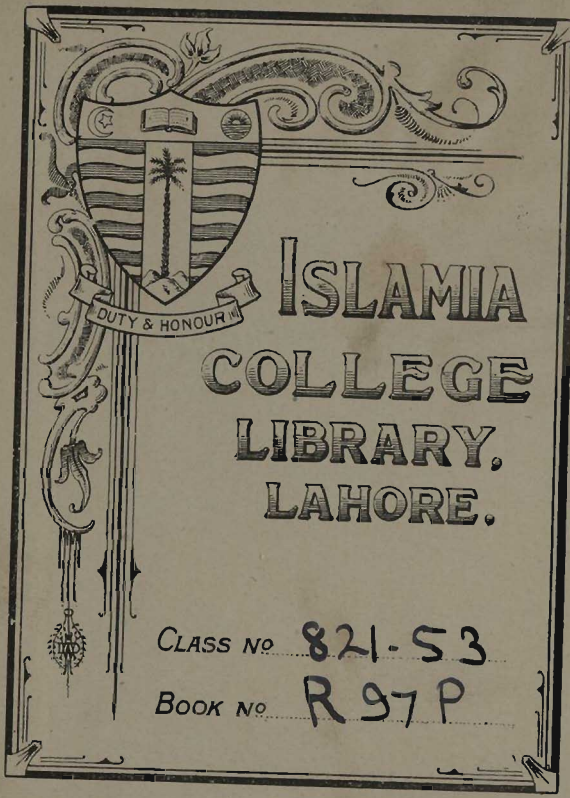
POPE'S RAPE OF THE LOCK

RYLAND



POPE'S

RAPE OF THE LOCK

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

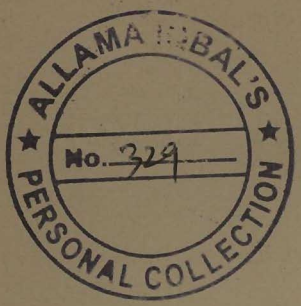
FREDERICK RYLAND, M.A.

SOMETIME SCHOLAR OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

LONDON

BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED, 50 OLD BAILEY, E.C.

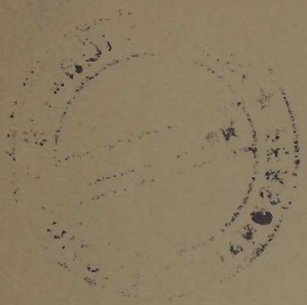
GLASGOW AND DUBLIN

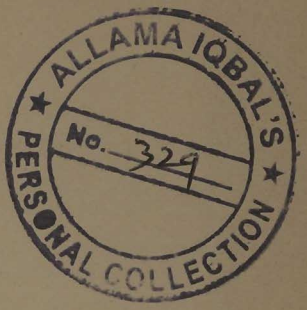


PREFACE

The principal object which the editor has had in view has been to make as clear as possible the literary and social environment within which the poem was produced. To impart merely philological information has not been his aim.

There is little need to do more than to place on formal record his constant obligation to the labours of previous editors, particularly to those of the late Mr. Elwin in the ten-volume edition of Pope.





CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.

LIFE OF POPE.

Alexander Pope, the most illustrious English writer of the first half of the eighteenth century, was the son of another Alexander Pope, a Roman Catholic tradesman living in the City of London. In after-days the poet talked vaguely about his father being "of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe", but his biographers have not been disposed to attach much importance to the assertion. His grandfather (also an Alexander Pope) was apparently a clergyman of the Church of England, and rector of a Hampshire parish. His father, the rector's son, had been placed in an English house of business at Lisbon, where he became a Roman Catholic. By his second wife, Edith Turner, this second Alexander Pope, having now turned linen-draper, became the father of the poet, who was born in Lombard Street, May 21, 1688. Of the poet's childhood little is known, although his half-sister, Mrs. Racket, and other relatives preserved a few anecdotes of his early years. We learn on fair authority that he was originally a plump and healthy child, with a singularly sweet air and voice, and that it was the incessant application with which he studied from the age of twelve upwards that brought about a curvature of his spine and ruined his constitution.

About this time, that is, about the year 1700, the poet's father gave up business and retired into the country. He went to live at Binfield, a village about nine miles from Windsor. There is an old story that he carried with him his savings in

the form of twenty thousand guineas in a chest, and that he refused to invest them in the public funds of the government established by the Revolution. This is false, though it probably rests on some slight basis of truth; for the money was not invested in the funds of the Whig government, but mainly in French securities.

At this time all the grammar-schools were shut against Roman Catholics unless they were willing to forswear their creed. They were forbidden by law to send their children to school out of the country; while at the same time they were unable to send them to educational establishments kept by persons of their own faith in England—since Papists were not allowed to keep school.

If the laws had been stringently carried out, no Roman Catholic could have educated his children except at home. As a matter of fact, the laws were not stringently carried out; but the education of most English Roman Catholics must have been conducted in a somewhat hole-and-corner manner. At any rate Pope's was irregular. He was placed at the age of eight under the care of a priest named, according to Ruffhead, Taverner, or, according to Spence, Banister. Perhaps there were two priests; perhaps Taverner and Banister were one and the same person. In those times, when Roman priests could be imprisoned for life for saying mass, an *alias* was often a convenience. A year afterwards he was sent to a school of his own religion at Twiford, near Winchester; and later to a school in Marylebone kept by one Deane, who, at the Revolution, had been expelled from his fellowship at Oxford as a non-juror. Here it was that the boy poet composed a tragedy by piecing together speeches from Ogilby's translation of the *Iliad* and adding connecting verses of his own. This play was performed by his schoolfellows, with the assistance of the gardener. Deane's school seems to have been a very inefficient institution, and Pope was taken home to Binfield apparently when he was about the age of thirteen, and put for a few months under the tuition of

another priest. He told Spence that he practically taught himself Greek, Latin, and French. "I did not follow the grammar; but rather hunted in the authors for a syntax of my own: and then began translating any parts that pleased me particularly, in the best Greek and Latin poets: and by that means formed my taste; which I think, verily, about sixteen was very near as good as it is now." He read much, and with little guidance, in the great English writers. Before the age of twelve, Spenser, Waller, and Dryden had become his favourites.

He was already a poet. In his own often-quoted words:

> "As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
> I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came".

So correct was his ear that critics have remarked that there is little difference, as far as mere technical use of metre goes, between his earliest and his latest work. Besides the play on the *Iliad* he had about the same time commenced an epic, a "slavish imitation of the ancients", as he afterwards described it. When he was about fourteen or fifteen he wrote his translation of the first book of the *Thebais* of the Latin poet Statius. A revised form of this was published in 1712.

A year or two later (say about 1703 or 1704) Pope made the acquaintance of Wycherley (d. 1715), who, in the second decade of Charles II.'s reign, had dazzled the fashionable world with his brilliant prose comedies. The dramatist was now an old man, and was seeking a fresh reputation as a poet. He entered upon a literary correspondence with the precocious lad, which was continued at intervals until 1710. According to Pope, Wycherley sent his verses to be corrected, and was angry at the extent of the corrections. Modern writers manifest scepticism as to this, but the story is probable enough. By Wycherley, Pope was introduced to another literary luminary, whose ineffectual fire has now hopelessly paled. This was the minor poet Walsh (d. 1708), who had

been described by Dryden as "the best critic in the nation". Pope told Spence that "he used to encourage me much, and used to tell me that there was one way left of excelling; for though we had several great poets, we never had any one great poet that was correct: and he desired me to make that my study and aim". In 1705 young Pope went to stay with this veteran at his seat in Worcestershire.

The first published works of Pope are contained in the sixth part of the *Poetical Miscellanies*, published in 1709 by Jacob Tonson, the most famous bookseller of the day. These include his *Pastorals*, and his imitations of Ovid's *Epistle from Sappho to Phaon*, of Chaucer's *Merchant's Tale* (*January and May*), besides poems and translations by Rowe the dramatist, Swift and Wycherley, and other "eminent hands". Ambrose Philips and Matthew Green contributed pastorals as well as Pope.

Probably no kind of poetry had once so extensive a vogue, and certainly no kind of poetry is nowadays more entirely distasteful. In an age when we are always anxious to apply the touchstone of reality to work of all sorts, we look with wondering pity on the dull, hackneyed make-believe, without passion and without wit, which pleased the age of Anne. Most of it had not even the charm of obvious prettiness and piquancy which renders Watteau and Lancret delightful. Mr. Ruskin does it too much honour when he compares it to "the porcelain shepherds and shepherdesses on a mantelpiece". It was above all trite and artificial; made by rule, and by a bad rule, an imitation of an imitation of an imitation. All this is avowed with complacent candour by our poet in his *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry*. There is not, I think, in the whole four of Pope's *Pastorals* a single line which indicates that he ever saw for himself with genuine delight a single flower or bird in the fields about his pretty Berkshire village.

Pope's *Pastorals* had been written, if we may believe him, as early as 1704, and had been handed about in manuscript,

as was the custom of the times, among his literary neighbours and friends. They had been seen by Sir William Trumbull, an old diplomatist and a patron of Dryden, and to him the first was dedicated; also by Henry Cromwell, a man of fashion with literary interests; Lord Halifax, the friend of Prior; Dr. Garth, the author of the *Dispensary*; Congreve the dramatist, and others. Wycherley praised them warmly in his lines *To my Friend Mr. Pope*, which graced the volume in which they appeared. It was generally felt that the young poet had made a good start.

His next venture was the *Essay on Criticism*, probably written in 1709 when he was twenty, but not published till two years afterwards. It marks a great advance in Pope's art. He had now furnished himself with a subject which suited his genius, and he availed himself of the opportunity with striking effect. The critics were full of praise. Addison, writing in the *Spectator* at the end of the year, ranked it as a "masterpiece in its kind"; he speaks with emphasis of its originality, elegance, and perspicuity. One writer only had attacked it, John Dennis, a feeble dramatist but a keen critic, who had been himself wantonly singled out for contempt by Pope (*Essay on Criticism*, lines 585–587). There is, however, no need to speak at greater length of the *Essay* in this place.

About this time Pope made the acquaintance of his life-long friend, Martha Blount. The Blounts were an old Roman Catholic family living at Mapledurham, not far from Binfield. The two sisters, who resided with their widowed mother, corresponded with Pope, and he seems to have had a genuine affection for the elder, Martha, to the end of his life. Ill-natured people saw opportunity for scandal in the closer relations which grew up between them towards the close of the poet's life, but probably without reason.

In 1711 Pope wrote by Steele's desire his *Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day*. He himself afterwards claimed to have written it in 1708. It does not seem to have been set to

music until 1730, when Maurice Greene set it as an exercise for his degree of Doctor of Music.

Next year (1712) we find Pope contributing to the *Spectator* an imitation of Virgil's fourth *Eclogue*, generally known as the *Pollio*. During the middle ages Virgil's poem had been regarded as an actual prophecy of the coming of Christ, and Pope now strengthened the Messianic character of his original by weaving into his version phrases from the book of Isaiah. Modern readers will feel the poem laboured and unconvincing; the tawdry ornament contrasts ill with the simple earnestness of the *Universal Prayer*, where Pope was expressing religious sentiments which he really felt, instead of writing a poetical exercise. In the same year there appeared his translation of Book i. of the *Thebais* of Statius already mentioned. This was published in the *Miscellany* issued by Lintot, the rival of Tonson.

But Pope's chief contribution to Lintot's *Miscellany* of 1712 was the *Rape of the Lock* in its first form, composed in two cantos and making only 334 lines. This delightful poem did not perhaps meet with all the success it deserved; but, if so, applause was only deferred. After its separate publication (1714) in five cantos, with the addition of the fanciful mythology of the sylphs and gnomes, it achieved a popularity which it has never lost, even during the full tide of the Romantic revival. More will be said of Pope's masterpiece in a different section of this Introduction.

The young poet had now made the acquaintance of Addison, Steele, Swift, Gay, and their literary friends. He visited Will's Coffee House, where Dryden had once reigned supreme, and Button's, which Addison set up in 1712 as a meeting-place for the Whig wits, now that party distinctions had become so much emphasized and had brought division and ill-feeling even among literary men. Here he met Ambrose Philips, Budgell, Tickell, Rowe, and the other writers chiefly connected with Addison and the Whigs. But he carefully refrained from committing him-

self to any political party. "You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend", writes Addison to him in 1713, "in advising you not to content yourself with one half of the nation for your admirers, when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occasion. I think you are very happy to be out of the fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it." With Addison, Pope was still on very good terms. When the long-expected *Cato* was produced at Drury Lane, in the April of 1713, Pope contributed a prologue to the tragedy.

An early poem called *Windsor Forest* was completed in 1713 and published in the same year. It shows the same vagueness of observation and the same lack of delight in nature as the *Pastorals*. Here and there we get some evidence of an eye for colour; but the poet's interest lies not in the "lawns and op'ning glades", the "hills, vales, and floods", which he is bound to mention, but in the sham mythology, the historical allusions, and the compliments to Queen Anne.

In the same year (1713) Pope contributed six or seven prose essays to the *Guardian*, Steele's paper, which filled up the gap left by the disappearance of the *Spectator*. One of them (No. 40, April 27, 1713) is said to have helped bring about the split between Pope and Addison. It is an ironical essay professedly in "continuation of some former papers on the subject of *Pastorals*", written probably by Tickell, in which Ambrose Philips's efforts were praised and Pope's, although they had appeared in the same *Miscellany*, passed over in silence. Pope (of course anonymously) writes to clear the author from the charge of partiality; and he does so by saying that Philips has followed better models than Pope. "Mr. Pope has copied Theocritus and Virgil only too faithfully. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrsis on British plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan: whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to

propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; such as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout." He quotes with mock commendation the feeblest passages from Philips and places them side by side with passages from his own pastorals, remarking: "Our other pastoral writer [*i.e.* himself], in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright poetry". He gives some lines from a dirge uttered by one of Philips's shepherds, and adds the delightfully ambiguous comment, "I defy the most common reader to repeat them without some motives of compassion". It is said that Steele was so completely deceived that out of consideration for Pope's feelings he showed him the essay and asked him whether he should publish it. Dr. Johnson does not exaggerate when he describes it as "a composition of artifice, criticism, and literature, to which nothing equal will easily be found". As a masterpiece of irony it is worthy to be placed with Swift's *Argument to prove that the Abolishing of Christianity may be attended by some Inconveniences.* Steele seems to have forgiven the trick played on him, for Pope contributed on several further occasions to the *Guardian.* But Philips, it is said, as a hint to the writer, hung up a birch at Button's. Another prose effort of Pope's helped to estrange him from Addison. John Dennis, the choleric critic whom Pope had attacked in the *Essay on Criticism*, wrote an unfavourable pamphlet called *Remarks on Cato.* Pope rushed into the fray and produced his *Narrative of the Frenzy of Mr. John Dennis, an Officer of the Custom House.* As he frankly owned in his letter to Addison, the piece was written "not in defence of you, but in contempt of him". Addison at once disowned the stupid and cruel attack on Dennis, and threw Pope overboard without ceremony. He sent "Old Appius" a message, telling him that, "When he [Mr. Addison] thinks fit to take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections to his writings, he will do it in a way Mr. Dennis shall have no just reason to complain of".

We now come to the translation of *Homer*, the work which at the time brought Pope most money and most honour, but which, though still read, is regarded as his least satisfactory achievement. It was begun in 1713, at any rate the *Proposals* for a translation were issued in the October of that year. Subscriptions soon flowed in. Swift, who had at that time enormous influence, took it up warmly, and threw himself into it with his usual untamable energy. Dr. White Kennet, Bishop of Peterborough, saw him at the Coffee House soon after the *Proposals* came out, instructing "a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe, 'for', says he, 'the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him'". The book was to be published by Lintot in six quarto volumes. There were to be notes and an introduction. The former were chiefly compiled by Broome, Fenton, and Jortin from previous commentators, such as the twelfth-century Greek critic Archbishop Eustathius of Thessalonica, whose commentaries on Homer had been printed in the sixteenth century. Lord Halifax, formerly Sir Charles Montague, Chancellor of the Exchequer under William III., a nobleman of literary reputation who had befriended Prior and other writers, angled for the dedication of the work. Pope showed his lofty independence when he passed him over and dedicated the *Iliad* to the retired dramatist Congreve. The first volume, which was anxiously awaited, was issued on June 6, 1715. Pope, according to Johnson's calculation, made £5320 by this translation; but Lintot did badly, owing to the importation of cheap editions printed abroad.

Two days after the publication of the first volume of Pope's *Iliad* a rival translation of Book i. appeared. On the title-page was the name of Thomas Tickell (1686-1740), a prominent member of Addison's "little senate" at Button's. Addison had puffed his poetical efforts in the *Spectator*, as he did those of others of the set. Pope was annoyed and alarmed when he

heard that Addison was telling his friends that he preferred Tickell's version to Pope's, and learned that Steele and the rest had taken the cue from their leader. He regarded the whole thing as a plot to deprive him of his well-earned fame. At last he persuaded himself that Addison had actually written the translation which passed as Tickell's. Most modern writers regard this suspicion as entirely absurd. Not only Macaulay, but more careful and more impartial writers, such as Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Courthope, come to this conclusion. But the case does not seem so clear as is commonly assumed. Thus in 1721, in his *Letter to Congreve* prefixed to the second edition of Addison's comedy *The Drummer*, Steele sneers at Tickell as "the reputed translator of the first book of Homer". And Colley Cibber (one of Pope's many enemies) told Spence that Addison "translated the greater part of the first book of the *Iliad* published as Tickell's, and put it forth with a design to overset Pope's". If such opinions were held by Pope's opponents, there is surely nothing specially malignant in Pope himself holding them also. It must be remembered that according to Spence, when the subject was introduced in conversation between Mr. Tickell and Mr. Pope by a third person, Tickell did not deny that Addison had written the translation; and Spence holds that this must be regarded as equivalent to a confession that he did. And according to Pope, Young, who knew Tickell well at Oxford, expressed great surprise that Tickell could have been so busied about so considerable a piece of work without his (Young's) knowing of it. The last anecdote, however, rests solely on Pope's statement; and probably the preceding one, so that too much stress should not be laid on them. But one may at any rate say that the general opinion was that Tickell had not written the translation, and that, as Lintot says, there had been "malice and juggle at Button's". But even if these suspicions were quite unfounded, there is no fairness in charging Pope, as Macaulay does, with inventing the story himself.

Pope's *Iliad* survived the faint praises of Addison and his friends. It became the ideal translation of the eighteenth-century critics; "it is certainly the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen", says Dr. Johnson. Even now probably ten times as many copies of Pope's *Homer* are sold as of all the subsequent metrical translations put together. In spite of all the faults that abound in it,—its want of accuracy, its disregard for the spirit of the original, its artificiality, its monotony, and half a dozen others besides,—it retains its hold on the general public.

In 1716 Pope came with his parents to live nearer London than the sylvan retreats of Binfield. He took a house in Mawson's Buildings (now Mawson's Road), situated in Church Lane, Chiswick. Here he completed the *Iliad*, the last volume of which he seems to have finished in 1718, although it was not published till 1720.

The great undertaking had weighed him down. Long afterwards he said, "In the beginning of my translating the *Iliad* I wished anybody would hang me, a hundred times. It sat so heavily on my mind at first that I often used to dream of it, and do sometimes still." But he got into methodical ways of working at it, and would write thirty, forty, and even fifty verses in the morning before he got up, writing on the backs of letters and other spare paper. So at last the whole went to press, and he was free to begin the *Odyssey*.

This was done largely by the pens of Broome and Fenton, who had already assisted in the notes to the *Iliad*. Pope did only twelve books, the others eight and four books respectively, though Pope induced Broome to sign a post-script attributing only three books to himself and two to Fenton. It is practically impossible to distinguish, on internal evidence alone, the portions contributed by each. So thoroughly had Pope set the key that his assistants never deviated from it. By this venture Pope cleared £3500.

In 1717 Pope published his *Elegy to the Memory of an*

Unfortunate Lady, which shows more tenderness than is found in any other of his works. His father died next year, and Pope then moved with his mother to Twickenham, where he leased a small house by the river and five acres of ground. The little cottage consisted of "a small hall paved with stone, and two small parlours on each side, the upper story being disposed on the same plan". It has long since disappeared. On the opposite side of the high-road between Teddington and Twickenham lay the plot of ground, which Pope laid out in the new fashion of landscape-gardening. Between the villa and the garden ran a tunnel under the road, and this Pope, in the taste of a retired publican, decorated with looking-glasses, bits of spar, and petrifactions, and converted into a "grotto", of which he seems to have been seriously proud, for he alludes to it frequently in his letters and poems. Here he was visited by Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Peterborough (the eccentric hero of the Spanish war), Swift, Gay, and other friends. He can hardly have been a genial host. "When he wanted to sleep he 'nodded in company', and even slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry."

The fair blue-stocking, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who had corresponded with him from Constantinople, where her husband was ambassador, came to live at Twickenham in the same year as Pope. In a short time, the exact date cannot be determined, a fierce quarrel broke out between them. According to a doubtful but plausible statement attributed to Lady Mary, "at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romances call a declaration, he made such passionate love to her as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immediate fit of laughter, from which moment he became her implacable enemy". Certain it is, that, beginning in 1728, Pope several times attacked her with the greatest grossness and brutality.

One of Pope's least successful undertakings was his edition

of Shakespeare, which appeared in 1725. In the seventeenth century four editions of Shakespeare appeared, none of them in any sense critical. In 1709–1710 Rowe published the first critical edition, in which some effort was made to get rid of the obvious corruptions of the text. Pope's was the next, and whatever its faults it had the merit of greatly increasing the interest in the plays. Pope, however, knew too little of Elizabethan literature, and was too completely influenced by the standards of his own age, to make a respectable editor. His readings are usually as unsatisfactory as possible. Still, we owe him gratitude for having involuntarily stirred up Lewis Theobald (1688 c.–1744) to undertake the task. This man, a dismal poet but a textual critic of great ability, moved by the deficiencies of Pope, published in 1726 a pamphlet entitled *Shakespeare Restored, or a Specimen of the many Errors Committed as well as Unavoided by Mr. Pope in his late Edition*, and followed it in due time by his own edition of 1733, the foundation of all subsequent critical work on the text. He suffered martyrdom on account of his temerity, for Pope made him the hero of the *Dunciad*.

In 1727–8 appeared three volumes of *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, the joint work of Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay. It consists of burlesques on various literary forms. There are a burlesque literary essay ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ, or, *Of the Art of Sinking in Poetry*, *Memoirs of P. P. Clerk of this Parish*, a parody on the memoirs of Bishop Burnet, both by Pope, together with other things of the same kind. A sort of burlesque club was set afoot by the authors, and with this Scriblerus Club must be connected the design not only of the *Dunciad* but also of *Gulliver*; the one a burlesque epic and the other a burlesque set of travels.

The origin of the *Dunciad* can indeed be traced in two ways to Scriblerus, not only as a part of a scheme but as a direct effect of the publication of the *Miscellanies*. In the seventh chapter of his essay on the Bathos, Pope had introduced a number of satirical allusions to contemporary

authors, and, determined that there should be no mistakes in identifying them, added initials. Some of them retorted, and their retorts were made an excuse for the castigation which followed. Professor Courthope considers that the sixth chapter of the *Art of Sinking* was "obviously inserted for the purpose of irritation", after the *Dunciad* had been practically completed, in order to justify its publication. If so, the way that the "dunces" fell into the snare, and rushed into print with abusive pamphlets and satires, must have given Pope the keenest pleasure. He could say with Cromwell, "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands".

The history of the publication of the *Dunciad* is a very complicated one. For the purpose, doubtless, of arousing interest, Pope indulged in all sorts of mystifications. The first edition was issued in May, 1728; but there were allusions to a (non-existent) previous edition of 1727. Several reprints of this, the first form of the poem, were printed in London and in Dublin. An edition with essay by "Martinus Scriblerus" and other introductory matter (written by Pope himself but attributed to William Cleland), and illustrated by elaborate notes, was issued in 1729 as the "first correct edition". In 1742 he added a fourth book. In 1743 the work appeared in a fresh form, "according to the complete copy found in the year 1742"; the hero no longer Theobald, but Colley Cibber. The dissertation "Of the Hero of the Poem", ironically attributed to Ricardus Aristarchus (*i.e.* Richard Bentley) but written by Warburton, was added to account for the misconception which had arisen as to the real hero.

This burlesque epic is modelled on Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*, but is on a much larger scale. In its final form it consists of over 1750 lines as against Dryden's 217; and there is besides the enormous apparatus of introductory essays, notes, &c. The satire is admirably keen; but the joke is on too gigantic a scale. All this elaborate machinery for crushing the ephemeral writers of the time is felt to be

out of place. And then, the poem is too malevolently cruel. Besides, it is coarse in no common degree; the satire of Pope, like that of Swift, is often as nasty as it is incisive. And of course the whole scheme is absurd, because the more successful Pope's satire is, the less it attains his end. He has, in fact, given us a great *memoria technica* for recalling the nobodies whom he hated, and who but for him would long ago have been forgotten. As Dr. Johnson said of Dryden, "the writer who thinks his works formed for duration, mistakes his interest when he mentions his enemies".

From this wretched work Pope was saved by the intervention of his friend, the brilliant Tory leader, Lord Bolingbroke, who had been exiled by the bitterness of the Whigs in the first flush of their triumph on the accession of King George I. As Secretary of State he had no doubt been more or less implicated in conspiracies to set aside the Act of Succession and proclaim the Pretender on the death of Anne. The plots, whatever they were, came to nought, and the chief plotter fled. The attainder of Bolingbroke was, however, reversed in 1725, and he was permitted to return to England, though not to take his seat in the House of Lords. He was one of the chief opponents of Walpole, while professing to wish to lead a life of learned leisure in the country. Pope frequently visited him at his house at Dawley, near Uxbridge, where they took part in haymaking, and had beans and bacon and barn-door fowl for dinner. When he was not writing political pamphlets, or making believe to be a farmer, Bolingbroke interested himself in philosophy, and wrote several volumes of superficial and incoherent speculation, which were not published till after his death. He was not deeply learned, nor was he a great thinker. But he was able to give the opinions of the classical moralists, with their names, and the opinions of Spinoza and Leibnitz, as a rule without them; and to express his inconsistent convictions with an air of wit, seriousness, and candour. Pope, as well as Swift, had for him an admiration which seems to us almost inexplicable.

Bolingbroke appears to have supplied Pope with nearly all the raw material for his *Essay on Man*, and suggestions for the general form of the poems, and the order in which the topics should be treated; even the very illustrations seem to be sometimes due to him. The testimony of Lord Bathurst, reported by Hugh Blair and Joseph Warton, is confirmed by the testimony of Pope himself as related by Spence. The "system", as Pope is pleased to call it, had not much merit. It is an attempt to vindicate the ways of God to man by an appeal to reason; this involves a discussion on man's place in nature, his capacities, rights, and duties. The framework of the argument is supplied from Leibnitz, with occasional assistance from Spinoza. It puts for us with much vigour and clearness the case for what is called optimism, the doctrine that this is the best of all *possible* worlds. Consistency was not Pope's strong point; but he had a fatal desire to put things effectively and antithetically, and he was driven rather by force of rhetoric than by force of logic to assert that "whatever is, is right", and to imply that free-will, revelations, miracles, and answers to prayer, were all unreal. He probably did not see how deeply he had outraged current religious opinion, but he had his qualms. The four epistles of the *Essay on Man* were published anonymously in 1733 and the beginning of the next year. For four or five years no serious protest was heard. Then came the two books of De Crousaz, professor at Lausanne, his *Examen de l'Essai de M. Pope* (1737), and his *Commentaire sur la Traduction de l'Essai* (1738), in which he accused the poet of "Spinozism" and Fatalism, and showed that his opinions involved the rejection of revealed religion. Crousaz had produced many respectable works on logic, education, and philosophy. Although he was far from a stimulating writer, his attack obtained many readers.

Pope, who, whatever his private opinions may have been, was anxious not to pose as an infidel, was alarmed. But help was at hand; for there came to his assistance Dr. War-

burton, a divine of some note, a bold, energetic man of wide learning and brazen impudence of assertion, who had just delighted the orthodox with the first volumes of his *Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated from the Omission of the Doctrine of a Future State of Rewards and Punishments in the Jewish Dispensation.* In a series of letters in a monthly review, some republished in a separate form, he defended the poet and earned his ardent gratitude.

In spite of attacks, and of still more damaging defences, the *Essay on Man* became the most popular moral poem ever written. Many translations were made of it into French, German, Italian, and other languages. Voltaire and Marmontel, Wieland and Kant, all paid homage to it. In spite of the somewhat crazy lines of the main structure, the building has conquered our admiration by the beauty and force of its independent parts. Many of the couplets are supreme examples of the art of putting things. Pope had, in a marvellous degree, the ability to present his ideas in a crisp, definite, musical, rememberable way, and other men with less of the gift of utterance have been delighted to embody their dimmer intuitions in his glittering verses.

Meantime Pope had been producing the *Moral Essays*, and the *Satires*. The *Epistle on Taste*, addressed to Lord Burlington (the first of the *Moral Essays* in order of time, though now numbered IV.), was published on the last day of 1731. The others of this series are on the *Characters of Men*, addressed to Lord Cobham (1733), on the *Use of Riches*, to Lord Bathurst (1733), and on the *Characters of Women* (1735); a fifth, written nearly twenty years earlier and addressed to Addison, was afterwards incorporated. The *Satires* fall between the years 1733 and 1738. They are now introduced by the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, published in 1735, but this was preceded in order of publication by the imitations of Horace, *Satires*, ii. 1 (1733), and ii. 2 (1734). The modernized version of Donne's *Satires* and of some of Horace's *Epistles* followed, and the *Epilogue to the Satires* (*One*

thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight) completed the set.

They all showed that Pope's ability for saying unpleasant things in a brilliant manner was greater than ever. He attacked his literary and personal enemies, and many other persons who were neither, with every symptom of unflagging energy and bloodthirsty enjoyment. Cibber and Curll, Addison and Lord Hervey, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the Duke of Chandos, and the Duchess of Marlborough, all came in for their share; and King George himself is held up to contempt in a delightfully ironical imitation of Horace's *Epistle to Augustus* (ii. 1).

By this time Pope had lost most of his older friends. Mrs. Pope, to whom he was a most tender and devoted son, after years of suffering, died in 1732. Gay also died in 1732; both Arbuthnot and Lord Peterborough in 1735. Bolingbroke had again settled in France. Swift was in Ireland, and was already a stricken man struggling without hope against the inroads of a terrible disease. Caryll died in 1736. Pope had made a few new friends, amongst them Warburton, Spence, the author of the *Anecdotes*, and Ralph Allen, who sat not only for the portrait of the Man of Ross, but also for that of Squire Allworthy in Fielding's *Tom Jones*. Martha Blount still remained, and their friendship became closer as their years advanced.

The poet had kept up a steady correspondence with his friends, and had probably written his letters for years with a view to subsequent publication. During the eighteenth century the letter was a favourite literary form, the plain but comely undress of an age which was too often on parade. Hence we have novels and histories, biographies and travels, philosophies and criticisms told in the shape of epistles from A Person of Quality or A Divine of the Church of England. The essence of the charm lay in the affectation of unstudied ease and careless grace; the writer aimed at being "familiar but not coarse, and elegant but

not ostentatious". Although copies of private letters were handed about, it was of course against the unwritten law for a gentleman to send his correspondence to the press. That would be like appearing at the coffee-house or on the Mall in a dressing-gown and silken night-cap instead of the long-skirted coat and well-curled perruque. Accordingly Pope set himself to carry out a most laborious and intricate scheme in order to get his letters printed without his own consent.

In 1726 Curll, a piratical publisher, having got hold of Pope's letters addressed to Henry Cromwell, printed them, and the publication met with success. Thereupon Pope, professing alarm, began to ask his friends to return to him the letters he had written to them. He had the letters copied, and deposited the originals in Lord Oxford's library. A little later emissaries were secretly sent to Curll, who had just announced that he was about to publish (unauthorized) a Life of Pope, and offered him a quantity of printed sheets of the poet's correspondence. The story told was that a certain enemy of Pope's, called "P. T.", had got hold of it and printed it. Curll at first was suspicious, and communicated with the poet; but Pope put an advertisement in the papers and declared that the thing was a trick, that the letters must be forgeries, and that he should take no further steps in the matter. Curll now proceeded with the publication. Pope, to still further dissociate himself, got some of his friends who were peers to apply to the House of Lords, and induce them to suppress the volume, which was advertised as containing letters from members of the upper house in reply to Pope. At that time it was a serious offence to publish the writings of peers without their consent. Pope knew that no such letters were contained in the volume, and the only effect of the interference was to obtain notoriety for the book, which was of course just what he wanted. *A Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope's Letters were Procured by Edmund Curll*, which quite failed

to explain what it professed to explain, was issued. A sham reward was offered to those who had sold the letters to Curll to induce them to "discover the whole affair", and other steps were taken to excite interest and to disclaim any responsibility for the publication. The volume appeared in the summer of 1735, and was several times reprinted. Pope now came forward and explained that he "thought himself under a necessity to publish such of the said letters as are genuine", and an authorized edition was at last issued in 1737 containing the "genuine" letters. Owing to the discovery of the original copies made by Caryll of the letters sent to him by Pope (which at the latter's request he had returned in 1726), it has been shown that Pope had greatly altered the letters, had sometimes rewritten them, had changed the dates and had even addressed them to other persons better known to the public than those to whom they were actually sent. It can be proved that he did the same with his letters to Wycherley. It is not to be doubted that he treated his correspondence with other of his deceased friends in the same way. The object was achieved. If we are to judge the writer's character by his published letters, "an opinion too favourable", as Dr. Johnson says, "cannot easily be formed; they exhibit a perpetual and unclouded effulgence of general benevolence and particular fondness. There is nothing but liberality, gratitude, constancy, and tenderness." Pope's letters seem to have been regarded as models until the close of the century.

In 1742, as has been seen, the fourth book of the *Dunciad* was published; and next year the new form of the poem, in which Colley Cibber was made the hero, appeared. A twelvemonth later the "fiery soul" had "fretted the pigmy body to decay"; and the brave, mean, plotting, independent little poet had been laid to rest by the side of his mother in the vault of the red-brick Georgian church of Twickenham.

2. POPE'S PLACE AS A POET.

During the eighteenth century Pope's was regarded as one of the two or three greatest names in English poetry. Warton, in the *Essay upon Pope* prefixed to his edition of the poet's works, claims for him a place "next to Milton and just above Dryden". Johnson, who represents the highest critical ability of the age, places him in respect to genius below Dryden. But he ranks him very high. With his usual robust common-sense he asks, "If Pope be not a true poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry by a definition will only show the narrowness of the definer, though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made. Let us look round upon the present time, and back upon the past; let us enquire to whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry; let their productions be examined and their claims stated, and the pretensions of Pope will be no more disputed."

But a change was coming. Already, as we see from Johnson's question, people had begun to ask if Pope were a true poet. The answer Johnson supplied was not to be accepted without challenge. Cowper, who did so much to bring about a new standard for poetry, explicitly accepts Johnson's estimate (Letter to Newton, Jan. 5, 1782). He speaks in warm terms of Pope's moral poems, and the technical ability of his work. Yet he feels that his example has been bad.

> "But he (his musical finesse was such,
> So wise his ear, so delicate his touch)
> Made poetry a mere mechanic art,
> And every warbler had his tune by heart."

Cowper complains that poetry has no fresh themes, and sighs for a bard who should make evangelical Christianity the subject of his song. For the true poet must have something new to say, he should be a prophet of righteousness; and he must leave the mannered style of the imitators of Pope.

When we come to Wordsworth we find these demands carried further. The poet is a man "endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature and a more comprehensive soul" than other men. He must have a strong imagination, "a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present", an ability of conjuring up in himself representative or ideal emotions. "Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation is gradually produced." "The poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men." I have given this in Wordsworth's own words. But after all it was much more concisely, and almost as adequately, expressed a hundred years before in the dictum of John Dennis, Pope's old enemy. He said: "Poetry is poetry because it is more passionate and sensual than prose. A discourse that is writ in very good numbers, if it wants passion, can be but measured prose." William Lisle Bowles, the clergyman whose *Sonnets* (1789) helped to awaken the genius of Coleridge, and who was one of the most important of the immediate forerunners of the new school, published in 1806 his *Essay on Pope.* It was answered by Campbell in his *Specimens of the British Poets* (1819 and following years), and by Lord Byron in his *Letters on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Strictures on Pope* (1821). Bowles argued that the works of nature are more beautiful and sublime than those of art, and therefore are more poetical; and the passions of the human heart which are the

same in all ages are more poetical than artificial manners. Hence "the descriptive poet who paints from an intimate knowledge of external nature is more poetical, supposing the fidelity and execution equal, *not* than the painter of human passions, but the painter of external circumstances in artificial life; as Cowper paints a morning walk, and Pope a game of cards". He asks Campbell "whether he thinks that the sylph of Pope 'trembling over the froth of a chocolate-pot' be an image as poetical as the delicate and quaint Ariel, who sings 'Where the bee sucks there suck I'?" When Byron laughed at the supposition that imitation of natural objects is always more beautiful than imitation of artificial things, Bowles rejoined that he "spoke not of nature generally, but of images of the sublime and beautiful in nature; and if your Lordship had only kept this circumstance in recollection, you would have seen that your pleasant picture of 'the hog in the high wind', the footman's livery, the Paddington canal and the pigsties, the horse-pond, the slop-basin . . . must all go for nothing, for natural as these images might be, they are neither 'sublime nor beautiful'".

Bowles was not a bigot. He arrived at substantially the same conclusion as Byron himself, and as Warton, Pope's first critical editor. "On the subject of Pope's poetical character", he says to the author of *Childe Harold*, "we agree. You say he is inferior to Milton and Shakespeare. This is all I ask." (*Two Letters to Lord Byron*, 1821.)

It is because Pope is wanting in the faculty of sensuous imagination, "the vision and the faculty divine", and in a loving knowledge of the deeper and worthier aspects of human nature, that he can never take a place side by side with Shakespeare or Milton or Wordsworth. But he is also deficient in noble emotion. The bard who sang that "the proper study of mankind is man", cared little for the concrete man—the normal types which appeal to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Wordsworth. Love occupies a less place in

Pope than in any other great poet. True human sympathy and pity we very seldom find in his poems, and scarcely ever without some taint of artificiality. Once only do we encounter a burst of genuine religious feeling, I mean of course in the beautiful *Universal Prayer*. Fierce scorn and eager hatred we see, alas! everywhere; but there is no grandeur in his contempt or in his bitterness. Like the rest of the school from Dryden to Gifford, he has but little interest in the sights and sounds of nature. Once or twice, in *Windsor Forest*, he shows more sensibility to colour than the majority of his school.

One of the very best of recent "appreciations" of Pope will be found in the charming lines of Mr. Austin Dobson:

> "POPE was most of all
> Akin to *Horace*, *Persius*, *Juvenal*;
> POPE was like them the Censor of his Age,
> An Age more suited to Repose than Rage;
> When Rhyming turn'd from Freedom to the Schools,
> And, shock'd with Licence, shudder'd into Rules;
> When *Phoebus* touch'd the Poet's trembling Ear
> With one supreme commandment, *Be thou Clear*;
> When Thought meant less to reason than compile,
> And the *Muse* labour'd chiefly with the File.
> Beneath full Wigs no Lyric drew its Breath
> As in the Days of great ELIZABETH;
> And to the Bards of ANNA was denied
> The Note that *Wordsworth* heard on *Duddon*-side.
> But POPE took up his Parable and knit
> The Woof of Wisdom with the Warp of Wit;
> He trimm'd the Measure on its equal Feet,
> And smooth'd and fitted till the Line was neat.
> . . . . . .
> Suppose you say your worst of POPE, declare
> His Jewels Paste, his Nature a Parterre,
> His Art but Artifice—I ask no more:
> Where have you seen such Artifice before?
> Where have you seen a Parterre better grac'd
> Or Gems that glitter like his Gems of Paste?
> Where can you show, among your Names of Note,
> So much to copy and so much to quote?

And where, in Fine, in all our English Verse,
A Style more Trenchant and a Sense more terse?
So I, that love the old *Augustan* Days
Of formal Courtesies and formal Phrase;
That like along the finished Line to feel
The Ruffle's flutter and the Flash of Steel;
That like my Couplet as compact as clear;
That like my Satire sparkling tho' severe,
Unmix'd with Bathos and unmarr'd by Trope,
I fling my Cap for Polish—and for POPE."

3. POPE'S STYLE.

In the eighteenth century probably Pope's chief claim on the admiration of the literary public lay in the perfection of his technique. The bitter Dennis and other enemies sometimes laughed at him for bad workmanship, but the charge was felt to be absurd. Even the later men who had shaken themselves free from his spell, acknowledged his supreme technical ability. Thus Bowles admits that, "in execution, I think no poet was ever superior to Pope".

Pope's style is the culmination of that which was introduced about the time of the Restoration by Waller and Dryden. The use of the *heroic couplet*, with a pause at the end of every line, and a more or less definite conclusion of the sense at the end of the couplet, was its most distinguishing feature. Those devices which had rendered the heroic couplets of Chaucer so flexible and sweet were rejected. The running on of the sense without pause from one line to another, and from one couplet to another (called by the French *enjambement*), is carefully avoided. The couplet is never split. The rhyme is scarcely ever double; the line must end with a clearly emphasized syllable. The movement is always severely iambic.

Let us compare the following passage from *Nun's Priest's Tale*, which I have opened on by accident, with any passage of Pope we please.

"O falsë mordrour lurkynge in thy den!
O newë Scariot, newë Genyloun!

Falsë disymulour, O Greek Synoun,
That broghtest Troye al outrëly to sorwë!
O Chauntëcleer, acursëd be that morwë,
That thou into that yerd flaugh fro the bemës!
Thou were ful wel y-warnëd by thy dremës
That thilkë day was perilous to thee;
But what that God forwoot most nedës bee,
After the opiniöun of certein clerkis."

Here we see that there is an eleventh syllable and that the rhymes are therefore double in three cases (five lines out of ten), *sorwë-morwë*, *bemës-dremës*, *clerkis*; and that not in a single case is the rhyming syllable a particularly clear and definite sound capable of bearing a very strong accent: you cannot stress very strongly the last syllables of lines 2 and 3 or of 8 and 9. Again, the passage begins with the second half of a couplet, and ends with the first half of a couplet. Then, although the first line scans quite accurately, the real run of the verse tends to become trochaic,

O | fa'lsë | mor'drour | lur'kynge | in' thy | den',

because of the three dissyllabic words accented on the first syllable that come so early in it. The cæsura, or medial pause, occurs after the third foot in lines 3, 6, 7, 10.

Now take a passage from Pope's *Essay on Man*.

"All are but parts of one tremendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart."

I have chosen this because it is more flexible than some of Pope's verse; for we have here the frequent use of a trochee

for the first foot instead of an iambus. But every line is end-stopped. Every couplet is complete in itself. The sense in one instance only is carried through from one couplet to another, but even there (between lines 6 and 7) a pause is not only possible but necessary, and each couplet has an isolated existence of its own. The rhymes are all monosyllabic; and they are all strong endings on which a full emphasis can fall. Each couplet therefore closes with a kind of snap. The cæsura occurs in every case at the end of the second foot, or else in the middle of the next foot, except in line 2. Hence the line becomes divided into two approximately equal halves, with a tendency to balance against each other. The opposition is strengthened by verbal antithesis; and we constantly find a second half-line opposed to the first.

Few critics of Pope seem to suspect how much of his characteristic hardness and brilliance depends on the rigidity and isolation of his couplets. If we break the couplets into halves, a new tone is heard. Look at these two lines:

> "Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
> And Right, too rigid, hardens into wrong".

The melody is that of Tennyson's blank verse. But put them into their places in two couplets and Pope stands confessed:

> "In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
> Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
> And Right, too rigid, hardens into wrong;
> Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong".

After the Romantic revival had set in, poets of the first rank at first avoided the heroic couplet, because it had grown so inflexible. Keats showed how it could be restored to the easy trailing sweetness of Chaucer. He adopts the same expedients as his mediæval master and adds others; for instance, he frequently breaks off a sentence in the middle of a line.

Look at this from the first Book of *Endymion*, and see

how Keats has regained the "first fine careless rapture" of Chaucer's verse, with an added sweetness of his own.

> "Hereat Peona, in their silver source,
> Shut her pure sorrow-drops with glad exclaim,
> And took a lute, from which there pulsing came
> A lively prelude, fashioning the way
> In which her voice should wander. 'Twas a lay
> More subtle-cadenced, more forest wild
> Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child;
> And nothing since has floated in the air
> So mournful strange. Surely some influence rare
> Went, spiritual, through the damsel's hand."

William Morris and other moderns who have followed him have imitated Keats and Keats's master.

Pope even avoids the *triplet* by which Dryden had sought to gain a greater flexibility to his verse, and to mitigate its monotony. In the later poems Pope uses it scarcely at all; in the *Homer* somewhat more frequently, though still very seldom. Thus in the first five books of the *Iliad* we have altogether only thirteen instances of its use in 4184 lines. In the *Rape of the Lock* there is not a single triplet. Oddly enough, the *Essay on Criticism*, written only two or three years before, contains a relatively larger number than any other of his poems; eight in 744 lines, a proportion more than four times greater than in Books i.–v. of the *Iliad*.

But it is the excessive use of antithesis and balance that more than anything else gives its character to Pope's verse. There is no need to give an example. It runs all through his work. In his poems we have the same artificial opposition as in the formal garden of the age:

> "His gardens next your admiration call,
> On every side you look, behold the wall!
> No pleasing intricacies intervene,
> No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
> Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other".

He ridicules the rigid formalism and undeviating balance of

design in horticulture, but never sees that similar objections can be brought against them in poetry. In his verses "half the platform just reflects the other", as in the symmetrical Renascence architecture of Blenheim and Canons.

The combination of antithesis and balance, when concise, becomes epigram. Pope's writing is full of epigram; half-truths, which are sometimes more misleading than whole falsehoods, couched in the most unqualified and unconditional fashion. He loves the hard sparkle of telling phrases, without a modifying adverb. The soft glow which comes from moderation, accuracy, and fulness of statement has no attraction for him. In this he resembles many of the great writers of the age. Their logic was the purely abstract logic of the academic class-room. They applied the so-called Laws of Thought direct to the phenomena of experience, and the result was a narrow consistency which tried to understand half the facts of life by ignoring the rest. Their formal logic taught that a subject cannot both have, and not have, a given predicate; that X cannot both be, and not be, Y; whereas we know that in the actual world X is very probably both Y and not-Y, it is Y in one sense and not-Y in another sense, Y in one set of conditions and not-Y in another. The phenomena of the human mind and of human society cannot be treated like the abstract triangles and circles of geometry. But Pope, like Hume and Gibbon, tries to deal with them in the same way. He assumes that the current classifications of mental states and of social qualities are as conformable to the rigid requirements of formal logic as those of Euclid. Here is an example. He says:

> "What makes all physical or moral ill?
> There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will".

But physical and moral ill are not absolutely exclusive, nor are Nature and Will; and the two pairs of opposites do not exactly correspond. We have all the elements of epigram at the expense of truth.

Pope was of course a believer in what is called poetical diction. In his time it was universally accepted as a canon of criticism that a special vocabulary, neither too familiar nor too technical, was necessary for a poet; there must be, as Johnson puts it, "a system of words at once refined from the grossness of domestic use, and free from the harshness of terms appropriated to particular arts". He therefore uses laborious paraphrases to avoid the mention of what seems common and unclean to the dainty Muse of the Augustan age. This habit is most irritating in the *Iliad* when he is translating a poet of such simplicity and directness of style as Homer. He uses absurd paraphrases to avoid a commonplace word. Thus when he wants to say that two pigs were killed for dinner he puts it thus:

"Of two his cutlass launched the spurting blood".

"Cutlass" sounds more "poetical" than knife. But it is seen in other poems, for instance the *Rape of the Lock*. Here it often adds delightfully to the mock-heroic air—thus "shining altars of Japan" for lacquered trays, "a two-edged weapon from her shining case" for scissors, and "the velvet plain" for the card-table, the "circled green" for the fairy-ring in the grass.

Desirous to avoid all new and unauthentic words, he does not employ those piquant compound words of which nearly all the great poets are so fond. You may look through Pope in vain for such coinages as those of Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson. What charms them would horrify him! As a rule only accepted compounds are employed by him.

Pope uses metaphors much less frequently than the great imaginative poets. He prefers simile. One of the chief characteristics of romantic poetry is the use of many and unusual metaphors, the frequent suggestion of a somewhat undefined and unexpected likeness instead of the formal assertion of a more clearly determined likeness. Thus Shakespeare and the other Elizabethans pile metaphor on

metaphor with careless profusion, regardless of the incoherence and want of precision which results. Here is a passage taken absolutely at random from Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*:

> "And meanwhile
> In mild variety the seasons mild
> With *rainbow-skirted* showers, and odorous winds
> And long blue meteors *cleansing* the *dull* night,
> And the *life-kindling shafts* of the *keen* sun's
> *All-piercing bow*, and the dew-mingled *rain*
> Of the calm moonbeams, a soft influence mild
> Shall *clothe* the forests and the fields".

All the italicized words are obviously metaphorical, and there are others where the metaphor is less noticeable because more familiar. There is nothing unusual in this; it is quite a typical passage. If it is compared with characteristic passages of Pope, a marked difference will be observed. My copy of Pope opens at the last page of Canto iii. of the *Rape of the Lock*; let the student compare lines 161 to the end with this outburst of Shelley's. There is one metaphor, but it is trite and familiar: *Time spares.* Of course nothing can be proved by single passages; but the student will find that the statement is generally true.

Let us take a piece from the prose translation of the *Iliad* by Messrs. Lang, Leaf, and Myers, and compare it with Pope's. Opening at random at the beginning of Book xx., we read as follows:—

"So by the beaked ships around thee, son of Peleus, hungry for war, the Achaians armed; and over against them the men of Troy, upon the swelling of the plain. But Zeus bade Themis call the gods to council from many-folded Olympus' brow; and she ranged all about, and bade them to the house of Zeus. There was no River came not up, save only Ocean, nor any nymph, of all that haunt fair thickets and springs of rivers and grassy water-meadows. And they came to the house of Zeus who gathereth the clouds, and sat them down in the polished colonnades which Hephaistos in the cunning of his heart had wrought for father Zeus. Thus gathered they within the doors of Zeus; nor was

the earthshaker heedless of the goddess' call, but from the salt sea came up after the rest, and set him in the midst, and inquired concerning the purpose of Zeus: 'Wherefore, O Lord of the bright lightning, hast thou called the gods again to council? Say, ponderest thou somewhat concerning the Trojans and Achaians? for lo, the war and the fighting of them are kindled very nigh.'"

This passage, which is almost as simple and direct as a passage from the historical books of the Old Testament, appears in Pope's translation in the following form:—

"Thus round Pelides, breathing war and blood,
Greece, sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels stood;
While near impending from a neighbouring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The gods to council in the starry hall:
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,
And summons all the senate of the skies.
These shining on, in long procession come
To Jove's eternal, adamantine dome.
Not one was absent, not a rural pow'r
That haunts the verdant gloom or rosy bow'r,
Each fair-haired Dryad of the shady wood,
Each azure sister of the silver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary sire! who keeps
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.
On marble thrones, with lucid columns crown'd
(The work of Vulcan), sat the pow'rs around,
Ev'n he whose trident sways the wat'ry reign,
Heard the loud summons and forsook the main,
Assum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And question'd thus the Sire of men and gods:
'What moves the God who heav'n and earth commands,
And grasps the thunder in His awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole æthereal state?
Is Greece and Troy the subject of debate?
Already met, the low'ring hosts appear,
And death stands ardent on the edge of war.'"

There is no denying that in a sense Pope's verse is musical. Its melody, it may be, is thin and conventional compared with that of some of the great masters before and

since; but it is real. There is a charm in sweet monotony, as well as in the incisive and insistent melody which seizes upon our ear and our heart. And Pope has the former, though it often seems poor compared with later work, as Bellini's tunes seem poor by the side of Schumann's. At his best Pope, too, has something of soul-compelling melody, as, for instance, in the famous passage in the *Elegy to an Unfortunate Lady*, lines 51–68, or the concluding portion of the First Epistle of the *Essay on Man*. But he is undoubtedly monotonous. Dr. Johnson will not listen to this objection with patience. It is "the cant of those who judge by principles rather than perception". The truth is that the eighteenth-century critics had lost the power of appreciating the more piquant forms of melody, just like the Italian musicians of the age of Bellini. They mistook smoothness for beauty. The one thing needful was to avoid any approach to a break, or a discord. If this were done, nothing more could be required. Those subtle cadences which we find in poets of the Elizabethan period and of the present century, would have had no charm for Johnson, nor for Pope. They would have been more pained by an uncommon word, an ungrammatical or awkward expression, a want of definite accent, than charmed by the unconventional witchery of the whole effect.

Pope's mastery of the more refined resources of rhythmical effect is admirably shown in the well-known passage in the *Essay on Criticism* (lines 364–381), which Dr. Johnson, with his characteristic insensitiveness of ear, made the occasion for an attack. The critic rejected the advice of the poet that the "sound should seem an echo to the sense", and asserted that "beauties of this kind are commonly fancied; and when real are technical and nugatory, not to be rejected and not to be solicited". The use of short or long vowels, of liquid or sibilant or guttural consonants, and similar devices does, however, modify considerably the character of the verse; and it is of course an entirely legitimate device in order to

assist in producing suggestions of different kinds. Every attentive reader of Tennyson knows this too well to make any further remarks necessary.

Pope's rhymes deserve a few moments of consideration. The student will be struck with the large number of imperfect assonances, and he will be apt to put these all down to carelessness. But further inquiry will show him that many of these are really due to the fact that our pronunciation has greatly shifted since Pope's day. The English vowels in that day had not proceeded quite so far in the course of degradation, which has made our vowel-symbols stand for sounds entirely different from those which they represent in all the Continental languages. The combinations *ea*, *ee*, and *ei* for the most part represented the long Continental *e* (the French *é*). The Irish peasant, unless he has been perverted by elementary schoolmasters, still pronounces them in this fashion. We only retain the old sounds in the words *great* and an approach to it in *pear*. *E* followed by a consonant and another mute *e* is also pronounced in this way. Thus Pope rhymes *complete* with *great*, *take* with *speak*.

The symbol *a* (especially in combination with *i*, or when indicated as long by the mute *e* at the end of the word) had, however, come to have the same sound as it still has. Thus we get such rhymes as these in the *Rape of the Lock*—*care-were*, *care-hair*, *hair-sphere*, *hair-ear*, *appear-ear*, all doubtless having the same vowel sound which we still use in *were* but have exchanged in *sphere* and *ear* for the Continental long *i*.

This Continental pronunciation of *i* is perhaps preserved by Pope in the words *light*, *delight*, *night*, &c., which he rhymes (perhaps in any case imperfectly) with *wit*. The late E. A. Freeman, the historian, remarked that in his youth old-fashioned people still pronounced *oblige* as *obleege*. Perhaps in these words the *i* was still pronounced as we pronounce it in *wind* and as we do not pronounce it in *kind*. Half a century later, Dr. Johnson, when asked as to how *wind* should be

pronounced, said "he could not *find* it in his *mĭnd* to call it *wind*". *Wind* had become an exception; and indeed most of our so-called long *i*'s have become, like the German *ei*, a diphthongal sound, in which the voice slides from Continental *a* to Continental *i* (*ah* to *ee*). This had begun before Pope's time, and most long *i*'s were pronounced as we now pronounce them. With long *i* (=*ei*) he regularly rhymes *oi*. Thus in the *Essay on Criticism* we have *join-line* (lines 46–47).

After making all proper allowance we notice many cases of very loose rhymes in Pope, which show that the "troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming" was a source of difficulty to the poet. Thus in the *Essay on Criticism* and the *Rape of the Lock* we have *appear-regular*, *safe-laugh*, *mast-placed*, *air-star*, *remain'd-land*, *esteem-them*, *worn-turn*, *showed-trod*, *full-rule*, *foot-dull*, and many more imperfect rhymes which cannot be defended on any consistent system of explanation. The student should notice *rows-doux* in i. 137–38. Again, unintended assonance is as unpleasant to a delicate ear as imperfect assonance. But Pope frequently neglects this truth, with the inevitable effect. As far as possible a poet should avoid repeating the same vowel sound, or even similar vowel sounds, in adjacent rhymes. Instances will be found in the *Rape of the Lock*, Canto iv. 61–70, Canto v. 73–78, 79–82, 99–102. In lines 15–28 of the same Canto the rhymes are *pains-gains*, *grace-face*, *day-away*, *produce-use*, *saint-paint*, *decay-grey*, *fade-maid*; that is, of seven rhymes occurring in succession six have the same vowel; of these, two are exactly the same pure vowel rhymes, and two more are almost the same, differing only by the presence and absence of a final *s*.

Such laxity seems strange in a poet who was regarded until our own time as a master of technique. Byron calls him "the most faultless of poets". And, as we have seen, Cowper, Bowles, and others who have disputed his supremacy in other matters have allowed it in this. Yet he per-

mits himself a licence in these matters of rhyme, which no living poet, even of the second rank, would for a moment tolerate, and which Tennyson, and even Browning, who was no stickler for ceremony, would have equally rejected.

4. THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Among the friends of the young poet was John Caryll of Ladyholt and Grinstead. He was the nephew and heir of another John Caryll, a Roman Catholic and Jacobite who had been secretary to Mary of Modena, the queen of James II., and had held an important position at the quasi-court of the exiled king, and who had been created a peer by the elder Pretender. The elder Caryll did not return to England, and died abroad in 1711. His nephew made his peace with the new Government. Warburton, in a note which usually passes as Pope's, confuses the two men and attributes to the younger Caryll the dignities of the elder, as well as the authorship of the comedy of *Sir Solomon, or the Cautious Coxcomb*, written by the uncle.

The Roman Catholic gentry of the time lived much to themselves, and in the little group which included Caryll great excitement was caused in the summer of 1711 by a quarrel between the families of Petre and Fermor, which had arisen upon "the trifling occasion" (as Pope calls it) of Lord Petre having cut off a lock of Miss Fermor's hair. Caryll, who was a friend of both parties, suggested to his young acquaintance that a poem dealing with the incident in a mock-heroic fashion might bring about a return of peace. He desired him "to write a poem to make a jest of it and laugh them together again. It was with this view", as Pope told Spence, "that I wrote the *Rape of the Lock*, which was well received and had its effect in the two families."

Pope wrote the poem in a fortnight, and manuscript copies were sent to Miss Fermor, and circulated amongst his friends. In the note already referred to, Warburton (or Pope) alludes

to the motto from Martial prefixed to the second form of the poem, and says, "it appears, by this motto, that the following poem was written or published at the lady's request". He adds further that "the author sent it to the lady, with whom he was acquainted". As a matter of fact Pope probably did not in 1711 personally know Miss Fermor; and if so, the student, according to his degree of charity, may regard the error of statement as due to forgetfulness or deception on the part of Pope.

The *Rape of the Lock* made its first appearance in the volume of *Miscellaneous Poems* published by Bernard Lintot in 1712, with a separate title-page, but without the author's name, though this last was an open secret. It consisted of only two cantos, the first of 142 and the second of 192 lines.

According to Pope himself, the poem ultimately had the effect which Caryll and he intended. But at first it seems to have added fuel to the flames. In a letter to Caryll (Nov., 1712) Pope says: "Sir Plume [Sir George Brown] blusters, I hear, nay, the celebrated lady herself is offended, and, which is stranger, not at herself but me. As to the *Rape of the Lock*, I believe I have managed the dedication so nicely that it can neither hurt the lady nor the author. I writ it very lately, and upon great deliberation. The young lady approves of it, and the best advice in the kingdom, of the men of sense, has been made use of in it, even to the Treasurer's [Lord Oxford]. A preface which salved the lady's honour, without affixing her name, was also prepared, but by herself superseded in favour of the dedication. Not but that, after all, fools will talk, and fools will hear them." (Pope to Caryll, Jan. 9, 1713–4.)

But the resentment of Miss Fermor, if real, did not last long. Later on, the author had forgotten, or had pretended to forget, it. He told Spence that "Nobody but Sir George Brown was angry, and he was a good deal so, and for a long time. He could not bear that Sir Plume should talk nothing

but nonsense." Indeed, to judge by a passage in another letter to Caryll, the offended Sir Plume threatened personal violence. It is sad to know that the subsequent effect on Miss Fermor was not altogether satisfactory. Her niece, who had become prioress of the English Nuns of St. Austin in Paris, told Mrs. Piozzi that "she remembered Mr. Pope's praise made her aunt very troublesome and conceited".

After the publication of the *Rape of the Lock*, Pope had been reading an account of the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits in *Le Comte de Gabalis*, a bright and rather scandalous book by the Abbé de Montfaucon de Villars, published in 1670. It struck him that he could incorporate this fairy-like mythology with his heroi-comical poem. When he suggested it to his friends several of them warmly approved of the suggestion. He told Spence, "The scheme of adding it was much liked and approved by several of my friends and particularly Dr. Garth, who, as he was one of the best-natured men in the world, was very fond of it." Addison, on the other hand, disapproved of any change. He called the poem in its present state "a delicious little thing" and "*merum sal*", and thought that alteration was unadvisable. Pope, after his quarrel with Addison, chose to regard this advice as prompted by jealousy. As Warburton put it, "Mr. Pope was shocked for his part; and then first began to open his eyes to his character". It is not worth while to demonstrate the absolute baselessness of the suspicion. In spite of Addison's prudent advice to let well alone, Pope made the proposed alterations, and added all that part of the poem which refers to the supernatural guardians and enemies of the heroine. The additions included the following passages:

Canto i. ll. 20 to the end.
„ ii. ll. 46 to end.
„ iii. ll. 25–105, 135–146, 149–152.
„ iv. ll. 10–94, 141–2, 165–6.
„ v. ll. 53–56, 83–84, 131–132.

Several later additions and changes were made, particularly lines 7-36 of Canto v. in the 1717 edition of Pope's *Works*.

The enlarged form of the poem was published in March, 1714, with the author's name. Instead of the original motto from Martial (which has now been restored) it bore the following from Ovid, *Metamorph.* viii. 151:

"A tonso est hoc nomen adepta capillo".

Some feeble plates were added by Louis du Guernier, a very mediocre French engraver who came to England in 1708 and died in 1716. The new edition sold well. In four days three thousand copies were disposed of, as Pope informed Caryll, and a new edition was sent to press.

Most critics, even of those who take a comparatively low view of Pope's general position as a poet, unite in praising the *Rape of the Lock*. "To the praises which have been accumulated on the *Rape of the Lock* by readers of every class from the critic to the waiting-maid, it is difficult to make any addition", says Dr. Johnson, who remarks further that it is "universally allowed to be the most attractive of all ludicrous compositions". Hazlitt calls it "the perfection of the mock-heroic".

This chorus of admiration was not at first unbroken. Some of the poetasters of Pope's time criticised the work with severity. And in recent times certain writers of eminence have attacked it.

No sooner was it published than Gildon, who, to use the words of Warburton, "signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays", in his *New Rehearsal* (1714) objected to it on the ground that it was wanting in proper delicacy. It made the ladies speak coarsely, and contained passages in which his keen eye detected a want of refinement and indeed of morality. Dennis, already an old enemy, wrote a pamphlet, which he did not publish till 1728, in which he reiterates the same charges. He is even scandalized by the allusion to the broken whalebone of the lady's petti-

coats (Canto v., line 40). When the eighteenth century was prudish it was very prudish indeed. Dennis, however, had stronger points than this. He complains that the personages are ill-drawn and inconsistent. "There is no such thing as a character" in the poem, grumbles "old Appius"; even Belinda is impossible. The poet has in words given her beauty and good-breeding, modesty and virtue, but from what he relates of her she is clearly "an artificial daubing jilt, a tom-rig, a virago", and worse. Even the admired Machinery is severely censured. It is worth while to give a quotation on this point, because here at any rate the detailed criticism of Dennis undoubtedly hits certain minute blots in Pope's poem.

"The author of the *Rape* has run counter to this practice both of the ancients and moderns. He has not taken his Machines from the religion of his country, nor from any religion, nor from morality. His Machines contradict the doctrines of the Christian religion, contradict all sound morality; there is no allegorical nor sensible meaning in them; and for these reasons they give no instruction, make no impression at all upon the mind of a sensible reader. Instead of making the action wonderful and delightful, they render it extravagant, absurd, and incredible. They do not in the least influence that action; they neither prevent the danger of Belinda, nor promote it, nor retard it, unless, perhaps, it may be said, for one moment, which is ridiculous. And if it here be objected, that the Author designed only to *entertain* and *amuse*, to that I answer, That for that very reason he ought to have taken the utmost care to write his poem *probable*." Dennis further complains that "there is no *opposition* of the Machines to one another", and "there is no just *subordination*, nor any just proportion, between their functions". "The spirits which he intends for *benign* ones are *malignant*, and those which he designs for *malignant* are *beneficent* to mankind. The Gnomes he intends for malignant, and the Sylphs for beneficent spirits. Now the

Sylphs in this poem promote that female vanity which the Gnomes mortify." "The last defect that I shall take notice of, is that the Machines in this poem are not taken from one system, but are double, nay, treble or quadruple. In the first Canto we hear of nothing but Sylphs and Gnomes and Salamanders, which are Rosicrucian visions. In the second we meet with Fairies, Genii, and Daemons, beings which are unknown to those fanatic sophisters. In the fourth, Spleen and the Phantoms about, are derived from the powers of Nature, and are of a separate system. And Fate and Jove, which we find in the fifth Canto, belong to the Heathen religion."—Dennis, *Remarks on the Rape of the Lock*, pp. 24–29.

Another line of unfavourable criticism has been taken by the well-known French historian of English literature, Henri Taine. He complains that Pope is not frivolous enough. "When we paint the pretty nothings of conversation and the world, we must like them. We can only paint well what we love. Is there no charming grace in the prattle and frivolity of a pretty woman? Painters like Watteau have spent their lives in feasting on them."[1] Pope, on the other hand, shows little enjoyment of the refinements of the old courtly life, "the grand, quiet lines of the lofty wainscoted drawing-room, the soft reflection of the high mirrors and glittering porcelain, the careless gaiety of the little sculptured Loves, locked in embrace above the mantelpiece, the silvery sound of these soft voices, buzzing scandal round the tea-table. Pope hardly, if at all, rejoices in them; he is satirical and English amidst this amiable luxury introduced from France. Although he is the most worldly of English poets, he is not enough so, nor is the society around him.... In reality, the English, even Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole, never mastered the true tone of the *salon*. Pope is like them; his voice thunders, and then suddenly becomes biting. Every instant a harsh mockery

[1] The translation here given is that of Mr. H. Van Laun.

blots out the graceful images which he began to arouse. Consider the *Rape of the Lock* as a whole; it is a buffoonery in a noble style. Lord Petre had cut off a lock of hair of a fashionable beauty, Mrs. Arabella Fermor: out of this trifle the problem is to make an epic, with invocations, apostrophes, the intervention of supernatural beings, and the rest of poetic mechanism; the solemnity of style contrasts with the littleness of the events; we laugh at these bickerings as at an insects' quarrel. Such has always been the case. . . . Whenever Englishmen wish to represent social life it is with a superficial and assumed politeness; at the bottom of their admiration there is scorn. Their insipid compliments conceal a mental reservation; observe them well, and you will see that they look upon a pretty, well-dressed, and coquettish woman as a pink doll, fit to amuse people for half an hour by her outward show. Pope dedicates his poem to Mrs. Arabella Fermor with every kind of compliment. The truth is, he is not polite; a Frenchwoman would have sent him back his book, and advised him to learn manners; for one commendation of her beauty she would find ten sarcasms upon her frivolity." After citing lines 107–109 of Canto ii., he says: "No Frenchman of the eighteenth century would have imagined such a compliment. At most, that bearish Rousseau, that former lackey and Genevan moralist, might have delivered this disagreeable thrust. In England it was not found too rude. Mrs. Arabella Fermor was so pleased with the poem that she gave away copies of it. Clearly she was not hard to please, for she had heard much worse compliments. If you read in Swift the literal transcript of a fashionable conversation you will see that a woman of fashion of that time could endure much before she was angry. But the strangest thing is, that this badinage is, for Frenchmen at least, no badinage at all. It is not at all like lightness or gaiety. . . . We remain cold under its most brilliant hits. Now and then, at most, a crack of the whip arouses us, but not to laughter. These caricatures seem strange to us, but do not amuse. The

wit is no wit; all is calculated, combined, artificially prepared."

This attack from a clever writer who is really anxious to sympathize, is a little discouraging. The *Rape of the Lock* is, *primâ facie*, just the one piece of English poetry that we should expect a Frenchman to completely appreciate. But Taine's appreciation is marred by two things. First, he has a theory that the French and the English artistic temperaments are antithetical, and that thus between the two literatures there is a great gulf fixed, which can never be bridged over. What an Englishman does well a Frenchman cannot do well, and *vice versâ*. The English writer is thoughtful, practical, warm, serious, and imaginative; the French, gay, elegant, brilliant, fanciful, and sceptical. "Pope belongs to his country in spite of his classical polish and his studied elegances, and his unpleasing and vigorous fancy is akin to that of Swift." Now it does not fit into this theory that any Englishman should succeed in the particular kind of art to which the *Rape of the Lock* belongs; so facts must give way. This is, to begin with, a wilful sin against light; in the next place, there is a direct failure of ability to apprehend. A critic who can find nothing comic in the description of the altar erected to Love by the Baron (Canto ii., lines 37–42), simply signalizes his own want of palate. His eagerness to assure us that "We remain disappointed, not seeing the comicality of the description", reminds us too forcibly of Dogberry's parting speech. Taine is of course correct when he says that the *Rape of the Lock* is satirical. Who doubted it? The little misogynist lets it be seen from the beginning of the dedication to the end of the fifth Canto. If it were intended simply as a compliment, it would deserve Taine's expressions of dissatisfaction. But who, save him, ever thought it was intended simply as a compliment? It may be an instance of national bad taste, but we have never taken kindly to *eau sucré*; and Pope is the last man in the world from whom to expect it. It is absurd to declare that

Pope is not witty or even funny because he has not urbanity and refinement. We are not attempting to discuss the main misconception of the writer, and so there is no need to bring evidence to show that the French writers of Pope's day were at least as coarse as Pope, even when writing to women. But that Pope did not strike the French writers of the eighteenth century as wanting grace and urbanity is seen in the way in which he is spoken of by the Abbé Resnel du Bellay. Resnel is an admirable representative of the taste of his age, and he finds Pope's poem equal or superior to the best work of his own time and country. It is, he thinks, "plus enjoué et plus galant" than *Le Lutrin* itself. He adds, "On y remarquera un comique riant, fort éloigné du fade burlesque, des allusions satyriques sans être offençantes, des plaisanteries hardies sans être trop libres, et des railleries delicates sur le beau sexe, peut-être plus capables de lui plaire que toutes les fleurettes de nos madrigaux et de nos bucoliques modernes". There can be little doubt that the author of these words, a cultivated man of letters, a member of the Académie Française and the Académie des Belles-lettres, is better able to tell us the true tone of the *salons* of Paris than the brilliant nineteenth-century critic with an abstract principle to maintain.

A modern French critic, more refined and more sensitive than M. Taine, speaks in very different language. M. Emile Montégut, in his *Heures de Lecture d'un Critique* (1891), considers the *Rape of the Lock* the revelation of the special type of art of the eighteenth century; a prophetical revelation, since at present that art did not exist. Pope is the precursor of Watteau and Fragonard, and he adds (less appropriately) Hogarth. The scene of Belinda in bed, the progress on the river, the game at *ombre*, are exactly the subjects that the great French masters just mentioned, or others such as Lancret and Boucher, would have chosen. He calls attention to the revelation of character, and calls it "Une œuvre d'une psychologie élégante et fine au possible". "Une œuvre dans

laquelle on ne sait pas ce qu'on doit le plus admirer, de la subtile intuition des petits mobiles de l'âme révélée par le poète ou du tact merveilleusement discret avec lequel il a se faire entendre à l'héroïne la part qu'elle a prise elle-même à l'offense dont elle se plaint." Here, then, we have the direct contradiction of M. Taine's railing accusation. Where the earlier critic can only see blundering and bad manners, the later discovers the greatest nicety and tact. Nowhere, thinks M. Montégut, has Pope shown greater genius than in the way in which he transforms the character of the ordinary mock-heroic poem in order to suit his purpose. Buffoonery seems to be the essence of the mock-heroic; but Pope has avoided it. "Erato, la seule Muse consultée pour ce poème, y a partout remplacé la bouffonerie railleuse par un ton de galanterie enjouée."

To enjoy the *Rape of the Lock* some knowledge of the ancient epic form is necessary. Those readers who are not at all acquainted with Homer and Virgil in the original, should at least read a translation of a few books. For our purposes Dryden's translation of the *Aeneid* and Pope's own translation of the *Iliad* will be more valuable than a more faithful and characteristic rendering; because they show how the ancient poems appeared to the eyes of the poets of the period.

The early eighteenth century was the age of literary burlesque, that is, of elaborate parody of serious recognized literary forms. The forms of epic and tragedy, of didactic poem and pastoral, of history, criticism, memoirs, travels, and works of edification, were all represented in a ludicrous light by being applied to a subject-matter which was unworthy of them. To take some of the most salient examples, the *Rape of the Lock* and the *Dunciad* were burlesques of epic; Fielding's *Tragedy of Tom Thumb*, and Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, were burlesques of dramatic forms. John Philips's *Cyder* and Gay's *Trivia* were mock didactic poems, and the last poet's *Shepherd's Week* was a set of mock pastorals. The Scriblerus

Miscellanies of Pope and Arbuthnot contain, as we have seen, burlesques of the solemnities of the memoir writers and the literary critics of the day. *Gulliver* is a burlesque of the methods of writers of travels. *The Life of Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great* is a *reductio ad absurdum* of that of the biographer. Such ironical use of literary forms was the more piquant, because the forms were well defined and easily recognized. Nowadays we can parody a single poem more easily than we can burlesque a poetical type. But in Pope's time everybody knew exactly what to expect in an epic poem. Tennyson's *Idylls* would never have passed muster for a moment. A delightful subject-matter, great narrative power, powerful imagination, a captivating melody of verse, and half a dozen other qualities might be there, but without the correct form all went for nothing. Whether it was Homer or Virgil on the one hand, or Blackmore or Glover on the other, the poem must begin in the proper way and end in the proper way. There must be the proposition of the subject and the invocation, there must be episodes, there must be a proper "machinery", there must be the inevitable vows of the heroes, and the inevitable battle consisting of a series of single combats. It can be understood, then, how greatly the addition of the sylphs and gnomes seemed to add to the perfection of the *Rape of the Lock*. In the original form the machinery was missing. Who ever heard of an epic without machinery? Homer and Virgil had their gods and goddesses, and Tasso his angels; in Milton the machinery becomes everything, and the human actors are dwarfed to the verge of insignificance. Did not even Blackmore have his machinery of devils and good angels in the two mighty epics *Prince Arthur* and *King Arthur*, which were the scoff of the wits of that day?

Of the machinery of the sylphs and gnomes Pope was particularly proud. "This insertion", says Warburton, "he always esteemed, and justly, the greatest effort of his *skill* and *art* as a poet." It was not only the originality of adopting the Rosicrucian spirits to play in his poem the part which

the Greek gods do in classical epic, but the admirable workmanship with which he introduced the new structural elements into a poem already in its essential features complete. He told Spence that "the making of that (the machinery) and what was published before, hit so well together, is, I think, one of the greatest proofs of judgment of anything I ever did".

The innovation charmed the literary taste of the age. Nothing contributed more to the estimation in which Pope was held by his contemporaries, than the grace, dexterity, and mock-heroic dignity with which he handled his tricksy spirits. "The sylphs and the gnomes were the deities of the day", said Mr. Thomas Tyers, the friend of Dr. Johnson, in his *Historical Rhapsody on Mr. Pope.* The impudent French book from which Pope took them was at once published in English as *The Comte de Gabalis, being a Diverting History of the Rosicrucian Doctrine of Spirits. . . . Drawn from the Paris Edition. . . . Very necessary for the Reader of Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

The origin of mock-heroic poetry was traced by the eighteenth-century critics to the *Batrachomyomachia*, or Battle of the Frogs and Mice, a work ascribed by ancient tradition to Homer. Fortunately there is no need to go so far back. As soon as the Renascence began we get traces of the ironical treatment of serious forms of literature. Thus Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore*, published in 1481, had burlesqued the poetical romances of chivalry. Vida's *Scacchia Ludus*, a Latin poem, which in mock-heroic language relates the fortunes of a game of chess, and gave Pope a hint for his description of the game of ombre, appeared in the middle of the sixteenth century. But it was Tassoni who afforded the first successful example of the true mock-heroic poem, in his *Secchia Rapita*—that is, the *Rape of the Bucket*—published in 1622. Fifty years later (1674) a still more illustrious model was produced, the *Lutrin* of the great French poet and critic Boileau. This was regarded as the finest example of the mock-heroic handling of a trivial

contest, until Pope's *Rape of the Lock* surpassed it. It tells how the canons of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris quarrelled about a reading-desk or lectern (*lutrin*), and relates the story of the whole struggle in six cantos of alexandrine (twelve-syllable) couplets. The fun seems more obvious and the verse is undoubtedly less sparkling than Pope's. The principal personages, *le Prélat* and *le Chantre*, are comic enough, but they lack the charm exhibited by the daintier figures of the hero and heroine of Pope. The pompous stupidity, the dull gluttony, the solemn self-deceit of the ecclesiastics, is less entertaining than the frivolity of the beaux and belles. The anger of the pig is less entertaining than that of the monkey. Then, too, Boileau has overlaid his chief characters by the minor ones: we lose interest in the leaders because our attention is taken up by Brontin, Boirude, and so forth. It is curious that the great critic should have so forgotten the essential condition of simplicity and clearness of story. In a short poem the need for unity and cohesion of action (which, as Aristotle remarks in his *Poetics*, is as necessary in epic as in tragic poetry) is specially important. Pope has observed this requirement. A true classic spirit has led to the strictest economy in the development of the story, so that the central idea is never lost sight of. The fair Belinda and her admirer are always the central figures. Anything like the cumbrous set of councils and contrivances by which the action of *Le Lutrin* is carried on, is carefully avoided. Everything is reduced to the lowest terms. Then again his machinery is incomparably more ingenious, more poetical, and more pleasing than the hackneyed personifications of Discord, Faith, Hope, and Charity, and so forth, which Boileau introduces.

The *Rape of the Lock* is a mosaic of quotations, parodies, and allusions, derived from the masters of epic and narrative poetry. Many of the most definite instances are mentioned in the notes, but it would be impossible to name them all. Some are the merest echoes of the bygone music, too faint to identify with certainty. Others are generic; suggestive of

a type of expression associated with the great classics. But all help to keep up the sense of the mock-heroic, and in days when a wide reading of the classics formed the foundation and nearly the whole superstructure of education, they must have added a certain piquancy which the average reader of to-day somewhat misses. Our classical knowledge is doubtless more precise, but it is less widely spread, and it is confined to a more limited number of authors.

For us the chief charm of the *Rape of the Lock* lies in the delightful irony, the use of epigram and anticlimax, the vivid and graceful pictures of the court-life of the times. There we see the new palace of Hampton Court, fresh and rosy from the hands of Sir Christopher Wren, with its rising towers and its "long canals", the delicate turf, and the cropped yew-trees; we see the beaux with their wide-skirted coats and high-heeled shoes, their snuff-boxes and malacca-canes, the belles with their huge brocade petticoats "armed with ribs of whale", their tweezer-cases and patches, and their fans and billets-doux. We hear of the Ring in Hyde Park, and coaches and six, and sedan-chairs, of midnight masquerades and side-boxes, of vapours and citron-water, of Mrs. Manley's scandalous *Atalantis* and mighty "French romances", one of which might make a dozen of the dwarfed novels of these degenerate days. Above all, we witness an apotheosis of coffee-making and the fashionable game of ombre, and feel the frivolities of that long-since faded life set before our very eyes, and somehow raised to matters of dignity and charm.

Here, as M. Montégut says, is the spirit of the art of the eighteenth century revealed in advance, the aristocratic enjoyment of the delights and refinements of a highly artificial society, perplexed by no keen consciousness of the "riddle of the painful earth", and no harrowing sympathy with the less fortunate masses of mankind. The pleasant wine of optimism had cheered their hearts; and the time of sentimentalists and philanthropists and reformers was as yet far off

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM

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

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 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 complete it.

The machinery, madam, is a term invented by the critics to signify 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

determined 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 dæmons of earth, delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable.

As to the following cantos, 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 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 through 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 assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem, mædam, your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO FIRST.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to CARYLL, 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! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
Oh, say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwell such mighty rage?
  Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lapdogs 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:
'T was 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 caused 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
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-powers
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers;
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 though 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, though 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 enclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to those of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though 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 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.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, and daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark:
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When musick softens, and when dancing fires?
'T is 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.
Who swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied.
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,
'T is 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.
  A sylph 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 sun descend,
But Heaven 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 waked his mistress with his tongue.
'T was then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours, 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.
First, robed in white the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly 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 offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every 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 praised for labours not her own.

CANTO SECOND.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal 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-dress'd youths around her shone,
But every 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,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
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.
Resolved 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 Heaven, and every power 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 billets-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 powers gave ear and granted half his prayer,
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph; with careful thoughts opprest,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial 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 dissolved 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 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;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised 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
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 wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through 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 ere 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 furbelow.

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 fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite Lock;
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 sevenfold fence to fail,
Though 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 stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd 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 alum styptics, with contracting pow'r,
Shrink his thin essence like a rivel'd flow'r
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In 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 thread 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 THIRD.

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 frame,
Which from the neighbouring 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 a while the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass'd,
Who gave the 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, supplies each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray:
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen 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 advent'rous 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' aërial 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, 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,
The 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 party-colour'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 forced 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 Loo,
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 died,
Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous 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 shews but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with powers combined
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions disunited 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.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at the 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 general 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 tide:
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 't is too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed 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 reverence, 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 sprites 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' enclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Even then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urged the shears, 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!
Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies;
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs, breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cried,) 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 could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?

CANTO FOURTH.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph opprest,
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 sullied 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 prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shews in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new nightdress 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 throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed 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;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe pass'd the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.

Then thus address'd the pow'r: "Hail, wayward queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give the 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 power 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;
Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lapdog 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 prayer.
A wondrous 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 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.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent.
And all the Furies issued 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 cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid!" replied,)
"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 torturing 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?
'T will then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Exposed through 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 sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, 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! 't is past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.
"It grieves me much" (replied 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 favourite 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 marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh, had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home!

'T was this the morning omens seem'd to tell,
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 even 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 shears 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 FIFTH.

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-glov'd 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 gray;
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 combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin the attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly 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 heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:

Earth shakes her nodding towers, 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 their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perished in the throng,
One died in metaphor and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear!"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing!"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander'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 every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.

Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
Now meet thy fate! incens'd Belinda cried,
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 cried,) 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."
"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 every 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 heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And beaux' 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 men's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though 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 heavens bespangling with dishevell'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 music 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 the 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.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

l. 1. **What dire offence.** Notice that the poem begins, like the *Iliad* and *Aeneid* and other regular epics, with the proposition or statement of the subject-matter, and the invocation of the Muse. Boileau's *Lutrin* commences in the same way. See Introduction, p. lii.

l. 2. **contests.** The editions of 1712 and 1714 both have *quarrels*.

l. 3. **Caryll.** *C—l* in 1712 and 1714. See Introduction, p. xlii.

l. 4. **Belinda.** Arabella Fermor. See Introduction, p. xlii–xliv. The name Belinda is from Martial. It is borne by one of the characters in Vanbrugh's popular comedy *The Provok'd Wife* (1698).

l. 11. **little men.** Lord Petre seems to have been short of stature.

l. 12. **And in soft bosoms.** Compare Virgil's "*tantæne animis celestibus iræ*" (*Aeneid*, i. 11).

l. 13. **a tim'rous ray.** "As though he hesitated to awaken those eyes whose brightness he knew would eclipse his own" (Deighton). Wakefield says, "By timorous I understand feeble, from the medium through which it passed".

l. 17. **Thrice rung the bell.** "Belinda rung a hand-bell, which not being answered, she knocked with her slipper. Bell-hanging was not introduced into our domestic apartments till long after the date of the *Rape of the Lock*" (Croker).

l. 18. **press'd watch,** a repeater, a watch that strikes on being pressed.

l. 20. What follows, beginning here, to the end of the Canto, was added in 1714.

l. 23. **birth-night beau.** It was customary to appear on the King's birthday in new clothes of especial gorgeousness. Compare Swift's *Journal to Stella*: "We are all preparing against the birthday. . . . Prince Eugene has two fine suits made against it" (Jan. 3, 1711–1712). "This is the Queen's birth-day, and I never saw it

celebrated with so much luxury and fine clothes" (Feb. 6, 1712–1713).

l. 27. **care**, object of care.

l. 32. **silver token**, one of the "silver pennies which fairies were said to drop at night into the shoes of maids who kept the house clean and tidy" (Croker).

The "circled green" in the next line is of course the so-called fairy-ring of darker grass so often seen in pasture. These tales of fairies were told by the nurse; the stories of "virgins visited by angel powers" were told by the clergy, *e.g.* the legend of St. Cecilia.

l. 37. **Some secret truths.** Compare *S. Matt.*, xi. 25: "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes".

l. 39. **wits**, clever men, *beaux esprits*.

l. 44. **the box**, *sc.* at the theatre. See note to Canto v. line 14.

the Ring, the fashionable drive in Hyde Park, near Hyde Park Corner, or rather Albert Gate. It was a small circle two or three hundred yards in diameter, enclosed by a rough railing.

l. 45. **equipage**, train of attendants.

l. 46. **chair**, a sedan-chair.

l. 47. **As now your own.** Warburton points out that Pope "here forsakes the Rosicrucian system, which in this part is too extravagant even for poetry; and gives a beautiful fiction of his own, on the Platonic theology of the continuance of the passions in another state". The Rosicrucian sylphs were made of pure air, the salamanders of pure fire, &c., and were in no way related to human beings.

l. 50. **earthly vehicles.** In the language of the later followers of Plato the body was called the *vehicle* of the soul. Even a disembodied soul must have an aërial, or ætherial, vehicle. "The Platonists do chiefly take notice of three kinds of vehicles, ætherial, aerial and terrestrial", says Henry More in his *Immortality of the Soul*.

The term *vehicle* then, has no reference to the sedan-chair of line 46.

l. 54. **And though she plays no more.** Pope refers to *Aeneid*, vi. (653–655).

l. 55. **gilded chariots.** The fashionable coaches of the time were elaborately gilt and painted.

l. 56. **ombre**, a game at cards at that time very popular. See notes to Canto iii. and Appendix. It was introduced about the time of the Restoration. The name is derived from the Spanish word for *a man*.

l. 59. **termagant**, a scolding woman. Termagant was a violent noisy character in the old miracle-plays. Compare *Hamlet*, iii. 2.:

"I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er doing Termagant". The etymology of the word is curious. It comes from the Italian, *Trivigante*, through the old French, *tervagant*, an imaginary idol the Saracens were supposed to worship. *Trivigante* is perhaps for *Trivagante* (*ter-vagari*) as a name for Diana, who wanders over the earth in three forms (*dea triformis*).

l. 62. **elemental tea.** The diphthong *ea* was, until after Pope's time, pronounced like the French *é*, and thus *tea* represented the French *thé*. Compare our pronunciation of *great*. The Irish keep up the ancient pronunciation in such words as *teach*, *preach*.

Elemental because akin to the water of which the nymphs are made.

l. 68. **by some sylph embrac'd.** "Here again the Author resumes the Rosicrucian system" (Warburton).

l. 70. **Assume what sexes.** Pope closely imitates *Paradise Lost*, i. 423 sq.:

> "For spirits when they please
> Can either sex assume or both", &c.

l. 72. **midnight masquerades.** Masquerades, introduced in the seventeenth century, became a source of scandal. The Bishop of London preached a famous sermon against them in 1724, and in 1729 the Grand-jury of Middlesex made a formal presentment against them.

l. 73. **spark**, "a brisk young gallant, or lover" (Bailey's *Dictionary*, 1721).

l. 78. **Tho' honour is the word.** Compare Dryden's *Hind and Panther*, part iii.:

> "But interest is her name with men below".

l. 83. **ideas**, images. The word was always pronounced as a distinct trisyllable.

l. 87. **'T is these that early taint.** Pope never makes up his mind as to whether a coquette is a woman to be admired or reprobated. If the sylphs, the benign beings, are the souls of coquettes, why is it malignant on the part of the gnomes to teach the *modus operandi* of coquetry? Compare the quotation from Dennis in the Introduction, p. xlvi.

l. 94. **impertinence**, extravagance, folly, nonsense. Not used in the usual modern sense.

l. 96. **treat.** Compare Canto iii. line 169.

l. 97. **Florio**, and Damon in the next line, are of course imaginary characters, typical gallants of the day.

l. 101. **Where wigs with wigs.** An imitation of a couple of lines of Statius:

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

The sword-knot was an important feature in the beau's attire. It was of some gay colour, and the ends were very long. Ladies worked them for their lovers. Thus a line found in the 1712 and 1714 editions of the present poem, but afterwards omitted, runs: "There lay the sword-knot Sylvia's hands had sewn".

l. 102. **coaches coaches drive.** It has been objected that this is an unfortunate expression, because to "drive a coach" has a well-understood technical meaning, which it is difficult to forget.

l. 108. **In the clear mirror:** "The language of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of spirits" (Pope).

l. 115. **He said.** Imitation of the use of the Latin *inquit*, so often employed by the epic writers.

Shock, the name of her pet dog. A *shock* or *shough* was a rough-coated kind of dog. Compare our words *shock* of hair, *shaggy*, &c.

l. 124. **cosmetic powers**, the gods who preside over the art of beautifying. From Greek, *κοσμέω*, I adorn, ultimately from *κόσμος*, order, decoration. Notice the exquisite mock-heroic treatment of the toilet of Belinda as a mystic religious ceremony.

l. 127. **Th' inferior priestess**, the lady's-maid, Betty. Warburton points out that Pope "first makes his heroine the chief-priestess and then the goddess herself".

l. 130. **The various offerings.** See Addison's *Spectator*, No. 69, May 1711: "The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth."

l. 131. **nicely culls**, selects with delicate exactness. *Cull*, from old French *coillir* (*cuillir*), to collect.

curious, careful; Lat. *curiosus*.

l. 138. **Puffs**, powder puffs. *Patches* of black court-plaster. On the whole passage, compare Gay, *The Fan*, Book i.:

> "There stands the Toilette, nursery of charms,
> Completely furnished with bright Beauty's arms;
> The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
> Pins, paint, a flattering glass, and black-lead combs".

Much thought was given to the position of patches. In a supposed extract from a Lady's Diary given in the *Spectator*, No. 323, we find the following extract: "Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow". See also Nos. 81 and 268 of the *Spectator*.

l. 140. **The fair.** Note this use of *fair* as a noun substantive.

l. 143. **purer blush.** Due of course to rouge. Compare the *Spectator*, No. 277: "The milliner assured me that her complexion was such as is worn by all the ladies of the best fashion in Paris".

There is a paper by Steele in the *Spectator* (No. 41) against the practice of painting the face.

l. 144. **keener lightnings.** This seems to refer to the use of belladonna or some similar drug to increase the lustre of the eye.

l. 147. **plait the gown,** arrange the folds of the gown.

CANTO II.

l. 3. **the rival of his beams,** Belinda.

l. 14. **shine on all alike.** Compare *S. Matt.*, v. 45.

l. 20. **Nourish'd two locks.** At this time ladies did not powder their hair. For the method of wearing it, see portraits of Queen Anne.

l. 25. **hairy springes,** nooses or snares of hair. Woodcocks are still sometimes taken in this way.

l. 26. **surprise,** taken by surprise.

l. 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
> 'T is with a single hair pull'd out'".—(Warburton.)

But Dryden's Persius was more likely Pope's immediate source:

> "She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
> Can draw you to her with a single hair".
> —(Trans. of Persius, v. 247.)

l. 34. **if fraud or force.** Compare *Aeneid*, ii. 390: "Dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat?"

l. 35. **Phœbus,** Apollo, the god of the sun.

l. 38. **French romances.** At the beginning of the eighteenth century these were still the favourite reading of persons of quality. Five or six are mentioned as included in the strangely assorted library of Leonora, described in the *Spectator*, No. 37.

l. 39. **three garters.** Ladies' garters were often given away as a sign of favour. Our Order of the Garter is a constant reminder of the fact; but it is not generally known that wedding-favours represent the bride's garters cut up and distributed among her friends. See Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, p. 33.

l. 45. **The powers gave ear.** Compare *Aeneid*, xi. 794–795:

> "Audiit et voti Phœbus succedere partem
> Mente dedit; partem volucres dispersit in auras".

The same thought occurs in other poets, *e.g.* Ovid, *Metam.* x.

l. 47. **secure,** free from care. Lat. *securus.*

l. 53. **All but the sylph.** Compare Pope's *Iliad*, x. 3–4:

> "All but the king; with various thoughts opprest,
> His country's cares lay rolling in his breast".

l. 57. **shrouds,** ropes holding up the mast.

l. 64. **of the filmy dew.** Gossamers, the fine cobwebs seen drifting in the air, were sometimes supposed to be composed of the sun-dried dew (Elwin).

l. 65. **tincture,** colour. Compare *Paradise Lost*, v. 283 and 286. This part of the *Rape of the Lock* is full of burlesques of Milton.

l. 70. **Superior by the head.** Compare *Paradise Lost*, i. 589–590.

l. 73. **Ye sylphs and sylphids.** Compare *Paradise Lost*, ii. 11 sq.

l. 74. **Fays, fairies.** *Fay* is from French *fée*, which is in turn from Lat. *fata*, a goddess of destiny. *Fairy* is properly an abstract term, meaning enchantment (Middle Eng. *faerie*), now used instead of *fay* or *elf*.

l. 79. **wandering orbs.** This should mean planets, but as planets are mentioned in the next line, perhaps means comets.

l. 86. **the glebe,** tilled land, from Lat. *gleba*, soil.

l. 97. **wash.** Of course for the complexion. Compare the *Vicar of Wakefield*, end of chap. vi.

l. 98. **their airs,** assumed manner, affected carriage and behaviour. The *New English Dictionary* gives no earlier reference than Addison.

l. 100. **furbelow.** Bailey defines it as "plaited or ruffled trimming for women's petticoats, scarves", &c. A word of uncertain origin, coming into English through the French. The *New English Dictionary* agrees with earlier authorities in regarding it as an "alteration of *falbala*".

l. 103. **slight,** trick.

l. 105. **Diana's law,** viz., of perpetual maidenhood.

l. 106. **China jar.** A fashionable craze for Chinese porcelain grew up at the beginning of the eighteenth century. There are many allusions to it in the *Spectator*; *e.g.* we learn that China jars were mixed up with the books on the shelves of Leonora's library already referred to in these Notes (No. 37). In another paper we read "our rooms are filled with pyramids of China".

Gay makes his Lydia propose to

> "take my wonted range
> Through every Indian shop through all the Change;
> Where the tall jar erects his costly pride,
> With antic shapes in China's azure dy'd".—*The Toilette.*

l. 112. **Zephyretta.** Observe the appropriate names of the four sylphs. Momentilla (line 114) has reference of course to moment, as a division of time. Crispissa is from Lat. *crispus*, curled.

l. 113. **drops,** ear-rings.

l. 118. **the petticoat.** The petticoat of Queen Anne's reign was the predecessor of the crinoline of Queen Victoria's. The garment was of enormous circumference. See the *Tatler*, No. 116: "Word was brought me, that she had twice or thrice endeavoured to come in, but could not do it, by reason of her petticoat, which was too large for the entrance of my house, though I had ordered both the folding-doors to be thrown open for its reception". Compare the *Spectator*, No. 127. In 1716 a heroi-comical poem called *The Petticoat* was published.

l. 119. **that sevenfold fence:** in allusion to the shield of Ajax, described in the *Iliad* as consisting of seven folds of ox-hide. See Pope's translation, vii. 267–268:

> "Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast
> Of tough bull-hides".

l. 121. **the silver bound,** the silver edge or fringe at the bottom. There is perhaps another allusion to the *Iliad*; for the shield made by Hephæstus for Achilles was surrounded by a silver boundary representing the ocean-stream which was supposed to encircle the world (*Iliad*, xviii. 701–704 of Pope's translation).

l. 124. **at large,** without protection.

l. 127. **washes.** See note to Canto ii. line 97 above.

l. 128. **bodkin's eye.** Compare the punishment inflicted on Shakespeare's Ariel by the witch Sycorax—*Tempest*, i. 2. 271 sq.

l. 131. **styptics,** astringent applications to stop bleeding. From Greek στύφειν, to contract.

l. 132. **rivel'd,** shrivelled, wrinkled. From Anglo-Saxon *gerifflian*, to wrinkle. The word was used by Dryden in his modernization of the *Flower and the Leaf*.

CANTO III.

l. 3. **structure of majestic frame.** Originally begun by Cardinal Wolsey in 1515. King Henry VIII. seized it on the fall of his great minister in 1529, and it became a favourite royal residence. William III. and Mary II. commissioned Sir Christopher Wren to enlarge and complete it, in obvious imitation of the splendours of Louis XIV.'s new palace at Versailles. Wren's buildings were erected in the closing years of the seventeenth century, and are not by some authorities regarded as a particularly interesting example of his art; but they have a singular charm.

l. 8. **tea.** Rhymes with *obey*. See note to i. 62, above. Small quantities of the herb had been seen in England before the Commonwealth began, but it was not till almost the Restoration that it became at all common. Pepys records on September 28, 1660, that he "did send for a cup of *tee* (a China drink), of which I had never drank before".

l. 14. **Indian screen.** The collection of Indian and Chinese bric-à-brac had recently become the rage. Elwin quotes from a satire of twenty years later (*The Woman of Taste*):

> "Ne'er choose a screen, and never touch a fan,
> Till it has sail'd from China or Japan".

l. 18. **ogling, and all that.** To *ogle* is to cast side glances at anyone. Ultimately from Dutch *ooge*, eye.

l. 21. **soon the sentence sign.** "Judges never sign sentences" (Croker).

l. 22. **that jurymen may dine.** Warton says this is from Congreve. Two o'clock was the ordinary middle-class hour for dinner; but the fashionable hour was three or four. It has been remarked that it would be as easy for the jury to acquit a prisoner as to find him guilty. But in those days the majority would, in a doubtful case, be more likely for conviction than for acquittal; and Pope is thinking only of an unconvinced minority.

l. 27. **ombre.** See note to i. 56, and Appendix. Belinda takes the ombre hand, and singly encounters her two antagonists.

l. 30. **the sacred Nine,** the nine Muses. Nine cards were dealt to each player.

l. 33. **a Matadore.** The three best trumps at ombre were called matadores (Spanish *matador*, a murderer), viz. first, the ace of spades (called Spadillio); second, the two of a black suit, or the seven of a red suit (Manillio); and third, the ace of clubs (Basto). Their values were in this order.

l. 39. **a flower.** The queens on the cards still hold a flower; the kings' beards are still forked; and the knaves of hearts hold halberts in their hands.

l. 41. **succinct,** girt up. (Lat. *suc-cingo.*) Nowadays the court-cards are made double-headed, but until comparatively lately this was not the case, and the knaves were represented as Pope says, with their long robes tucked up about their waists. "Knave was the old term for a servant, and Wakefield remarks that they were represented in 'garbs succinct', because among the ancients, domestics when at work had their flowing robes gathered up to the girdle about the waist" (Elwin). When the Blue-coat boys play they follow the same fashion.

l. 46. **Let spades be trumps.** The ombre has the right to declare which suit should be trumps. As she holds the two best cards in spades, she chooses that suit. *Trump* comes from *triumph*.

l. 49. **Spadillio**, ace of spades.

l. 51. **Manillio**, two of spades.

l. 53. **Basto**, ace of clubs.

l. 55. **broad sabre.** The kings of three suits are represented with short broad swords; the king of diamonds, however, is not, but has a halbert placed behind him. Pope uses the word sabre wrongly. It is properly used to denote a cavalry sword, curved, and having a thick back to the blade.

l. 56. **The hoary majesty.** This line is a parody of Dryden's:

> "The hoary prince in majesty appeared"
>
> (*Mac Flecknoe*, line 106).

l. 57. **one manly leg.** So in the old cards; in the modern cards with two heads this feature, of course, does not appear.

l. 61. **Pam.** The knave of clubs was called Pam in the game of Loo; in ombre he had no special powers.

l. 62. **Loo.** This game was very popular. It was also called Lantre-loo or Lanctre-loo. "Were she at her parish-church in the height of her devotion", says a satirist of a woman of fashion, "should anybody but stand at the church door and hold up the knave of clubs, she would take it to be a challenge at *Lanctre Loo*; and starting from her prayers would follow her beloved *Pam*, as a deluded traveller does an *ignis fatuus*" (Ward's *Adam and Eve stript of their Furbelows*, quoted by Ashton).

l. 67. **her host**, *i.e.* Belinda's host. The Baron's "warlike amazon" is of course the queen of spades.

l. 74. **only grasps the globe.** The orb is still given to the king of clubs and to him alone; but on the double-headed modern cards he has not a hand left wherewith to grasp it.

l. 76. **shews but half his face.** The king of diamonds is the only king who is portrayed completely side-face.

l. 92. **codille.** "If either of the antagonists made more tricks than the ombre, the winner took the pool, and the ombre had to replace it for the next game. This was called *codille*" (Elwin).

l. 95. **the King, unseen**, the king of hearts. In ombre, as in piquet and some other games, the court-cards rank higher than the ace, except in the case of trumps.

l. 100. **long canals.** The great stretch of water running at right angle to the east front of Hampton Court Palace is called the Long Canal. It is three-quarters of a mile long, and was made by order of Charles II. immediately after the Restoration.

l. 101. Oh, thoughtless mortals!

"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." (*Aeneid*, x. 501–505.)

l. 102. elate. Pope here keeps up the usage of the Elizabethans, who when a weak verb ends in a *t* sound omitted the *d* in the past participle. Thus Shakespeare has "I am content", "titles miscreate". Compare our phrase "roast beef" instead of "roasted beef".

l. 107. altars of Japan, Japan trays of lacquer.

l. 109. liquors. Plural, because hot milk was poured as well as hot coffee.

l. 110. China's earth. Porcelain is made from a special white clay called *Kaolin*, because originally found in the Kao-ling hills in China. Deposits of this fine clay were discovered after Pope's time in Cornwall and other parts of England.

l. 117. makes the politician wise. "A sarcastic allusion to the pretentious talk of the would-be politicians who frequented coffee-houses" (Elwin).

l. 119. in vapours; whims, fancies, and their supposed physical cause—the steam of the coffee. But see note to iv. 59 below.

l. 122. Scylla's fate. Scylla was the daughter of Nisus, King of Megara. When her father's city was attacked by Minos she pulled out the purple lock which grew on the crown of his head and on which the safety of his kingdom depended. This she did for love of Minos; but he rejected her offer of the lock, and when he returned in triumph to Crete, she threw herself into the sea. She was changed into a bird and was torn to pieces by her father, who had been transformed into a bird of prey. See Virgil, *Georgics*, i. 404 sq.; Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, viii. 1 sq.

l. 127. Clarissa. Even the industry of Mr. Elwin has failed to identify Clarissa. To v. 7, where the name occurs again, Pope has added a note, as follows:—"A new character introduced in the subsequent editions to open more clearly the moral of the poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in *Homer*". The parody was first added in the edition of 1717, but the name Clarissa occurs in the present passage in the original edition of 1712.

l. 135. Swift to the Lock. Lines 135–146 were added in 1714.

l. 147. forfex, a pair of shears or scissors (Latin).

l. 152. **airy substance soon unites again.** An adaptation from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, vi. 330:

> "But the ethereal substance closed,
> Not long divided".

This is said of Satan, when the Archangel Michael sorely wounded him.

l. 153. **dissever.** Pope seldom uses double rhymes. The burlesque pathos of the effect here is noticeable.

l. 158. **lapdogs.** So in the original edition; in 1714 Pope substituted *monkeys*, but returned to the original reading in later editions.

l. 163. **While fish in streams.**

> "Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
> Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt"
> (Virgil, *Eclog.*, v. 76 sq.).

l. 164. **coach-and-six.** Persons of fashion drove in the Park with six horses. Thus in one of Mrs. Centlivre's comedies (*Love's Contrivance*), quoted by Mr. Ashton, a lady tells her chosen husband, "You'll at least keep six horses, Sir Toby, for I would not make a tour in High [Hyde] Park with less for the world".

l. 165. **Atalantis.** The *New Atalantis* of Mrs. de la Riviere Manley, published in 1709, was full of scandal, especially about the great Whig families, and seems to have been a great favourite with the ladies. In Leonora's library, as described by the *Spectator* (No. 37), it occupied a place between *Advice to a Daughter* and Steele's *Christian Hero*, not far from the Prayer-book and Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*. And Leonora also possessed a *Key* to it.

l. 166. **the small pillow.** After the Restoration the French custom (*la ruelle*) of ladies receiving visits while in bed was introduced. It is described, but spoken of as old-fashioned if not obsolete, in the *Spectator* (No. 45):—"The lady though willing to appear undrest had put on her best looks, and painted herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the night-gown [dressing-gown] which was thrown over her shoulders was ruffled with great care."

Compare Gay:—

> "Acquainted with the world and quite well-bred,
> Drusa receives her visitants in bed".

l. 173. **labour of the gods.** The walls of Troy were built by the gods.

l. 177. **What wonder then.** Pope gives the reference to Catullus, *De comâ Berenices* (lxvi. 47):

> "Quid faciant crines cum ferro talia cedant?"

CANTO IV.

l. 1. **But anxious cares.** Imitation of the opening lines of the fourth book of the *Aeneid*.

l. 8. **Cynthia.** The name is a fancy one, and no particular person seems to be intended.

manteau, mantle. *Manteau* is a later form than *mantle*, which represents the M.E. and old French *mantel*; while *manteau* is a later French form, introduced into English in the seventeenth century.

l. 11. **For, that sad moment.** Lines 11 to 94 were added in the edition of 1714. The first classical epics contain accounts of visits to the infernal regions; *e.g.* *Odyssey*, Book xi., *Aeneid*, Book vi.:

> "Shut from the winds and from the wholesome skies,
> In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies;
> Dismal and cold, where not a gleam of light
> Invades the winter or disturbs the night".
>
> —(Addison's translation.)

l. 13. **Umbriel.** From the Latin *umbra*, a shadow.

l. 16. **cave of Spleen.** The description that follows may have been suggested by Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, ii. 760 sq.), but Pope's indebtedness is at most very slight. Boileau has an account of the cave of Chicane in Canto v. of *Le Lutrin*, but Pope owes none of his details to it.

The word *spleen*, which plays such an important part in eighteenth-century literature, is a little difficult to explain. The original meaning was anatomical. The organ known as the spleen is still somewhat of a puzzle, but it will serve our purpose to say that it lies on the left side of the body just under the stomach, and has been compared to an elongated halfpenny bun. It has no duct, and secretes no special secretion. But it is now supposed to modify the blood by destroying the red blood-corpuscles which have become effete, and by forming new ones.

A disease in this organ was called an attack of the spleen; and as we nowadays put down all depression of spirits and irritability to derangement of the liver, so our forefathers put them down to derangement of the spleen. Simple diet, out-of-door exercise, and occupation of mind were the remedies recommended; and though the diagnosis was unscientific, the prescription was admirably sound. See Addison's paper in the *Spectator*, No. 115, and Matthew Green's poem, *The Spleen* (1737).

The "humour" known as Melancholy (or black bile), which was supposed to be the cause of the emotional derangement called after it, is described by Burton, as "cold and dry, thick, black and sour, begotten of the more feculent part of nourishment, and purged from [excreted from] the spleen" (*Anatomy of Melancholy*, part i. sec. i., mem. 2. subsec. 2).

Elwin has the following remarks:—"The ancients believed the spleen to be the seat of mirth, and hence a disordered spleen was supposed to produce melancholy and moroseness. The second sense, in modern usage, has driven out the first, and spleen has become synonymous with surliness and gloom, but Pope in prose as well as verse gave it a wider range, and appears to ascribe to it those creations of the imagination which are mistaken for realities. 'Methinks', he writes to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 'I am imitating in my ravings the dreams of splenetic enthusiasts and solitaires, who fall in love with saints and fancy themselves in fervour of angels and spirits'."

l. 20. **The dreaded east.** Compare Cowper, *Task*, iv. 363:

> "The unhealthful East,
> That breathes the spleen".

l. 24. **Megrim,** headache. From French *migraine*; ultimately from *hemicrania*, half the skull, since headache arising from deranged liver is usually confined to one part of the head at the time.

l. 25. **wait,** attend on. Intransitive verb used as a transitive.

l. 30. **lampoons,** a poem attacking and ridiculing a person. From French *lampon*, a drinking song, which according to Littré comes from *lampons*, let us drink!, from *lamper*, an altered form of *lapper*, to lap.

l. 34. **airs,** affected behaviour. Compare the old phrase still in use, "airs and graces".

l. 38. **nightdress,** dressing-gown.

l. 43. **spires,** spirals.

l. 46. **angels in machines,** angels solving the difficulties in human life. Compare the phrase, *deus ex machina*. See above, Introduction, p. lii sq.

l. 51. **like Homer's tripod, walks.** When Thetis visits Vulcan she finds him making the tripods.

> "That day no common task his labour claim'd;
> Full twenty tripods for his hall he framed,
> That plac'd on living wheels of massy gold,
> (Wondrous to tell) instinct with spirit roll'd
> From place to place, around the blest abodes,
> Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of gods."
> —(Pope's *Iliad*, xviii. 439 sq.)

l. 52. **a goose-pie talks.** "Alludes to a real fact; a lady of distinction imagined herself in this condition" (Pope's note).

l. 56. **spleenwort,** a fern once supposed to cure attacks of spleen. There are various kinds of spleenwort (*Asplenium*) growing in England, *e.g.* the Lady-fern, the Scale-fern, and the Black-spleenwort.

l. 59. **vapours**, hysteria. "Diseases caused by flatulence or diseased nerves; hypochondriacal maladies; melancholy; spleen" (Dr. Johnson).

l. 69. **citron-waters**, a sort of cordial like our ginger-brandy or cherry-brandy, but flavoured with citron peel. "Strong waters", made at home, seem to have been a source of temptation to the ladies of Queen Anne's time. A contemporary satirist quoted by Ashton says: "Her closet is always as well stored with juleps, restoratives, and strong waters as an apothecary's shop or a distiller's laboratory. As soon as she rises she must have a salutary dram to keep her stomach from the cholic; a whet before she eats, to procure appetite; after eating, a plentiful dose for concoction [digestion]; and to be sure a bottle of brandy under her bedside for fear of fainting in the night" (*Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, p. 153).

l. 79. **A wondrous bag.** Compare the bag given by Aeolus to Ulysses, which contained all the winds.

"The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling blast."
—(Pope's *Odyssey*, x. 19–20.)

Homer, however, says bag.

l. 87. **Thalestris' arms.** Thalestris was intended for Mrs. Morley, a friend of Miss Fermor's.

l. 96. **The bodkin.** Compare below, Canto v. line 88–96.

l. 97. **durance**, confinement, imprisonment. A legal term.

l. 99. **fillets.** Bailey defines *fillet* as "a hair lace, or ribbon to tie up hair".

l. 100. **double loads of lead**, lead fasteners to the curl-papers, and lead curls for darkening the hair.

l. 107. **degraded toast**, a lady who has once been a "toast", and is now degraded from that high position.

The origin of the word *toast* is not quite clear. The following account is given by Addison in the *Tatler* (No. 24):—"To know what a Toast is in the country gives as much perplexity as she herself does in town: and indeed the learned differ very much upon the original [origin] of this word. . . . But many of the wits of the last age will assert that the word, in its present sense, was known among them in their youth, and had its rise from an accident at the town of Bath, in the reign of King Charles the Second. It happened that, on a public day, a celebrated beauty of those times was in the Cross-Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow, half-fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to

the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a Toast. Though this institution had so trivial a beginning, it is now elevated into a formal order, and that happy virgin who is received and drunk to at their meeting, has no more to do in life but to judge and accept of the first good offer."

It may be necessary to remind some of my readers of the custom of placing a piece of toast in liquor. Compare Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 5. 3: "Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in it".

l. 112. **through crystal,** under a glass in a ring.

l. 115. **Hyde Park Circus.** See note to i. 44.

l. 116. **in the sound of Bow,** within the sound of the bells of St. Mary-le-Bow in Cheapside. The cockney or true citizen of London must be born "within sound of Bow bells". A chronic warfare was supposed to exist between the "cits" and the "wits", between the plain humdrum folk who kept shop and warehouse within the walls of the city and the gallant courtiers, soldiers, and barristers who lived westward of Temple Bar.

The church has nothing to do with the ancient village of Bow in the east of London; but it derives its name from the arches on which the original church stood, St. Mary *de Arcubus*.

l. 119. **Sir Plume,** 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" (Warburton). Spence relates practically the same thing as told him by Pope himself (Spence's *Anecdotes*, 1858, p. 147).

l. 122. **clouded cane,** a mottled Malacca cane. The canes affected by the beaux were often silver-mounted with amber head.

l. 126. **Z—ds,** zounds; abbreviation of *God's wounds*, or perhaps *His wounds*. This oath is said to have been introduced by Sir John Perrot in the time of Elizabeth.

l. 128. **he spoke.** Cf. note to line i. 115.

l. 138. **long-contended honours of her head.** From Dryden's *Epistle to Mr. Granville* (the future Lord Lansdowne) on his tragedy called *Heroic Love*, "the long-contended honours of the field".

l. 153. **the gilt chariot.** Cf. note to i. 55.

l. 154. **bohea,** a variety of China tea then much prized, and selling for about sixteen shillings a pound. The name is probably derived from that of some hills in the province of Fuhkien whence black tea was first brought to England. The hills are called Wu-i, but in the Fuhkien dialect *b* is substituted for *w*, hence bohea. In the eighteenth century all the finest kinds of black tea were called

bohea; now the quality known as bohea is the lowest, being the last crop of the season (*New English Dictionary*).

l. 162. **Shock.** See note to i. 115.

CANTO V.

l. 5. **the Trojan,** *sc.* Aeneas. See *Aeneid*, iv. 362 sq., 438 sq. Anna was Dido's sister and, like the Queen herself, failed to delay the hero's departure from Carthage.

l. 7. **Clarissa.** See note to iii. 127.

l. 14. **the side-box.** The ladies sat in the front-box, answering to the dress-circle of to-day; the gentlemen in the side-boxes, so that they could more easily survey the ladies. Compare Gay, *The Toilette.* Lydia, a spinster of thirty-four, laments:

> "Nor shall side-boxes watch my restless eyes,
> And as they catch the glance in rows arise
> With humble bows; nor white-gloved beaux approach
> In crowds behind to guard me to my coach".

l. 20. **the small-pox,** the great terror of the beauties of that day. Not only was it very much more common than it is now, but it was much more severe and entirely disfigured most of those who caught it.

l. 32. **airs, and flights.** On *airs*, see note to iv. 34. *Flights* are outbursts of temper.

l. 40. **whalebones crack.** Dennis, the critic, professes to be shocked at this allusion to the whalebones of the hooped petticoats.

l. 45. **makes the gods engage.** Pope refers to *Iliad*, Book xx.

l. 47. **Latona,** the mother of Apollo and Diana.

l. 52. **And the pale ghosts.** From a translation by Addison:

> "Who pale with fear the rending earth survey,
> And startle at the sudden flash of day" (Elwin).

l. 53. **sconce's height.** A sconce is a hanging candlestick affixed to a wall. "Minerva, in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the suitors, in *Odyss.*, perches on a beam of the roof to behold it" (Pope).

l. 64. **"Those eyes are made so killing!"** "The words of a song in the opera of *Camilla*" (1705), says Pope. One of the characters (Tullia) sings:

> "These eyes are made so killing
> That all who look must die".

The words are by Owen Swiney, who adapted the Italian libretto of Buononcini, when it was performed in England in 1705.

l. 65. **Mæander**, a river of Asia Minor forming the boundary between the ancient divisions of Lydia and Caria. Its numerous windings have given us the verb to *meander*. The simile of the song of the dying swan occurs in many ancient poets. Pope refers to Ovid, *Epist.*

l. 71. **his golden scales.** Pope himself refers to *Iliad*, Book viii., and *Aeneid*, Book xii. as his sources.

> "But when the sun the height of Heav'n ascends;
> The Sire of gods his golden scales suspends,
> With equal hand: in these explor'd the fate
> Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.
> Press'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies
> Low sunk on earth. The Trojan strikes the skies."
> —(Pope's *Iliad*, viii. 87 sq.)

> "Jove sets the beam. In either scale he lays
> The champion's fate and each exactly weighs,
> On this side life, and lucky chance ascends,
> Loaded with death that other scale descends."
> —(Dryden's *Aeneid*, xii.)

l. 89. **The same, his ancient personage to deck.** "In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, *Iliad*, ii." (Pope).

> "The golden sceptre of celestial frame
> By Vulcan formed from Jove to Hermes came:
> To Pelops he the immortal gift resign'd;
> Th' immortal gift great Pelops left behind,
> In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends;
> To rich Thyestes next the prize descends,
> And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign
> Subjects all Argos and controls the main."
> —(Pope's *Iliad*, ii. 129 sq.)

l. 90. **about his neck**, on a ribbon about his neck.

l. 104. **the vaulted roofs rebound.** Dennis complained of the violence of this passage. Compare Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* (35–36):

> "A present Deity! they shout around
> A present Deity! the vaulted roofs rebound".

l. 106. **Roar'd for the handkerchief.** See *Othello*, iii. 4. 90 sq. Probably Pope preserves for us the stage tradition of his time, and eighteenth-century Othellos "roared" in this passage.

l. 113. **the lunar sphere**, the sphere which (according to the old astronomy) carried the moon.

l. 114. **Since all things lost.** "*Vide* Ariosto, Canto xxxiv." (Pope). See stanza 73 and following, thus translated by Hoole:

"Deep in a vale, conducted by his guide,
Where rose a mountain steep on either side,
He came, and saw (a wonder to relate)
Whate'er was wasted in our earthly state
Here falsely treasur'd: each neglected good;
Time squander'd, or occasion ill-bestow'd.
Not only here are wealth and sceptres found,
That, ever changing, shift the unsteady round;
But those possessions, while on earth we live,
Which Fortune's hand can neither take nor give.
Much fame is there, which here the creeping hours
Consume till time at length the whole devours.
There vows and there unnumber'd prayers remain,
Which oft to God the sinner makes in vain.
The frequent tears that lovers' eyes suffuse;
The sighs they breathe: the days that gamesters lose
The leisure given which fools so oft neglect;
The weak designs that never take effect.
Whate'er designs the mortal breast assail,
In countless numbers fill th' encumber'd vale.
For know whate'er is lost by human kind,
Ascending here you treasur'd safe may find."
—(Hoole, xxxiv. 562–584.)

Milton has imitated part of the same passage (*Paradise Lost*, Book iii.).

l. 122. **tomes of casuistry.** Casuistry is the science of cases of conscience, the systematic attempt to decide difficult points of moral conduct. It had been perverted by some of the Jesuit theologians, who taught a very lax system of morality, and in his *Provincial Letters* Pascal (d. 1662) had violently attacked the Jesuit books. From this and other causes there had grown up a great contempt for the study of casuistry, especially in Protestant countries. Compare *Dunciad*, iv. 28 and 642.

l. 127. **A sudden star.** Pope refers to Ovid:

"Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem
Stella micat".

Virgil has the same idea, *Aeneid*, v. 681 sq.

l. 129. **Berenice's locks.** This Berenice was the wife of Ptolemy Euergetes, one of the Macedonian kings. When her husband was away on an expedition she cut off her hair and dedicated it in a temple as an offering for his safe return. It was, according to the legend, raised to heaven and made a constellation, which still bears the name (*Comâ Berenices*).

l. 133. **from the Mall survey.** The Mall runs on the north side of St. James's Park. The evening was the fashionable time for walking in the Mall. Thus Swift tells Stella that "when I pass the Mall in the evening it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there" (May 15, 1711; ed. Ryland, p. 177).

The name comes from the game of *pall-mall* played there in the seventeenth century; wooden mallets were employed to drive a wooden ball through an iron hoop placed at a considerable distance in the well-gravelled alley. It was a favourite recreation with Charles II.

l. 136. **Rosamonda's lake.** Rosamond's Pond was a pretty piece of water in St. James's Park, at the western extremity of Birdcage Walk, near what is now called Buckingham Gate. It was filled up at the end of the eighteenth century. In the comedies of an earlier period it was a famous place for assignations.

l. 137. **Partridge.** John Partridge was an astrologer who published an annual prophetic Almanac, in which he "never fail'd to predict the downfall of the Pope and the King of France, then at war with the English". Swift attacked him in the *Predictions of Isaac Bickerstaff* and *Account of Partridge's Death* (1708), and various friends of Swift and Addison had a fling at the man for the next year or two. See Temple Scott's edition of Swift, vol. i. 298 sq.

l. 138. **Galileo's eyes,** the telescope invented by Galileo (1564–1642).

APPENDIX.

THE GAME OF OMBRE.

The game of Ombre seems to have been introduced into England about the middle of the seventeenth century. Chatto (*Facts and Speculations in the History of Playing Cards*) considers that it was already well known in England at the time of the Restoration, but this is open to doubt. The earliest mention of it which he gives is dated 1670. The name occurs first in a list of "courtly games" published in that year—"L'Hombre, Piquit, Gleek, and Cribbage". By this time the game must therefore have been fashionable; but it could hardly have been popular, as Chatto suggests. Wycherley, for instance, in his *Gentleman Dancing-Master* (published in 1673), makes a coxcomb newly returned from France, and "mightily affected with the French language and fashions", complain that the hero "can't play at hombre, but speaks base good English with the commune home-bred pronunciation". To play the game was, therefore, still a mark of the man of fashion who affected superiority to the habits and customs of the great majority of his fellow-countrymen.

The game, of course, came from Spain, and the name is usually explained as arising from the words with which one player announced his intention to challenge the others. Each played for his own hand, and the one who undertook to make a certain number of tricks said, "*Yo soy l'hombre*", "I am the man". There were two, three, or five players; usually three. Nine cards were dealt to each player. The highest card was always the ace of spades (*Spadillio*), no matter what suit was trumps; and in the same way the ace

of clubs (*Basto*) was always third in value. The player who was *Ombre* had the right to declare which suit was trumps, as Belinda did. The players must follow suit where they could. The ace of a suit counted simply as one, except in the case of spades and clubs (*Spadillio* and *Basto*).

The game of ombre, it is said, is still played in Spain under the name of *Tresillo*, and in South America under that of *Rocambor*.

The details of the game are very clear in Pope, but the following may help the reader to follow. There are only twenty-seven cards to account for. Spades are trumps.

First trick. Belinda leads the ace of spades (*Spadillio*); the others play two low spades. (Belinda wins.)

Second trick. Belinda plays the deuce of spades (*Manillio*), which is next in value to the ace; the others play two low spades. (Belinda wins.)

Third trick. Belinda plays the ace of clubs (third best card); the others play one spade and one other card. (Belinda wins.)

Fourth trick. Belinda plays king of spades; the others play the knave of spades and knave of clubs. (Belinda wins.)

Fifth trick. Belinda plays the king of clubs (her only club); this is taken by the queen of spades, the last trump left. (Belinda loses.)

Sixth trick. Her adversary leads the king of diamonds; Belinda has only a small diamond. (Belinda loses.)

Seventh trick. Her adversary leads the queen of diamonds. (Belinda loses again.)

Eighth trick. Her adversary plays the knave of diamonds, and Belinda plays the queen of hearts. (She loses again.)

Ninth trick. Her adversary plays the ace of hearts; Belinda plays the king of hearts and wins the odd trick, because the ace of hearts counts only as one.

BRIEF LIST OF BOOKS ON

English Language and Literature

PUBLISHED BY BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED

English

THE WARWICK LIBRARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

General Editor—PROFESSOR C. H. HERFORD, LITT.D.

Each volume deals with the development in English literature of *some special literary form*, is illustrated by a series of representative specimens, slightly annotated, and preceded by a critical analytical introduction. In crown 8vo volumes, decorated cloth boards. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

English Tales in Verse. Edited by Prof. C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

English Pastorals. Edited by Edmund K. Chambers, M.A.

English Literary Criticism. Edited by C. E. Vaughan, M.A.

English Essays. Edited by J. H. Lobban, M.A.

English Lyric Poetry (1500-1700 A.D.). Edited by Frederick Ives Carpenter, M.A.

English Masques. Edited by H. A. Evans, M.A.

English Satires. Edited by Oliphant Smeaton, M.A.

English Historians. Edited by A. J. Grant, M.A.

THE WARWICK SHAKESPEARE

General Editor—PROFESSOR C. H. HERFORD, LITT.D.

As You Like It. Ed. by J. C. Smith, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Coriolanus. Edited by Edmund K. Chambers, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Cymbeline. Edited by A. J. Wyatt, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Hamlet. Edited by Edmund K. Chambers, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Henry the Fourth. Part I. Edited by F. W. Moorhead, B.A., Ph.D. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Henry the Fifth. Edited by G. C. Moore Smith, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Henry the Eighth. Edited by D. Nichol Smith, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Julius Cæsar. Edited by Arthur D. Innes, M.A. 1*s.*

King John. Edited by G. C. Moore Smith, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

King Lear. Edited by D. Nichol Smith, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Macbeth. Edited by Edmund K. Chambers, M.A. 1*s.*

The Merchant of Venice. Edited by Prof. H. L. Withers. 1*s.* 6*d.*

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. Edited by Edmund K. Chambers, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Much Ado About Nothing. Ed. by J. C. Smith, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Richard the Second. Edited by Professor C. H. Herford, Litt.D. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Richard the Third. Edited by George Macdonald, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

The Tempest. Ed. by F. S. Boas, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Twelfth Night. Edited by Arthur D. Innes, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

THE PICTURE SHAKESPEARE

With a **Frontispiece in colours** and numerous black-and-white Illustrations.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 1*s.* per volume

As You Like It.
Julius Cæsar.
Macbeth.
The Merchant of Venice.
A Midsummer-Night's Dream.
Hamlet.
Henry the Fifth.
Richard the Second.
King John.
Henry the Eighth.
Twelfth Night.
The Tempest.

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE

F'cap 8vo, cloth, each (with a few exceptions) price 8*d.*

As You Like It. Edited by Prof. Lionel W. Lyde, M.A.

Coriolanus. Ed. by W. Dent. (10*d.*)

Cymbeline. Edited by W. F. Baugust. (10*d.*)

Hamlet. Ed. by Prof. Lionel W. Lyde. (10*d.*)

Henry the Fifth. Edited by W. Barry, B.A.(Lond.).

Henry the Eighth. Edited by George H. Ely, B.A.

Julius Cæsar. Edited by W. Dent.

King John. Ed. by F. E. Webb, B.A.

Macbeth. Edited by Henry C. Notcutt, B.A.(Lond.).

The Merchant of Venice. Edited by George H. Ely, B.A.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. Edited by W. F. Baugust.

Richard the Second. Edited by W. Barry, B.A.(Lond.).

Richard the Third. Edited by F. E. Webb, M.A. (10*d.*)

The Tempest. Ed. by Elizabeth Lee.

Twelfth Night. Edited by Elizabeth Lee.

King Lear. Edited by H. A. Evans, M.A.

Introduction to Shakespeare. By Edward Dowden, Litt.D., LL.D. Illustrated. 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE PLAIN-TEXT SHAKESPEARE

THE GREATER PLAYS—TEXT ONLY—NO NOTES

In limp cloth cover, price Fourpence each

The Merchant of Venice.
Julius Cæsar.
As You Like It.
Henry Fifth.
Coriolanus.
Richard Second.
Richard Third.
The Tempest.
Twelfth Night.
Hamlet.
Henry Eighth.
King John.
Macbeth.
King Lear.
Midsummer-Night's Dream.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR ACTING OR CLASS READING

The Australian Cousin. For Girls. By M. F. Hutchinson. 4*d.*

The Masque or Pageant of English Trees and Flowers. For Girls' Schools. By M. F. Hutchinson. 4*d.*

The Masque of the Woodlands. By M. F. Hutchinson. 4*d.*

Scenes from "Cranford". For Girls. By M. F. Hutchinson. 6*d.*

In the Days of Chaucer. A Pastoral Interlude. By E. E. Ohlson. 4*d.*

BLACKIE'S ENGLISH CLASSICS

ADDISON — Selected Essays from the Spectator. Edited by the Rev. Henry Evans, D.D. *2s.*

ADDISON — Sir Roger de Coverley. From the *Spectator*. Edited by Frances Wilcroft. *8d.*

AYTOUN—The Burial-March of Dundee and Edinburgh after Flodden. One vol. *4d.*

BACON — Essays. Edited by E. H. Blakeney, M.A. *1s. 6d.*

BACON — Eight Essays. *6d.*

BROWNING—Strafford. Ed. by Miss Agnes Wilson. *2s.*

BYRON—Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Cantos II and III (one vol.). Edited by John Downie, M.A. *6d.* Canto IV, Edited by D. Frew, B.A. *6d.*

BYRON — The Prisoner of Chillon. Edited by the Rev. Dr. Evans. *4d.*

CAMPBELL—The Pleasures of Hope. Edited by W. Keith Leask, M.A., and George H. Ely, B.A. *8d.*

CARLYLE—Essay on Burns. With Introduction and Notes, Cloth, *1s.*

CARLYLE — Readings from Carlyle. Edited by W. Keith Leask, M.A. *2s. 6d.*

CHAUCER—The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales. Edited by E. F. Willoughby. *1s. 6d.*

DRYDEN—Essay of Dramatic Poesy. Edited by D. Nichol Smith, M.A. *2s.*

GOLDSMITH—She Stoops to Conquer, and The Good-Natured Man. Edited by H. Littledale, M.A. *1s.*

GOLDSMITH—The Citizen of the World. Selected Letters. Edited by W. A. Brockington, M.A. *2s.*

GOLDSMITH—The Deserted Village. Edited by the Rev. Dr. Evans. *4d.*

GRAY—The Elegy, The Bard, and Ode on Eton College. Ed. by the Rev. Dr. Evans. *4d.*

HOLMES—The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. Edited by E. H. Blakeney, M.A. *2s.*

JOSEPHUS — Autobiography and Selections from the Jewish War. Edited by S. E. Winbolt, M.A. *1s. 6d.*

KINGSLEY — The Heroes. Ed. by E. H. Blakeney, M.A. *1s.*

LAMB — Select Tales from Shakspeare. Edited by David Frew, B.A. *1s. 6d.*

LONGFELLOW—The Courtship of Miles Standish. Ed. by the Rev. H. Evans, D.D. *1s.*

LONGFELLOW — Hiawatha. Ed. by P. T. Cresswell, M.A. *1s.*

LONGFELLOW — Saga of King Olaf. Selected and Ed. by Beatrice E. Clay, B.A. *6d.*

MACAULAY — Essay on Addison. Ed. by C. Sheldon, D.Litt., B.Sc. *2s.*

MACAULAY—Essay on Horace Walpole. Edited by John Downie, M.A. *2s.*

MACAULAY—Essay on Warren Hastings. Edited by John Downie, M.A. *2s.*

MACAULAY—Essay on Clive. Ed. by John Downie, M.A. *2s.*

MACAULAY—Essay on Milton. Ed. by John Downie, M.A. *2s.*

MACAULAY—Essay on Pitt. Ed. by C. J. Battersby, M.A. *2s.*

MACAULAY — Lays of Ancient Rome, with Ivry, The Armada, and Naseby. *6d.*

MACAULAY — Lay of Horatius, Lake Regillus, and Prophecy of Capys. Edited with Notes, &c. Paper, *6d.*; cloth, *8d.*

MACAULAY—Lives of Johnson and Goldsmith. Edited by John Downie, M.A. *2s.*

MACAULAY—England in 1685 (The Third Chapter of Macaulay's History). Edited by H. Clement Notcutt, B.A. 2*s*.

MACAULAY—History of England (Chapters I, II, III). Ed. by W. H. D. Rouse, Litt. D. 6*d*. each.

MILTON—Comus. Edited by Rev. E. A. Phillips, M.A. 1*s*. 6*d*.

MILTON—Samson Agonistes. Ed. by E. K. Chambers, M.A. 1*s*. 6*d*.

MILTON—Paradise Lost. Books I, II, and III. Edited by F. Gorse, M.A. 1*s*. each.

MILTON—Paradise Lost. Books IV, V, and VI. Edited by A. E. Roberts, M.A. 1*s*. each.

MILTON—Lycidas. Ed. by H. B. Cotterill, M.A. 1*s*. 6*d*.

MILTON—Nativity Ode, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Lycidas. 6*d*.

MOORE—Paradise and the Peri. Edited by the Rev. Dr. Evans. 4*d*.

POPE—Essay on Criticism. Ed. by Fred. Ryland, M.A. 1*s*. 6*d*.

POPE—Rape of the Lock. Ed. by Fred. Ryland, M.A. 1*s*. 6*d*.

REYNOLDS—Discourses on Art. A Selection. Edited by Prof. J. J. Findlay. 2*s*. net.

SCOTT—Marmion. Complete, 1*s*. Cantos I–III, 8*d*.

SCOTT—The Lay of the Last Minstrel. Complete, 1*s*. Cantos I–III, 9*d*., paper, 6*d*.; Cantos IV–VI, 9*d*., paper, 6*d*.

SCOTT—The Lady of the Lake. Edited by W. Keith Leask, M.A. Complete, 1*s*. Cantos I–III, 8*d*.

SCOTT—Kenilworth. Edited by W. Keith Leask, M.A. 1*s*. 6*d*.

SCOTT—The Legend of Montrose. Edited by W. Keith Leask, M.A. 1*s*. 6*d*.

SCOTT—Old Mortality. Edited by W. Keith Leask, M.A. 1*s*. 6*d*.

SCOTT—The Talisman. Edited by W. Keith Leask, M.A. 1*s*. 6*d*.

SCOTT—Quentin Durward. Edited by W. Keith Leask, M.A. 1*s*. 6*d*.

SPENSER—The Faery Queene. Book I. Edited by W. Keith Leask, M.A. 2*s*.

TENNYSON—The Princess. Edited by Edith Fry. 1*s*. 6*d*.

SELECTIONS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS

Edited with Biographical Sketch and Explanatory Notes. Paper, 2*d*.; Cloth, 3*d*.

ARNOLD.—**Sohrab and Rustum.**

AYTOUN.—**The Burial-March of Dundee, &c.**

AYTOUN.—**Edinburgh after Flodden.**

BROWNING.—**The Pied Piper of Hamelin.**

BROWNING.—**Select Poems.**

BURNS.—**The Cotter's Saturday Night, &c.**

BYRON.—**Childe Harold.** Cantos II and III, separately.

BYRON.—**The Prisoner of Chillon.**

BYRON.—**The Prophecy of Dante.** Cantos I and II.

BYRON.—**Ode to Napoleon.**

CAMPBELL.—**Songs and Ballads.**

CAMPBELL.—**The Pleasures of Hope.**

CHAUCER.—**The Squieres Tale.**

COLERIDGE.—**The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.**

COWPER.—**John Gilpin,** and other Poems.

COWPER.—**Expostulation.**

COWPER.—**The Task.** Book V.

CRABBE.—**The Village.**

EMERSON.—**Select Poems.**

GOLDSMITH.—**The Deserted Village.**

GOLDSMITH.—**Retaliation.**

GOLDSMITH.—**The Traveller.**

GRAY.—**The Elegy, Eton College Ode,** and **The Bard.**

GRAY.—**Ode on Spring.**

HOGG.—**The Queen's Wake.**

JOHNSON.—**London** and **Vanity of Human Wishes.**

KEATS AND SHELLEY.—**Select Poems.**

LONGFELLOW.—**Evangeline.**

LONGFELLOW.—**Select Poems.**

LONGFELLOW.—**The Falcon of Ser Federigo** and **King Robert of Sicily.**

MACAULAY.—**Armada, Ivry, Battle of Naseby.**

MACAULAY.—**Battle of Lake Regillus.**

MACAULAY.—**Prophecy of Capys.**

MACAULAY.—**Lay of Horatius.**

MACAULAY.—**Lay of Virginia.**

MACAULAY.—**Essay on the Pilgrim's Progress** and **John Bunyan.**

MILTON.—**L'Allegro** and **Il Penseroso.**

MILTON.—**English Sonnets.**

MILTON.—**Nativity Ode.**

MILTON.—**Lycidas.**

MOORE.—**The Fire Worshippers.**

SCOTT.—
Marmion. Cantos I, II, III, IV, V, VI, and Selections from Canto VI separately.
The Lay of the Last Minstrel. Cantos I, II, III, IV, V, VI, separately.
The Lady of the Lake. Cantos I, II, III, IV, V, VI, separately.
The Lord of the Isles. Cantos II and VI, separately.

SHAKESPEARE.—
As You Like It: Selections.
Henry the Fourth: Selections.
Henry the Fifth: Selections.
Henry the Eighth: Selections.
Julius Cæsar: Selections.
Richard the Second: Selections.
The Merchant of Venice: Selections.

SHELLEY.—**Adonais.**

SHELLEY.—**Lines written among the Euganean Hills, &c.**

SOUTHEY.—**Ballads and Other Poems.**

SPENSER.—**Selections.**

TENNYSON.—**Palace of Art** and **Ulysses.**

TENNYSON.—**Dream of Fair Women** and **Tithonas.**

TENNYSON.—**Morte d'Arthur, The Lady of Shalott.**

TENNYSON.—**Dora, The May Queen, Mariana.**

TENNYSON.—**The Day-Dream, The Death of the Old Year, The Charge of the Light Brigade.**

TENNYSON—**Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.**

WORDSWORTH.—**The Shorter Poems.**

WORDSWORTH.—**Ode on Intimations of Immortality,** and **Laodamia.**

ENGLISH BALLADS.—**Chevy Chase.**

ENGLISH BALLADS.—**Sir Patrick Spens,** and **Robin Hood.**

ENGLISH BALLADS.—**Hartleap Well** (Wordsworth) and **The Nut-Brown Maid.**

A Book of Sonnets. Wyatt to the Present Day.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

Introduction to the Natural History of Language. By T. G. Tucker, Litt.D.(Camb.), Hon. Litt.D.(Dublin). 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

English Etymology. An Introduction to the history of the English language. By F. Kluge and F. Lutz. 5*s.* net.

Elementary Manual of English Etymology. 2*d.*; cloth, 3*d.*

Précis Writing. By H. Latter, M.A. 3*s.* 6*d.* *Key*, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Précis Writing. Second Series. By H. Latter, M.A. 3*s.* 6*d.* *Key*, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

A Primer of Historical English Grammar. By Bertha Skeat, Ph.D. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Higher English. By David Campbell. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Lower English. By D. Campbell. 1*s.*

The English Language and Literature. By David Campbell. Cloth limp, 6*d.*; boards, 9*d.*

The Beginner's English. By David Campbell. 1*s.*; limp, 10*d.*

English Language Notes. By Alice J. Robinson. 6*d.*

Compendious English Grammar. For Intermediate and Higher Schools. 1*s.* 6*d.*

The Pupil's English Grammar. Based upon the analysis of Sentences. 1*s.* 6*d.* Also in Parts:
Part I, paper, 2*d.*, cloth, 3*d.*; Part II, paper, 3*d.*, cloth, 4*d.*; Part III, paper, 4*d.*, cloth, 5*d.*; Part IV, paper, 4*d.*, cloth, 5*d.*

The Comprehensive English Grammar. In Two Divisions, 6*d.* each. Also in Parts:
Parts II and III, each 1*d.*, cloth, 2*d.*; Parts IV and V, each 2*d.*, cloth, 3*d.*; Parts VI–VII, 3*d.*, cloth, 4*d.*

Complete English Grammar. 1*s.*

Selections for Paraphrasing. By W. Murison, M.A. 1*s.*

The Teaching of English Grammar and Elementary Latin. By L. W. Wilsden. 1*s.* net.

The Teaching of English. By A. E. Roberts M.A. and A. Barker M.A. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Handbook of English Composition Exercises. (For Teachers.) 1*s.*

Stories and Essays. Exercises in English Composition. (For Teachers' use.) 1*s.*

Blackie's Handbooks of English. Poetry, Grammar, Composition, Spelling, &c.

Book I	24 pages.	Paper, 2*d.*; cloth, 3*d.*
Book II	32 pages.	" 2*d.*; " 3*d.*
Book III	48 pages.	" 3*d.*; " 4*d.*
Book IV	64 pages.	" 4*d.*; " 5*d.*
Book V	72 pages.	" 4*d.*; " 5*d.*
Book VI	96 pages.	" 6*d.*; " 7*d.*

Specimens of English Prose. Ed. by Bertha Skeat, Ph.D. 1*s.* 6*d.*

A Book of Comparative Poetry, arranged by W. Macpherson, M.A. 1*s.* net.

A Book of Comparative Prose, arranged by W. Macpherson, M.A. 1*s.* net.

A School History of English Literature. By Elizabeth Lee.

Vol. I. Chaucer to Marlowe. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Vol. II. Shakespeare to Dryden. 2*s.*
Vol. III. Pope to Burns (*Shortly*).

The Elements of English Prose. By W. A. Brockington. 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Suggestive Spelling and Word-Building Book. In Nine Parts. Cloth, 2*d.*, paper, 1*d.* each.

The Suggestive Word-Building and Spelling Charts. For Standards II–V. Four Sheets, printed on manilla paper, in two colours. 6*s.*

Systematic Word-Building and Spelling. For young pupils. 3*d.*

Pupil-Teacher's Spelling and Word-Building Book. Containing Spelling Rules, Changes, and Examination Tests. Cloth, 4*d.*

Examples in Word-Building. Paper, 1*d.*

Examples in Word-Building with Transcription. 1½*d.*

Transcription Exercises. In Four Parts. Paper, ½*d.* each.

The Suggestive Word-Building and Transcription Books. Paper, 1½*d.*, cloth, 2½*d.* each.

Key Word Tests in Composition and Dictation. By Arthur Brockhurst. 2*d.*

Suggestive Composition Book. In Four Parts. 1*d.*, cloth, 2*d.* each.

Composition for the Kindergarten. 6*d.*

POETRY AND ELOCUTION

The Practical Elocutionist. With Lessons on Elocution, Gesture, &c. By John Forsyth. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Baynham's Elocution. By G. W. Baynham. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Natural Elocution In Speech and Song. By M'Hardy Flint. 1*s.* net.

English Poetry for the Young. Selected by S. E. Winbolt. 1*s.*

An Introduction to Good Poetry. Selected and Edited by E. F. Davidson, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

An Edgbaston Poetry Book. For Girls' Schools. Edited by Edith M. Colman. 2*s.*

Public Readings. By David Macrae. 2*s.* net.

The Model Poetry Books

Infants, paper, 1*d.*; cloth, 2*d.* Junior, Parts I and II, cloth, 2*d.* each. Senior, cloth, 6*d.*

Recitations for Schools. Compiled by Margaret Riach, L.L.A. Infants, 5 books, 1*d.* each. Complete, 8*d.* Juniors, 4 books. Seniors, 6 books. 1*d.* each.

Palgrave's Golden Treasury. Book II. With Notes. 6*d.* net.

The Call of the Homeland. A collection of English Verse, selected and arranged by R. P. Scott, LL.D., and K. T. Wallas. In Two Parts, 1*s.* 6*d.* net each.

BLACKIE'S ENGLISH TEXTS

Edited by W. H. D. ROUSE, Litt.D.
Headmaster of the Perse School, Cambridge.

Each volume provided with brief Introduction but unencumbered by notes.
In cloth covers. Price 6*d.* each

GENERAL LITERATURE

MALORY—The Coming of Arthur
MALORY—The Knights of the Round Table
Sintram and his Companions
Defoe's Robinson Crusoe
Swift's Gulliver's Travels
Lamb's Adventures of Ulysses
Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales
Kingsley's Heroes
Kingsley's Water-Babies
DICKENS—A Christmas Carol
DICKENS—The Chimes
DICKENS—The Cricket on the Hearth
IRVING—Rip Van Winkle and other [Sketches
BORROW—Gipsy Stories
BORROW—The Stories of Antonio and Benedict Mol
Sindbad the Sailor
Tales from the Arabian Nights
Tales from the Decameron
RUSKIN—Sesame and Lilies
RUSKIN—Crown of Wild Olive
RUSKIN — Byzantine Churches of Venice
CARLYLE—The Hero as Divinity and Man of Letters
CARLYLE — The Hero as Poet, The Hero as King
IRVING—England's Rural Life and Christmas Customs
De Quincey's English Mail Coach
Lamb's School-Days and other Essays
Walpole's Letters on the American War of Independence
Walpole's Letters on France and the French Revolution
Defoe's Journal of the Plague Year
Burke's American Speeches
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress—Part I.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress—Part II.
Walton's Complete Angler
Cowley's Essays
Bacon's Essays
More's Utopia
Erasmus's In Praise of Folly
Trips to Wonderland, from Lucian

TRAVEL

Drake's The World Encompassed
Sir Richard Hawkins's Voyage into the South Seas
Irving's Companions of Columbus
Early Voyages to Japan, from *Purchas his Pilgrims*
Roe's Embassy to the great Mogul from *Purchas his Pilgrims*
The Voyage of Captain James, from Harris's *Voyages*
The French in Canada (Cartier, Champlain, and de Monts)
Adventures of Captain John Smith from Smith's *True Travels*
Raleigh's Discovery of Guiana
Anson's Taking of the Galleon
Captain Cook's Second Voyage
HUC—A Sojourn at Lha-Ssa
HUC—Travels in Thibet

HISTORY

Britain and Germany in Roman Times
BEDE — History of the Church of England
FROISSART—Border Warfare under Edward III and Richard II
FROISSART—The Reign of Richard II
FROISSART—Crecy and Poitiers
COMMINES—Warwick the Kingmaker
HOLINSHED—England in the Sixteenth Century
The Spanish Armada, The Last Fight of the Revenge, and other Adventures of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth
JOHN SMITH — Early History of Virginia
Macaulay's History, Chapters I–III. 3 vols.
Macaulay's Essay on Hampden
Macaulay's Essay on the War of the Spanish Succession
ORME—The Black Hole of Calcutta, and the Battle of Plassey
Macaulay's Essay on Clive
Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings
Macaulay's Second Essay on Pitt, Earl of Chatham
Burke's Speeches on America
Horace Walpole's Letters on the American War of Independence
Horace Walpole's Letters on France and the French Revolution
Napier's Battles of the Peninsular War. 2 Vols.
1. Coruña, Talavera, Badajos.
2. Salamanca, Siege of Burgos, Vittoria, Siege of San Sebastian.

BLAKENEY—The Retreat to Corunna
RICHARD KNOLLES—Wars with the Turks
The Adventures of Montluc
PRESCOTT—The Conquest of Peru
PRESCOTT—Montezuma
PRESCOTT—The Capture of Mexico
THUCYDIDES—The Siege of Syracuse
Plutarch's Life of Alexander
LIVY—Hannibal in Italy
Plutarch's Life of Julius Cæsar
JOSEPHUS—The Siege of Jerusalem
GIBBON—The Age of the Antonines
AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS—Julian the Apostate

BLACKIE'S SUPPLEMENTARY READERS

Our English Towns and Villages. By H. R. Wilton Hall. *1s. 6d.*

London, Historical and Descriptive. By Ben Jonson. *1s. 6d.*

From the Tales of a Grandfather. Edited by T. D. Robb, M.A. Illustrated. *1s. 3d.*

A Sketch of Scottish Industrial and Social History, in the 18th and 19th Centuries. By Amelia Hutchison Stirling, M.A. Illustrated. *1s. 6d.*

Queen Victoria. By G. A. Henty. Illustrated. *1s. 6d.*

A Combined Course of Literary Reading and Composition. Illustrated from Famous Paintings. Edited by Lewis Marsh, M.A. *2s.*

Passages from Modern Authors. Edited by John Downie, M.A. *1s.*

The Citizen: His Rights and Responsibilities. By Oscar Browning, M.A. *1s. 6d.*

Lessons on Civics. *6d.*

The Story of Leicester. *1s. 6d.*

Readings from Carlyle. Edited by W. Keith Leask. *2s. 6d.*

Tales from Henty. Illus. *1s. 4d.*

Charles Dickens Reader. *1s. 6d.*

History of King Alfred the Great. By Jacob Abbott. *1s.*

Readings from the Spectator. *1s. 3d.*

Hertfordshire: A Reading-Book of the County. By H. R. Wilton Hall. Illustrated. *1s.*

Readings from Sir Walter Scott. *1s. 3d.*

Mary Queen of Scots. Readings from the Abbot. *1s. 3d.*

Poetical Reader. *1s. 6d.*

Shakespeare Reader. *1s.*

Dorset. *1s.*

Birmingham and the Midlands. *8d.*

Upper Thames Counties. *8d.*

Lancashire. *8d.*

Surrey. *8d.*

Cumberland, Westmorland, and Furness. *8d.*

Yorkshire. *8d.*

Middlesex. *8d.*

Kent. *8d.*

North Midlands. *8d.*

DICTIONARIES

Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary of the English Language. A Complete Encyclopædic Lexicon, Literary, Scientific, and Technological. Revised and enlarged by Charles Annandale, M.A., LL.D. With over 3000 engravings, and numerous plates. In 4 vols., imperial 8vo, cloth, £4 net; or half-morocco, £5 net.

The Student's English Dictionary. Literary, Scientific, Etymological, and Pronouncing. By John Ogilvie, LL.D. Revised by Charles Annandale, M.A., LL.D. With nearly 800 Engravings. Cloth, *4s. 6d.* net; half-Persian, *7s. 6d.* net; half-morocco, *9s.* net.

Annandale's Concise English Dictionary. Literary, Scientific, Etymological, and Pronouncing. By Charles Annandale, M.A., LL.D. *New Edition.* Cloth, *3s. 6d.*; Roxburgh, *5s. 6d.*; half-morocco, *7s. 6d.*

Ogilvie's Smaller English Dictionary. Etymological and Pronouncing. Cloth, *1s.* net; Roxburgh, *1s. 6d.* net.

Blackie's Standard Shilling Dictionary. With Appendices and Tables. *1s.*; leather, *2s.* net.