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# The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.

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

Containing His Juvenile Poems - with his last corrections, additions, and improvements, as they were delivered to the editor a little before his death

Pope, Alexander London, 1751

The Rape of the Lock

urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-54366

THE

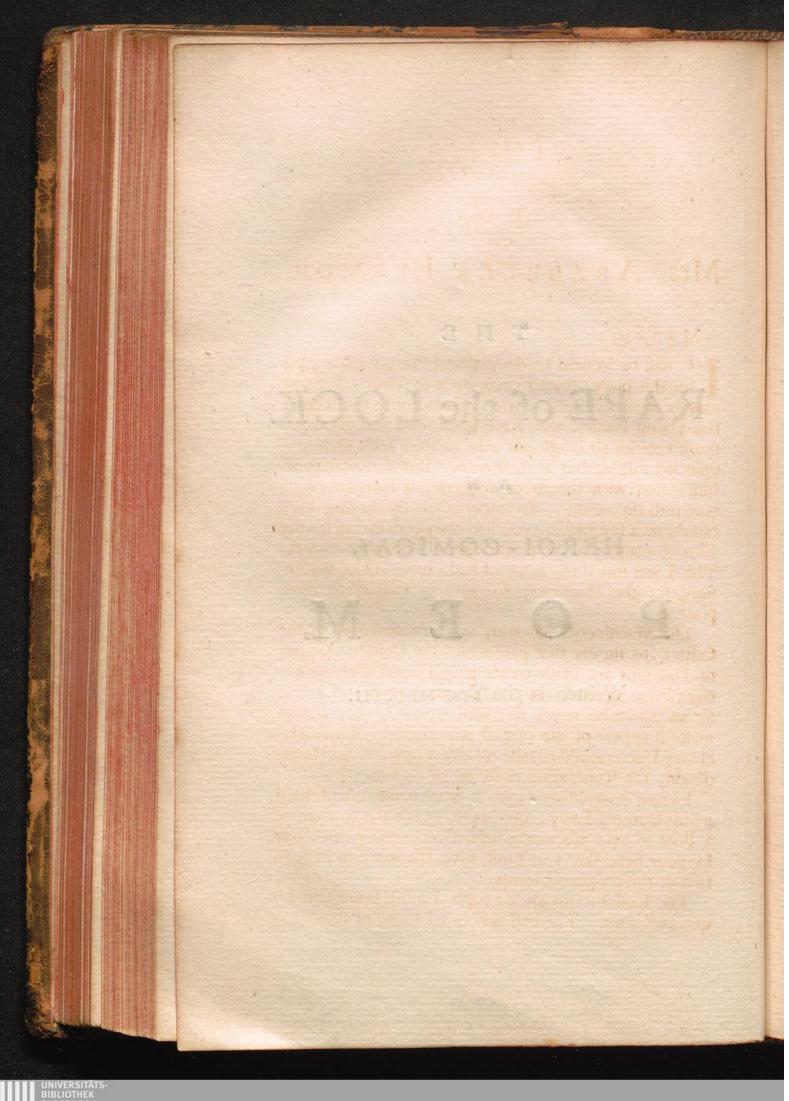
# RAPE of the LOCK.

AN

HEROI-COMICAL

POEM.

Written in the Year MDCCXII.



(215)

TO

# Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard 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 offer'd to a Bookseller, you had the good-nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd 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 Critics, to fignify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons 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 soun-

dation, 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 Roficrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in

# 216 E P I S T L E.

a French book call'd Le Comte de Gabalis, which both in its title and fize 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 Dæmons of Earth delight in mischies; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best-condition'd 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 Transformation at the end; (except the loss of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The Human persons are as sictitious as the Airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now manag'd, resem-

bles 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 Uncensur'd as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of affuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient, Humble Servant,

A. POPE.

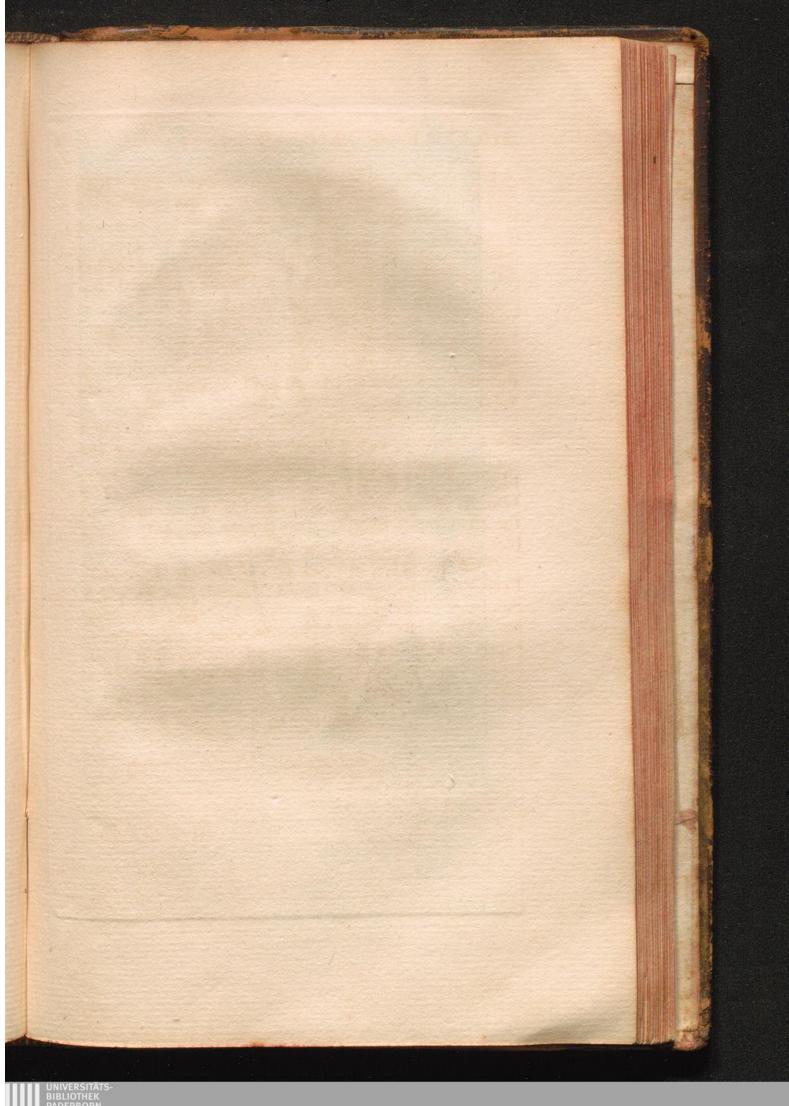


Plate III.

Vol. I. facing p. 217.



 (217)

### THE

# RAPE of the LOCK.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos; Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. MART.

## CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes fprings,

What mighty contests rise from trivial things, I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due: This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:

#### NOTES.

"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, wise 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 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 trisling occasion of his having cut off 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 Canto's only, and it was so printed; first, in a Miscellany of Bern. Lin-

5

Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t'assault a gentle Belle?
Oh say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?

In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage?

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:

#### VARIATIONS.

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 thro' white curtains did his beams display,
And ope'd those eyes which brighter shone than they;
Shock just had giv'n himself the rousing shake,
And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take;
Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,
And striking watches the tenth hour resound. P.

#### NOTES.

tot'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 Canto's. 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. See Notes, Cant. I. \$19, etc. P.

This infertion he always esteemed, and justly, the greatest effort of his skill and art as a Poet.

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake: 16
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 21
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head,

#### NOTES.

VER. 19. Belinda still, etc.] All the verses from hence to the end of this Canto were added afterwards.

VER. 20. Her Guardian Sy'ph] When Mr. Pope had projected to give this Poem its present form, he was obliged to find it with its Machinery. For as the subject of the Epic Poem confifts of two parts, the metaphyfical and the civil; fo this mock epic, which is of the fatiric kind, and receives its grace from a ludicrous imitation of the other's pomp and folemnity, was to have the fame division of the subject. And, as the civil part is intentionally debased by the choice of an infignificant action: so should the metaphyfical, by the use of some very extravagant system. A rule, which tho' neither Boileau nor Garth have been careful enough to attend to, our Author's good fense would not suffer him to overlook. And that fort of Machinery which his judgment taught him was only fit for his use, his admirable invention supplied. There was but one System in all nature which was to his purpose, the Rosicrucian Philosophy; and this, by the well directed effort of his imagination, he prefently seized upon. The fanatic Alchemists, in their search after the great secret, had invented a means altogether proportioned to their end. It was a kind of Theological-Philosophy, made up of almost equal mixtures of Pagan Platonism, Christian Quietism, and the Jewish Cabbala; a composition enough to fright Reason from human commerce. This general fystem, he tells us, he took as he found it in a little French tract called, Le Comte de Gabalis. This book is written in Dialogue, and is a delicate and very ingeni-

A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,

(That ev'n in flumber caus'd her cheek to glow)

Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,

25

And thus in whifpers faid, or feem'd to fay.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care

Of thousand bright Inbabitants of Air!

If e'er one Vision touch thy infant thought,

Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught;

Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,

31

The silver token, and the circled green,

Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,

With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly

flow'rs:

## NOTES.

ous piece of raillery of the AbbeVilliers, upon that invisible sect, of which the stories that went about at that time, made a great deal of noise at Paris. But, as in this satirical Dialogue, Mr. P. found several whimsies, of a very high mysterious kind, told of the nature of these elementary beings, which were very unsit to come into the machinery of such a fort of poem, he has with great judgment omitted them; and in their stead, made use of the Legendary stories of Guardian Angels, and the Nursery Tales of the Fairies; which he has artfully accommodated to the rest of the Rosicrucian System. And to this, (unless we will be so uncharitable to believe he intended to give a needless scandal) we must suppose he referred, in these two lines,

If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse, and all the priest have taught.
Thus, by the most beautiful invention imaginable, he has contrived, that, as in the serious Epic, the popular belief supports the Machinery; so, in his mock Epic, the Machinery should be contrived to dismount philosophic pride and arrogance.

Hear and believe! thy own importance know, 35 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below. Some fecret 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 fcorn two Pages and a Chair. As now your own, our beings were of old, And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould; Thence, by a foft 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;

#### NOTES.

VER. 47. As now your own, etc ] He here forfakes the Rosicrucian system; which, in this part, is too extravagant even for Poetry; and gives a beautiful siction of his own, on the Platonic Theology of the continuance of the passions in another state, when the mind, before its leaving this, has not been purged and purified by philosophy; which surnishes an occasion for much useful satire.

Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
55
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.
60
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 alost repair,
65
And sport and slutter in the fields of Air.

Know farther 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.

#### NOTES.

VER. 68. is by fome Sylph embrac'd] Here again the Author refumes a tenet peculiar to the Rosicrucian system. But the principle, on which it is founded, was by no means sit to be employed in such a fort of poem.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 54, 55. Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.
Virg. Æn. vi. P.

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 defires,
When music softens, and when dancing sires? 76
'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. 80
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay Ideas croud the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, 85
And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the semale 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,

## Notes.

VER. 78. Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.] Parody of Homer.

VER. 79. too conscious of their face, ] i. e. too sensible of their beauty.

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 95
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, 105
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

### NOTES.

VER. 108. In the clear Mirror] The Language of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of Spirits, etc. P.

#### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 101.

Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
Ense minax ensis, pede pes et cuspide cuspis, etc. Stat.

I faw, alas! fome dread event impend, Ere to the main this morning fun 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 faid; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,

Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue. 'Twas then Belinda, if report fay true, Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux; Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no fooner read, But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head. And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,

Each filver Vase in mystic order laid.

#### NOTES.

VER. 113. This to disclose etc.] There is much pleasantry in the conduct of this scene. The Rosicrucian Doctrine was delivered only to Adepts, with the utmost caution, and under the most solemn seal of secrecy. It is here communicated to a Woman, and in that way of conveyance a Woman most delights to make the subject of her conversation, that is to say, her Dreams.

VER. 121. And now, unveil'd, etc.] The translation of these verses, containing the description of the toilette, by our Author's friend Dr. Parnelle, deserve for their humour, to be here inferted. P.

Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more retectum, Emicat in mensa, quæ splendet pyxide densa:

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,
125
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the facred rites of Pride.

#### NOTES.

Tum primum lympha, se purgat candida Nympha, Jamque fine menda, cœlestis imago videnda, Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos. Hæc flupet explorans, ceu cultûs numen adorans. Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram, Fertque tibi caute, dicatque Superbia! laute, Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris, Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat. Pyxide devota, fe pandit hic India tota, Et tota ex ista transpirat Arabia cista; Testudo hic slectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit; Atque elephas lente, te pectit Lesbia dente; Hunc maculis noris, nivei jacet ille coloris. Hic jacet et munde, mundus muliebris abunde; Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens, Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore. Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo; Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens; Jam reparat rifus, jam furgit gratia vifus, Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu; Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua Purpura gliscet, Et geminans bellis splendet mage fulgor ocellis. Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique faluti, His figit Zonam, capiti locat ille Coronam, Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam; Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty! Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum.

VER. 127, et seq. Th' inferior Priestess, There is a small inaccuracy in these lines. He sirst makes his Heroine the chief Priestess, and then the Goddess herself.

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here The various off rings of the world appear; 130 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, 135 Transform'd 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 rifes in her charms, 140 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 bufy Sylphs furround their darling care, 145 These set the head, and those divide the hair, Some fold the fleeve, whilst others plait the gown; And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

#### NOTES.

VER. 145. The busy Sylphs etc.] Antient 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.

### THE

# RAPE of the LOCK.

## CANTO II.

OT with more glories, in th' etherial plain, The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main, Than, iffuing forth, the rival of his beams Launch'd on the bosom of the filver Thames. Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone, 5 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone. On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore, Which Jews might kifs, and Infidels adore. Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose, Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those: IO Favours to none, to all she smiles extends; Oft she rejects, but never once offends. Bright as the fun, her eyes the gazers strike, And, like the fun, they shine on all alike.

#### VARIATIONS.

VER. 4. Launch'd on the bosom] From hence the poem continues, in the first Edition, to \$46.

The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air; all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional. P.

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride 15 Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide: If to her share some semale errors fall, Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck 21
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 springes we the birds betray, 25
Slight lines of hair surprize the sinny 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. 30 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way, By sorce to ravish, or by fraud betray;

### IMITATIONS.

VER. 25. With bairy springes In allusion to Anacreon's manner.

VER. 28. with a fingle hair.] In allusion to those lines of Hudibras, applied to the same purpose,

And the it be a two-foot Trout, 'Tis with a fingle hair pull'd out. † P 4

For when fuccess a Lover's toil attends,

Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phæbus rose, he had implor'd 35
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiesly 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;
And breathes three am'rous sights 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.

46

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die; 50
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.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 45. The pow'rs gave ear, Virg. Æn. xi. P.

He summons strait his Denizens of air; The lucid fquadrons round the fails repair; Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe, That feem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath. Some to the fun their infect-wings unfold, Waft on the breeze, or fink in clouds of gold; Transparent forms, too fine for mortal fight, 61 Their fluid bodies half diffolv'd in light. Loofe to the wind their airy garments flew, Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew, Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes, 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; 70 His purple pinions op'ning to the fun, He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear, Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd 75
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest Æther 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.

80
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 sierce 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, 91
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; 95
To steal from rainbows e'er they drop in show'rs

#### NOTES.

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.

Where's now the Star which lighted Charles to rife? With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.

Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,

How chanc'd you slept when luckless Sorrel fell?

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 Furbelow.

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by sorce, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law, 105
Or some frail China jar receive a slaw;
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 slutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

#### NOTES.

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 semale estimate of human mischances.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold sence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
121
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 transfix'd with pins;
126
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums shall his slight restrain,
While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
131
Shrink his thin essence like a rivel'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion six'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,

### IMITATIONS.

VER. 121. about the filver bound In allusion to the shield of Achilles,

Thus the broad shield complete the Artist crown'd, With his last hand, and pour'd the Ocean round: In living Silver seem'd the waves to roll, And beat the Buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

VER. 119. - clypei dominus septemplicis Ajax. Ovid.

In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow, 135
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; 140
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

### THE

# RAPE of the LOCK.

## CANTO III.

CLose by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,

Where Thames with pride furveys his rifing tow'rs, There stands a structure of majestic frame, Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its

name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom 5
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 refort,

To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court;

In various talk th' instructive hours they past,

Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. Close by those meads, The first Edition continues from this line to \$24. of this Canto. P.

VER. 11, 12. Originally in the first Edition,

In various talk the chearful hours they past, Of, who was bit, or who capotted last. P.

One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry 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 fun obliquely shoots his burning ray; The hungry Judges foon the fentence fign, 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, 25 Burns to encounter two adven'trous Knights, At Ombre fingly to decide their doom; And fwells her breast with conquests yet to come. Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join, Each band the number of the facred nine. 30 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard Descend, and sit on each important card:

#### VARIATIONS.

Vier. 24. And the long labours of the Toilet cease.] All that follows of the game at Ombre, was added fince the first Edition, till \$\psi\$ 105. which connected thus,

Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd. P.

First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
Are, as when women, wondrous 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; 40
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts 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 faid, and trumps they were.

46

Now move to war her fable 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.

### NOTES.

VER. 47. Now move to war etc.] The whole idea of this defcription of a game at Ombre, is taken from Vida's description of a game at Chess, in his poem intit. Scacchia Ludus.

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.
60
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew
And mow'd down armies in the sights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield; 65
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial confort 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; 75 Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,

And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops an eafy 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 sty,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions dis-united fall,
In heaps on heaps; one sate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of
Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forfook,
A livid paleness spread's 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. 100

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; 106
On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the siery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoaking tyde:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaste.
Strait hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the suming liquor fann'd,

#### VARIATIONS.

VER. 105. Sudden the board, etc.] From hence, the first Edition continues to y 134. P.

### IMITATIONS.

VER. 101.

Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta; et cum spolia ista diemque
Oderit
Virg.

+ Q2

Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade. 116
Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120
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 slit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair! 124

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find sit 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.

130

He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his singer's ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.

NOTES.

VER. 122. and think of Scylla's Fate! Vide Ovid Metam.

Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair, 135.

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 see drew near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought; 140
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 pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to sate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forsex 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;

#### VARIATIONS.

VER. 134. In the first Edition it was thus,
As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head.
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. \$\forall 154.
All that is between was added afterwards. P.

+ Q3

Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain, (But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever! 154

Then flash'd the living lightning 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 fall'n from high, In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie! 160

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 the British Fair,

As long as Atalantis shall be read,

165

Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,

## NOTES,

VER. 152. But airy substance] See Milton, lib. vi. of Satan

cut afunder by the Angel Michael. P.

VER. 165. 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.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 163, 170.

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt. VAg.

While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give, 169
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 could the labour of the Gods destroy,

And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,

And hew triumphal arches to the ground. 176

What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel,

The conqu'ring force of unrefifted fteel?

IMITATIONS.

VER. 177.

Ille quoque eversus mons est, etc.

Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant?

Catull, de com. Berenices.

### THE

# RAPE of the LOCK.

### CANTO IV.

Press'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 sierce that unrepenting die,

Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,

E'er selt such rage, resentment, and despair,

As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.

### VARIATIONS.

VER. 11. For that sad moment, etc.] All the lines from hence to the 94th verse that describe the house of Spleen are not in the first Edition; instead of them followed only these,

While her rack'd Soul repose and peace requires, The fierce Thalestris sans the rising fires. And continued at the 94th Verse of this Canto. P.

#### IMITATIONS.

VER. I. Virg. Æn. iv. At regina gravi, etc. P.

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda slew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
15
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his footy pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the difmal dome.
No chearful breeze this fullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20
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 diff'ring 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. 30

There Affectation, with a fickly 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 finks with becoming woe, 35 Wrapt in a gown, for fickness, 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 slies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring siends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple sires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks; 51
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks;

#### NOTES.

VER. 41. Dreadful as hermit's dreams in haunted shades, Or bright as visions of expiring Maids.] The poet by this comparison would infinuate, that the temptations of the mortified recluses in the Church of Rome, and the extatic visions of their female saints were as much the effects of hypocondriac disorders, the Spleen, or, what was then the fashionable word, the Vapours, as any of the imaginary transformations he speaks of afterwards.

Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works, And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic band,

A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.

Then thus address'd the pow'r—Hail wayward Queen!

Who rule the fex 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 pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains, 65
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 inslame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
70
If e'er with airy horns-I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,

#### IMITATIONS.

VER. 51. Homer's Tripod walks;] See Hom. Iliad xviii. of Vulcan's walking Tripods.

VER. 52. and there a Goofe-pye talks.] Alludes to a real fact, 2 Lady of distinction imagin'd herself in this condition. P.

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. 80
A wond'rous Bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of semale lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft forrows, melting griefs, and slowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts 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.

90
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 sierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.

O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)

Was it for this you took fuch constant care The bodkin, comb, and effence to prepare? For this your locks in paper durance bound, For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around? 100 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 unrival'd shrine 105 Eafe, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign. Methinks already I your tears furvey, Already hear the horrid things they fay, Already see you a degraded toast, And all your honour in a whisper lost! How shall I, then, your helpless 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 Hyde-park Circus grow, And wits take lodgings in the found of Bow;

Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all! 120
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, 125
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 facred Lock I swear,

  (Which never more shall join its parted hair;

  Which never more its honours shall renew, 135

  Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)

#### NOTES.

VER. 121. Sir Plume repairs, ] Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the Party who took the thing feriously. He was angry, that the Poet should make him talk nothing but nonfense; and, in truth, one could not well blame him.

### IMITATIONS.

VER. 133. But by this Lock, In allusion to Achilles's oath in Homer, Il. i. P.

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.

140

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! 150
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid.
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant Northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way, 156
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!

#### NOTES.

VER. 141. But Unibriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so; He breaks the Vial whence the forrows 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.

There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye, Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die. What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam? O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home! 160 'Twas this, the morning omens feem'd to tell, Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell; The tott'ring China shook without a wind, Nay Poll fat mute, and Shock was most unkind! A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate, 165 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 fnowy neck; 170 The fifter-lock now fits uncouth, alone, And in its fellow's fate foresees its own; Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands, And tempts once more, thy facrilegious hands. Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize Hairs less in fight, or any hairs but these!

#### THE

# RAPE of the LOCK.

### CANTO V.

SHE faid: 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, 5 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?

#### VARIATIONS.

VER. 7. Then grave Clariffa, etc.] A new Character introduced in the subsequent Editions, to open more clearly the Morat of the Poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer. P.

### IMITATIONS.

VER. 9. Say why are Beauties, etc.]

Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign, Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain; Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field, And hills where vines their purple harvest yield;

Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd
Beaux,

Why bows the fide-box from its inmost rows?

How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15

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!

#### IMITATIONS.

Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd, Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound; Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd, Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd; Unless great acts superior merit prove, And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above? 'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace; The first in valour, as the first in place: That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands Behold our deeds transcending our commands, Such, they may cry, deferve the for reign state, Whom thefe that envy, dare not imitate; Could all our care elude the gloomy grave, Which claims no less the fearful than the brave, For lust of fame I should not vainly dare In fighting fields, nor urge thy foul to war. But since, alas! ignoble age must come, Disease, and death's inexorable doom; The life which others pay, let us bestow, And give to fame what we to nature owe; Brave the' we fall, and honour'd if we live, Or let us glory gain, or glory give.

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 housewise'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 fin 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 sade,

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? 30

And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,

When airs, and slights, and screams, and scolding fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the fight, but merit wins the soul.
So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd; 35
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35. So Spoke the Dame, It is a verse frequently re-

So spoke-and all the Heroes applauded. P.

† R 2

To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And fwift as lightning to the combat flies.
All fide in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, filks russle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes and Heroines shouts confus'dly rise,
And base, 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 breafts with human passions rage;
Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms; 47
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 towr's, the ground gives
way,

And the pale ghosts start at the slash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height

Clap'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight:

#### VARIATIONS.

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. Triumphant Umbriel These sour lines added, for the reason before mentioned. P.

Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey
The growing combat, or affist the fray.

56

NOTES.

VER. 45. So when bold Homer] Homer, Il. xx. P.

#### IMITATIONS.

VER. 53. Triumphant Umbriel] Minerva in like manner, during the Battle of Ulysses with the Suitors in 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 Mæander's flow'ry margin lies]
Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,

Ad vada Mæandri concinit al us olor. Ov. Ep. P.

+ R 3

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, 75
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: 80
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'erslows, 85
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her fide.

(The fame, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck, 90

NOTES.

VER. 71. Now Jove, etc.] Vid. Homer II. viii. and Virg. Æn. xii. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 83. The Gnomes direct, These two lines added for the above reason. P.

VER 89. The same, his ancient personage to deck, In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, Il. ii. P.

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,

95
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting soe!

Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.

Nor think, to die dejects my losty mind:

All that I dread is leaving you behind!

Rather than so, ah let me still survive,

And burn in Cupid's slames,—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not sierce Othello in so loud a strain
105
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: 110
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 Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And Beau's in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases. 116
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are sound,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoak a slea,
Dry'd butterslies, 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 sounder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
126
A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light. 130

NOTES.

VER, 114. Since all things lost ] Vid. Ariosto. Canto xxxiv. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 128.

Flammiferumque trabens spatioso limite crinem Stella micat Ovid.

The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,

And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the Beau monde shall from the Mall survey, And hail with music its propitious ray.

This the blest Lover shall for Venus take, 135
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.

This Partridge foon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks thro' Galilæo'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,

145

When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;

#### VARIATIONS.

VER. 131. The Sylphs behold These two lines added for the same reason to keep in view the Machinery of the Poem. P.

#### NOTES.

VER. 137. This Partridge soon John Partridge was a ridiculous Star-gazer, who in his Almanacks every year never tail'd to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English. P.

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 same,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150