the Nosegay in her Breast reclin’d,
He watch’d th’ Ideas rising in her Mind,
Sudden he view’d, in spite of all her Art,
An Earthly Lover lurking at her Heart.
Amaz’d, confus’d, he found his Power expir’d,
Resign’d to Fate, and with a Sigh retir’d.

The Peer now spreads the glittering Forfex wide,
T’ inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev’n then, before the fatal Engine clos’d,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos’d;
Fate urged the Sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But Airy Substance soon unites again)
The meeting Points the sacred Hair disserver
From the fair Head, for ever and for ever!

Then flash’d the living Lightnings from her Eyes,
And Screams of Horror rend th’ affrighted Skies.
Not louder Shrieks to pitying Heav’n are cast,
When Husbands, or when Lapdogs breathe their last,
Or when rich *China* Vessels fal’n from high,
In glitt’ring Dust and painted Fragments lie!  

Let *Wreaths* of Triumph now my Temples twine,
(The Victor cry’d) the glorious Prize is mine!
While Fish in Streams, or Birds delight in Air,
Or in a Coach and Six the *British* Fair,
As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,
Or the small Pillow grace a Lady’s Bed,
While *Visits* shall be paid on solemn Days,
When num’rous Wax-lights in bright Order blaze,
While Nymphs take Treats, or Assignations give,
So long my Honour, Name, and Praise shall live!  

What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
And Monuments, like Men, submit to Fate!
Steel cou’d the Labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to Dust th’ Imperial *Tow’rs* of *Troy*;
Steel cou’d the Works of mortal Pride confound,
And hew Triumphal Arches to the Ground.
What Wonder then, fair Nymph! thy Hair shou’d feel
The conqu’ring Force of unresisted Steel?
BUT anxious Cares the pensive Nymph oppress’d,
And secret Passions labour’d in her Breast.
Not youthful Kings in Battle seiz’d alive,
Not scornful Virgins who their Charms survive,
Not ardent Lovers robb’d of all their Bliss,
Not ancient Ladies when refus’d a Kiss,
Not Tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her Manteau’s pinn’d awry,
E’er felt such Rage, Resentment, and Despair,
As Thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish’d Hair.

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy Sprite,
As ever sully’d the fair Face of Light,
Down to the Central Earth, his proper Scene,
Repair’d to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty Pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a Vapour reach’d the dismal Dome.
No cheerful Breeze this sullen Region knows,
The dreaded East is all the Wind that blows.
Here in a Grotto, shelter’d close from Air,
And screen’d in Shades from Day’s detested Glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive Bed,
Pain at her Side, and Megrim at her Head.

Two Handmaids wait the Throne: Alike in Place,
But differing far in Figure and in Face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient Maid,
Her wrinkled form in Black and White array’d;
With store of Pray’rs, for Mornings, Nights, and Noons,
Her Hand is fill’d; her Bosom with Lampoons.

There Affectation, with a sickly Mien,
Shows in her Cheek the Roses of Eighteen,
Practis’d to Lisp, and hang the Head aside,
Faints into Airs, and languishes with Pride;
On the rich Quilt sinks with becoming Woe,
Wap in a Gown, for Sickness, and for Show.
The Fair ones feel such Maladies as these,
When each new Night-Dress gives a new Disease.

A constant Vapour o’er the Palace flies;
Strange Phantoms rising as the Mists arise;
Dreadful, as Hermits’ Dreams in haunted Shades,  
Or bright, as Visions of expiring Maids.  
Now glaring Fiends, and Snakes on rolling Spires,  
Pale Spectres, gaping Tombs, and Purple Fires:  
Now Lakes of liquid Gold, *Elysian* Scenes,  
And Crystal Domes, and Angels in Machines.

Unnumber’d Throng on ev’ry side are seen,  
Of Bodies chang’d to various forms by *Spleen*.  
Here living *Teapots* stand, one Arm held out,  
One bent; the Handle this, and that the Spout:  
A Pipkin there, like *Homer’s Tripod* walks;  
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks;  
Men prove with Child, as pow’rful Fancy works,  
And Maids turn’d Bottels, call aloud for Corks.

Safe past the *Gnome* thro’ this fantastic Band,  
A Branch of healing *Spleenwort* in his Hand.  
Then thus address the Pow’r—Hail wayward Queen;  
Who rule the Sex to Fifty from Fifteen,  
Parent of Vapours and of Female Wit,  
Who give th’ *Hysteric* or *Poetic* Fit,  
On various Tempers act by various ways,  
Make some take Physic, others scribble Plays;  
Who cause the Proud their Visits to delay,  
And send the Godly in a Pett, to pray.
A Nymph there is, that all thy Pow’r disdains,
And thousands more in equal Mirth maintains.
But oh! if e’er thy Gnome could spoil a Grace,
Or raise a Pimple on a beauteous Face,
Like Citron-Waters Matrons’ Cheeks inflame,
Or change Complexions at a losing Game;
If e’er with airy Horns I planted Heads,
Or rumpled Petticoats, or tumbled Beds,
Or caus’d Suspicion when no Soul was rude,
Or discompos’d the Head-Dress of a Prude,
Or e’er to costive Lap-Dog gave Disease,
Which not the Tears of brightest Eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with Chagrin;
That single Act gives half the World the Spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented Air
Seems to reject him, tho’ she grants his Pray’r.
A wond’rous Bag with both her Hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the Winds;
There she collects the Force of Female Lungs,
Sighs, Sobs, and Passions, and the War of Tongues.
A Vial next she fills with fainting Fears,
Soft Sorrows, melting Griefs, and flowing Tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her Gift away,
Spreads his black Wings, and slowly mounts to Day.
Sunk in *Thalestris’* Arms the Nymph he found,
Her Eyes dejected and her Hair unbound.
Full o’er their Heads the swelling Bag he rent,
And all the Furies issu’d at the Vent.
*Belinda* burns with more than mortal Ire,
And fierce *Thalestris* fans the rising Fire.
O wretched Maid! she spread her Hands, and cry’d,
(While *Hampton’s* Ecchoes, wretched Maid! reply’d)
Was it for this you took such constant Care
The *Bodkin, Comb,* and *Essence* to prepare;
For this your Locks in Paper-Durance bound,
For this with tort’ring Irons wreath’d around!
For this with Fillets strain’d your tender Head,
And bravely bore the double Loads of Lead?
Gods! shall the Ravisher display your Hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
*Honour* forbid! at whose unrivall’d Shrine
Ease, Pleasure, Virtue, all our Sex resign.
Methinks already I your Tears survey,
Already hear the horrid Things they say,
Already see you a degraded Toast,
And all your Honour in a Whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless Fame defend?
’Twill then be Infamy to seem your Friend!
And shall this Prize, th’ inestimable Prize,
Expos’d thro’ Crystal to the gazing Eyes,
And heighten’d by the Diamond’s circling Rays,
On that Rapacious Hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall Grass in *Hide-Park Circus* grow,
And Wits take Lodgings in the sound of *Bow*;
Sooner let Earth, Air, Sea, to Chaos fall,
Men, Monkeys, Lap-dogs, Parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to Sir *Plume* repairs,
And bids her *Beau* demand the precious Hairs:
(Sir *Plume* of *Amber Snuff-box* justly vain,
And the nice Conduct of a *Clouded Cane*)
With earnest Eyes and round unthinking Face,
He first the Snuff-box open’d, then the Case,
And thus broke out—“My Lord, why, what the devil!
“Z——ds! damn the lock! ’fore Gad, you must be civil!
“Plague on’t! ’tis past a Jest—nay prithee, Pox!
“Give her the hair”—he spoke, and rapp’d his Box.

It grieves me much (reply’d the Peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted Hair;
Which never more its Honours shall renew,
Clipp’d from the lovely Head where late it grew)
That while my Nostrils draw the vital Air,  
This Hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.  
He spoke, and speaking, in proud Triumph spread  
The long-contended Honours of her Head.

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;  
He breaks the Vial whence the Sorrows flow.  
Then see! the Nymph in beauteous Grief appears,  
Her Eyes half-languishing, half-drown’d in Tears;  
On her heav’d Bosom hung her drooping Head,  
Which, with a Sigh, she rais’d; and thus she said.

For ever curs’d be this detested Day,  
Which snatch’d my best, my fav’rite Curl away!  
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,  
If Hampton-Court these Eyes had never seen!  
Yet am not I the first mistaken Maid,  
By love of Courts to num’rous Ills betray’d.  
Oh had I rather unadmir’d remain’d  
In some lone Isle, or distant Northern land;  
Where the gilt Chariot never mark’d the way,  
Where none learn Ombre, none e’er taste Bohea!  
There kept my Charms conceal’d from mortal Eye,  
Like Roses, that in Desarts bloom and die.  
What mov’d my Mind with youthful Lords to rome?
Oh had I stay’d, and said my Pray’rs at home!
’Twas this, the Morning Omens did foretel;
Thrice from my trembling Hand the Patch-box fell;
The tottering China shook without a Wind.
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most Unkind!
A Sylph too warn’d me of the Threats of Fate,
In mystic Visions, now believ’d too late!
See the poor Remnants of these slighted Hairs!
My Hands shall rend what ev’n thy Rapine spares.
These, in two sable Ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new Beauties to the snowy Neck.
The Sister-Lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its Fellow’s Fate foresees its own;
Uncurl’d it hangs, the fatal Sheers demands;
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious Hands.
Oh hadst thou, Cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any Hairs but these!
CANTO V

She said: The pitying Audience melt in Tears,
But Fate and Jove had stopp’d the Baron’s Ears.
In vain Thalestris with Reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix’d the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg’d and Dido rag’d in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav’d her Fan;
Silence ensu’d, and thus the Nymph began.

Say, why are Beauties prais’d and honour’d most,
The Wise Man’s Passion, and the Vain Man’s Toast?
Why deck’d with all that Land and Sea afford,
Why Angels call’d, and Angel-like ador’d?
Why round our Coaches crowd the white-gloved Beaux,
Why bows the Side-box from its inmost Rows?
How vain are all these Glories, all our Pains,
Unless good Sense preserve what Beauty gains:
That Men may say, when we the Front-box grace,
Behold the first in Virtue as in Face!
Oh! if to dance all Night, and dress all Day,
Charm’d the Small-pox, or chas’d old Age away;
Who would not scorn what Housewife’s Cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly Thing of Use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
Nor could it sure be such a Sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail Beauty must decay,
Curl’d or uncurl’d, since Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a Man, must die a Maid;
What then remains but well our Pow’r to use,
And keep good Humour still whate’er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good Humour can prevail,
When Airs, and Flights, and Screams, and Scolding fail.
BEAUTIES in vain their pretty Eyes may roll;
Charms strike the Sight, but Merit wins the Soul.”

So spoke the Dame, but no Applause ensu’d;
Belinda frown’d, Thalestris call’d her Prude.
To Arms, to Arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as Lightning to the Combate flies.
All side in Parties, and begin th’ Attack;
Fans clap, Silks rustle, and tough Whalebones crack;
Heroes and Heroines Shouts confus’dly rise,
And bass, and treble Voices strike the Skies.
No common Weapons in their Hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal Wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav’nly Breasts with human Passions rage ;
’Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes, Arms ;
And all Olympus rings with loud Alarms.

Jove’s Thunder roars, Heav’n trembles all around ;
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing Deeps resound ;
Earth shakes her nodding Tow’rs, the Ground gives way,
And the pale Ghosts start at the Flash of Day !

Triumphant Umbriel on a Sconce’s Height
Clapp’d his glad Wings, and sate to view the Fight,
Propp’d on the Bodkin Spears the Sprites survey
The growing Combat, or assist the Fray.

While thro’ the Press enrag’d Thalestris flies,
And scatters Death around from both her Eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish’d in the Throng,
One dy’d in Metaphor, and one in Song.

O cruel Nymph ! a living death I bear,
Cry’d Dapperwit, and sunk beside his Chair.
A mournful Glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
Those eyes are made so killing—was his last:
Thus on Meander’s flow’ry Margin lies
Th’ expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp’d in, and kill’d him with a Frown;
She smil’d to see the doughty Hero slain,
But, at her Smile, the Beau reviv’d again.

Now Jove suspends his golden Scales in Air,
Weighs the Men’s Wits against the Lady’s Hair;
The doubtful Beam long nods from side to side;
At length the Wits mount up, the Hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual Lightning in her Eyes:
Nor fear’d the Chief th’ unequal Fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his Foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly Strength endu’d,
She with one Finger and a Thumb subdu’d:
Just where the Breath of Life his Nostrils drew,
A charge of Snuff the wily Virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev’ry Atome just,
The pungent Grains of titillating Dust.
Sudden, with starting Tears each Eye o’erflows,
And the high Dome re-ecchoes to his Nose.

Now meet thy Fate, incens’d Belinda cry’d,
And drew a deadly Bodkin from her Side.
(The same, his ancient Personage to deck,
Her great great Grandsire wore about his Neck,
In three Seal-Rings ; which after melted down,
Form’d a vast Buckle for his Widow’s Gown :
Her infant Grandame’s Whistle next it grew,
The Bells she jingled, and the Whistle blew ;
Then in a Bodkin grac’d her Mother’s hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my Fall (he cry’d) insulting Foe !
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low,
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty Mind.
All that I dread, is leaving you behind !
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid’s Flames—but burn alive.
THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

*Restore the Lock!* she cries; and all around
*Restore the Lock!* the Vaulted Roofs rebound.
Not fierce *Othello* in so loud a Strain
Roar’d for the Handkerchief that caus’d his Pain.
But see how oft Ambitious Aims are cross’d,
And Chiefs contend ’till all the Prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain’d with Guilt, and kept with Pain,
In ev’ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a Prize no Mortal must be blest,
So Heav’n decrees! with Heav’n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar Sphere,
Since all things lost on Earth are treasur’d there.
There Heroe’s Wits are kept in pond’rous Vases,
And Beau’s in *Snuff-boxes* and *Tweezer-cases*.
There broken Vows and Death-bed Alms are found,
And Lovers’ Hearts with Ends of Riband bound;
The Courtier’s Promises, and Sick Man’s Pray’rs,
The Smiles of Harlots, and the Tears of Heirs,
Cages for Gnats, and Chains to Yoak a Flea;
Dried Butterflies, and Tomes of Casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho’ mark’d by none but quick Poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great Founder to the Heav'ns withdrew, To Proculus alone confess'd in view.)
A sudden Star, it shot through liquid Air, And drew behind a radiant *Trail of Hair.*
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright, The Skies bespangling with dishevel'd Light. The *Sylphs* behold it kindling as it flies, And pleas'd pursue its progress through the Skies.

'This the Beau-monde shall from the *Mall* survey, And hail with *Musick* its propitious Ray. This the blest Lover shall for *Venus* take, And send up Vows from *Rosamonda's* Lake. This *Partridge* soon shall view in cloudless Skies, When next he looks through *Galileo's Eyes* ; And hence th' Egregious Wizard shall foredoom The fate of *Louis,* and the fall of *Rome.*

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd Hair, Which adds new Glory to the shining Sphere! Not all the Tresses that fair Head can boast Shall draw such Envy as the Lock you lost. For, after all the Murders of your Eye, When, after Millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair Suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those Tresses shall be laid in dust;
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And ’midst the stars inscribe Belinda’s Name!

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

150
Notes
NOTES, INCLUDING THOSE BY THE AUTHOR

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.—*Mart.*

It appears by this motto that the following poem was written or published at the lady’s request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a gentleman who was secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II., whose fortunes he followed into France, author of the comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of several translations in Dryden’s miscellanies), originally proposed the subject to him, in a view of putting to an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut a lock of her hair. The author sent it to the lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch (we learn from one of his letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two Cantos only, and it was so printed; first, in a miscellany of Bernard Lintott’s, without the name of the author. But it was received so well, that he made it more considerable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Cantos. We shall give the reader the pleasure of seeing in what manner these additions were inserted, so as to seem not to be added, but to grow out of the poem.
CANTO I


Ver. 11-12. It was in the first Editions,
And dwells such Rage in softest Bosoms then,
And lodge such daring Souls in Little Men ?—P.

Ver. 13, etc. stood thus in the first Edition,
Sol through white Curtains did his Beams display,
And op’d those Eyes which brighter shine than they;
Shock just had giv’n himself the rowzing Shake,
And Nymphs prepared their Chocolate to take;
Thrice the wrought Slipper knock’d against the Ground,
And striking Watches the tenth Hour resound.—P.

Ver. 19. Belinda still, etc.] All the Verses from hence to the End of the Canto were added afterwards.—P.

Ver. 54-55. \[Quae gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivus, quae cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.”
Virg. Æn. vi.—P.

Ver. 108. In the clear Mirror] The Language of the Platonists, the Writers of the intelligible World of Spirits, etc.—P.

Ver. 121. And now unveil’d, etc.] The Translation of these Verses, containing the Description of the Toilet, by our Author’s Friend, Dr. Parnell, deserve, for their Humour, to be here inserted.—P.

“Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reectum,
Emicat in mensa, quae splendet pyxidae densa:
Turn primum lympha se purgat Candida Nympha,
Jamque sine menda, ccelestis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.
Hac stupet explorans, ceu cultus numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi caute, dicatque superbia! laute
NOTES

Dona venusta; oris, quae cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deanque decorat.
Pyxide devota, se. pandit hie India tota,
Et tota ex istS. transpirat Arabia cista.
Testudo hie flectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit;
Atque elephas lente te pectit, Lesbia, dente;
Hunc maculis ndris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hie jacet et mundane mundus muliebris abunde;
Spinula resplendens aeris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.
Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo,
Pulchrior in praeens tempus de tempore crescens:
Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratia visus,
Jam promit cultu miracula latentia vultu;
Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
Et geminans bellis splendor mage fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, nymphae itentique saluti,
Hie figit zonam, capiti locat ille coronam,
Haec manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty!
Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum.”

Ver. 145. The busy Sylphs, etc.] Ancient Traditions of the
Rabbi’s relate, that several of the fallen Angels became amorous of
Women, and particularize some: among the rest Asael, who lay
with Naamah, the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who, continuing
impenitent, still presides over the women’s Toilets.—Bereshi Rabbi
in Genes. vi. 2.—P.

CANTO II

Ver. 4. Launch’d on the Bosom, etc.] From hence the Poem
continues, in the first Edition, to ver. 46,
The rest, the Winds dispers’d in empty Air;
all after, to the End of the Canto, being additional.—P,
Ver. 28. *With a single hair*] In allusion to those lines of Hudibras, applied to the same purpose,

“And tho’ it be a two foot Trout,
’Tis with a single hair pull’d out.”—W.

Ver. 38. In the Second Edition, here followed:

There lay the Sword-knot Sylvia’s hands had sown,
With Flavia’s Busk that oft had rapp’d his own:
A Fan, a Garter, half a Pair of Gloves, etc.

Ver. 43. *The Pow’rs gave Ear*] Virg. Æn. xi.—P.

Ver. 90. *And guard with Arms*] The poet was too judicious to desire this should be understood as a compliment. He intended it for a mere piece of raillery; such as he more openly pursues on another occasion; when he says,

“Where’s now the Star which lighted Charles to rise?
With that which followed Julius to the skies.
Angels, that watch’d the Royal Oak so well,
How chanc’d you slept when luckless Sorrel fell?”—W.

Ver. 105. *Whether the nymph, etc.*] The disaster, which makes the subject of this poem, being a trifle, taken seriously; it naturally led the Poet into this fine satire on the female estimate of human mischances.

CANTO III

Ver. 1. *Close by those Meads*] The First Edition continues from this Line to Ver. 24 of this Canto.—P.

Ver. 11, 12. Originally in the First Edition,

In various Talk the cheerful Hours they past,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted last.—P.

Ver. 24. *And the long Labours of the Toilet cease*] All that follows of the Game at Ombre, was added since the First Edition, till Ver. 105, which connected thus,

Sudden the Board with Cups and Spoons is crown’d.—P.
Sudden the Board—From hence, the First Edition continues to Ver. 134.—P.

And think of Scylla’s Fate—Vide Ovid, Metam. viii.—P.

In the First Edition it was thus,

As o’er the fragrant Stream she bends her Head.—P.

First he expands the glitt’ring Forfex wide,
  T’ inclose the Lock ; then joins it to divide:
  The meeting Points the sacred Hair dissever
  From the fair Head, for ever, and for ever !

All that is between was added afterwards.—P.

In the earlier Editions,

Not louder Shrieks by Dames to Heav’n are cast
  When Husbands, or when Monkeys, breath their last.

“Dum juga mentis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
  Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.” Virg.—P.

Atalantis] A famous book written about that time by a woman: full of Court and Party scandal; and in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched taste of the better vulgar.—W.

Mrs. Manley, the author of it, was the daughter of Sir Roger Manley, Governor of Guernsey, and the author of the first volume of the famous Turkish Spy, published, from his papers, by Dr. Midgley. She was known and admired by all the wits of the times. She died in the house of Alderman Barber, Swift’s friend; and was said to have been the mistress of the alderman.

“Ille quoque eversus mons est, etc.
  Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant ? ”
  Catull, de com, Berenices.
CANTO IV


Ver. 11. For that sad Moment] All the lines from hence to the 94th Verse, that describe the House of Spleen, are not in the First Edition; instead, followed only these,

While her rack’d Soul Repose and Peace requires,
The fierce Thalestris fans the rising Fires.

And continued at the 94th Verse of this Canto.—P.

Ver. 51. Homer’s Tripod walks] See Hom. Iliad, xviii., of Vulcan’s walking Tripods.—P.

Ver. 52. And there a Goose-pye talks] Alludes to a real Fact, a Lady of Distinction imagined herself in this Condition.—P.

Ver. 121. Sir Plume repairs] Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the Party who took the thing seriously. He was angry that the Poet should make him talk nothing but nonsense; and in truth one could not well blame him.—W.

Ver. 121. But by this Lock] In allusion to Achilles’ Oath in Homer, II. i.—P.

Ver. 141. But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the Vial whence the Sorrows flow.

These two Lines are additional; and assign the Cause of the different Operation on the Passions of the two Ladies. The Poem went on before without that Distinction, as without any Machinery, to the end of the Canto.—P.

CANTO V

Ver. 14. Then grave Clarissa] A new Character introduced into the subsequent Editions, to open more clearly the Moral of the Poem, in a Parody of the Speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.—P.
These lines first occur in the 5th ed. of 1718.

**Ver. 35.** *So spoke the Dame*] It is a Verse frequently repeated in Homer after any Speech.

“So spoke——and all the heroes applauded.”—P.

**Ver. 37.** *To Arms, to Arms!*] From hence the First Edition goes on to the Conclusion, except a very few short Insertions added, to keep the Machinery in View to the End of the Poem.—P.

**Ver. 45.** *So when bold Homer*] Homer, II. xx.—P.

**Ver. 53.** *Triumphant Umbriel*] These four Lines are added for the Reason before mentioned.

Minerva in like manner, during the Battle of Ulysses with the Suitors in the Odyss., perches on a Beam of the Roof to behold it.—P.

**Ver. 64.** *Those Eyes are made so killing*] The words of a Song in the Opera of Camilla.—P.

**Ver. 65.** *Thus on Meander’s flow’ry Margin lies*

“Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,

Ad vada Maeandri concinit albus olor.” Ovid. Ep.—P.

**Ver. 71.** *Now Jove*] Vide Homer, II. viii., and Virg. Aen. xii.—P.

**Ver. 83.** *The Gnomes direct*] These two Lines added for the same Reason.—P.

**Ver. 89.** *The same, his ancient Personage to deck*] In Imitation of the Progress of Agamemnon’s Sceptre in Homer, II. ii.—P.

**Ver. 114.** *Since all things lost*] Vide Ariosto, Canto xxxiv.—P.

**Ver. 128.** “Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem

Stella micat.” Ovid.—P.

**Ver. 131.** *The Sylphs behold*] These two Lines added for the same Reason, to keep in View the Machinery of the Poem.—P.

**Ver. 137.** *This Partridge*] John Partridge was a ridiculous Star-gazer, who, in his Almanac, never failed to predict the Downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at War with the English.—P.