

And swayed the waves, like cities of the sea,
 Making the very billows look less free ;—
 She, with her paddling oar and dancing prow,
 Shot through the surf, like reindeer through
 the snow,
 Swift-gliding o'er the breaker's whitening
 edge, 230
 Light as a Nereid in her ocean sledge,
 And gazed and wondered at the giant hulk,
 Which heaved from wave to wave its tramp-
 ling bulk.
 The anchor dropped ; it lay along the deep,
 Like a huge lion in the sun asleep,
 While round it swarmed the Proas' flitting
 chain,
 Like summer bees that hum around his mane.

XI.

The white man landed!—need the rest be
 told?
 The New World stretched its dusk hand to
 the Old ;
 Each was to each a marvel, and the tie 240
 Of wonder warmed to better sympathy.
 Kind was the welcome of the sun-born sires,
 And kinder still their daughters' gentler fires.
 Their union grew : the children of the storm
 Found beauty linked with many a dusky form ;
 While these in turn admired the paler glow,
 Which seemed so white in climes that knew
 no snow.
 The chace, the race, the liberty to roam,
 The soil where every cottage showed a home ;
 The sea-spread net, the lightly launched
 canoe, 250
 Which stemmed the studded archipelago,
 O'er whose blue bosom rose the starry isles ;
 The healthy slumber, earned by sportive toils ;
 The palm, the loftiest Dryad of the woods,
 Within whose bosom infant Bacchus broods,
 While eagles scarce build higher than the
 crest
 Which shadows o'er the vineyard in her
 breast ;
 The Cava feast, the Yam, the Cocoa's root,
 Which bears at once the cup, and milk, and
 fruit ;
 The Bread-tree, which, without the plough-
 share, yields
 The unreaped harvest of unfurrowed fields, 261
 And bakes its unadulterated loaves
 Without a furnace in unpurchased groves,
 And flings off famine from its fertile breast,
 A priceless market for the gathering guest ;—

These, with the luxuries of seas and woods,
 The airy joys of social solitudes,
 Tamed each rude wanderer to the sympathies
 Of those who were more happy, if less wise,
 Did more than Europe's discipline had
 done, 270
 And civilised Civilisation's son!

XII.

Of these, and there was many a willing pair,
 Neuha and Torquil were not the least fair :
 Both children of the isles, though distant far ;
 Both born beneath a sea-presiding star ;
 Both nourished amidst Nature's native scenes,
 Loved to the last, whatever intervenes
 Between us and our Childhood's sympathy,
 Which still reverts to what first caught the eye.
 He who first met the Highlands' swelling
 blue 280
 Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
 Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
 And clasp the mountain in his Mind's embrace.
 Long have I roamed through lands which
 are not mine,
 Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine,
 Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
 Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep :
 But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall ;
 The infant rapture still survived the boy, 290
 And Loch-na-gar with Ida looked o'er Troy,¹
 Mixed Celtic memories with the Phrygian
 mount,
 And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount.
 Forgive me, Homer's universal shade !
 Forgive me, Phœbus ! that my fancy strayed ;
 The North and Nature taught me to adore
 Your scenes sublime, from those beloved
 before.

¹ When very young, about eight years of age, after an attack of the scarlet fever at Aberdeen, I was removed by medical advice into the Highlands. Here I passed occasionally some summers, and from this period I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards, in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon, at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe. This was boyish enough : but I was then only thirteen years of age, and it was in the holidays. [Byron spent his summer holidays, 1796-98, at the farmhouse of Ballatrich, on Deeside.]

XIII.

The love which maketh all things fond and fair,
 The youth which makes one rainbow of the air,
 The dangers past, that make even Man enjoy 300
 The pause in which he ceases to destroy,
 The mutual beauty, which the sternest feel
 Strike to their hearts like lightning to the steel,
 United the half savage and the whole,
 The maid and boy, in one absorbing soul.
 No more the thundering memory of the fight
 Wrapped his weaned bosom in its dark delight;
 No more the irksome restlessness of Rest
 Disturbed him like the eagle in her nest,
 Whose whetted beak and far-pervading eye 310
 Darts for a victim over all the sky:
 His heart was tamed to that voluptuous state,
 At once Elysian and effeminate,
 Which leaves no laurels o'er the Hero's urn;—
 These wither when for aught save blood they burn;
 Yet when their ashes in their nook are laid,
 Doth not the myrtle leave as sweet a shade?
 Had Cæsar known but Cleopatra's kiss,
 Rome had been free, the world had not been his.
 And what have Cæsar's deeds and Cæsar's fame 320
 Done for the earth? We feel them in our shame.
 The gory sanction of his Glory stains
 The rust which tyrants cherish on our chains.
 Though Glory—Nature—Reason—Freedom bid
 Roused millions do what single Brutus did—
 Sweep these mere mock-birds of the Despot's song
 From the tall bough where they have perched so long,—
 Still are we hawked at by such mousing owls,
 And take for falcons those ignoble fowls,
 When but a word of freedom would dispel
 These bugbears, as their terrors show too well. 331

XIV.

Rapt in the fond forgetfulness of life,
 Neuha, the South Sea girl, was all a wife,
 With no distracting world to call her off
 From Love; with no Society to scoff

At the new transient flame; no babbling crowd
 Of coxcomby in admiration loud,
 Or with adulterous whisper to alloy
 Her duty, and her glory, and her joy: 339
 With faith and feelings naked as her form,
 She stood as stands a rainbow in a storm,
 Changing its hues with bright variety,
 But still expanding lovelier o'er the sky,
 Howe'er its arch may swell, its colours move,
 The cloud-compelling harbinger of Love.

XV.

Here, in this grotto of the wave-worn shore,
 They passed the Tropic's red meridian o'er;
 Nor long the hours—they never paused o'er time,
 Unbroken by the clock's funereal chime,
 Which deals the daily pittance of our span,
 And points and mocks with iron laugh at man. 351
 What deemed they of the future or the past?
 The present, like a tyrant, held them fast:
 Their hour-glass was the sea-sand, and the tide,
 Like her smooth billow, saw their moments glide;
 Their clock the Sun, in his unbounded tower;
 They reckoned not, whose day was but an hour;
 The nightingale, their only vesper-bell,
 Sung sweetly to the rose the day's farewell;¹
 The broad Sun set, but not with lingering sweep, 360
 As in the North he mellows o'er the deep;
 But fiery, full, and fierce, as if he left
 The World for ever, earth of light bereft,
 Plunged with red forehead down along the wave,
 As dives a hero headlong to his grave.
 Then rose they, looking first along the skies,
 And then for light into each other's eyes,
 Wondering that Summer showed so brief a sun,
 And asking if indeed the day were done.

XVI.

And let not this seem strange: the devotee
 Lives not in earth, but in his ecstasy; 371
 Around him days and worlds are heedless driven,
 His Soul is gone before his dust to Heaven.

¹ The now well-known story of the loves of the nightingale and rose need not be more than alluded to, being sufficiently familiar to the Western, as to the Eastern reader.

Is Love less potent? No—his path is trod,
 Alike uplifted gloriously to God ;
 Or linked to all we know of Heaven below,
 The other better self, whose joy or woe
 Is more than ours ; the all-absorbing flame
 Which, kindled by another, grows the same,
 Wrapt in one blaze ; the pure, yet funeral
 pile, 380
 Where gentle hearts, like Bramins, sit and
 smile.

How often we forget all time, when lone,
 Admiring Nature's universal throne,
 Her woods—her wilds—her waters—the
 intense

Reply of *hers* to *our* intelligence !
 Live not the Stars and Mountains? Are the
 Waves

Without a spirit? Are the dropping caves
 Without a feeling in their silent tears?
 No, no ;—they woo and clasp us to their
 spheres,

Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before 390
 Its hour, and merge our soul in the great
 shore.

Strip off this fond and false identity!—
 Who thinks of self when gazing on the sky?
 And who, though gazing lower, ever thought,
 In the young moments ere the heart is taught
 Time's lesson, of Man's baseness or his own?
 All Nature is his realm, and Love his throne.

XVII.

Neuha arose, and Torquil: Twilight's hour
 Came sad and softly to their rocky bower,
 Which, kindling by degrees its dewy spars,
 Echoed their dim light to the mustering
 stars. 401

Slowly the pair, partaking Nature's calm,
 Sought out their cottage, built beneath the
 palm ;

Now smiling and now silent, as the scene ;
 Lovely as Love—the Spirit!—when serene.
 The Ocean scarce spoke louder with his
 swell,

Than breathes his mimic murmurer in the
 shell,¹

¹ If the reader will apply to his ear the sea-shell on his chimney-piece, he will be aware of what is alluded to. If the text should appear obscure, he will find in *Gebir* the same idea better expressed in two lines. The poem I never read, but have heard the lines quoted, by a more recondite reader—who seems to be of a different opinion from the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, who qualified it in his answer to the Critical Reviewer of his *Juvenal*, as

As, far divided from his parent deep,
 The sea-born infant cries, and will not sleep,
 Raising his little plaint in vain, to rave 410
 For the broad bosom of his nursing wave :
 The woods drooped darkly, as inclined to
 rest,
 The tropic bird wheeled rockward to his nest,
 And the blue sky spread round them like a
 lake
 Of peace, where Piety her thirst might slake.

XVIII.

But through the palm and plantain, hark, a
 Voice !

Not such as would have been a lover's choice,
 In such an hour, to break the air so still ; 418
 No dying night-breeze, harping o'er the hill,
 Striking the strings of nature, rock and tree,
 Those best and earliest lyres of Harmony,
 With Echo for their chorus ; nor the alarm
 Of the loud war-whoop to dispel the charm ;
 Nor the soliloquy of the hermit owl,
 Exhaling all his solitary soul,
 The dim though large-eyed wingéd anchorite,
 Who peals his dreary Pæan o'er the night ;
 But a loud, long, and naval whistle, shrill
 As ever started through a sea-bird's bill ;
 And then a pause, and then a hoarse " Hillo !
 Torquil, my boy ! what cheer? Ho ! brother,
 ho ! " 431

" Who hails? " cried Torquil, following with
 his eye

The sound. " Here's one," was all the brief
 reply.

XIX.

But here the herald of the self-same mouth
 Came breathing o'er the aromatic south,
 Not like a " bed of violets " on the gale,
 But such as wafts its cloud o'er grog or ale,
 Borne from a short frail pipe, which yet had
 blown

Its gentle odours over either zone, 439

trash of the worst and most insane description. It is to Mr. Landor, the author of *Gebir*, so qualified, and of some Latin poems, which vie with Martial or Catullus in obscenity, that the immaculate Mr. Southey addresses his declamation against impurity !

[These are the lines in *Gebir* to which Byron alludes—

" But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue.

Shake one and it awakens ; then apply
 Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
 And it remembers its august abodes,
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."]

And, puffed where'er winds rise or waters roll,
 Had wafted smoke from Portsmouth to the
 Pole,
 Opposed its vapour as the lightning flashed,
 And reeked, midst mountain - billows, un-
 abashed,
 To Æolus a constant sacrifice,
 Through every change of all the varying skies.
 And what was he who bore it?—I may err,
 But deem him sailor or philosopher.¹
 Sublime Tobacco! which from East to West
 Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
 Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides 450
 His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
 Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
 Though not less loved, in Wapping or the
 Strand;
 Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
 When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and
 ripe;
 Like other charmers, wooing the caress,
 More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
 Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
 Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!

XX.

Through the approaching darkness of the
 wood 460
 A human figure broke the solitude,
 Fantastically, it may be, arrayed,
 A seaman in a savage masquerade;
 Such as appears to rise out from the deep,
 When o'er the line the merry vessels sweep,
 And the rough Saturnalia of the tar
 Flock o'er the deck, in Neptune's borrowed
 car;²
 And, pleased, the God of Ocean sees his name
 Revive once more, though but in mimic game
 Of his true sons, who riot in the breeze 470
 Undreamt of in his native Cyclades.
 Still the old God delights, from out the main,
 To snatch some glimpses of his ancient reign.
 Our sailor's jacket, though in ragged trim,
 His constant pipe, which never yet burned dim,
 His foremast air, and somewhat rolling gait,
 Like his dear vessel, spoke his former state;
 But then a sort of kerchief round his head,
 Not over tightly bound, nor nicely spread;

¹ Hobbes, the father of Locke's and other philo-
 sophy, was an inveterate smoker,—even to pipes
 beyond computation.

² This rough but jovial ceremony, used in cross-
 ing the line, has been so often and so well described,
 that it need not be more than alluded to.

And, 'stead of trowsers (ah! too early torn!
 For even the mildest woods will have their
 thorn) 481
 A curious sort of somewhat scanty mat
 Now served for inexpressibles and hat;
 His naked feet and neck, and sunburnt face,
 Perchance might suit alike with either race.
 His arms were all his own, our Europe's growth,
 Which two worlds bless for civilising both;
 The musket swung behind his shoulders broad,
 And somewhat stooped by his marine abode,
 But brawny as the boar's; and hung beneath,
 His cutlass drooped, unconscious of a sheath,
 Or lost or worn away; his pistols were 492
 Linked to his belt, a matrimonial pair—
 (Let not this metaphor appear a scoff,
 Though one missed fire, the other would go off);
 These, with a bayonet, not so free from rust
 As when the arm-chest held its brighter trust,
 Completed his accoutrements, as Night
 Surveyed him in his garb heteroclite.

XXI.

“What cheer, Ben Bunting?” cried (when in
 full view 500
 Our new acquaintance) Torquil. “Aught of
 new?”
 “Ey, ey!” quoth Ben, “not new, but news
 enow;
 A strange sail in the offing.”—“Sail! and
 how?
 What! could you make her out? It cannot be;
 I've seen no rag of canvass on the sea.”
 “Belike,” said Ben, “you might not from
 the bay,
 But from the bluff - head, where I watched
 to-day,
 I saw her in the doldrums; for the wind
 Was light and baffling.”—“When the Sun
 declined
 Where lay she? had she anchored?”—“No,
 but still 510
 She bore down on us, till the wind grew still.”
 “Her flag?”—“I had no glass: but fore
 and aft,
 Egad! she seemed a wicked-looking craft.”
 “Armed?”—“I expect so;—sent on the
 look-out:
 'Tis time, belike, to put our helm about.”
 “About?—Whate'er may have us now in
 chase,
 We'll make no running fight, for that were base;
 We will die at our quarters, like true men.”
 “Ey, ey! for that 'tis all the same to Ben.”

“Does Christian know this?”—“Aye; he
has piped all hands 520
To quarters. They are furbishing the stands
Of arms; and we have got some guns to bear,
And scaled them. You are wanted.”—
“That’s but fair;
And if it were not, mine is not the soul
To leave my comrades helpless on the shoal.
My Neuha! ah! and must my fate pursue
Not me alone, but one so sweet and true?
But whatsoe’er betide, ah, Neuha! now
Unman me not: the hour will not allow
A tear; I am thine whatever intervenes!” 530
“Right,” quoth Ben, “that will do for the
marines.”¹

CANTO THE THIRD.

I.

THE fight was o’er; the flashing through the
gloom,
Which robes the cannon as he wings a tomb,
Had ceased; and sulphury vapours upward
driven
Had left the Earth, and but polluted Heaven:
The rattling roar which rung in every volley
Had left the echoes to their melancholy;
No more they shrieked their horror, boom
for boom;
The strife was done, the vanquished had
their doom;
The mutineers were crushed, dispersed, or
ta’en, 9
Or lived to deem the happiest were the slain.
Few, few escaped, and these were hunted o’er
The isle they loved beyond their native shore.
No further home was theirs, it seemed, on earth,
Once renegades to that which gave them birth;
Tracked like wild beasts, like them they
sought the wild,
As to a Mother’s bosom flies the child;
But vainly wolves and lions seek their den,
And still more vainly men escape from men.

II.

Beneath a rock whose jutting base protrudes
Far over Ocean in its fiercest moods, 20

¹ “That will do for the marines, but the sailors won’t believe it,” is an old saying: and one of the few fragments of former jealousies which still survive (in jest only) between these gallant services.

When scaling his enormous crag the wave
Is hurled down headlong, like the foremost
brave,
And falls back on the foaming crowd behind,
Which fight beneath the banners of the wind,
But now at rest, a little remnant drew
Together, bleeding, thirsty, faint, and few;
But still their weapons in their hands, and still
With something of the pride of former will,
As men not all unused to meditate,
And strive much more than wonder at their
fate. 30
Their present lot was what they had foreseen,
And dared as what was likely to have been;
Yet still the lingering hope, which deemed
their lot

Not pardoned, but unsought for or forgot,
Or trusted that, if sought, their distant caves
Might still be missed amidst the world of
waves,

Had weaned their thoughts in part from what
they saw

And felt, the vengeance of their country’s law.
Their sea-green isle, their guilt-won Paradise,
No more could shield their Virtue or their
Vice: 40

Their better feelings, if such were, were thrown
Back on themselves,—their sins remained
alone.

Proscribed even in their second country, they
Were lost; in vain the World before them
lay;

All outlets seemed secured. Their new allies
Had fought and bled in mutual sacrifice;
But what availed the club and spear, and arm
Of Hercules, against the sulphury charm,
The magic of the thunder, which destroyed
The warrior ere his strength could be
employed? 50

Dug, like a spreading pestilence, the grave
No less of human bravery than the brave!¹
Their own scant numbers acted all the few
Against the many oft will dare and do;
But though the choice seems native to die free,
Even Greece can boast but one Thermopylæ,
Till now, when she has forged her broken
chain

Back to a sword, and dies and lives again!

¹ Archidamus, King of Sparta, and son of Agesilaus, when he saw a machine invented for the casting of stones and darts, exclaimed that it was the “grave of valour.” The same story has been told of some knights on the first application of gunpowder; but the original anecdote is in Plutarch.

VI.

But Christian,¹ of a higher order, stood
 Like an extinct volcano in his mood; 140
 Silent, and sad, and savage,—with the trace
 Of passion reeking from his clouded face;
 Till lifting up again his sombre eye,
 It glanced on Torquil, who leaned faintly by.
 “And is it thus?” he cried, “unhappy boy!
 And thee, too, *thee*—my madness must
 destroy!”
 He said, and strode to where young Torquil
 stood,
 Yet dabbled with his lately flowing blood;
 Seized his hand wistfully, but did not press,
 And shrunk as fearful of his own caress; 150
 Enquired into his state: and when he heard
 The wound was slighter than he deemed or
 feared,
 A moment’s brightness passed along his brow,
 As much as such a moment would allow.
 “Yes,” he exclaimed, “we are taken in the
 toil,
 But not a coward or a common spoil;
 Dearly they have bought us—dearly still may
 buy,—
 And I must fall; but have *you* strength to fly?
 ’Twould be some comfort still, could you
 survive;
 Our dwindled band is now too few to strive. 160
 Oh! for a sole canoe! though but a shell,
 To bear you hence to where a hope may
 dwell!
 For me, my lot is what I sought; to be,
 In life or death, the fearless and the free.”

VII.

Even as he spoke, around the promontory,
 Which nodded o’er the billows high and hoary,
 A dark speck dotted Ocean: on it flew
 Like to the shadow of a roused sea-mew;
 Onward it came—and, lo! a second followed—
 Now seen—now hid—where Ocean’s vale
 was hollowed; 170

¹ [Fletcher Christian, born 1763, was the fourth son of Charles Christian, an attorney, of Moreland Close, in the parish of Brigham, Cumberland. His family, which was of Manx extraction, was connected with the Christians of Ewanrigg, and the Curwens of Workington Hall. His brother Edward became Chief Justice of Ely, and was well known as the editor of *Blackstone’s Commentaries*. Contradictory accounts are given of Christian’s death. It is generally believed that in the fourth year of the settlement on Pitcairn Island the Tahitians formed a plot to massacre the Englishmen, and that Christian was shot when at work in his plantation.]

And near, and nearer, till the dusky crew
 Presented well-known aspects to the view,
 Till on the surf their skimming paddles play,
 Buoyant as wings, and flitting through the
 spray;—
 Now perching on the wave’s high curl, and
 now
 Dashed downward in the thundering foam
 below,
 Which flings it broad and boiling sheet on
 sheet,
 And slings its high flakes, shivered into sleet:
 But floating still through surf and swell, drew
 nigh
 The barks, like small birds through a lowering
 sky. 180
 Their art seemed nature—such the skill to
 sweep
 The wave of these born playmates of the
 deep.

VIII.

And who the first that, springing on the
 strand,
 Leaped like a Nereid from her shell to land,
 With dark but brilliant skin and dewy eye
 Shining with love, and hope, and constancy?
 Neuha—the fond, the faithful, the adored—
 Her heart on Torquil’s like a torrent poured;
 And smiled, and wept, and near, and nearer
 clasped,
 As if to be assured ’twas *him* she grasped; 190
 Shuddered to see his yet warm wound, and
 then,
 To find it trivial, smiled and wept again.
 She was a warrior’s daughter, and could bear
 Such sights, and feel, and mourn, but not
 despair.
 Her lover lived,—nor foes nor fears could
 blight
 That full-blown moment in its all delight:
 Joy trickled in her tears, joy filled the sob
 That rocked her heart till almost HEARD to
 throb;
 And Paradise was breathing in the sigh
 Of Nature’s child in Nature’s ecstasy. 200

IX.

The sterner spirits who beheld that meeting
 Were not unmoved; who are, when hearts
 are greeting?
 Even Christian gazed upon the maid and boy
 With tearless eye, but yet a gloomy joy
 Mixed with those bitter thoughts the soul
 arrays
 In hopeless visions of our better days,

When all's gone—to the rainbow's latest ray.
 "And but for me!" he said, and turned
 away;
 Then gazed upon the pair, as in his den
 A lion looks upon his cubs again; 210
 And then relapsed into his sullen guise,
 As heedless of his further destinies.

X.

But brief their time for good or evil thought;
 The billows round the promontory brought
 The plash of hostile oars.—Alas! who made
 That sound a dread? All around them
 seemed arrayed

Against them, save the bride of Toobonai:
 She, as she caught the first glimpse o'er the
 bay

Of the armed boats, which hurried to complete

The remnant's ruin with their flying feet, 220
 Beckoned the natives round her to their prows,
 Embarked their guests and launched their
 light canoes;

In one placed Christian and his comrades
 twain—

But she and Torquil must not part again.
 She fixed him in her own.—Away! away!
 They cleared the breakers, dart along the bay,
 And towards a group of islets, such as bear
 The sea-bird's nest and seal's surf-hollowed
 lair,

They skim the blue tops of the billows; fast
 They flew, and fast their fierce pursuers
 chased. 230

They gain upon them—now they lose again,—
 Again make way and menace o'er the main;
 And now the two canoes in chase divide,
 And follow different courses o'er the tide,
 To baffle the pursuit.—Away! away!

As Life is on each paddle's flight to-day,
 And more than Life or lives to Neuha:
 Love

Freights the frail bark and urges to the cove;
 And now the refuge and the foe are nigh—
 Yet, yet a moment! Fly, thou light ark,
 fly! 240

CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

WHITE as a white sail on a dusky sea,
 When half the horizon 's clouded and half
 free,
 Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,
 Is Hope's last gleam in Man's extremity.

Her anchor parts; but still her snowy sail
 Attracts our eye amidst the rudest gale:
 Though every wave she climbs divides us
 more,
 The heart still follows from the loneliest
 shore.

II.

Not distant from the isle of Toobonai,
 A black rock rears its bosom o'er the spray, 10
 The haunt of birds, a desert to mankind,
 Where the rough seal reposes from the wind,
 And sleeps unwieldy in his cavern dun,
 Or gambols with huge frolic in the sun:
 There shrilly to the passing oar is heard
 The startled echo of the Ocean bird,
 Who rears on its bare breast her callow brood,
 The feathered fishers of the solitude.

A narrow segment of the yellow sand
 On one side forms the outline of a strand; 20
 Here the young turtle, crawling from his
 shell,

Steals to the deep wherein his parents dwell;
 Chipped by the beam, a nursling of the day,
 But hatched for ocean by the fostering ray;
 The rest was one bleak precipice, as e'er
 Gave mariners a shelter and despair;
 A spot to make the saved regret the deck
 Which late went down, and envy the lost
 wreck.

Such was the stern asylum Neuha chose
 To shield her lover from his following foes; 30
 But all its secret was not told; she knew
 In this a treasure hidden from the view.

III.

Ere the canoes divided, near the spot,
 The men that manned what held her Torquil's
 lot,

By her command removed, to strengthen more
 The skiff which wafted Christian from the
 shore.

This he would have opposed; but with a smile
 She pointed calmly to the craggy isle,
 And bade him "speed and prosper." *She*
 would take

The rest upon herself for Torquil's sake. 40
 They parted with this added aid; afar
 The Proa darted like a shooting star,
 And gained on the pursuers, who now steered
 Right on the rock which she and Torquil
 neared.

They pulled; her arm, though delicate, was
 free

And firm as ever grappled with the sea,

And yielded scarce to Torquil's manlier
strength.

The prow now almost lay within its length
Of the crags steep inexorable face,
With nought but soundless waters for its
base; 50

Within a hundred boats' length was the foe,
And now what refuge but their frail canoe?
This Torquil asked with half upbraiding eye,
Which said—"Has Neuha brought me here
to die?"

Is this a place of safety, or a grave,
And yon huge rock the tombstone of the
wave?"

IV.

They rested on their paddles, and uprose
Neuha, and pointing to the approaching foes,
Cried, "Torquil, follow me, and fearless
follow!"

Then plunged at once into the Ocean's
hollow. 60

There was no time to pause—the foes were
near—

Chains in his eye, and menace in his ear;
With vigour they pulled on, and as they
came,

Hailed him to yield, and by his forfeit name.
Headlong he leapt—to him the swimmer's
skill

Was native, and now all his hope from ill:
But how, or where? He dived, and rose no
more;

The boat's crew looked amazed o'er sea and
shore.

There was no landing on that precipice,
Steep, harsh, and slippery as a berg of ice. 70

They watched awhile to see him float again,
But not a trace rebubbled from the main:

The wave rolled on, no ripple on its face,
Since their first plunge recalled a single
trace;

The little whirl which eddied, and slight
foam,

That whitened o'er what seemed their latest
home,

White as a sepulchre above the pair
Who left no marble (mournful as an heir)

The quiet Proa wavering o'er the tide
Was all that told of Torquil and his bride; 80

And but for this alone the whole might seem
The vanished phantom of a seaman's dream.

They paused and searched in vain, then
pulled away;

Even Superstition now forbade their stay.

Some said he had not plunged into the wave,
But vanished like a corpse-light from a grave;
Others, that something supernatural
Glared in his figure, more than mortal tall;
While all agreed that in his cheek and eye
There was a dead hue of Eternity. 90

Still as their oars receded from the crag,
Round every weed a moment would they lag,
Expectant of some token of their prey;
But no—he had melted from them like the
spray.

V.

And where was he the Pilgrim of the Deep,
Following the Nereid? Had they ceased to
weep

For ever? or, received in coral caves,
Wrung life and pity from the softening waves?
Did they with Ocean's hidden sovereigns
dwell,

And sound with Mermen the fantastic
shell? 100

Did Neuha with the mermaids comb her hair
Flowing o'er Ocean as it streamed in air?
Or had they perished, and in silence slept
Beneath the gulf wherein they boldly leapt?

VI.

Young Neuha plunged into the deep, and he
Followed: her track beneath her native sea
Was as a native's of the element,
So smoothly—bravely—brilliantly she went,
Leaving a streak of light behind her heel,
Which struck and flashed like an amphibious
steel. 110

Closely, and scarcely less expert to trace
The depths where divers hold the pearl in
chase,

Torquil, the nursling of the northern seas,
Pursued her liquid steps with heart and ease.
Deep—deeper for an instant Neuha led
The way—then upward soared—and as she
spread

Her arms, and flung the foam from off her
locks,

Laughed, and the sound was answered by
the rocks.

They had gained a central realm of earth
again,

But looked for tree, and field, and sky, in
vain. 120

Around she pointed to a spacious cave,
Whose only portal was the keyless wave,¹

¹ Of this cave (which is no fiction) the original will be found in the ninth chapter of "Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands" [1817, i. 267-279].

(A hollow archway by the sun unseen,
Save through the billows' glassy veil of green,
In some transparent ocean holiday,
When all the finny people are at play,)
Wiped with her hair the brine from Torquil's
eyes,
And clapped her hands with joy at his
surprise;

Led him to where the rock appeared to jut,
And form a something like a Triton's
hut; 130

For all was darkness for a space, till day,
Through clefts above let in a sobered ray;
As in some old cathedral's glimmering aisle
The dusty monuments from light recoil,
Thus sadly in their refuge submarine
The vault drew half her shadow from the
scene.

VII.

Forth from her bosom the young savage drew
A pine torch, strongly girded with gnatoo;
A plaintain-leaf o'er all, the more to keep
Its latent sparkle from the sapping deep. 140
This mantle kept it dry; then from a nook
Of the same plaintain-leaf a flint she took,
A few shrunk withered twigs, and from the
blade

Of Torquil's knife struck fire, and thus arrayed
The grot with torchlight. Wide it was and
high,

And showed a self-born Gothic canopy;
The arch upreared by Nature's architect,
The architrave some Earthquake might erect;
The buttress from some mountain's bosom
hurled,

When the poles crashed, and water was the
world; 150

Or hardened from some earth-absorbing fire,
While yet the globe reeked from its funeral
pyre;

The fretted pinnacle, the aisle, the nave,¹
Were there, all scooped by Darkness from her
cave.

I have taken the poetical liberty to transplant it to
Toobonai, the last island where any distinct account
is left of Christian and his comrades.

¹ This may seem too minute for the general out-
line (in Mariner's Account) from which it is taken.
But few men have travelled without seeing some-
thing of the kind—on *land*, that is. Without
adverting to Ellora, in Mungo Park's last journal,
he mentions having met with a rock or mountain so
exactly resembling a Gothic cathedral, that only
minute inspection could convince him that it was
a work of nature.

[The passage in Mungo's Park's *Journal of a*

There, with a little tinge of phantasy,
Fantastic faces moped and mowed on high,
And then a mitre or a shrine would fix
The eye upon its seeming crucifix.
Thus Nature played with the stalactites,
And built herself a Chapel of the Seas. 160

VIII.

And Neuha took her Torquil by the hand,
And waved along the vault her kindled brand,
And led him into each recess, and showed
The secret places of their new abode.
Nor these alone, for all had been prepared
Before, to soothe the lover's lot she shared:
The mat for rest; for dress the fresh gnatoo,
And sandal oil to fence against the dew;
For food the cocoa-nut, the yam, the bread
Born of the fruit; for board the plaintain spread
With its broad leaf, or turtle-shell which bore
A banquet in the flesh it covered o'er; 172
The gourd with water recent from the rill,
The ripe banana from the mellow hill;
A pine-torch pile to keep undying light,
And she herself, as beautiful as night,
To fling her shadowy spirit o'er the scene,
And make their subterranean world serene.
She had foreseen, since first the stranger's sail
Drew to their isle, that force or flight might
fail, 180

And formed a refuge of the rocky den
For Torquil's safety from his countrymen.
Each dawn had wafted there her light canoe,
Laden with all the golden fruits that grew;
Each eve had seen her gliding through the hour
With all could cheer or deck their sparry bower;
And now she spread her little store with smiles,
The happiest daughter of the loving isles.

IX.

She, as he gazed with grateful wonder, pressed
Her sheltered love to her impassioned breast;
And suited to her soft caresses, told 191
An olden tale of Love,—for Love is old,
Old as eternity, but not outworn
With each new being born or to be born:¹

Mission to the Interior of Africa, 1815, p. 75,
runs thus: "June 24th [1805].—Left Sullo, and
travelled through a country beautiful beyond
imagination, with all the possible diversities of
rock, sometimes towering up like ruined castles,
spires, pyramids, etc. We passed one place so like
a ruined Gothic abbey, that we halted a little
before we could satisfy ourselves that the niches,
windows, etc., were all natural rock."]

¹ The reader will recollect the epigram of the

How a young Chief, a thousand moons ago,
 Diving for turtle in the depths below,
 Had risen, in tracking fast his ocean prey,
 Into the cave which round and o'er them lay;
 How, in some desperate feud of after-time,
 He sheltered there a daughter of the clime, 200
 A foe beloved, and offspring of a foe,
 Saved by his tribe but for a captive's woe;
 How, when the storm of war was stilled, he led
 His island clan to where the waters spread
 Their deep-green shadow o'er the rocky door,
 Then dived—it seemed as if to rise no more:
 His wondering mates, amazed within their
 bark,

Or deemed him mad, or prey to the blue shark;
 Rowed round in sorrow the sea-girded rock,
 Then paused upon their paddles from the
 shock; 210

When, fresh and springing from the deep,
 they saw

A Goddess rise—so deemed they in their awe;
 And their companion, glorious by her side,
 Proud and exulting in his Mermaid bride;
 And how, when undeceived, the pair they bore
 With sounding conchs and joyous shouts to
 shore;

How they had gladly lived and calmly died,—
 And why not also Torquil and his bride?
 Not mine to tell the rapturous caress
 Which followed wildly in that wild recess 220
 This tale; enough that all within that cave
 Was love, though buried strong as in the grave,
 Where Abelard, through twenty years of death,
 When Eloïsa's form was lowered beneath
 Their nuptial vault, his arms outstretched,
 and pressed

The kindling ashes to his kindled breast.¹

Greek anthology, or its translation into most of the
 modern languages—

“Who'er thou art, thy master see—
 He was, or is, or is to be.”

[Byron is quoting from memory an “Illustration”
 in the notes to *Collections from the Greek
 Anthology*, by the Rev. Robert Bland, 1813,
 p. 402—

“Who'er thou art, thy Lord and master see.
 Thou wast my Slave, thou art, or thou shalt be.”

The couplet was written by George Granville,
 Lord Lansdowne (1667-1735), as an *Inscription for
 a Figure representing the God of Love*. (See *The
 Genuine Works, etc.*, 1732, I. 129.)]

¹ The tradition is attached to the story of Eloïsa,
 that when her body was lowered into the grave of
 Abelard (who had been buried twenty years), he
 opened his arms to receive her.

The waves without sang round their couch,
 their roar

As much unheeded as if life were o'er;
 Within, their hearts made all their harmony,
 Love's broken murmur and more broken
 sigh. 230

X.

And they, the cause and sharers of the shock
 Which left them exiles of the hollow rock,
 Where were they? O'er the sea for life they
 plied,

To seek from Heaven the shelter men denied.
 Another course had been their choice—but
 where?

The wave which bore them still their foes
 would bear,

Who, disappointed of their former chase,
 In search of Christian now renewed their race.
 Eager with anger, their strong arms made way,
 Like vultures baffled of their previous prey. 240
 They gained upon them, all whose safety lay
 In some bleak crag or deeply-hidden bay:
 No further chance or choice remained; and
 right

For the first further rock which met their sight
 They steered, to take their latest view of land,
 And yield as victims, or die sword in hand;
 Dismissed the natives and their shallop, who
 Would still have battled for that scanty crew;
 But Christian bade them seek their shore
 again,

Nor add a sacrifice which were in vain; 250
 For what were simple bow and savage spear
 Against the arms which must be wielded here?

XI.

They landed on a wild but narrow scene,
 Where few but Nature's footsteps yet had
 been;

Prepared their arms, and with that gloomy
 eye,

Stern and sustained, of man's extremity,
 When Hope is gone, nor Glory's self remains
 To cheer resistance against death or chains,—
 They stood, the three, as the three hundred
 stood

Who dyed Thermopylæ with holy blood. 260
 But, ah! how different! 'tis the *cause* makes
 all,

Degrades or hallows courage in its fall.
 O'er them no fame, eternal and intense,
 Blazed through the clouds of Death and
 beckoned hence;

No grateful country, smiling through her
 tears,

Began the praises of a thousand years;

No nation's eyes would on their tomb be
bent,

No heroes envy them their monument ;
However boldly their warm blood was spilt,
Their Life was shame, their Epitaph was
guilt. 270

And this they knew and felt, at least the one,
The leader of the band he had undone ;
Who, born perchance for better things, had
set

His life upon a cast which lingered yet :
But now the die was to be thrown, and all
The chances were in favour of his fall :
And such a fall ! But still he faced the shock,
Obdurate as a portion of the rock
Whereon he stood, and fixed his levelled gun,
Dark as a sullen cloud before the sun. 280

XII.

The boat drew nigh, well armed, and firm
the crew

To act whatever Duty bade them do ;
Careless of danger, as the onward wind
Is of the leaves it strews, nor looks behind.
And, yet, perhaps, they rather wished to go
Against a nation's than a native foe,
And felt that this poor victim of self-will,
Briton no more, had once been Britain's still.
They hailed him to surrender—no reply ;
Their arms were poised, and glittered in the
sky. 290

They hailed again—no answer ; yet once
more

They offered quarter louder than before.
The echoes only, from the rock's rebound,
Took their last farewell of the dying sound.
Then flashed the flint, and blazed the volley-
ing flame,

And the smoke rose between them and their
aim,

While the rock rattled with the bullet's knell,
Which pealed in vain, and flattened as they
fell ;

Then flew the only answer to be given
By those who had lost all hope in earth or
heaven. 300

After the first fierce peal as they pulled
nigher,

They heard the voice of Christian shout,
“ Now, fire ! ”

And ere the word upon the echo died,
Two fell ; the rest assailed the rock's rough
side,

And, furious at the madness of their foes,
Disdained all further efforts, save to close.

But steep the crag, and all without a path,
Each step opposed a bastion to their wrath,
While, placed 'midst clefts the least acces-
sible,

Which Christian's eye was trained to mark
full well, 310

The three maintained a strife which must not
yield,

In spots where eagles might have chosen to
build.

Their every shot told ; while the assailant
fell,

Dashed on the shingles like the limpet shell ;
But still enough survived, and mounted still,
Scattering their numbers here and there,
until

Surrounded and commanded, though not
nigh

Enough for seizure, near enough to die,
The desperate trio held aloof their fate

But by a thread, like sharks who have gorged
the bait ; 320

Yet to the very last they battled well,
And not a groan informed their foes *who* fell.
Christian died last—twice wounded ; and
once more

Mercy was offered when they saw his gore ;
Too late for life, but not too late to die,
With, though a hostile hand, to close his eye.
A limb was broken, and he drooped along
The crag, as doth a falcon reft of young.

The sound revived him, or appeared to wake
Some passion which a weakly gesture spake :
He beckoned to the foremost, who drew nigh,
But, as they neared, he reared his weapon
high— 332

His last ball had been aimed, but from his
breast

He tore the topmost button from his vest,¹

¹ In Thibault's account of Frederick the Second of Prussia, there is a singular relation of a young Frenchman, who with his mistress appeared to be of some rank. He enlisted and deserted at Schweidnitz ; and after a desperate resistance was retaken, having killed an officer, who attempted to seize him after he was wounded, by the discharge of his musket loaded with a *button* of his uniform. Some circumstances on his court-martial raised a great interest amongst his judges, who wished to discover his real situation in life, which he offered to disclose, but to the *king* only, to whom he requested permission to write. This was refused, and Frederic was filled with the greatest indignation, from baffled curiosity or some other motive, when he understood that his request had been denied. [*Mes Souvenirs de vingt ans de séjour à Berlin, ou Frédéric Le Grand, etc.*, Paris, 1804, iv. 145-150.]

Down the tube dashed it—levelled—fired,
 and smiled
 As his foe fell; then, like a serpent, coiled
 His wounded, weary form, to where the
 steep
 Looked desperate as himself along the deep;
 Cast one glance back, and clenched his hand,
 and shook
 His last rage 'gainst the earth which he for-
 sook; 340
 Then plunged: the rock below received like
 glass
 His body crushed into one gory mass,
 With scarce a shred to tell of human form,
 Or fragment for the sea-bird or the worm;
 A fair-haired scalp, besmeared with blood
 and weeds,
 Yet reeked, the remnant of himself and
 deeds;
 Some splinters of his weapons (to the last,
 As long as hand could hold, he held them
 fast)
 Yet glittered, but at distance—hurled away
 To rust beneath the dew and dashing spray.
 The rest was nothing—save a life mis-spent,
 And soul—but who shall answer where it
 went? 352
 'Tis ours to bear, not judge the dead; and
 they
 Who doom to Hell, themselves are on the
 way,
 Unless these bullies of eternal pains
 Are pardoned their bad hearts for their worse
 brains.

XIII.

The deed was over! All were gone or ta'en,
 The fugitive, the captive, or the slain.
 Chained on the deck, where once, a gallant
 crew,
 They stood with honour, were the wretched
 few 360
 Survivors of the skirmish on the isle;
 But the last rock left no surviving spoil.
 Cold lay they where they fell, and weltering,
 While o'er them flapped the sea-bird's dewy
 wing,
 Now wheeling nearer from the neighbouring
 surge,
 And screaming high their harsh and hungry
 dirge:
 But calm and careless heaved the wave
 below,
 Eternal with unsympathetic flow;
 Far o'er its face the Dolphins sported on,
 And sprung the flying fish against the sun,

Till its dried wing relapsed from its brief
 height, 371
 To gather moisture for another flight.

XIV.

'Twas morn; and Neuha, who by dawn of
 day
 Swam smoothly forth to catch the rising ray,
 And watch if aught approached the amphi-
 bious lair
 Where lay her lover, saw a sail in air:
 It flapped, it filled, and to the growing gale
 Bent its broad arch: her breath began to
 fail
 With fluttering fear, her heart beat thick and
 high,
 While yet a doubt sprung where its course
 might lie. 380
 But no! it came not; fast and far away
 The shadow lessened as it cleared the bay.
 She gazed, and flung the sea-foam from her
 eyes,
 To watch as for a rainbow in the skies.
 On the horizon verged the distant deck,
 Diminished, dwindled to a very speck—
 Then vanished. All was Ocean, all was Joy!
 Down plunged she through the cave to rouse
 her boy;
 Told all she had seen, and all she hoped, and
 all
 That happy love could augur or recall; 390
 Sprung forth again, with Torquil following
 free
 His bounding Nereid over the broad sea;
 Swam round the rock, to where a shallow
 cleft
 Hid the canoe that Neuha there had left
 Drifting along the tide, without an oar,
 That eve the strangers chased them from the
 shore;
 But when these vanished, she pursued her
 prow,
 Regained, and urged to where they found it
 now:
 Nor ever did more love and joy embark, 399
 Than now were wafted in that slender ark.

XV.

Again their own shore rises on the view,
 No more polluted with a hostile hue;
 No sullen ship lay bristling o'er the foam,
 A floating dungeon:—all was Hope and
 Home!
 A thousand Proas darted o'er the bay,
 With sounding shells, and heralded their
 way;

The chiefs came down, around the people
 poured,
 And welcomed Torquil as a son restored ;
 The women thronged, embracing and em-
 braced
 By Neuha, asking where they had been
 chased, 410
 And how escaped? The tale was told ; and
 then
 One acclamation rent the sky again ;
 And from that hour a new tradition gave
 Their sanctuary the name of " Neuha's Cave."
 A hundred fires, far flickering from the height,
 Blazed o'er the general revel of the night,
 The feast in honour of the guest, returned
 To Peace and Pleasure, perilously earned ;
 A night succeeded by such happy days
 As only the yet infant world displays. 420

DON JUAN.¹

FRAGMENT

ON THE BACK OF THE MS. OF CANTO I.
 I WOULD to Heaven that I were so much clay,
 As I am blood, bone, marrow, passion
 feeling—
 Because at least the past were passed away,
 And for the future—(but I write this reeling,
 Having got drunk exceedingly to-day,
 So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling)
 I say—the future is a serious matter—
 And so—for God's sake—hock and soda-water!

DEDICATION.²

I.

BOB SOUTHEY! You 're a poet — Poet-
 laureate,
 And representative of all the race ;
 Although 't is true that you turned out a
 Tory at
 Last,—yours has lately been a common case ;
 And now, my Epic Renegade ! what are ye at?
 With all the Lakers, in and out of place?
 A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye
 Like " four and twenty Blackbirds in a pye ;

¹ [The First Canto of *Don Juan* was begun at Venice, September 6, and finished November 1, 1818. The Second Canto was begun, December 13, 1818, and finished, January 20, 1819. Both Cantos were published (by John Murray) without the author's or publisher's name, July 15, 1819.]

² [The Dedication (to Robert Southey) of *Don Juan* was written September 16, 1818, but remained unpublished (except as a broadside sold in the streets) till 1833, when it appeared in vol. xv. of the Collected Edition of 1832-1833.]

II.

" Which pye being opened they began to sing,"
 (This old song and new simile holds good),
 " A dainty dish to set before the King,"
 Or Regent, who admires such kind of food ;—
 And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing,
 But like a hawk encumbered with his hood,—
 Explaining Metaphysics to the nation—
 I wish he would explain his Explanation.¹

III.

You, Bob ! are rather insolent, you know,
 At being disappointed in your wish
 To supersede all warblers here below,
 And be the only Blackbird in the dish ;
 And then you overstrain yourself, or so,
 And tumble downward like the flying fish
 Gasping on deck, because you soar too high,
 Bob,
 And fall, for lack of moisture, quite a-dry,
 Bob !

IV.

And Wordsworth, in a rather long " Excur-
 sion,"
 (I think the quarto holds five hundred
 pages),
 Has given a sample from the vasty version
 Of his new system to perplex the sages ;
 'T is poetry—at least by his assertion,
 And may appear so when the dog-star
 rages—
 And he who understands it would be able
 To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

V.

You—Gentlemen ! by dint of long seclusion
 From better company, have kept your own
 At Keswick, and, through still continued fusion
 Of one another's minds, at last have grown
 To deem as a most logical conclusion,
 That Poesy has wreaths for you alone :
 There is a narrowness in such a notion,
 Which makes me wish you'd change your
 lakes for Ocean.

VI.

I would not imitate the petty thought,
 Nor coin my self-love to so base a vice,
 For all the glory your conversion brought,
 Since gold alone should not have been
 its price.
 You have your salary ; was 't for that you
 wrought?
 And Wordsworth has his place in the
 Excise.²

¹ [In the *Biographia Literaria*, 1817.]

² Wordsworth's place may be in the Customs—it

You 're shabby fellows—true—but poets still,
And duly seated on the Immortal Hill.

VII.

Your bays may hide the baldness of your
brows—

Perhaps some virtuous blushes;—let them
go—

To you I envy neither fruit nor boughs—

And for the fame you would engross below,
The field is universal, and allows

Scope to all such as feel the inherent glow:
Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Crabbe,
will try

'Gainst you the question with posterity.

VIII.

For me, who, wandering with pedestrian
Muses,

Contend not with you on the wingéd steed,
I wish your fate may yield ye, when she
chooses,

The fame you envy, and the skill you need;
And, recollect, a poet nothing loses

In giving to his brethren their full meed
Of merit—and complaint of present days
Is not the certain path to future praise.

IX.

He that reserves his laurels for posterity
(Who does not often claim the bright
reversion)

Has generally no great crop to spare it, he
Being only injured by his own assertion;
And although here and there some glorious
rarity

Arise like Titan from the sea's immersion,
The major part of such appellants go
To—God knows where—for no one else
can know.

X.

If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues,
Milton appealed to the Avenger, Time,
If Time, the Avenger, execrates his wrongs,
And makes the word "Miltonic" mean
"Sublime,"

He deigned not to belie his soul in songs,
Nor turn his very talent to a crime;

is, I think, in that or the Excise—besides another
at Lord Lonsdale's table, where this poetical
charlatan and political parasite licks up the crumbs
with a hardened alacrity; the converted Jacobin
having long subsided into the clownish sycophant
of the worst prejudices of the aristocracy.

[Wordsworth obtained his appointment as
Distributor of Stamps for the county of Westmore-
land in March, 1813, through Lord Lonsdale's
"patronage." *The Excursion* was dedicated to
Lord Lonsdale in a sonnet dated July 29, 1814.]

He did not loathe the Sire to laud the Son,
But closed the tyrant-hater he begun.

XI.

Think'st thou, could he—the blind Old Man
—arise

Like Samuel from the grave, to freeze once
more

The blood of monarchs with his prophecies,
Or be alive again—again all hoar
With time and trials, and those helpless eyes,
And heartless daughters—worn—and pale¹
—and poor;

Would *he* adore a sultan? *he* obey
The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh?²

XII.

Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid mis-
creant!

Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's
gore,

And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,
Transferred to gorge upon a sister shore,
The vulgarest tool that Tyranny could want,
With just enough of talent, and no more,
To lengthen fetters by another fixed,
And offer poison long already mixed.

XIII.

An orator of such set trash of phrase
Ineffably—legitimately vile,
That even its grossest flatterers dare not
praise,

Nor foes—all nations—condescend to
smile,—

Nor even a sprightly blunder's spark can
blaze

From that Ixion grindstone's ceaseless toil,

¹ "Pale, but not cadaverous:"—Milton's two
elder daughters are said to have robbed him of his
books, besides cheating and plaguing him in the
economy of his house, etc., etc. His feelings on
such an outrage, both as a parent and a scholar,
must have been singularly painful. Hayley com-
pares him to Lear. See part third, *Life of Milton*,
by W. Hayley (or Hailey, as spelt in the edition
before me).

[*The Life of Milton*, by William Hailey (*sic*),
Esq., Basil, 1799, p. 186.]

² Or—

"Would *he* subside into a hackney Laureate—
A scribbling, self-sold, soul-hired, scorned
Iscariot?"

I doubt if "Laureate" and "Iscariot" be good
rhymes, but must say, as Ben Jonson did to
Sylvester, who challenged him to rhyme with—

"I, John Sylvester,
Lay with your sister."

Jonson answered—"I, Ben Jonson, lay with your
wife." Sylvester answered,—"That is not rhyme."
—"No," said Ben Jonson; "but it is *true*."

That turns and turns to give the world a notion
Of endless torments and perpetual motion.

XIV.

A bungler even in its disgusting trade,
And botching, patching, leaving still behind
Something of which its masters are afraid—
States to be curbed, and thoughts to be
confined,
Conspiracy or Congress to be made—
Cobbling at manacles for all mankind—
A tinkering slave-maker, who mends old chains,
With God and Man's abhorrence for its gains.

XV.

If we may judge of matter by the mind,
Emasculated to the marrow *It*
Hath but two objects, how to serve, and bind,
Deeming the chain it wears even men may
fit,
Eutropius of its many masters,¹—blind
To worth as freedom, wisdom as to wit,
Fearless—because *no* feeling dwells in ice,
Its very courage stagnates to a vice.

XVI.

Where shall I turn me not to *view* its bonds,
For I will never *feel* them?—Italy!
Thy late reviving Roman soul desponds
Beneath the lie this State-thing breathed
o'er thee—
Thy clanking chain, and Erin's yet green
wounds,
Have voices—tongues to cry aloud for me.
Europe has slaves—allies—kings—armies
still—
And Southey lives to sing them very ill.

XVII.

Meantime, Sir Laureate, I proceed to dedicate,
In honest simple verse, this song to you,
And, if in flattering strains I do not predicate,
'T is that I still retain my "buff and blue;"²
My politics as yet are all to educate:
Apostasy's so fashionable, too,
To keep *one* creed's a task grown quite
Herculean;
Is it not so, my Tory, ultra-Julian?³

Venice, Sept. 16, 1818.

¹ For the character of Eutropius, the eunuch and minister at the court of Arcadius, see Gibbon [*Decline and Fall*, 1825, ii. 307, 308].

² [Charles James Fox and the Whig Club of his time adopted a uniform of blue and buff. Hence the livery of the *Edinburgh Review*.]

³ I allude not to our friend Landor's hero, the traitor Count Julian, but to Gibbon's hero, vulgarly yclept "The Apostate."

CANTO THE FIRST

I.

I WANT a hero: an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth
a new one,
Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,
The age discovers he is not the true one;
Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,
I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don
Juan—
We all have seen him, in the pantomime,¹
Sent to the Devil somewhat ere his time.

II.

Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe,
Hawke,
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne,
Keppel, Howe,
Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,
And filled their sign-posts then, like
Wellesley now;
Each in their turn like Banquo's monarchs
stalk,
Followers of Fame, "nine farrow" of that
sow:
France, too, had Buonaparté and Dumourier
Recorded in the *Moniteur* and *Courier*.

III.

Barnave, Brissot, Condorcet, Mirabeau,
Petion, Cloutz, Danton, Marat, La Fayette
Were French, and famous people, as we know;
And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,
Joubert, Hoche, Marceau, Lannes, Desaix,
Moreau,
With many of the military set,
Exceedingly remarkable at times,
But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

IV.

Nelson was once Britannia's god of War,
And still should be so, but the tide is turned;
There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,
'Tis with our hero quietly inurned;

¹ [The pantomime which Byron and his readers "all had seen," was an abbreviated and bowdlerized version of Shadwell's *Libertine*. "First produced by Mr. Garrick on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre," it was recomposed by Charles Anthony Delpini, and performed at the Royalty Theatre, in Goodman's Fields, in 1787. It was entitled *Don Juan; or, The Libertine Destroyed; A Tragic Pantomimical Entertainment, In Two Acts*. Music Composed by Mr. Gluck. At the end of the pantomime "the Furies gather round him [Don Juan], and the Tyrant being bound in chains is hurried away and thrown into flames." The Devil is conspicuous by his absence.]

Because the army's grown more popular,
At which the naval people are concerned;
Besides, the Prince is all for the land-service,
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and
Jervis.

v.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon
And since, exceeding valorous and sage,
A good deal like him too, though quite the
same none;

But then they shone not on the poet's page,
And so have been forgotten:—I condemn
none,

But can't find any in the present age
Fit for my poem (that is, for my new one);
So, as I said, I'll take my friend Don Juan.

vi.

Most epic poets plunge "*in medias res*"
(Horace makes this the heroic turnpike
road),

And then your hero tells, whene'er you please,
What went before—by way of episode,
While seated after dinner at his ease,
Beside his mistress in some soft abode,
Palace, or garden, paradise, or cavern,
Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

vii.

That is the usual method, but not mine—
My way is to begin with the beginning;
The regularity of my design
Forbids all wandering as the worst of
sinning,
And therefore I shall open with a line
(Although it cost me half an hour in
spinning),
Narrating somewhat of Don Juan's father,
And also of his mother, if you'd rather.

viii.

In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,
Famous for oranges and women,—he
Who has not seen it will be much to pity,
So says the proverb¹—and I quite agree;
Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,
Cadiz perhaps—but that you soon may
see;—
Don Juan's parents lived beside the river,
A noble stream, and called the Guadalquivir.

ix.

His father's name was José—*Don*, of course—
A true Hidalgo, free from every stain
Of Moor or Hebrew blood, he traced his
source
Through the most Gothic gentleman of
Spain;

¹ ["Quien no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto
maravilla."]

A better cavalier ne'er mounted horse,
Or, being mounted, e'er got down again,
Than José, who begot our hero, who
Begot—but that's to come—Well, to renew:

x.

His mother was a learned lady, famed
For every branch of every science known—
In every Christian language ever named,
With virtues equalled by her wit alone:
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
And even the good with inward envy groan,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded,
In their own way, by all the things that she
did.

xi.

Her memory was a mine: she knew by heart
All Calderon and greater part of Lopé,
So, that if any actor missed his part,
She could have served him for the prompter's
copy;
For her Feinagle's were a useless art,¹
And he himself obliged to shut up shop—
he

Could never make a memory so fine as
That which adorned the brain of Donna Inez.

xii.

Her favourite science was the mathematical,
Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic
all,
Her serious sayings darkened to sublimity;
In short, in all things she was fairly what I
call
A prodigy—her morning dress was dimity,
Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay
puzzling.

xiii.

She knew the Latin—that is, "the Lord's
prayer,"
And Greek—the alphabet—I'm nearly sure;
She read some French romances here and
there,
Although her mode of speaking was not
pure;
For native Spanish she had no great care,
At least her conversation was obscure;
Her thoughts were theorems, her words a
problem,
As if she deemed that mystery would ennoble
'em.

¹ [Gregor von Feinagle, born 1765 (?), was the in-
ventor of a system of mnemonics, "founded on the
topical memory of the ancients," as described by
Cicero and Quintilian. He lectured, in 1811, at
the Royal Institution and elsewhere.]

XIV.

She liked the English and the Hebrew tongue,
 And said there was analogy between 'em;
 She proved it somehow out of sacred song,
 But I must leave the proofs to those who've
 seen 'em;
 But this I heard her say, and can't be wrong,
 And all may think which way their judgments
 lean 'em,
 "'T is strange—the Hebrew noun which
 means 'I am,'
 The English always use to govern d—n."

XV.

Some women use their tongues—she *looked* a
 lecture,
 Each eye a sermon, and her brow a homily,
 An all-in-all sufficient self-director,
 Like the lamented late Sir Samuel Romilly,¹
 The Law's expounder, and the State's corrector
 Whose suicide was almost an anomaly—
 One sad example more, that "All is vanity,"—
 (The jury brought their verdict in "Insanity!")

XVI.

In short, she was a walking calculation,
 Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their
 covers,
 Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,
 Or "Coelebs' Wife"² set out in quest of
 lovers,
 Morality's prim personification,
 In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers;
 To others' share let "female errors fall,"
 For she had not even one—the worst of all.

XVII.

Oh! she was perfect past all parallel—
 Of any modern female saint's comparison;
 So far above the cunning powers of Hell,
 Her Guardian Angel had given up his
 garrison;
 Even her minutest motions went as well
 As those of the best time-piece made by
 Harrison:³
 In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
 Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!

¹ [Sir Samuel Romilly, born 1757, lost his wife on the 29th of October, and committed suicide on the 2nd of November, 1818.]

² [Hannah More (1745-1833) published *Coelebs in Search of a Wife* in 1809.]

³ [John Harrison (1693-1776), known as "Longitude" Harrison, was the inventor of watch compensation.]

XVIII.

Perfect she was, but as perfection is
 Insipid in this naughty world of ours,
 Where our first parents never learned to kiss
 Till they were exiled from their earlier
 bowers,
 Where all was peace, and innocence, and
 bliss,
 (I wonder how they got through the twelve
 hours),
 Don José, like a lineal son of Eve,
 Went plucking various fruit without her leave.

XIX.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,
 With no great love for learning, or the
 learned,
 Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
 And never dreamed his lady was con-
 cerned;
 The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
 To see a kingdom or a house o'erturned,
 Whispered he had a mistress, some said *two*.
 But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

XX.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
 A great opinion of her own good qualities;
 Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,
 And such, indeed, she was in her moralities;
 But then she had a devil of a spirit,
 And sometimes mixed up fancies with
 realities,
 And let few opportunities escape
 Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

XXI.

This was an easy matter with a man
 Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard;
 And even the wisest, do the best they can,
 Have moments, hours, and days, so un-
 prepared,
 That you might "brain them with their
 lady's fan";
 And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
 And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
 And why and wherefore no one understands.

XXII.

'T is pity learnéd virgins ever wed
 With persons of no sort of education,
 Or gentlemen, who, though well born and
 bred,
 Grow tired of scientific conversation;

I don't choose to say much upon this head,
I'm a plain man, and in a single station,
But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked
you all?

XXIII.

Don José and his lady quarrelled—*why*,
Not any of the many could divine,
Though several thousand people chose to try,
'T was surely no concern of theirs nor
mine;

I loathe that low vice—curiosity;
But if there 's anything in which I shine,
'T is in arranging all my friends' affairs,
Not having, of my own, domestic cares.

XXIV.

And so I interfered, and with the best
Intentions, but their treatment was not
kind;

I think the foolish people were possessed,
For neither of them could I ever find,
Although their porter afterwards confessed—
But that 's no matter, and the worst 's
behind,

For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,
A pail of housemaid's water unawares.

XXV.

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his
birth;

His parents ne'er agreed except in doting
Upon the most unquiet imp on earth;
Instead of quarrelling, had they been but
both in

Their senses, they'd have sent young
master forth
To school, or had him soundly whipped at
home,
To teach him manners for the time to come.

XXVI.

Don José and the Donna Inez led
For some time an unhappy sort of life,
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead;
They lived respectably as man and wife,
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
And gave no outward signs of inward
strife,
Until at length the smothered fire broke out,
And put the business past all kind of doubt.

XXVII.

For Inez called some druggists and physicians,
And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad*,
But as he had some lucid intermissions,
She next decided he was only *bad*;

Yet when they asked her for her depositions,
No sort of explanation could be had,
Save that her duty both to man and God
Required this conduct—which seemed very
odd.

XXVIII.

She kept a journal, where his faults were
noted,
And opened certain trunks of books and
letters,
All which might, if occasion served, be
quoted;

And then she had all Seville for abettors,
Besides her good old grandmother (who
doted);

The hearers of her case became repeaters,
Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,
Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

XXIX.

And then this best and meekest woman
bore

With such serenity her husband's woes,
Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,
Who saw their spouses killed, and nobly
chose

Never to say a word about them more—

Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,
And saw *his* agonies with such sublimity,
That all the world exclaimed, "What
magnanimity!"

XXX.

No doubt this patience, when the world is
damning us,

Is philosophic in our former friends;
'T is also pleasant to be deemed magnanimous,
The more so in obtaining our own ends;
And what the lawyers call a "*malus animus*"

Conduct like this by no means comprehends:
Revenge in person 's certainly no virtue,
But then 't is not *my* fault, if *others* hurt you.

XXXI.

And if our quarrels should rip up old
stories,

And help them with a lie or two additional,
I'm not to blame, as you well know—no more
is

Any one else—they were become traditional;
Besides, their resurrection aids our glories
By contrast, which is what we just were
wishing all:

And Science profits by this resurrection—
Dead scandals form good subjects for dis-
section.

XXXII.

Their friends had tried at reconciliation,
Then their relations, who made matters
worse.

('T were hard to tell upon a like occasion
To whom it may be best to have recourse—
I can't say much for friend or yet relation):
The lawyers did their utmost for divorce,
But scarce a fee was paid on either side
Before, unluckily, Don José died.

XXXIII.

He died: and most unluckily, because,
According to all hints I could collect
From Counsel learned in those kinds of laws,
(Although their talk 's obscure and
circumspect)
His death contrived to spoil a charming cause;
A thousand pities also with respect
To public feeling, which on this occasion
Was manifested in a great sensation.

XXXIV.

But ah! he died; and buried with him lay
The public feeling and the lawyers' fees:
His house was sold, his servants sent away,
A Jew took one of his two mistresses,
A priest the other—at least so they say:
I asked the doctors after his disease—
He died of the slow fever called the tertian,
And left his widow to her own aversion.

XXXV.

Yet José was an honourable man,
That I must say, who knew him very well;
Therefore his frailties I'll no further scan,
Indeed there were not many more to tell:
And if his passions now and then outran
Discretion, and were not so peaceable
As Numa's (who was also named Pompilius),
He had been ill brought up, and was born
bilious.

XXXVI.

Whate'er might be his worthlessness or worth,
Poor fellow! he had many things to wound
him.
Let's own—since it can do no good on earth—
It was a trying moment that which found him
Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,
Where all his household gods lay shivered
round him:
No choice was left his feelings or his pride,
Save Death or Doctors' Commons—so he died.

XXXVII.

Dying intestate, Juan was sole heir
To a chancery suit, and messuages, and
lands,
Which, with a long minority and care,
Promised to turn out well in proper hands:
Inez became sole guardian, which was fair,
And answered but to Nature's just demands;
An only son left with an only mother
Is brought up much more wisely than another.

XXXVIII.

Sagest of women, even of widows, she
Resolved that Juan should be quite a
paragon,
And worthy of the noblest pedigree,
(His Sire was of Castile, his Dam from
Aragon):
Then, for accomplishments of chivalry,
In case our Lord the King should go to
war again,
He learned the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,
And how to scale a fortress—or a nunnery.

XXXIX.

But that which Donna Inez most desired,
And saw into herself each day before all
The learned tutors whom for him she hired,
Was, that his breeding should be strictly
moral:
Much into all his studies she inquired,
And so they were submitted first to her, all
Arts, sciences—no branch was made a mystery
To Juan's eyes, excepting natural history.

XL.

The languages, especially the dead,
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,
The arts, at least all such as could be said
To be the most remote from common use,
In all these he was much and deeply read:
But not a page of anything that 's loose,
Or hints continuation of the species,
Was ever suffered, lest he should grow vicious.

XLI.

His classic studies made a little puzzle,
Because of filthy loves of gods and goddesses,
Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,
But never put on pantaloons or bodices;
His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,
And for their Æneids, Iliads, and Odysseys,
Were forced to make an odd sort of apology,
For Donna Inez dreaded the Mythology.

XLII.

Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him,
 Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample,
 Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,
 I don't think Sappho's Ode a good example,
 Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn
 Where the Sublime soars forth on wings
 more ample;
 But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid
 one
 Beginning with "*Formosum Pastor Corydon.*"

XLIII.

Lucretius' irreligion is too strong
 For early stomachs, to prove wholesome
 food
 I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
 Although no doubt his real intent was good,
 For speaking out so plainly in his song,
 So much indeed as to be downright rude;
 And then what proper person can be partial
 To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial?

XLIV.

Juan was taught from out the best edition,
 Expurgated by learned men, who place,
 Judiciously, from out the schoolboy's vision,
 The grosser parts; but, fearful to deface
 Too much their modest bard by this omission,
 And pitying sore his mutilated case,
 They only add them all in an appendix,¹
 Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an index;

XLV.

For there we have them all "at one fell
 swoop,"
 Instead of being scattered through the
 pages;
 They stand forth marshalled in a handsome
 troop,
 To meet the ingenuous youth of future ages,
 Til some less rigid editor shall stoop
 To call them back into their separate cages,
 Instead of standing staring all together,
 Like garden gods—and not so decent either.

XLVI.

The Missal too (it was the family Missal)
 Was ornamented in a sort of way
 Which ancient mass-books often are, and
 this all
 Kinds of grotesques illumined; and how
 they,

¹ Fact! There is, or was, such an edition, with all the obnoxious epigrams of Martial placed by themselves at the end.

Who saw those figures on the margin kiss all,
 Could turn their optics to the text and pray,
 Is more than I know—But Don Juan's mother
 Kept this herself, and gave her son another.

XLVII.

Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,
 And homilies, and lives of all the saints;
 To Jerome and to Chrysostom inured,
 He did not take such studies for restraints;
 But how Faith is acquired, and then insured,
 So well not one of the aforesaid paints
 As Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions,
 Which make the reader envy his trans-
 gressions.¹

XLVIII.

This, too, was a sealed book to little Juan—
 I can't but say that his mamma was right,
 If such an education was the true one.
 She scarcely trusted him from out her sight;
 Her maids were old, and if she took a new one,
 You might be sure she was a perfect fright;
 She did this during even her husband's life—
 I recommend as much to every wife.

XLIX.

Young Juan waxed in goodliness and grace;
 At six a charming child, and at eleven
 With all the promise of as fine a face
 As e'er to Man's maturer growth was given:
 He studied steadily, and grew apace,
 And seemed, at least, in the right road to
 Heaven,
 For half his days were passed at church, the
 other
 Between his tutors, confessor, and mother.

L.

At six, I said, he was a charming child,
 At twelve he was a fine, but quiet boy;
 Although in infancy a little wild,
 They tamed him down amongst them: to
 destroy
 His natural spirit not in vain they toiled,
 At least it seemed so; and his mother's joy
 Was to declare how sage, and still, and steady,
 Her young philosopher was grown already.

¹ See his *Confessions*, lib. i. cap. ix.; [lib. ii. cap. ii. *et passim*]. By the representation which Saint Augustine gives of himself in his youth, it is easy to see that he was what we should call a rake. He avoided the school as the plague; he loved nothing but gaming and public shows; he robbed his father of everything he could find; he invented a thousand lies to escape the rod, which they were obliged to make use of to punish his irregularities.

LI.

I had my doubts, perhaps I have them still,
 But what I say is neither here nor there :
 I knew his father well, and have some skill
 In character—but it would not be fair
 From sire to son to augur good or ill :
 He and his wife were an ill-sorted pair—
 But scandal 's my aversion—I protest
 Against all evil speaking, even in jest.

LII.

For my part I say nothing—nothing—but
This I will say—my reasons are my own—
 That if I had an only son to put
 To school (as God be praised that I have
 none),
 'T is not with Donna Inez I would shut
 Him up to learn his catechism alone,
 No—no—I 'd send him out betimes to college,
 For there it was I picked up my own know-
 ledge.

LIII.

For there one learns—'t is not for me to boast,
 Though I acquired—but I pass over *that*,
 As well as all the Greek I since have lost :—
 I say that there 's the place—but "*Verbum
 sat,*"
 I think I picked up too, as well as most,
 Knowledge of matters — but no matter
what—
 I never married—but, I think, I know
 That sons should not be educated so.

LIV.

Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,
 Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit : he
 seemed
 Active, though not so sprightly, as a page ;
 And everybody but his mother deemed
 Him almost man ; but she flew in a rage
 And bit her lips (for else she might have
 screamed)
 If any said so—for to be precocious
 Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.

LV.

Amongst her numerous acquaintance, all
 Selected for discretion and devotion,
 There was the Donna Julia, whom to call
 Pretty were but to give a feeble notion
 Of many charms in her as natural
 As sweetness to the flower, or salt to Ocean,
 Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid,
 (But this last simile is trite and stupid.)

LVI.

The darkness of her Oriental eye
 Accorded with her Moorish origin ;
 (Her blood was not all Spanish ; by the by,
 In Spain, you know, this is a sort of sin ;)
 When proud Granada fell, and, forced to fly,
 Boabdil wept : of Donna Julia's kin
 Some went to Africa, some stayed in Spain—
 Her great great grandmamma chose to
 remain.

LVII.

She married (I forget the pedigree)
 With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down
 His blood less noble than such blood should
 be ;
 At such alliances his sires would frown,
 In that point so precise in each degree
 That they bred *in and in*, as might be shown,
 Marrying their cousins—nay, their aunts, and
 nieces,
 Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.

LVIII.

This heathenish cross restored the breed
 again,
 Ruined its blood, but much improved its
 flesh ;
 For from a root the ugliest in Old Spain
 Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh ;
 The sons no more were short, the daughters
 plain :
 But there 's a rumour which I fain would
 hush,
 'T is said that Donna Julia's grandmamma
 Produced her Don more heirs at love than
 law.

LIX.

However this might be, the race went on
 Improving still through every generation,
 Until it centred in an only son,
 Who left an only daughter ; my narration
 May have suggested that this single one
 Could be but Julia (whom on this occasion
 I shall have much to speak about), and she
 Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-
 three.

LX.

Her eye (I 'm very fond of handsome eyes)
 Was large and dark, suppressing half its
 fire
 Until she spoke, then through its soft dis-
 guise
 Flashed an expression more of pride than
 ire,

And love than either ; and there would arise
 A something in them which was not desire,
 But would have been, perhaps, but for the
 soul
 Which struggled through and chastened down
 the whole.

LXI.

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
 Bright with intelligence, and fair, and
 smooth ;
 Her eyebrow's shape was like the aërial bow,
 Her cheek all purple with the beam of
 youth,
 Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,
 As if her veins ran lightning ; she, in sooth,
 Possessed an air and grace by no means
 common :
 Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.

LXII.

Wedded she was some years, and to a man
 Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty ;
 And yet, I think, instead of such a ONE
 'T were better to have TWO of five-and-
 twenty,
 Especially in countries near the sun :
 And now I think on 't, "*mi vien in mente,*"
 Ladies even of the most uneasy virtue
 Prefer a spouse whose age is short of thirty.

LXIII.

'T is a sad thing, I cannot choose but say,
 And all the fault of that indecent sun,
 Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay,
 But will keep baking, broiling, burning on,
 That howsoever people fast and pray,
 The flesh is frail, and so the soul undone :
 What men call gallantry, and gods adultery,
 Is much more common where the climate 's
 sultry.

LXIV.

Happy the nations of the moral North !
 Where all is virtue, and the winter season
 Sends sin, without a rag on, shivering forth
 ('T was snow that brought St. Anthony¹
 to reason) ;
 Where juries cast up what a wife is worth,
 By laying whate'er sum, in mulct, they
 please on
 The lover, who must pay a handsome price,
 Because it is a marketable vice.

¹ For the particulars of St. Anthony's recipe for hot blood in cold weather, see Mr. Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*.

LXV.

Alfonso was the name of Julia's lord,
 A man well looking for his years, and who
 Was neither much beloved nor yet abhorred :
 They lived together as most people do,
 Suffering each other's foibles by accord,
 And not exactly either *one* or *two* ;
 Yet he was jealous, though he did not show
 it,
 For Jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

LXVI.

Julia was—yet I never could see why—
 With Donna Inez quite a favourite friend ;
 Between their tastes there was small sym-
 pathy,
 For not a line had Julia ever penned :
 Some people whisper (but, no doubt, they lie,
 For Malice still imputes some private end)
 That Inez had, ere Don Alfonso's marriage,
 Forgot with him her very prudent carriage ;

LXVII.

And that still keeping up the old connection,
 Which Time had lately rendered much
 more chaste,
 She took his lady also in affection,
 And certainly this course was much the
 best :
 She flattered Julia with her sage protection,
 And complimented Don Alfonso's taste ;
 And if she could not (who can?) silence
 scandal,
 At least she left it a more slender handle.

LXVIII.

I can't tell whether Julia saw the affair
 With other people's eyes, or if her own
 Discoveries made, but none could be aware
 Of this, at least no symptom e'er was
 shown ;
 Perhaps she did not know, or did not care,
 Indifferent from the first, or callous grown :
 I'm really puzzled what to think or say,
 She kept her counsel in so close a way.

LXIX.

Juan she saw, and, as a pretty child,
 Caressed him often—such a thing might be
 Quite innocently done, and harmless styled,
 When she had twenty years, and thirteen he ;
 But I am not so sure I should have smiled
 When he was sixteen, Julia twenty-three ;
 These few short years make wondrous
 alterations,
 Particularly amongst sun-burnt nations.

LXX.

Whate'er the cause might be, they had become
 Changed; for the dame grew distant, the
 youth shy,
 Their looks cast down, their greetings almost
 dumb,
 And much embarrassment in either eye;
 There surely will be little doubt with some
 That Donna Julia knew the reason why,
 But as for Juan, he had no more notion
 Than he who never saw the sea of Ocean.

LXXI.

Yet Julia's very coldness still was kind,
 And tremulously gentle her small hand
 Withdrew itself from his, but left behind
 A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland
 And slight, so very slight, that to the mind
 'T was but a doubt; but ne'er magician's
 wand
 Wrought change with all Armida's¹ fairy art
 Like what this light touch left on Juan's
 heart.

LXXII.

And if she met him, though she smiled no
 more,
 She looked a sadness sweeter than her
 smile,
 As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store
 She must not own, but cherished more the
 while
 For that compression in its burning core;
 Even Innocence itself has many a wile,
 And will not dare to trust itself with truth,
 And Love is taught hypocrisy from youth.

LXXIII.

But Passion most dissembles, yet betrays
 Even by its darkness; as the blackest sky
 Foretells the heaviest tempest, it displays
 Its workings through the vainly guarded eye,
 And in whatever aspect it arrays
 Itself, 't is still the same hypocrisy;
 Coldness or Anger, even Disdain or Hate,
 Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

LXXIV.

Then there were sighs, the deeper for
 suppression,
 And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,
 And burning blushes, though for no
 transgression,
 Tremblings when met, and restlessness
 when left;

¹ [The sorceress in Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*. The story of Armida and Rinaldo forms the plot of operas by Glück and Rossini.]

All these are little preludes to possession,
 Of which young Passion cannot be bereft,
 And merely tend to show how greatly Love is
 Embarrassed at first starting with a novice.

LXXV.

Poor Julia's heart was in an awkward state;
 She felt it going, and resolved to make
 The noblest efforts for herself and mate,
 For Honour's, Pride's, Religion's, Virtue's
 sake:
 Her resolutions were most truly great,
 And almost might have made a Tarquin
 quake:
 She prayed the Virgin Mary for her grace,
 As being the best judge of a lady's case.

LXXVI.

She vowed she never would see Juan more,
 And next day paid a visit to his mother,
 And looked extremely at the opening door,
 Which, by the Virgin's grace, let in another;
 Grateful she was, and yet a little sore—
 Again it opens, it can be no other,
 'T is surely Juan now—No! I'm afraid
 That night the Virgin was no further prayed.¹

LXXVII.

She now determined that a virtuous woman
 Should rather face and overcome temptation,
 That flight was base and dastardly, and no man
 Should ever give her heart the least sensation,
 That is to say, a thought beyond the common
 Preference, that we must feel, upon occasion,
 For people who are pleasanter than others,
 But then they only seem so many brothers.

LXXVIII.

And even if by chance—and who can tell?
 The Devil's so very sly—she should discover
 That all within was not so very well,
 And, if still free, that such or such a lover
 Might please perhaps, a virtuous wife can
 quell
 Such thoughts, and be the better when
 they're over;
 And if the man should ask, 't is but denial:
 I recommend young ladies to make trial.

LXXIX.

And, then, there are such things as Love
 divine,
 Bright and immaculate, unmixed and pure,
 Such as the angels think so very fine,
 And matrons, who would be no less secure,

¹ ["Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante."
 —Dante, *Inferno*, canto v. line 138.]

Platonic, perfect, "just such love as mine ;"
 Thus Julia said—and thought so, to be
 sure ;
 And so I'd have her think, were *I* the man
 On whom her reveries celestial ran.

LXXX.

Such love is innocent, and may exist
 Between young persons without any danger.
 A hand may first, and then a lip be kissed ;
 For my part, to such doings I'm a stranger,
 But *hear* these freedoms form the utmost list
 Of all o'er which such love may be a
 ranger :
 If people go beyond, 't is quite a crime,
 But not my fault—I tell them all in time.

LXXXI.

Love, then, but Love within its proper limits,
 Was Julia's innocent determination
 In young Don Juan's favour, and to him its
 Exertion might be useful on occasion ;
 And, lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its
 Ethereal lustre, with what sweet persuasion
 He might be taught, by Love and her
 together—
 I really don't know what, nor Julia either.

LXXXII.

Fraught with this fine intention, and well
 fenced
 In mail of proof—her purity of soul—
 She, for the future, of her strength convinced,
 And that her honour was a rock, or mole,
 Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed
 With any kind of troublesome control ;
 But whether Julia to the task was equal
 Is that which must be mentioned in the sequel.

LXXXIII.

Her plan she deemed both innocent and
 feasible,
 And, surely, with a stripling of sixteen
 Not Scandal's fangs could fix on much that 's
 seizable,
 Or if they did so, satisfied to mean
 Nothing but what was good, her breast was
 peaceable—
 A quiet conscience makes one so serene !
 Christians have burnt each other, quite
 persuaded
 That all the Apostles would have done as
 they did.

LXXXIV.

And if in the mean time her husband died,
 But Heaven forbid that such a thought
 should cross
 Her brain, though in a dream ! (and then
 she sighed)
 Never could she survive that common loss ;
 But just suppose that moment should betide,
 I only say suppose it—*inter nos* :
 (This should be *entre nous*, for Julia thought
 In French, but then the rhyme would go for
 nought.)

LXXXV.

I only say, suppose this supposition :
 Juan being then grown up to man's estate
 Would fully suit a widow of condition,
 Even seven years hence it would not be too
 late ;
 And in the interim (to pursue this vision)
 The mischief, after all, could not be great,
 For he would learn the rudiments of Love,
 I mean the *seraph* way of those above.

LXXXVI.

So much for Julia ! Now we'll turn to Juan.
 Poor little fellow ! he had no idea
 Of his own case, and never hit the true one ;
 In feelings quick as Ovid's Miss Medea,
 He puzzled over what he found a new one,
 But not as yet imagined it could be a
 Thing quite in course, and not at all
 alarming,
 Which, with a little patience, might grow
 charming.

LXXXVII.

Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,
 His home deserted for the lonely wood,
 Tormented with a wound he could not know,
 His, like all deep grief, plunged in solitude :
 I'm fond myself of solitude or so,
 But then, I beg it may be understood,
 By solitude I mean a Sultan's (not
 A Hermit's), with a haram for a grot.

LXXXVIII.

"Oh Love ! in such a wilderness as this,
 Where Transport and Security entwine,
 Here is the Empire of thy perfect bliss,
 And here thou art a God indeed divine."¹

¹ Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*—(I think)—
 the opening of Canto Second [Part III. stanza
 i. lines 1-4]—but quote from memory.

The bard I quote from does not sing amiss,
 With the exception of the second line,
 For that same twining "Transport and
 Security"
 Are twisted to a phrase of some obscurity.

LXXXIX.

The Poet meant, no doubt, and thus appeals
 To the good sense and senses of mankind,
 The very thing which everybody feels,
 As all have found on trial, or may find,
 That no one likes to be disturbed at meals
 Or love. — I won't say more about
 "entwined"
 Or "Transport," as we knew all that before,
 But beg "Security" will bolt the door.

XC.

Young Juan wandered by the glassy brooks,
 Thinking unutterable things; he threw
 Himself at length within the leafy nooks
 Where the wild branch of the cork forest
 grew;
 There poets find materials for their books,
 And every now and then we read them
 through,
 So that their plan and prosody are eligible,
 Unless, like Wordsworth, they prove unin-
 telligible.

XCI.

He, Juan (and not Wordsworth), so pursued
 His self-communion with his own high soul,
 Until his mighty heart, in its great mood,
 Had mitigated part, though not the whole
 Of its disease; he did the best he could
 With things not very subject to control,
 And turned, without perceiving his condition,
 Like Coleridge, into a metaphysician.

XCII.

He thought about himself, and the whole
 earth,
 Of man the wonderful, and of the stars,
 And how the deuce they ever could have birth;
 And then he thought of earthquakes, and
 of wars,
 How many miles the moon might have in girth,
 Of air-balloons, and of the many bars
 To perfect knowledge of the boundless skies;—
 And then he thought of Donna Julia's eyes.

XCIII.

In thoughts like these true Wisdom may
 discern
 Longings sublime, and aspirations high,
 Which some are born with, but the most part
 learn
 To plague themselves withal, they know
 not why:

'T was strange that one so young should thus
 concern

His brain about the action of the sky;
 If *you* think 't was Philosophy that this did,
 I can't help thinking puberty assisted.

XCIV.

He pored upon the leaves, and on the flowers,
 And heard a voice in all the winds; and then
 He thought of wood-nymphs and immortal
 bowers,
 And how the goddesses came down to men;
 He missed the pathway, he forgot the hours,
 And when he looked upon his watch again,
 He found how much old Time had been a
 winner—

He also found that he had lost his dinner.

XCV.

Sometimes he turned to gaze upon his book,
 Boscan,¹ or Garcilasso;²—by the wind
 Even as the page is rustled while we look,
 So by the poesy of his own mind
 Over the mystic leaf his soul was shook,
 As if 't were one whereon magicians bind
 Their spells, and give them to the passing gale,
 According to some good old woman's tale.

XCVI.

Thus would he while his lonely hours away
 Dissatisfied, not knowing what he wanted;
 Nor glowing reverie, nor poet's lay,
 Could yield his spirit that for which it
 panted,
 A bosom whereon he his head might lay,
 And hear the heart beat with the love it
 granted,
 With—several other things, which I forget,
 Or which, at least, I need not mention yet.

XCVII.

Those lonely walks, and lengthening reveries,
 Could not escape the gentle Julia's eyes;
 She saw that Juan was not at his ease;
 But that which chiefly may, and must
 surprise,
 Is, that the Donna Inez did not tease
 Her only son with question or surmise;

¹ [Juan Boscan, of Barcelona (1500-1544), in concert with his friend Garcilasso, Italianized Castilian poetry. He was the author of the *Leandro*, a poem in blank verse, of canzoni, and sonnets after the model of Petrarch, and of *The Allegory*.—*History of Spanish Literature*, by George Ticknor, 1888, i. 513.]

² [Garcias Lasso or Garcilasso de la Vega (1503-1536).]

Whether it was she did not see, or would not,
Or, like all very clever people, could not.

XCVIII.

This may seem strange, but yet 't is very
common ;

For instance—gentlemen, whose ladies take
Leave to o'erstep the written rights of Woman,
And break the—Which commandment
is't they break ?

(I have forgot the number, and think no man
Should rashly quote, for fear of a mistake ;) I say,
when these same gentlemen are jealous,
They make some blunder, which their ladies
tell us.

XCIX.

A real husband always is suspicious,
But still no less suspects in the wrong place,
Jealous of some one who had no such wishes,
Or pandering blindly to his own disgrace,
By harbouring some dear friend extremely
vicious ;

The last indeed 's infallibly the case :
And when the spouse and friend are gone off
wholly,
He wonders at their vice, and not his folly.

C.

Thus parents also are at times short-sighted :
Though watchful as the lynx, they ne'er
discover,
The while the wicked world beholds delighted,
Young Hopeful's mistress, or Miss Fanny's
lover,

Till some confounded escapade has blighted
The plan of twenty years, and all is over ;
And then the mother cries, the father swears
And wonders why the devil he got heirs.

CI.

But Inez was so anxious, and so clear
Of sight, that I must think, on this occasion,
She had some other motive much more near
For leaving Juan to this new temptation,
But what that motive was, I shan't say here ;
Perhaps to finish Juan's education,
Perhaps to open Don Alfonso's eyes,
In case he thought his wife too great a prize.

CII.

It was upon a day, a summer's day ;—
Summer 's indeed a very dangerous season,
And so is spring about the end of May ;
The sun, no doubt, is the prevailing
reason ;

But whatso'er the cause is, one may say,
And stand convicted of more truth than
treason,

That there are months which nature grows
more merry in,—

March has its hares, and May must have
its heroine.

CIII.

'T was on a summer's day—the sixth of June :
I like to be particular in dates,

Not only of the age, and year, but moon ;
They are a sort of post-house, where the
Fates

Change horses, making History change its
tune,

Then spur away o'er empires and o'er
states,

Leaving at last not much besides chronology,
Excepting the post-obits of theology.

CIV.

'T was on the sixth of June, about the hour
Of half-past six—perhaps still nearer
seven—

When Julia sate within as pretty a bower
As e'er held houri in that heathenish heaven
Described by Mahomet, and Anacreon
Moore,

To whom the lyre and laurels have been
given,
With all the trophies of triumphant song—
He won them well, and may he wear them
long !

CV.

She sate, but not alone ; I know not well
How this same interview had taken place,
And even if I knew, I shall not tell—
People should hold their tongues in any
case ;

No matter how or why the thing befell,
But there were she and Juan, face to face—
When two such faces are so, 't would be wise,
But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

CVI.

How beautiful she looked ! her conscious heart
Glowed in her cheek, and yet she felt no
wrong :

Oh Love ! how perfect is thy mystic art,
Strengthening the weak, and trampling on
the strong !

How self-deceitful is the sagest part
Of mortals whom thy lure hath led along !—
The precipice she stood on was immense,
So was her creed in her own innocence.

CVII.

She thought of her own strength, and Juan's youth,
 And of the folly of all prudish fears,
 Victorious Virtue, and domestic Truth,
 And then of Don Alfonso's fifty years:
 I wish these last had not occurred, in sooth,
 Because that number rarely much endears,
 And through all climes, the snowy and the sunny,
 Sounds ill in love, whate'er it may in money.

CVIII.

When people say, "I've told you *fifty* times,"
 They mean to scold, and very often do;
 When poets say, "I've written *fifty* rhymes,"
 They make you dread that they'll recite
 them too;
 In gangs of *fifty*, thieves commit their crimes;
 At *fifty* love for love is rare, 't is true,
 But then, no doubt, it equally as true is,
 A good deal may be bought for *fifty* Louis.

CIX.

Julia had honour, virtue, truth, and love
 For Don Alfonso; and she inly swore,
 By all the vows below to Powers above,
 She never would disgrace the ring she wore,
 Nor leave a wish which wisdom might reprove;
 And while she pondered this, besides much
 more,
 One hand on Juan's carelessly was thrown,
 Quite by mistake—she thought it was her
 own;

CX.

Unconsciously she leaned upon the other,
 Which played within the tangles of her hair;
 And to contend with thoughts she could not
 smother
 She seemed by the distraction of her air.
 'T was surely very wrong in Juan's mother
 To leave together this imprudent pair,
 She who for many years had watched her son
 so—
 I'm very certain *mine* would not have done so.

CXI.

The hand which still held Juan's, by degrees
 Gently, but palpably confirmed its grasp,
 As if it said, "Detain me, if you please;"
 Yet there's no doubt she only meant to
 clasp
 His fingers with a pure Platonic squeeze;
 She would have shrunk as from a toad, or
 asp,
 Had she imagined such a thing could rouse
 A feeling dangerous to a prudent spouse.

CXII.

I cannot know what Juan thought of this,
 But what he did, is much what you would
 do;
 His young lip thanked it with a grateful kiss,
 And then, abashed at its own joy, withdrew
 In deep despair, lest he had done amiss,—
 Love is so very timid when 't is new:
 She blushed, and frowned not, but she strove
 to speak,
 And held her tongue, her voice was grown
 so weak.

CXIII.

The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon:
 The Devil's in the moon for mischief; they
 Who called her CHASTE, methinks, began too
 soon
 Their nomenclature; there is not a day,
 The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
 Sees half the business in a wicked way,
 On which three single hours of moonshine
 smile—
 And then she looks so modest all the while!

CXIV.

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,
 A stillness, which leaves room for the full
 soul
 To open all itself, without the power
 Of calling wholly back its self-control;
 The silver light which, hallowing tree and
 tower,
 Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the
 whole,
 Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
 A loving languor, which is not repose.

CXV.

And Julia sate with Juan, half embraced
 And half retiring from the glowing arm,
 Which trembled like the bosom where 't was
 placed;
 Yet still she must have thought there was
 no harm,
 Or else 't were easy to withdraw her waist;
 But then the situation had its charm,
 And then—God knows what next—I can't
 go on;
 I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun.

CXVI.

Oh Plato! Plato! you have paved the way,
 With your confounded fantasies, to more
 Immoral conduct by the fancied sway
 Your system feigns o'er the controlless core

Of human hearts, than all the long array
Of poets and romancers:—You're a bore,
A charlatan, a coxcomb—and have been,
At best, no better than a go-between.

CXVII.

And Julia's voice was lost, except in sighs,
Until too late for useful conversation;
The tears were gushing from her gentle eyes,
I wish, indeed, they had not had occasion;
But who, alas! can love, and then be wise?
Not that Remorse did not oppose Temptation;
A little still she strove, and much repented,
And whispering "I will ne'er consent"—
consented.

CXVIII.

'T is said that Xerxes offered a reward
To those who could invent him a new
pleasure:
Methinks the requisition's rather hard,
And must have cost his Majesty a treasure:
For my part, I'm a moderate-minded bard,
Fond of a little love (which I call leisure);
I care not for new pleasures, as the old
Are quite enough for me, so they but hold.

CXIX.

Oh Pleasure! you're indeed a pleasant thing,
Although one must be damned for you, no
doubt:
I make a resolution every spring
Of reformation, ere the year run out,
But somehow, this my vestal vow takes wing,
Yet still, I trust, it may be kept throughout:
I'm very sorry, very much ashamed,
And mean, next winter, to be quite reclaimed.

CXX.

Here my chaste Muse a liberty must take—
Start not! still chaster reader—she'll be
nice hence—
Forward, and there is no great cause to quake;
This liberty is a poetic licence,
Which some irregularity may make
In the design, and as I have a high sense
Of Aristotle and the Rules, 't is fit
To beg his pardon when I err a bit.

CXXI.

This licence is to hope the reader will
Suppose from June the sixth (the fatal day,
Without whose epoch my poetic skill
For want of facts would all be thrown away),

But keeping Julia and Don Juan still
In sight, that several months have passed;
we'll say
'T was in November, but I'm not so sure
About the day—the era's more obscure.

CXXII.

We'll talk of that anon.—'T is sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep;
'T is sweet to see the evening star appear;
'T is sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 't is sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

CXXIII.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw
near home;
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we
come;
'T is sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

CXXIV.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing: sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,
Sweet is revenge—especially to women—
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

CXXV.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet
The unexpected death of some old lady,
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who've made "us youth" wait too—too
long already,
For an estate, or cash, or country seat,
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
Next owner for their double-damned post-
obits.

CXXVI.

'T is sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink; 't is sweet to put an end
To strife; 't is sometimes sweet to have our
quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend:

Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
 Dear is the helpless creature we defend
 Against the world; and dear the schoolboy spot
 We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

CXXVII.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
 Is first and passionate Love—it stands alone,
 Like Adam's recollection of his fall;
 The Tree of Knowledge has been plucked
 —all 's known—

And Life yields nothing further to recall
 Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
 No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
 Fire which Prometheus filched for us from
 Heaven.

CXXVIII.

Man's a strange animal, and makes strange use
 Of his own nature, and the various arts,
 And likes particularly to produce
 Some new experiment to show his parts;
 This is the age of oddities let loose,
 Where different talents find their different
 marts;
 You 'd best begin with truth, and when
 you 've lost your
 Labour, there 's a sure market for imposture.

CXXIX.

What opposite discoveries we have seen!
 (Signs of true genius, and of empty pockets.)
 One makes new noses, one a guillotine,
 One breaks your bones, one sets them in
 their sockets;
 But Vaccination certainly has been
 A kind antithesis to Congreve's rockets,
 With which the Doctor paid off an old pox,
 By borrowing a new one from an ox.

CXXX.

Bread has been made (indifferent) from
 potatoes:
 And Galvanism has set some corpses
 grinning,
 But has not answered like the apparatus
 Of the Humane Society's beginning,
 By which men are unsuffocated gratis:
 What wondrous new machines have late
 been spinning!
 I said the small-pox has gone out of late;
 Perhaps it may be followed by the great.

CXXXI.

'T is said the great came from America;
 Perhaps it may set out on its return,—
 The population there so spreads, they say
 'T is grown high time to thin it in its turn,

With war, or plague, or famine—any way,
 So that civilisation they may learn;
 And which in ravage the more loathsome evil
 is—

Their real *lues*, or our pseudo-syphilis?

CXXXII.

This is the patent age of new inventions
 For killing bodies, and for saving souls,
 All propagated with the best intentions;
 Sir Humphry Davy's lantern, by which coals
 Are safely mined for in the mode he mentions,
 Tombuctoo travels, voyages to the Poles
 Are ways to benefit mankind, as true,
 Perhaps, as shooting them at Waterloo.

CXXXIII.

Man's a phenomenon, one knows not what,
 And wonderful beyond all wondrous
 measure;
 'T is pity though, in this sublime world, that
 Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes Sin's a
 pleasure;
 Few mortals know what end they would be at,
 But whether Glory, Power, or Love, or
 Treasure,
 The path is through perplexing ways, and when
 The goal is gained, we die, you know—and
 then—

CXXXIV.

What then?—I do not know, no more do you—
 And so good night.—Return we to our story:
 'T was in November, when fine days are few,
 And the far mountains wax a little hoary,
 And clap a white cape on their mantles blue;
 And the sea dashes round the promontory,
 And the loud breaker boils against the rock,
 And sober suns must set at five o'clock.

CXXXV.

'T was, as the watchmen say, a cloudy night;
 No moon, no stars, the wind was low or
 loud
 By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth was
 bright
 With the piled wood, round which the
 family crowd;
 There 's something cheerful in that sort of
 light,
 Even as a summer sky's without a cloud:
 I 'm fond of fire, and crickets, and all that,
 A lobster salad, and champagne, and chat.

CXXXVI.

'T was midnight—Donna Julia was in bed,
 Sleeping, most probably,—when at her door
 Arose a clatter might awake the dead,
 If they had never been awake before,

And that they have been so we all have read,
 And are to be so, at the least, once more;—
 The door was fastened, but with voice and
 fist
 First knocks were heard, then “Madam—
 Madam—hist!

CXXXVII.

“For God’s sake, Madam—Madam—here’s
 my master,
 With more than half the city at his back—
 Was ever heard of such a curst disaster!
 ’T is not my fault—I kept good watch—
 Alack!
 Do pray undo the bolt a little faster—
 They’re on the stair just now, and in a
 crack
 Will all be here; perhaps he yet may fly—
 Surely the window’s not so *very* high!”

CXXXVIII.

By this time Don Alfonso was arrived,
 With torches, friends, and servants in great
 number;
 The major part of them had long been wived,
 And therefore paused not to disturb the
 slumber
 Of any wicked woman, who contrived
 By stealth her husband’s temples to en-
 cumber:
 Examples of this kind are so contagious,
 Were *one* not punished, *all* would be out-
 rageous.

CXXXIX.

I can’t tell how, or why, or what suspicion
 Could enter into Don Alfonso’s head;
 But for a cavalier of his condition
 It surely was exceedingly ill-bred,
 Without a word of previous admonition,
 To hold a levee round his lady’s bed,
 And summon lackeys, armed with fire and
 sword,
 To prove himself the thing he most abhorred.

CXL.

Poor Donna Julia! starting as from sleep,
 (Mind—that I do not say—she had not
 slept),
 Began at once to scream, and yawn, and
 weep;
 Her maid, Antonia, who was an adept,
 Contrived to fling the bed-clothes in a heap,
 As if she had just now from out them crept:
 I can’t tell why she should take all this trouble
 To prove her mistress had been sleeping
 double.

CXLI.

But Julia mistress, and Antonia maid,
 Appeared like two poor harmless women
 who
 Of goblins, but still more of men afraid,
 Had thought one man might be deterred by
 two,
 And therefore side by side were gently laid,
 Until the hours of absence should run
 through,
 And truant husband should return, and say,
 “My dear,—I was the first who came away.”

CXLII.

Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,
 “In Heaven’s name, Don Alfonso, what
 d’ye mean?
 Has madness seized you? would that I had
 died
 Ere such a monster’s victim I had been!
 What may this midnight violence betide,
 A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen?
 Dare you suspect me, whom the thought
 would kill?
 Search, then, the room!”—Alfonso said, “I
 will.”

CXLIII.

He searched, *they* searched, and rummaged
 everywhere,
 Closet and clothes’ press, chest and window-
 seat,
 And found much linen, lace, and several pair
 Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs,
 complete
 With other articles of ladies fair,
 To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat:
 Arras they pricked and curtains with their
 swords,
 And wounded several shutters, and some
 boards.

CXLIV.

Under the bed they searched, and there they
 found—
 No matter what—it was not that they
 sought;
 They opened windows, gazing if the ground
 Had signs of footmarks, but the earth said
 nought;
 And then they stared each others’ faces round:
 ’T is odd, not one of all these seekers
 thought,
 And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,
 Of looking *in* the bed as well as under.

CXLV.

During this inquisition Julia's tongue
 Was not asleep—"Yes, search and search,"
 she cried,
 "Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong!
 It was for this that I became a bride!
 For this in silence I have suffered long
 A husband like Alfonso at my side;
 But now I'll bear no more, nor here remain,
 If there be law or lawyers in all Spain.

CXLVI.

"Yes, Don Alfonso! husband now no more,
 If ever you indeed deserved the name,
 Is 't worthy of your years?—you have
 threescore—
 Fifty, or sixty, it is all the same—
 Is 't wise or fitting, causeless to explore
 For facts against a virtuous woman's fame?
 Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alfonso,
 How dare you think your lady would go
 on so?

CXLVII.

"Is it for this I have disdained to hold
 The common privileges of my sex?
 That I have chosen a confessor so old
 And deaf, that any other it would vex,
 And never once he has had cause to scold,
 But found my very innocence perplex
 So much, he always doubted I was married—
 How sorry you will be when I've miscarried!

CXLVIII.

"Was it for this that no Cortejo¹ e'er
 I yet have chosen from out the youth of
 Seville?
 Is it for this I scarce went anywhere,
 Except to bull-fights, mass, play, rout, and
 revel?
 Is it for this, whate'er my suitors were,
 I favoured none—nay, was almost uncivil?
 Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,
 Who took Algiers,² declares I used him vilely?

¹ The Spanish "Cortejo" is much the same as the Italian "Cavalier Servente."

² Donna Julia here made a mistake. Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers—but Algiers very nearly took him: he and his army and fleet retreated with great loss, and not much credit, from before that city, in the year 1775.

[Alexander O'Reilly, born 1722, a Spanish general of Irish extraction, failed in an expedition against Algiers in 1775, in which the Spaniards lost four thousand men. He died March 23, 1794.]

CXLIX.

"Did not the Italian *Musico* Cazzani
 Sing at my heart six months at least in vain?
 Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,
 Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?
 Were there not also Russians, English, many?
 The Count Strongstroganoff I put in pain,
 And Lord Mount Coffeehouse, the Irish peer,
 Who killed himself for love (with wine) last
 year.

CL.

"Have I not had two bishops at my feet?
 The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan Nunez;
 And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?
 I wonder in what quarter now the moon is:
 I praise your vast forbearance not to beat
 Me also, since the time so opportune is—
 Oh, valiant man! with sword drawn and
 cocked trigger,
 Now, tell me, don't you cut a pretty figure?

CLI.

"Was it for this you took your sudden journey,
 Under pretence of business indispensable
 With that sublime of rascals your attorney,
 Whom I see standing there, and looking
 sensible
 Of having played the fool? though both I
 spurn, he
 Deserves the worst, his conduct 's less
 defensible,
 Because, no doubt, 't was for his dirty fee,
 And not from any love to you nor me.

CLII.

"If he comes here to take a deposition,
 By all means let the gentleman proceed;
 You've made the apartment in a fit con-
 dition:—
 There's pen and ink for you, sir, when you
 need—
 Let everything be noted with precision,
 I would not you for nothing should be fee'd—
 But, as my maid's undressed, pray turn your
 spies out."
 "Oh!" sobbed Antonia, "I could tear their
 eyes out."

CLIII.

"There is the closet, there the toilet, there
 The antechamber—search them under,
 over;
 There is the sofa, there the great arm-chair,
 The chimney—which would really hold a
 lover.

I wish to sleep, and beg you will take care
 And make no further noise, till you discover
 The secret cavern of this lurking treasure—
 And when 't is found, let me, too, have that
 pleasure.

CLIV.

“And now, Hidalgo! now that you have
 thrown
 Doubt upon me, confusion over all,
 Pray have the courtesy to make it known
Who is the man you search for? how
 d' ye call
 Him? what 's his lineage? let him but be
 shown—
 I hope he 's young and handsome — is
 he tall?
 Tell me—and be assured, that since you stain
 My honour thus, it shall not be in vain.

CLV.

“At least, perhaps, he has not sixty years,
 At that age he would be too old for
 slaughter,
 Or for so young a husband's jealous fears—
 (Antonia! let me have a glass of water.)
 I am ashamed of having shed these tears,
 They are unworthy of my father's daughter;
 My mother dreamed not in my natal hour,
 That I should fall into a monster's power.

CLVI.

“Perhaps 't is of Antonia you are jealous,
 You saw that she was sleeping by my side,
 When you broke in upon us with your fellows:
 Look where you please—we 've nothing,
 sir, to hide;
 Only another time, I trust you 'll tell us,
 Or for the sake of decency abide
 A moment at the door, that we may be
 Dressed to receive so much good company.

CLVII.

“And now, sir, I have done, and say no more;
 The little I have said may serve to show
 The guileless heart in silence may grieve o'er
 The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow:—
 I leave you to your conscience as before,
 'T will one day ask you *why* you used me so?
 God grant you feel not then the bitterest
 grief!—
 Antonia! where 's my pocket-handkerchief?”

CLVIII.

She ceased, and turned upon her pillow; pale
 She lay, her dark eyes flashing through
 their tears,
 Like skies that rain and lighten; as a veil,
 Waved and o'ershading her wan cheek,
 appears
 Her streaming hair; the black curls strive,
 but fail
 To hide the glossy shoulder, which uprears
 Its snow through all;—her soft lips lie apart,
 And louder than her breathing beats her heart.

CLIX.

The Senhor Don Alfonso stood confused;
 Antonia bustled round the ransacked room,
 And, turning up her nose, with looks abused
 Her master, and his myrmidons, of whom
 Not one, except the attorney, was amused;
 He, like Achates, faithful to the tomb,
 So there were quarrels, cared not for the
 cause,
 Knowing they must be settled by the laws.

CLX.

With prying snub-nose, and small eyes, he
 stood,
 Following Antonia's motions here and
 there,
 With much suspicion in his attitude;
 For reputations he had little care;
 So that a suit or action were made good,
 Small pity had he for the young and fair,
 And ne'er believed in negatives, till these
 Were proved by competent false witnesses.

CLXI.

But Don Alfonso stood with downcast looks,
 And, truth to say, he made a foolish figure;
 When, after searching in five hundred nooks,
 And treating a young wife with so much
 rigour,
 He gained no point, except some self-rebukes,
 Added to those his lady with such vigour
 Had poured upon him for the last half-hour,
 Quick, thick, and heavy—as a thunder-shower.

CLXII.

At first he tried to hammer an excuse,
 To which the sole reply was tears, and sobs,
 And indications of hysterics, whose
 Prologue is always certain throes, and
 throbs,
 Gasps, and whatever else the owners choose;
 Alfonso saw his wife, and thought of Job's;

He saw too, in perspective, her relations,
And then he tried to muster all his patience.

CLXIII.

He stood in act to speak, or rather stammer,
But sage Antonia cut him short before
The anvil of his speech received the hammer,
With "Pray, sir, leave the room, and say
no more,
Or madam dies."—Alfonso muttered, "D—n
her,"

But nothing else, the time of words was
o'er;

He cast a rueful look or two, and did,
He knew not wherefore, that which he was
bid.

CLXIV.

With him retired his "*posse comitatus*,"
The attorney last, who lingered near the
door

Reluctantly, still tarrying there as late as
Antonia let him—not a little sore
At this most strange and unexplained "*hiatus*"
In Don Alfonso's facts, which just now
wore

An awkward look; as he revolved the case,
The door was fastened in his legal face.

CLXV.

No sooner was it bolted, than—Oh Shame!
Oh Sin! Oh Sorrow! and Oh Womankind!
How can you do such things and keep your
fame,

Unless this world, and t' other too, be
blind?

Nothing so dear as an unfilched good name!
But to proceed—for there is more behind:
With much heartfelt reluctance be it said,
Young Juan slipped, half-smothered, from
the bed.

CLXVI.

He had been hid—I don't pretend to say
How, nor can I indeed describe the where—
Young, slender, and packed easily, he lay,
No doubt, in little compass, round or
square;

But pity him I neither must nor may
His suffocation by that pretty pair;
'T were better, sure, to die so, than be shut
With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt.

CLXVII.

And, secondly, I pity not, because
He had no business to commit a sin,
Forbid by heavenly, fined by human laws;—
At least 't was rather early to begin,

But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws
So much as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the accompts of
evil,
And find a deuced balance with the Devil.

CLXVIII.

Of his position I can give no notion:
'T is written in the Hebrew Chronicle,
How the physicians, leaving pill and potion,
Prescribed, by way of blister, a young belle,
When old King David's blood grew dull in
motion,
And that the medicine answered very well;
Perhaps 't was in a different way applied,
For David lived, but Juan nearly died.

CLXIX.

What 's to be done? Alfonso will be back
The moment he has sent his fools away.
Antonia's skill was put upon the rack,
But no device could be brought into play—
And how to parry the renewed attack?
Besides, it wanted but few hours of day:
Antonia puzzled; Julia did not speak,
But pressed her bloodless lip to Juan's cheek.

CLXX.

He turned his lip to hers, and with his hand
Called back the tangles of her wandering
hair;
Even then their love they could not all
command,

And half forgot their danger and despair:
Antonia's patience now was at a stand—

"Come, come, 't is no time now for fool-
ing there,"

She whispered, in great wrath—"I must
deposit

This pretty gentleman within the closet:

CLXXI.

"Pray, keep your nonsense for some luckier
night—

Who can have put my master in this
mood?

What will become on 't—I'm in such a fright,
The Devil 's in the urchin, and no good—
Is this a time for giggling? this a plight?

Why don't you know that it may end in
blood?

You'll lose your life, and I shall lose my place,
My mistress all, for that half-girlish face.

CLXXII.

“Had it but been for a stout cavalier
Of twenty-five or thirty—(come, make haste)
But for a child, what piece of work is here!
I really, madam, wonder at your taste—
(Come, sir, get in)—my master must be near:
There, for the present, at the least, he’s
fast,
And if we can but till the morning keep
Our counsel—(Juan, mind, you must not
sleep.)”

CLXXIII

Now, Don Alfonso entering, but alone,
Closed the oration of the trusty maid:
She loitered, and he told her to be gone,
An order somewhat sullenly obeyed;
However, present remedy was none,
And no great good seemed answered if she
staid:
Regarding both with slow and sidelong view,
She snuffed the candle, curtsied, and withdrew.

CLXXIV.

Alfonso paused a minute—then begun
Some strange excuses for his late proceeding;
He would not justify what he had done,
To say the best, it was extreme ill-breeding;
But there were ample reasons for it, none
Of which he specified in this his pleading:
His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,
Of rhetoric, which the learned call
“*rigmarole*.”

CLXXV.

Julia said nought; though all the while there
rose
A ready answer, which at once enables
A matron, who her husband’s foible knows,
By a few timely words to turn the tables,
Which, if it does not silence, still must pose,—
Even if it should comprise a pack of fables;
’T is to retort with firmness, and when he
Suspects with *one*, do you reproach with *three*.

CLXXVI.

Julia, in fact, had tolerable grounds,—
Alfonso’s loves with Inez were well known;
But whether ’t was that one’s own guilt con-
founds—
But that can’t be, as has been often shown,
A lady with apologies abounds;—
It might be that her silence sprang alone
From delicacy to Don Juan’s ear,
To whom she knew his mother’s fame was dear.

CLXXVII.

There might be one more motive, which
makes two;
Alfonso ne’er to Juan had alluded,—
Mentioned his jealousy, but never who
Had been the happy lover, he concluded,
Concealed amongst his premises; ’t is true,
His mind the more o’er this its mystery
brooded;
To speak of Inez now were, one may say,
Like throwing Juan in Alfonso’s way.

CLXXVIII.

A hint, in tender cases, is enough;
Silence is best: besides, there is a *tact*—
(That modern phrase appears to me sad stuff,
But it will serve to keep my verse compact)—
Which keeps, when pushed by questions rather
rough,
A lady always distant from the fact:
The charming creatures lie with such a grace,
There’s nothing so becoming to the face.

CLXXIX.

They blush, and we believe them; at least I
Have always done so; ’t is of no great use,
In any case, attempting a reply,
For then their eloquence grows quite profuse;
And when at length they’re out of breath,
they sigh,
And cast their languid eyes down, and let
loose
A tear or two, and then we make it up;
And then—and then—and then—sit down
and sup.

CLXXX.

Alfonso closed his speech, and begged her
pardon,
Which Julia half withheld, and then half
granted,
And laid conditions he thought very hard on,
Denying several little things he wanted:
He stood like Adam lingering near his garden,
With useless penitence perplexed and
haunted;
Beseeching she no further would refuse,
When, lo! he stumbled o’er a pair of shoes.

CLXXXI.

A pair of shoes!—what then? not much, if
they
Are such as fit with ladies’ feet, but these
(No one can tell how much I grieve to say)
Were masculine; to see them, and to seize,

Was but a moment's act.—Ah! well-a-day!
 My teeth begin to chatter, my veins freeze!
 Alfonso first examined well their fashion,
 And then flew out into another passion.

CLXXXII.

He left the room for his relinquished sword,
 And Julia instant to the closet flew.
 "Fly, Juan, fly! for Heaven's sake—not a
 word—

The door is open—you may yet slip through
 The passage you so often have explored—
 Here is the garden-key—Fly—fly—Adieu!
 Haste—haste! I hear Alfonso's hurrying feet—
 Day has not broke—there 's no one in the
 street."

CLXXXIII.

None can say that this was not good advice,
 The only mischief was, it came too late;
 Of all experience 't is the usual price,
 A sort of income-tax laid on by fate:
 Juan had reached the room-door in a trice,
 And might have done so by the garden-gate,
 But met Alfonso in his dressing-gown,
 Who threatened death—so Juan knocked him
 down.

CLXXXIV.

Dire was the scuffle, and out went the light;
 Antonia cried out "Rape!" and Julia
 "Fire!"

But not a servant stirred to aid the fight.
 Alfonso, pommelled to his heart's desire,
 Swore lustily he 'd be revenged this night;
 And Juan, too, blasphemed an octave higher;
 His blood was up: though young, he was a
 Tartar,
 And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.

CLXXXV.

Alfonso's sword had dropped ere he could
 draw it,
 And they continued battling hand to hand,
 For Juan very luckily ne'er saw it;
 His temper not being under great command,
 If at that moment he had chanced to claw it,
 Alfonso's days had not been in the land
 Much longer.—Think of husbands', lovers'
 lives!
 And how ye may be doubly widows—wives!

CLXXXVI.

Alfonso grappled to detain the foe,
 And Juan throttled him to get away,
 And blood ('t was from the nose) began to flow;
 At last, as they more faintly wrestling lay,

Juan contrived to give an awkward blow,
 And then his only garment quite gave way;
 He fled, like Joseph, leaving it; but there,
 I doubt, all likeness ends between the pair.

CLXXXVII.

Lights came at length, and men, and maids,
 who found
 An awkward spectacle their eyes before;
 Antonia in hysterics, Julia swooned,
 Alfonso leaning, breathless by the door;
 Some half-torn drapery scattered on the
 ground,
 Some blood, and several footsteps, but no
 more:
 Juan the gate gained, turned the key about,
 And liking not the inside, locked the out.

CLXXXVIII.

Here ends this canto.—Need I sing, or say,
 How Juan, naked, favoured by the night,
 Who favours what she should not, found his
 way,
 And reached his home in an unseemly
 plight?
 The pleasant scandal which arose next day,
 The nine days' wonder which was brought
 to light,
 And how Alfonso sued for a divorce,
 Were in the English newspapers, of course.

CLXXXIX.

If you would like to see the whole proceedings,
 The depositions, and the Cause at full,
 The names of all the witnesses, the pleadings
 Of Counsel to nonsuit, or to annul,
 There's more than one edition, and the readings
 Are various, but they none of them are dull:
 The best is that in short-hand ta'en by Gurney,¹
 Who to Madrid on purpose made a journey.

CXC.

But Donna Inez, to divert the train
 Of one of the most circulating scandals
 That had for centuries been known in Spain,
 At least since the retirement of the Vandals,
 First vowed (and never had she vowed in vain)
 To Virgin Mary several pounds of candles;
 And then, by the advice of some old ladies,
 She sent her son to be shipped off from Cadiz.

¹ [William Brodie Gurney (1777-1855), the son and grandson of eminent shorthand writers, "reported the proceedings against Queen Caroline" and other famous trials.]

CXCI.

She had resolved that he should travel through
 All European climes, by land or sea,
 To mend his former morals, and get new,
 Especially in France and Italy—
 (At least this is the thing most people do.)
 Julia was sent into a convent—she
 Grieved—but, perhaps, her feelings may be
 better
 Shown in the following copy of her Letter:—

CXCII.

“They tell me ’t is decided you depart:
 ’T is wise—’t is well, but not the less a
 pain;
 I have no further claim on your young heart,
 Mine is the victim, and would be again:
 To love too much has been the only art
 I used;—I write in haste, and if a stain
 Be on this sheet, ’t is not what it appears;
 My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no
 tears.

CXCIII.

“I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
 State, station, Heaven, Mankind’s, my
 own esteem,
 And yet can not regret what it hath cost,
 So dear is still the memory of that dream;
 Yet, if I name my guilt, ’t is not to boast,
 None can deem harshlier of me than I
 deem:
 I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—
 I’ve nothing to reproach, or to request.

CXCIV.

“Man’s love is of man’s life a thing apart,
 ’T is a Woman’s whole existence; Man
 may range
 The Court, Camp, Church, the Vessel, and
 the Mart;
 Sword, Gown, Gain, Glory offer, in ex-
 change
 Pride, Fame, Ambition, to fill up his heart,
 And few there are whom these can not
 estrange;
 Men have all these resources, We but one—
 To love again, and be again undone.

CXCIV.

“You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
 Beloved and loving many; all is o’er
 For me on earth, except some years to hide
 My shame and sorrow deep in my heart’s
 core:

These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
 The passion which still rages as before,—
 And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
 That word is idle now—but let it go.

CXCVI.

“My breast has been all weakness, is so yet;
 But still I think I can collect my mind;
 My blood still rushes where my spirit’s set,
 As roll the waves before the settled wind;
 My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
 To all, except one image, madly blind;
 So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
 As vibrates my fond heart to my fixed soul.

CXCVII.

“I have no more to say, but linger still,
 And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
 And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
 My misery can scarce be more complete;
 I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;
 Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow
 would meet,
 And I must even survive this last adieu,
 And bear with life, to love and pray for you!”

CXCVIII.

This note was written upon gilt-edged paper
 With a neat little crow-quill, slight and
 new;
 Her small white hand could hardly reach the
 taper,
 It trembled as magnetic needles do,
 And yet she did not let one tear escape her;
 The seal a sun-flower; “*Elle vous suit
 partout*,”¹
 The motto cut upon a white cornelian;
 The wax was superfine, its hue vermilion.

CXCIX.

This was Don Juan’s earliest scrape; but
 whether
 I shall proceed with his adventures is
 Dependent on the public altogether;
 We’ll see, however, what they say to this:
 Their favour in an author’s cap’s a feather,
 And no great mischief’s done by their
 caprice;
 And if their approbation we experience,
 Perhaps they’ll have some more about a year
 hence.

¹ [Byron had a seal bearing this motto.]

CC.

My poem 's epic, and is meant to be
 Divided in twelve books; each book
 containing,
 With Love, and War, a heavy gale at sea,
 A list of ships, and captains, and kings
 reigning,
 New characters; the episodes are three:
 A panoramic view of Hell 's in training,
 After the style of Virgil and of Homer,
 So that my name of Epic 's no misnomer.

CCI.

All these things will be specified in time,
 With strict regard to Aristotle's rules,
 The *Vade Mecum* of the true sublime,
 Which makes so many poets, and some
 fools:
 Prose poets like blank-verse, I 'm fond of
 rhyme,
 Good workmen never quarrel with their
 tools;
 I 've got new mythological machinery,
 And very handsome supernatural scenery.

CCII.

There 's only one slight difference between
 Me and my epic brethren gone before,
 And here the advantage is my own, I ween,
 (Not that I have not several merits more,
 But this will more peculiarly be seen);
 They so embellish, that 't is quite a bore
 Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,
 Whereas this story 's actually true.

CCIII.

If any person doubt it, I appeal
 To History, Tradition, and to Facts,
 To newspapers, whose truth all know and
 feel,
 To plays in five, and operas in three acts;
 All these confirm my statement a good deal,
 But that which more completely faith exacts
 Is, that myself, and several now in Seville,
 Saw Juan's last elopement with the Devil.

CCIV.

If ever I should condescend to prose,
 I 'll write poetical commandments, which
 Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
 That went before; in these I shall enrich
 My text with many things that no one knows,
 And carry precept to the highest pitch:
 I 'll call the work "Longinus o'er a Bottle,
 Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle."

CCV.

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;
 Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Cole-
 ridge, Southey;
 Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
 The second drunk, the third so quaint and
 mouthy:
 With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
 And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat
 drouthy:
 Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers,
 nor
 Commit—flirtation with the muse of Moore.

CCVI.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,
 His Pegasus, nor anything that 's his;
 Thou shalt not bear false witness like "the
 Blues"—
 (There 's *one*, at least, is very fond of this);
 Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I
 choose:
 This is true criticism, and you may kiss—
 Exactly as you please, or not,—the rod;
 But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—d!

CCVII.

If any person should presume to assert
 This story is not moral, first, I pray,
 That they will not cry out before they 're
 hurt,
 Then that they 'll read it o'er again, and
 say
 (But, doubtless, nobody will be so pert),
 That this is not a moral tale, though gay:
 Besides, in Canto Twelfth, I mean to show
 The very place where wicked people go.

CCVIII.

If, after all, there should be some so blind
 To their own good this warning to despise,
 Led by some tortuosity of mind,
 Not to believe my verse and their own
 eyes,
 And cry that they "the moral cannot find,"
 I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies;
 Should captains the remark, or critics, make,
 They also lie too—under a mistake.

CCIX.

The public approbation I expect,
 And beg they 'll take my word about the
 moral,
 Which I with their amusement will connect
 (So children cutting teeth receive a coral);

Meantime they 'll doubtless please to recollect
My epical pretensions to the laurel :
For fear some prudish readers should grow
skittish,
I've bribed my Grandmother's Review—the
British.¹

CCX.

I sent it in a letter to the Editor,
Who thanked me duly by return of post—
I'm for a handsome article his creditor ;
Yet, if my gentle Muse he please to roast,
And break a promise after having made it
her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of
honey,
All I can say is—that he had the money.

CCXI.

I think that with this holy *new* alliance
I may ensure the public, and defy
All other magazines of art or science,
Daily, or monthly, or three monthly ; I
Have not essayed to multiply their clients,
Because they tell me 't were in vain to try,
And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly
Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

CCXII.

' *Non ego hoc ferrem calidus juventâ
Consule Planco,*' Horace said, and so
Say I ; by which quotation there is meant a
Hint that some six or seven good years ago
(Long ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta
I was most ready to return a blow,
And would not brook at all this sort of thing
In my hot youth—when George the Third
was King.

CCXIII.

But now at thirty years my hair is grey—
(I wonder what it will be like at forty ?
I thought of a peruke the other day—)
My heart is not much greener ; and, in
short, I
Have squandered my whole summer while 't
was May,
And feel no more the spirit to retort ; I

¹ [See Byron's "Letter to the Editor of My Grandmother's Review," Letters, 1900, iv. Appendix VII. 465-470. The letter was in reply to a criticism of *Don Juan* (Cantos I., II.) in the *British Review* (No. xxvii., 1819), in which the Editor assumed, or feigned to assume, that the accusation of bribery was to be taken *au grand sérieux*.]

Have spent my life, both interest and
principal,
And deem not, what I deemed—my soul
invincible.

CCXIV.

No more—no more—Oh ! never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee.
Think'st thou the honey with those objects
grew ?

Alas ! 't was not in them, but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

CCXV.

No more—no more—Oh ! never more, my
heart,
Canst thou be my sole world, my universe !
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse :
The illusion 's gone for ever, and thou art
Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,
And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment,
Though Heaven knows how it ever found a
lodgment.

CCXVI.

My days of love are over ; me no more¹
The charms of maid, wife, and still less of
widow,
Can make the fool of which they made
before,—
In short, I must not lead the life I did do ;
The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,
The copious use of claret is forbid too,
So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.

CCXVII.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken
Before the shrines of Sorrow, and of
Pleasure ;
And the two last have left me many a token
O'er which reflection may be made at
leisure :
Now, like Friar Bacon's Brazen Head, I've
spoken,
"Time is, Time was, Time 's past :"—a
chymic treasure
Is glittering Youth, which I have spent be-
times—
My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

¹ "Me nec femina nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero ;
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus."

—Hor., *Od.* IV. i. 30.

CCXVIII.

What is the end of fame? 't is but to fill
 A certain portion of uncertain paper :
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
 Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in
 vapour ;
 For this men write, speak, preach, and
 heroes kill,
 And bards burn what they call their
 "midnight taper,"
 To have, when the original is dust,
 A name, a wretched picture and worse bust.¹

CCXIX.

What are the hopes of man? Old Egypt's
 King
 Cheops erected the first Pyramid
 And largest, thinking it was just the thing
 To keep his memory whole, and mummy
 hid ;
 But somebody or other rummaging,
 Burglariously broke his coffin's lid :
 Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
 Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

CCXX.

But I, being fond of true philosophy,
 Say very often to myself, "Alas !
 All things that have been born were born
 to die,
 And flesh (which Death mows down to hay)
 is grass ;
 You've passed your youth not so unpleasantly,
 And if you had it o'er again—'t would pass—
 So thank your stars that matters are no worse,
 And read your Bible, Sir, and mind your
 purse."

CCXXI.

But for the present, gentle reader ! and
 Still gentler purchaser ! the Bard—that's I—
 Must, with permission, shake you by the hand,
 And so — "your humble servant, and
 Good-bye !"
 We meet again, if we should understand
 Each other ; and if not, I shall not try
 Your patience further than by this short
 sample—
 'T were well if others followed my example.

CCXXII.

"Go, little Book, from this my solitude !
 I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways !
 And if—as I believe, thy vein be good,
 The World will find thee after many days."²

¹ [Byron sat for his bust to Thorwaldsen, in May, 1817.]

² [Lines 1-4 are taken from the last stanza of the

When Southey's read, and Wordsworth
 understood,

I can't help putting in my claim to praise—
 The four first rhymes are Southey's every line :
 For God's sake, reader ! take them not for
 mine.

Nov. 1, 1818

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

OH ye ! who teach the ingenuous youth of
 nations,
 Holland, France, England, Germany, or
 Spain,
 I pray ye flog them upon all occasions—
 It mends their morals, never mind the pain :
 The best of mothers and of educations
 In Juan's case were but employed in vain,
 Since, in a way that's rather of the oddest, he
 Became divested of his native modesty.

II.

Had he but been placed at a public school,
 In the third form, or even in the fourth,
 His daily task had kept his fancy cool,
 At least, had he been nurtured in the North ;
 Spain may prove an exception to the rule,
 But then exceptions always prove its
 worth—
 A lad of sixteen causing a divorce
 Puzzled his tutors very much, of course.

III.

I can't say that it puzzles me at all,
 If all things be considered : first, there was
 His lady-mother, mathematical,
 A—never mind ;—his tutor, an old ass ;
 A pretty woman—(that's quite natural,
 Or else the thing had hardly come to pass)
 A husband rather old, not much in unity
 With his young wife—a time, and opportunity.

IV.

Well—well ; the World must turn upon its
 axis,
 And all Mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
 And live and die, make love and pay our
 taxes,
 And as the veering wind shifts, shift our
 sails ;
 The King commands us, and the Doctor
 quacks us,
 The Priest instructs, and so our life exhales,

Epilogue to the Lay of the Laureate, entitled
 "L'Envoy." (See *Poetical Works* of Robert
 Southey, 1838, x. 174.)]

A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust,—perhaps a name.

V.

I said that Juan had been sent to Cadiz—
A pretty town, I recollect it well—
'T is there the mart of the colonial trade is,
(Or was, before Peru learned to rebel),
And such sweet girls!—I mean, such graceful
ladies,
Their very walk would make your bosom
swell;

I can't describe it, though so much it strike,
Nor liken it—I never saw the like :

VI.

An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb
New broke, a camelopard, a gazelle,
No—none of these will do ;—and then their
garb,
Their veil and petticoat—Alas ! to dwell
Upon such things would very near absorb
A canto—then their feet and ankles,—well,
Thank Heaven I've got no metaphor quite
ready,
(And so, my sober Muse—come, let's be
steady—

VII.

Chaste Muse !—well,—if you must, you must)
—the veil
Thrown back a moment with the glancing
hand,
While the o'erpowering eye, that turns you
pale,
Flashes into the heart :—All sunny land
Of Love ! when I forget you, may I fail
To—say my prayers—but never was there
planned
A dress through which the eyes give such a
volley,
Excepting the Venetian Fazzioli.¹

VIII.

But to our tale : the Donna Inez sent
Her son to Cadiz only to embark ;
To stay there had not answered her intent,
But why?—we leave the reader in the dark—
'T was for a voyage the young man was
meant,
As if a Spanish ship were Noah's ark,
To wean him from the wickedness of earth,
And send him like a Dove of Promise forth.

¹ *Fazzioli*—literally, little handkerchiefs—the
veils most availing of St. Mark.

IX.

Don Juan bade his valet pack his things
According to directions, then received
A lecture and some money : for four springs
He was to travel ; and though Inez grieved
(As every kind of parting has its stings),
She hoped he would improve—perhaps be-
lieved :
A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)
Of good advice—and two or three of credit.

X.

In the mean time, to pass her hours away,
Brave Inez now set up a Sunday school
For naughty children, who would rather play
(Like truant rogues) the devil, or the fool ;
Infants of three years old were taught that
day,
Dunces were whipped, or set upon a stool :
The great success of Juan's education
Spurred her to teach another generation.

XI.

Juan embarked—the ship got under way,
The wind was fair, the water passing rough ;
A devil of a sea rolls in that bay,
As I, who 've crossed it oft, know well
enough ;
And, standing on the deck, the dashing spray
Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-
tough :
And there he stood to take, and take again,
His first—perhaps his last—farewell of Spain.

XII.

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters ; it unmans one quite,
Especially when life is rather new :
I recollect Great Britain's coast looks white,
But almost every other country's blue,
When gazing on them, mystified by distance,
We enter on our nautical existence.

XIII.

So Juan stood, bewildered on the deck :
The wind sung, cordage strained, and sailors
swore,
And the ship creaked, the town became a
speck,
From which away so fair and fast they bore.
The best of remedies is a beef-steak
Against sea-sickness : try it, Sir, before
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,
For I have found it answer—so may you.

XIV.

Don Juan stood, and, gazing from the stern,
Beheld his native Spain receding far :
First partings form a lesson hard to learn,
Even nations feel this when they go to war ;
There is a sort of unexpressed concern,
A kind of shock that sets one's heart ajar,
At leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places—one keeps looking at the steeple.

XV.

But Juan had got many things to leave,
His mother, and a mistress, and no wife,
So that he had much better cause to grieve
Than many persons more advanced in life :
And if we now and then a sigh must heave
At quitting even those we quit in strife,
No doubt we weep for those the heart en-
dears—
That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

XVI.

So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews
By Babel's waters, still remembering Sion :
I 'd weep,—but mine is not a weeping Muse,
And such light griefs are not a thing to die
on ;
Young men should travel, if but to amuse
Themselves ; and the next time their
servants tie on
Behind their carriages their new portmanteau,
Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto.

XVII.

And Juan wept, and much he sighed and
thought,
While his salt tears dropped into the salt
sea,
“ Sweets to the sweet ; ” (I like so much to
quote ;
You must excuse this extract,—'t is where
she,
The Queen of Denmark, for Ophelia brought
Flowers to the grave ;) and, sobbing often,
he
Reflected on his present situation,
And seriously resolved on reformation.

XVIII.

“ Farewell, my Spain ! a long farewell ! ” he
cried,
“ Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,
But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,
Of its own thirst to see again thy shore :
Farewell, where Guadalquivir's waters glide !
Farewell, my mother ! and, since all is o'er,
Farewell, too, dearest Julia !—(here he drew
Her letter out again, and read it through.)

XIX.

“ And oh ! if e'er I should forget, I swear—
But that 's impossible, and cannot be—
Sooner shall this blue Ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall Earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair !
Or think of anything, excepting thee ;
A mind diseased no remedy can physic—
(Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-
sick.)

XX.

“ Sooner shall Heaven kiss earth—(here he
fell sicker)
Oh, Julia ! what is every other woe ?—
(For God's sake let me have a glass of liquor ;
Pedro, Battista, help me down below.)
Julia, my love !—(you rascal, Pedro, quicker)—
Oh, Julia !—(this curst vessel pitches so)—
Belovéd Julia, hear me still beseeching ! ”
(Here he grew inarticulate with retching.)

XXI.

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,
Or rather stomach, which, alas ! attends,
Beyond the best apothecary's art,
The loss of Love, the treachery of friends,
Or death of those we dote on, when a part
Of us dies with them as each fond hope
ends :
No doubt he would have been much more
pathetic,
But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

XXII.

Love 's a capricious power : I 've known it
hold
Out through a fever caused by its own heat,
But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,
And find a quinsy very hard to treat ;
Against all noble maladies he 's bold,
But vulgar illnesses don't like to meet,
Nor that a sneeze should interrupt his sigh,
Nor inflammation redden his blind eye.

XXIII.

But worst of all is nausea, or a pain
About the lower region of the bowels ;
Love, who heroically breathes a vein,
Shrinks from the application of hot towels,
And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,
Sea-sickness death : his love was perfect,
how else
Could Juan's passion, while the billows roar,
Resist his stomach, ne'er at sea before ?

XXIV.

The ship, called the most holy "Trinidad,"¹
 Was steering duly for the port Leghorn;
 For there the Spanish family Moncada
 Were settled long ere Juan's sire was born:
 They were relations, and for them he had a
 Letter of introduction, which the morn
 Of his departure had been sent him by
 His Spanish friends for those in Italy.

XXV.

His suite consisted of three servants and
 A tutor, the licentiate Pedrillo,
 Who several languages did understand,
 But now lay sick and speechless on his pillow,
 And, rocking in his hammock, longed for
 land,
 His headache being increased by every
 billow;
 And the waves oozing through the port-hole
 made
 His berth a little damp, and him afraid.

XXVI.

T was not without some reason, for the wind
 Increased at night, until it blew a gale;
 And though 't was not much to a naval mind,
 Some landsmen would have looked a little
 pale,
 For sailors are, in fact, a different kind:
 At sunset they began to take in sail,
 For the sky showed it would come on to blow,
 And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

XXVII.

At one o'clock the wind with sudden shift
 Threw the ship right into the trough of the
 sea,
 Which struck her aft, and made an awkward
 rift,
 Started the stern-post, also shattered the

¹ ["With regard to the charges about the Shipwreck, I think that I told you and Mr. Hobhouse, years ago, that there was not a *single circumstance* of it *not* taken from *fact*; not, indeed, from any *single* shipwreck, but all from *actual* facts of different wrecks."—Letter to Murray, August 23, 1821. In the *Monthly Magazine*, vol. liii. (August, 1821, pp. 19-22, and September, 1821, pp. 105-109), Byron's indebtedness to Sir G. Dalzell's *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea* (1812, 8vo) is pointed out, and the parallel passages are printed in full. See, too, *Poetical Works*, 1832, 1833, vol. xv.; *Poetical Works*, 1837, etc., pp. 612-620; and *Poetical Works*, 1898, 1903, vol. vi., pp. 88-112.]

Whole of her stern-frame, and, ere she could
 lift

Herself from out her present jeopardy,
 The rudder tore away: 't was time to sound
 The pumps, and there were four feet water
 found.

XXVIII.

One gang of people instantly was put
 Upon the pumps, and the remainder set
 To get up part of the cargo, and what not;
 But they could not come at the leak as yet;
 At last they did get at it really, but
 Still their salvation was an even bet:
 The water rushed through in a way quite
 puzzling,
 While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales
 of muslin,

XXIX.

Into the opening; but all such ingredients
 Would have been vain, and they must
 have gone down,
 Despite of all their efforts and expedients,
 But for the pumps: I'm glad to make
 them known
 To all the brother tars who may have need
 hence,
 For fifty tons of water were upthrown
 By them per hour, and they had all been
 undone,
 But for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.

XXX.

As day advanced the weather seemed to abate,
 And then the leak they reckoned to reduce,
 And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet
 Kept two hand—and one chain-pump still
 in use.
 The wind blew fresh again: as it grew late
 A squall came on, and while some guns
 broke loose,
 A gust—which all descriptive power tran-
 scends—
 Laid with one blast the ship on her beam ends.

XXXI.

There she lay, motionless, and seemed upset;
 The water left the hold, and washed the
 decks,
 And made a scene men do not soon forget;
 For they remember battles, fires, and
 wrecks,
 Or any other thing that brings regret,
 Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads,
 or necks:

Thus drownings are much talked of by the
divers,
And swimmers, who may chance to be
survivors.

XXXII.

Immediately the masts were cut away,
Both main and mizen; first the mizen went,
The main-mast followed: but the ship still lay
Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.
Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and
they

Eased her at last (although we never meant
To part with all till every hope was blighted),
And then with violence the old ship righted.

XXXIII.

It may be easily supposed, while this
Was going on, some people were unquiet,
That passengers would find it much amiss
To lose their lives, as well as spoil their
diet;

That even the able seaman, deeming his
Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,
As upon such occasions tars will ask
For grog, and sometimes drink rum from
the cask.

XXXIV.

There 's nought, no doubt, so much the
spirit calms

As rum and true religion: thus it was,
Some plundered, some drank spirits, some
sung psalms,

The high wind made the treble, and as bass
The hoarse harsh waves kept time; fright
cured the qualms

Of all the luckless landmen's sea-sick
maws:

Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devo-
tion,

Clamoured in chorus to the roaring Ocean.

XXXV.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his
years,

Got to the spirit-room, and stood before

It with a pair of pistols; and their fears,
As if Death were more dreadful by his door

Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,
Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,
Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.

XXXVI.

"Give us more grog," they cried, "for it will
be
All one an hour hence." Juan answered,
"No!

'T is true that Death awaits both you and me,
But let us die like men, not sink below
Like brutes:"—and thus his dangerous post
kept he,

And none liked to anticipate the blow;
And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,
Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

XXXVII.

The good old gentleman was quite aghast,
And made a loud and pious lamentation;
Repented all his sins, and made a last
Irrevocable vow of reformation;
Nothing should tempt him more (this peril
past)

To quit his academic occupation,
Incloisters of the classic Salamanca,
To follow Juan's wake, like Sancho Panca.

XXXVIII.

But now there came a flash of hope once
more;

Day broke, and the wind lulled: the masts
were gone,
The leak increased; shoals round her, but no
shore,

The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.
They tried the pumps again, and though,
before,

Their desperate efforts seemed all useless
grown,
A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to
bale—

The stronger pumped, the weaker thrummed
a sail.

XXXIX.

Under the vessel's keel the sail was passed,
And for the moment it had some effect;
But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,
Nor rag of canvas, what could they expect?
But still 't is best to struggle to the last,

'T is never too late to be wholly wrecked:
And though 't is true that man can only die
once,

'T is not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons.

XL.

There winds and waves had hurled them, and
from thence,

Without their will, they carried them away;
For they were forced with steering to dispense,
And never had as yet a quiet day

On which they might repose, or even
commence

A jurymast or rudder, or could say
The ship would swim an hour, which, by
good luck,
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

XLI.

The wind, in fact, perhaps, was rather less,
But the ship laboured so, they scarce could
hope

To weather out much longer; the distress
Was also great with which they had to cope
For want of water, and their solid mess
Was scant enough: in vain the telescope
Was used—nor sail nor shore appeared in
sight,
Nought but the heavy sea, and coming night.

XLII.

Again the weather threatened,—again blew
A gale, and in the fore and after-hold
Water appeared; yet, though the people
knew

All this, the most were patient, and some
bold,
Until the chains and leathers were worn
through
Of all our pumps:—a wreck complete she
rolled,
At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are
Like human beings during civil war.

XLIII.

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears
In his rough eyes, and told the captain, he
Could do no more: he was a man in years,
And long had voyaged through many a
stormy sea,
And if he wept at length they were not fears
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,—
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.

XLIV.

The ship was evidently settling now
Fast by the head; and, all distinction gone,
Some went to prayers again, and made a
vow
Of candles to their saints—but there were
none
To pay them with; and some looked o'er the
bow;
Some hoisted out the boats; and there was
one

That begged Pedrillo for an absolution,
Who told him to be damned—in his con-
fusion.

XLV.

Some lashed them in their hammocks; some
put on
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair;
Some cursed the day on which they saw the
Sun,
And gnashed their teeth, and, howling, tore
their hair;
And others went on as they had begun,
Getting the boats out, being well aware
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

XLVI.

The worst of all was, that in their condition,
Having been several days in great distress,
'T was difficult to get out such provision
As now might render their long suffering
less:
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition;
Their stock was damaged by the weather's
stress:
Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter.

XLVII.

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow
Some pounds of bread, though injured by
the wet;
Water, a twenty-gallon cask or so;
Six flasks of wine; and they contrived to get
A portion of their beef up from below,
And with a piece of pork, moreover, met,
But scarce enough to serve them for a
luncheon—
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a
puncheon.

XLVIII.

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had
Been stove in the beginning of the gale;
And the long-boat's condition was but bad,
As there were but two blankets for a sail,
And one oar for a mast, which a young lad
Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail;
And two boats could not hold, far less be
stored,
To save one half the people then on board.

XLIX.

'T was twilight, and the sunless day went down
 Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
 Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the
 frown
 Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
 Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
 And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
 And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had
 Fear
 Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

L.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
 With little hope in such a rolling sea,
 A sort of thing at which one would have
 laughed,
 If any laughter at such times could be,
 Unless with people who too much have quaffed,
 And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
 Half epileptical, and half hysterical:—
 Their preservation would have been a miracle.

LI.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops,
 spars,
 And all things, for a chance, had been cast
 loose,
 That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
 For yet they strove, although of no great use:
 There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
 The boats put off o'ercrowded with their
 crews;
 She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
 And, going down head foremost—sunk, in
 short.

LII.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
 Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the
 brave,—
 Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave;
 And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
 And down she sucked with her the whirling
 wave,
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die.

LIII.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
 Louder than the loud Ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
 Accompanied by a convulsive splash,

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

LIV.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
 And in them crowded several of the crew;
 And yet their present hope was hardly more
 Than what it had been, for so strong it blew
 There was slight chance of reaching any shore;
 And then they were too many, though so
 few—
 Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
 Were counted in them when they got afloat.

LV.

All the rest perished; near two hundred souls
 Had left their bodies; and what's worse,
 alas!
 When over Catholics the Ocean rolls,
 They must wait several weeks before a mass
 Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,
 Because, till people know what's come to
 pass,
 They won't lay out their money on the dead—
 It costs three francs for every mass that's said.

LVI.

Juan got into the long-boat, and there
 Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place;
 It seemed as if they had exchanged their care,
 For Juan wore the magisterial face
 Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair
 Of eyes were crying for their owner's case:
 Battista, though, (a name called shortly Tita),
 Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

LVII.

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save,
 But the same cause, conducive to his loss,
 Left him so drunk, he jumped into the wave,
 As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,
 And so he found a wine-and-watery grave;
 They could not rescue him although so
 close,
 Because the sea ran higher every minute,
 And for the boat—the crew kept crowding
 in it.

LVIII.

A small old spaniel,—which had been Don
 José's,
 His father's, whom he loved, as ye may
 think,
 For on such things the memory reposes
 With tenderness—stood howling on the
 brink,

Knowing, (dogs have such intellectual noses!)
 No doubt, the vessel was about to sink;
 And Juan caught him up, and ere he stepped
 Off threw him in, then after him he leaped.

LIX.

He also stuffed his money where he could
 About his person, and Pedrillo's too,
 Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,
 Not knowing what himself to say, or do,
 As every rising wave his dread renewed;
 But Juan, trusting they might still get
 through,
 And deeming there were remedies for any ill,
 Thus re-embarked his tutor and his spaniel.

LX.

'T was a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,
 That the sail was becalmed between the
 seas,
 Though on the wave's high top too much to
 set,
 They dared not take it in for all the breeze:
 Each sea curled o'er the stern, and kept them
 wet,
 And made them bale without a moment's
 ease,
 So that themselves as well as hopes were
 damped,
 And the poor little cutter quickly swamped.

LXI.

Nine souls more went in her: the long-boat
 still
 Kept above water, with an oar for mast,
 Two blankets stitched together, answering ill
 Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast;
 Though every wave rolled menacing to fill,
 And present peril all before surpassed,
 They grieved for those who perished with the
 cutter,
 And also for the biscuit-casks and butter.

LXII.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
 Of the continuance of the gale: to run
 Before the sea until it should grow fine,
 Was all that for the present could be done:
 A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine
 Were served out to the people, who begun
 To faint, and damaged bread wet through
 the bags,
 And most of them had little clothes but rags.

LXIII.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space
 Which left scarce room for motion or
 exertion;
 They did their best to modify their case,
 One half sate up, though numbed with the
 immersion,
 While t' other half were laid down in their
 place,
 At watch and watch; thus, shivering like
 the tertian
 Ague in its cold fit, they filled their boat,
 With nothing but the sky for a great coat.

LXIV.

'T is very certain the desire of life
 Prolongs it: this is obvious to physicians,
 When patients, neither plagued with friends
 nor wife,
 Survive through very desperate conditions,
 Because they still can hope, nor shines the
 knife
 Nor shears of Atropos before their visions:
 Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,
 And makes men's misery of alarming brevity.

LXV.

'T is said that persons living on annuities
 Are longer lived than others,—God knows
 why,
 Unless to plague the grantors,—yet so true it
 is,
 That some, I really think, *do* never die:
 Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,
 And *that*'s their mode of furnishing supply:
 In my young days they lent me cash that way,
 Which I found very troublesome to pay.

LXVI.

'T is thus with people in an open boat,
 They live upon the love of Life, and bear
 More than can be believed, or even thought,
 And stand like rocks the tempest's wear
 and tear;
 And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,
 Since Noah's ark went cruising here and
 there;
 She had a curious crew as well as cargo,
 Like the first old Greek privateer, the Argo.

LXVII.

But man is a carnivorous production,
 And must have meals, at least one meal a
 day;
 He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
 But, like the shark and tiger, must have
 prey;

Although his anatomical construction
 Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,
 Your labouring people think, beyond all
 question,
 Beef, veal, and mutton, better for digestion.

LXVIII.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew;
 For on the third day there came on a calm,
 And though at first their strength it might
 renew,
 And lying on their weariness like balm,
 Lulled them like turtles sleeping on the blue
 Of Ocean, when they woke they felt a
 qualm,
 And fell all ravenously on their provision,
 Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

LXIX.

The consequence was easily foreseen—
 They ate up all they had, and drank their
 wine,
 In spite of all remonstrances, and then
 On what, in fact, next day were they to
 dine?
 They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish
 men!
 And carry them to shore; these hopes were
 fine,
 But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,
 It would have been more wise to save their
 victual.

LXX.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,
 And Ocean slumbered like an unweaned
 child:
 The fifth day, and their boat lay floating
 there,
 The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and
 mild—
 With their one oar (I wish they had had a
 pair)
 What could they do? and Hunger's rage
 grew wild:
 So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,
 Was killed, and portioned out for present
 eating.

LXXI.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
 And Juan, who had still refused, because
 The creature was his father's dog that died,
 Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,
 With some remorse received (though first
 denied)
 As a great favour one of the fore-paws,

Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
 Devoured it, longing for the other too.

LXXII.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning
 sun
 Blistered and scorched, and, stagnant on
 the sea,
 They lay like carcasses; and hope was none,
 Save in the breeze that came not: savagely
 They glared upon each other—all was done,
 Water, and wine, and food,—and you
 might see
 The longings of the cannibal arise
 (Although they spoke not) in their wolfish
 eyes.

LXXIII.

At length one whispered his companion, who
 Whispered another, and thus it went round,
 And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
 An ominous, and wild, and desperate
 sound;
 And when his comrade's thought each sufferer
 knew,
 'T was but his own, suppressed till now, he
 found:
 And out they spoke of lots for flesh and
 blood,
 And who should die to be his fellow's food.

LXXIV.

But ere they came to this, they that day shared
 Some leathern caps, and what remained of
 shoes;
 And then they looked around them, and de-
 spaired,
 And none to be the sacrifice would choose;
 At length the lots were torn up, and prepared,
 But of materials that must shock the Muse—
 Having no paper, for the want of better,
 They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

LXXV.

The lots were made, and marked, and mixed,
 and handed,
 In silent horror, and their distribution
 Lulled even the savage hunger which de-
 manded,
 Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution;
 None in particular had sought or planned it,
 'T was Nature gnawed them to this resolu-
 tion,
 By which none were permitted to be neuter—
 And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

LXXVI.

He but requested to be bled to death :
 The surgeon had his instruments, and bled
 Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,
 You hardly could perceive when he was
 dead.

He died as born, a Catholic in faith,
 Like most in the belief in which they 're
 bred,
 And first a little crucifix he kissed,
 And then held out his jugular and wrist.

LXXVII.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,
 Had his first choice of morsels for his pains ;
 But being thirstiest at the moment, he
 Preferred a draught from the fast-flowing
 veins :

Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,
 And such things as the entrails and the
 brains
 Regaled two sharks, who followed o'er the
 billow—
 The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

LXXVIII.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,
 Who were not quite so fond of animal food ;
 To these was added Juan, who, before
 Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could
 Feel now his appetite increased much more ;
 'T was not to be expected that he should,
 Even in extremity of their disaster,
 Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

LXXIX.

'T was better that he did not ; for, in fact,
 The consequence was awful in the extreme ;
 For they, who were most ravenous in the act,
 Went raging mad—Lord ! how they did
 blaspheme !
 And foam, and roll, with strange convulsions
 racked,
 Drinking salt-water like a mountain-stream,
 Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching,
 swearing,
 And, with hyæna-laughter, died despairing.

LXXX.

Their numbers were much thinned by this in-
 fliction,
 And all the rest were thin enough, Heaven
 knows ;
 And some of them had lost their recollection,
 Happier than they who still perceived their
 woes ;

But others pondered on a new dissection,
 As if not warned sufficiently by those
 Who had already perished, suffering madly,
 For having used their appetites so sadly.

LXXXI.

And next they thought upon the master's mate,
 As fattest ; but he saved himself, because,
 Besides being much averse from such a fate,
 There were some other reasons : the first
 was,

He had been rather indisposed of late ;
 And—that which chiefly proved his saving
 clause—
 Was a small present made to him at Cadiz,
 By general subscription of the ladies.

LXXXII.

Of poor Pedrillo something still remained,
 But was used sparingly,—some were afraid,
 And others still their appetites constrained,
 Or but at times a little supper made ;
 All except Juan, who throughout abstained,
 Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some lead :
 At length they caught two Boobies, and a
 Noddy,
 And then they left off eating the dead body.

LXXXIII.

And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,
 Remember Ugolino condescends
 To eat the head of his arch-enemy
 The moment after he politely ends
 His tale : if foes be food in Hell, at sea
 'T is surely fair to dine upon our friends,
 When Shipwreck's short allowance grows too
 scanty,
 Without being much more horrible than
 Dante.

LXXXIV.

And the same night there fell a shower of
 rain,
 For which their mouths gaped, like the
 cracks of earth
 When dried to summer dust ; till taught by
 pain,
 Men really know not what good water's
 worth ;
 If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
 Or with a famished boat's-crew had your
 berth,
 Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
 You 'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a
 well.

LXXXV.

It poured down torrents, but they were no
richer
Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,
Which served them as a sort of spongy
pitcher,
And when they deemed its moisture was
complete,
They wrung it out, and though a thirsty
ditcher
Might not have thought the scanty draught
so sweet
As a full pot of porter, to their thinking
'They ne'er till now had known the joys of
drinking.

LXXXVI.

And their baked lips, with many a bloody
crack,
Sucked in the moisture, which like nectar
streamed;
Their throats were ovens, their swoln tongues
were black,
As the rich man's in Hell, who vainly
screamed
To beg the beggar, who could not rain back
A drop of dew, when every drop had seemed
To taste of Heaven—If this be true, indeed,
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

LXXXVII.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom
the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance at him, and said, "Heaven's
will be done!
I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

LXXXVIII.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must
part.

LXXXIX.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And when the wished-for shower at length
was come,

And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half
glazed,
Brightened, and for a moment seemed to
roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

XC.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And looked upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were
past,
He watched it wistfully, until away
'T was borne by the rude wave wherein 't
was cast;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and
shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs
quivering.

XCI.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the
dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue;
And all within its arch appeared to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Waxed broad and waving, like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that 's bent, and
then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwrecked men.

XCII.

It changed, of course; a heavenly Chameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one,
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle
(For sometimes we must box without the
muffle).

XCIII.

Our shipwrecked seamen thought it a good
omen—
It is as well to think so, now and then;
'T was an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
And may become of great advantage when
Folks are discouraged; and most surely no
men
Had greater need to nerve themselves again
Than these, and so this rainbow looked like
Hope—
Quite a celestial Kaleidoscope.

XCIV.

About this time a beautiful white bird,
 Webfooted, not unlike a dove in size
 And plumage (probably it might have erred
 Upon its course), passed oft before their eyes,
 And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
 The men within the boat, and in this guise
 It came and went, and fluttered round them till
 Night fell:—this seemed a better omen still.

XCV.

But in this case I also must remark,
 'T was well this bird of promise did not
 perch,
 Because the tackle of our shattered bark
 Was not so safe for roosting as a church;
 And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,
 Returning there from her successful search,
 Which in their way that moment chanced to fall
 They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

XCVI.

With twilight it again came on to blow,
 But not with violence; the stars shone out,
 The boat made way; yet now they were so low,
 They knew not where or what they were
 about;
 Some fancied they saw land, and some said
 "No!"
 The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to
 doubt—
 Some swore that they heard breakers, others
 guns,
 And all mistook about the latter once.

XCVII.

As morning broke, the light wind died away,
 When he who had the watch sung out and
 swore,
 If 't was not land that rose with the Sun's ray,
 He wished that land he never might see
 more;
 And the rest rubbed their eyes and saw a bay,
 Or thought they saw, and shaped their
 course for shore;
 For shore it was, and gradually grew
 Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

XCVIII.

And then of these some part burst into tears,
 And others, looking with a stupid stare,
 Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
 And seemed as if they had no further care;

While a few prayed—(the first time for some
 years)—

And at the bottom of the boat three were
 Asleep: they shook them by the hand and head,
 And tried to awaken them, but found them
 dead.

XCIX.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,
 They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,
 And by good fortune, gliding softly, caught her,
 Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind
 Proved even still a more nutritious matter,
 Because it left encouragement behind:
 They thought that in such perils, more than
 chance
 Had sent them this for their deliverance.

C.

The land appeared a high and rocky coast,
 And higher grew the mountains as they
 drew,
 Set by a current, toward it: they were lost
 In various conjectures, for none knew
 To what part of the earth they had been tost,
 So changeable had been the winds that
 blew;
 Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some the
 highlands
 Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other islands.

CI.

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,
 Still set them onwards to the welcome
 shore,
 Like Charon's bark of spectres, dull and pale:
 Their living freight was now reduced to
 four,
 And three dead, whom their strength could
 not avail
 To heave into the deep with those before,
 Though the two sharks still followed them,
 and dashed
 The spray into their faces as they splashed.

CII.

Famine—despair—cold—thirst and heat, had
 done
 Their work on them by turns, and thinned
 them to
 Such things a mother had not known her
 son
 Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew;
 By night chilled, by day scorched, thus one
 by one
 They perished, until withered to these few,

But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,
In washing down Pedrillo with salt water.

CIII.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was
seen
Unequal in its aspect here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing green,
That waved in forest-tops, and smoothed
the air,
And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen
From glistening waves, and skies so hot
and bare—
Lovely seemed any object that should sweep
Away the vast—salt—dread—eternal Deep.

CIV.

The shore looked wild, without a trace of
man,
And girt by formidable waves; but they
Were mad for land, and thus their course
they ran,
Though right ahead the roaring breakers
lay:
A reef between them also now began
To show its boiling surf and bounding
spray,
But finding no place for their landing better,
They ran the boat for shore,—and overset
her.

CV.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont;
And having learnt to swim in that sweet
river,
Had often turned the art to some account:
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
He could, perhaps, have passed the Helles-
pont,
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

CVI.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
He buoyed his boyish limbs, and strove to
ply
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was
dark,
The beech which lay before him, high and
dry:
The greatest danger here was from a shark,
That carried off his neighbour by the
thigh;
As for the other two, they could not swim,
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

CVII.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,
Which, providentially for him, was washed
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,
And the hard wave o'erwhelmed him as 't
was dashed
Within his grasp; he clung to it, and sore
The waters beat while he thereto was
lashed;
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling,
he
Rolled on the beach, half-senseless, from the
sea:

CVIII.

There, breathless, with his digging nails he
clung
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate
grave:
And there he lay, full length, where he was
flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps, in
vain.

CIX.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
And quivering hand; and then he looked for
those
Who long had been his mates upon the
sea;
But none of them appeared to share his woes,
Save one, a corpse, from out the famished
three,
Who died two days before, and now had
found
An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

CX.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the
sand
Swam round and round, and all his senses
passed:
He fell upon his side, and his stretched
hand
Drooped dripping on the oar (their jury-
mast),
And, like a withered lily, on the land
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was formed of clay.

CXI.

How long in his damp trance young Juan
lay
He knew not, for the earth was gone for
him,
And Time had nothing more of night nor
day
For his congealing blood, and senses dim;
And how this heavy faintness passed away
He knew not, till each painful pulse and
limb,
And tingling vein, seemed throbbing back to
life,
For Death, though vanquished, still retired
with strife.

CXII.

His eyes he opened, shut, again unclosed,
For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
And wished it Death in which he had reposed,
And then once more his feelings back were
brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen
A lovely female face of seventeen.

CXIII.

'T was bending close o'er his, and the small
mouth
Seemed almost prying into his for breath;
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of
youth
Recalled his answering spirits back from
Death:
And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe
Each pulse to animation, till beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

CXIV.

Then was the cordial poured, and mantle
flung
Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair
arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it
hung;
And her transparent cheek, all pure and
warm,
Pillowed his death-like forehead; then she
wrung
His dewy curls, long drenched by every
storm;
And watched with eagerness each throb that
drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

CXV.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure,—then begun
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that roofed them, which
the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatso'er
She was, appeared distinct, and tall, and fair.

CXVI.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair—
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were
rolled
In braids behind; and though her stature
were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reached her heel; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke com-
mand,
As one who was a Lady in the land.

CXVII.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as Death, their lashes the same
hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance
flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow
flew;
'T is as the snake late coiled, who pours his
length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

CXVIII.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure
dye
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

CXIX.

I'll tell you why I say so, for 't is just
One should not rail without a decent cause:
There was an Irish lady,¹ to whose bust
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was
¹ [Probably that "Alpha and Omega of Beauty,"
Lady Adelaide Forbes (daughter of George, sixth

A frequent model ; and if e'er she must
Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling
laws,
They will destroy a face which mortal thought
Ne'er compassed, nor less mortal chisel
wrought.

CXX.

And such was she, the lady of the cave :
Her dress was very different from the
Spanish,
Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave ;
For, as you know, the Spanish women
banish
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet,
while wave
Around them (what I hope will never vanish)
The basquiña and the mantilla, they
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

CXXI.

But with our damsel this was not the case :
Her dress was many-coloured, finely spun ;
Her locks curled negligently round her face,
But through them gold and gems profusely
shone :
Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace
Flowed in her veil, and many a precious
stone
Flashed on her little hand ; but, what was
shocking,
Her small snow feet had slippers, but no
stocking.

CXXII.

The other female's dress was not unlike,
But of inferior materials : she
Had not so many ornaments to strike,
Her hair had silver only, bound to be
Her dowry ; and her veil, in form alike,
Was coarser ; and her air, though firm, less
free ;
Her hair was thicker, but less long ; her eyes
As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

CXXIII.

And these two tended him, and cheered him
both
With food and raiment, and those soft
attentions,
Which are—as I must own—of female growth,
And have ten thousand delicate inventions :
Earl of Granard), whom Byron compared to the
Apollo Belvidere. See *Letters*, 1898, ii. 230,
note 3.]

They made a most superior mess of broth,
A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,
But the best dish that e'er was cooked since
Homer's
Achilles ordered dinner for new comers.¹

CXXIV.

I'll tell you who they were, this female pair,
Lest they should seem Princesses in dis-
guise ;
Besides, I hate all mystery, and that air
Of clap-trap, which your recent poets prize ;
And so, in short, the girls they really were
They shall appear before your curious eyes,
Mistress and maid ; the first was only daughter
Of an old man, who lived upon the water.

CXXV.

A fisherman he had been in his youth,
And still a sort of fisherman was he ;
But other speculations were, in sooth,
Added to his connection with the sea,
Perhaps not so respectable, in truth :
A little smuggling, and some piracy,
Left him, at last, the sole of many masters
Of an ill-gotten million of piastres.

CXXVI.

A fisher, therefore, was he,—though of men,
Like Peter the Apostle, and he fished
For wandering merchant-vessels, now and
then,
And sometimes caught as many as he
wished ;
The cargoes he confiscated, and gain
He sought in the slave-market too, and
dished
Full many a morsel for that Turkish trade,
By which, no doubt, a good deal may be
made.

CXXVII.

He was a Greek, and on his isle had built
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)
A very handsome house from out his guilt,
And there he lived exceedingly at ease ;
Heaven knows what cash he got, or blood he
spilt,
A sad old fellow was he, if you please ;

¹ ["When Ajax, Ulysses, and Phoenix stand before Achilles, he rushes forth to greet them, brings them into the tent, directs Patroclus to mix the wine, cuts up the meat, dresses it, and sets it before the ambassadors" (*Iliad*. ix. 193, sq.)—*Study of the Classics*, by H. N. Coleridge, 1830, p. 71.]

But this I know, it was a spacious building,
Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

CXXVIII.

He had an only daughter, called Haidée,
The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles;
Besides, so very beautiful was she,
Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles:
Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood, and between
whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

CXXIX.

And walking out upon the beach, below
The cliff, towards sunset, on that day she
found,
Insensible,—not dead, but nearly so,—
Don Juan, almost famished, and half
drowned;
But being naked, she was shocked, you know,
Yet deemed herself in common pity bound,
As far as in her lay, "to take him in,
A stranger" dying—with so white a skin.

CXXX.

But taking him into her father's house
Was not exactly the best way to save,
But like conveying to the cat the mouse,
Or people in a trance into their grave;
Because the good old man had so much
"vous,"
Unlike the honest Arab thieves so brave,
He would have hospitably cured the stranger,
And sold him instantly when out of danger.

CXXXI.

And therefore, with her maid, she thought
it best
(A virgin always on her maid relies)
To place him in the cave for present rest:
And when, at last, he opened his black eyes,
Their charity increased about their guest;
And their compassion grew to such a size,
It opened half the turnpike-gates to Heaven—
(St. Paul says, 't is the toll which must be
given).

CXXXII.

They made a fire,—but such a fire as they
Upon the moment could contrive with such
Materials as were cast up round the bay,—
Some broken planks, and oars, that to the
touch

Were nearly tinder, since, so long they lay,
A mast was almost crumbled to a crutch;
But, by God's grace, here wrecks were in
such plenty,
That there was fuel to have furnished twenty.

CXXXIII.

He had a bed of furs, and a pelisse,
For Haidée stripped her sables off to make
His couch; and, that he might be more
at ease,
And warm, in case by chance he should
awake,
They also gave a petticoat apiece,
She and her maid, — and promised by
daybreak
To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish
For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and fish.

CXXXIV.

And thus they left him to his lone repose:
Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,
Who sleep at last, perhaps (God only knows),
Just for the present: and in his lulled head
Not even a vision of his former woes
Throbbled in accurséd dreams, which some-
times spread
Unwelcome visions of our former years,
Till the eye, cheated, opens thick with tears.

CXXXV.

Young Juan slept all dreamless:—but the
maid,
Who smoothed his pillow, as she left the
den
Looked back upon him, and a moment stayed
And turned, believing that he called again.
He slumbered; yet she thought, at least she
said
(The heart will slip, even as the tongue
and pen),
He had pronounced her name—but she forgot
That at this moment Juan knew it not.

CXXXVI.

And pensive to her father's house she went,
Enjoining silence strict to Zoe, who
Better than her knew what, in fact, she meant,
She being wiser by a year or two:
A year or two 's an age when rightly spent,
And Zoe spent hers, as most women do,
In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge
Which is acquired in Nature's good old college.

CXXXVII.

The morn broke, and found Juan slumbering
still

Fast in his cave, and nothing clashed upon
His rest; the rushing of the neighbouring rill,
And the young beams of the excluded Sun,
Troubled him not, and he might sleep his fill;
And need he had of slumber yet, for none
Had suffered more — his hardships were
comparative
To those related in my grand-dad's "Narrative."¹

CXXXVIII.

Not so Haidée: she sadly tossed and tumbled,
And started from her sleep, and, turning
o'er,
Dreamed of a thousand wrecks, o'er which
she stumbled,
And handsome corpses strewed upon the
shore;
And woke her maid so early that she grumbled,
And called her father's old slaves up, who
swore
In several oaths — Armenian, Turk, and
Greek—
They knew not what to think of such a freak.

CXXXIX.

But up she got, and up she made them get,
With some pretence about the Sun, that
makes
Sweet skies just when he rises, or is set;
And 't is, no doubt, a sight to see when
breaks
Bright Phœbus, while the mountains still are
wet
With mist, and every bird with him awakes,
And night is flung off like a mourning suit
Worn for a husband,—or some other brute.

CXL.

I say, the Sun is a most glorious sight,
I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late
I have sat up on purpose all the night,²
Which hastens, as physicians say, one's
fate;

¹ [Entitled *A Narrative of the Honourable John Byron* (Commodore in a late expedition round the world), containing an account of the great distresses suffered by himself and his companions on the coast of Patagonia, from the year 1740, till their arrival in England, 1746. Written by Himself," London, 1768, 40.]

² [The second canto of *Don Juan* was finished in January, 1819, when the Venetian Carnival was at its height.]

And so all ye, who would be in the right
In health and purse, begin your day to date
From daybreak, and when coffined at four-
score,
Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.

CXXLI.

And Haidée met the morning face to face;
Her own was freshest, though a feverish
flush
Had dyed it with the headlong blood, whose
race
From heart to cheek is curbed into a blush,
Like to a torrent which a mountain's base,
That overpowers some Alpine river's rush,
Checks to a lake, whose waves in circles
spread;
Or the Red Sea—but the sea is not red.

CXXLII.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
And near the cave her quick light footsteps
drew,
While the Sun smiled on her with his first
flame,
And young Aurora kissed her lips with dew,
Taking her for a sister; just the same
Mistake you would have made on seeing
the two,
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage, too, of not being air.

CXXLIII.

And when into the cavern Haidée stepped
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
That like an infant Juan sweetly slept;
And then she stopped, and stood as if in
awe
(For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept
And wrapped him closer, lest the air, too raw,
Should reach his blood, then o'er him still
as Death
Bent, with hushed lips, that drank his scarce-
drawn breath.

CXXLIV.

And thus like to an Angel o'er the dying
Who die in righteousness, she leaned; and
there
All tranquilly the shipwrecked boy was lying,
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:
But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
Must breakfast—and, betimes, lest they should
ask it,
She drew out her provision from the basket.

CXLV.

She knew that the best feelings must have
 victual,
 And that a shipwrecked youth would hungry
 be ;
 Besides, being less in love, she yawned a little,
 And felt her veins chilled by the neighbour-
 ing sea ;
 And so, she cooked their breakfast to a tittle ;
 I can't say that she gave them any tea,
 But there were eggs, fruit, coffee, bread, fish,
 honey,
 With Scio wine,—and all for love, not money.

CXLVI.

And Zoe, when the eggs were ready, and
 The coffee made, would fain have wakened
 Juan ;
 But Haidée stopped her with her quick small
 hand,
 And without a word, a sign her finger drew on
 Her lip, which Zoe needs must understand ;
 And, the first breakfast spoilt, prepared a
 new one,
 Because her mistress would not let her break
 That sleep which seemed as it would ne'er
 awake.

CXLVII.

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek
 A purple hectic played like dying day
 On the snow-tops of distant hills ; the streak
 Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,
 Where the blue veins looked shadowy, shrunk,
 and weak ;
 And his black curls were dewy with the spray,
 Which weighed upon them yet, all damp and
 salt,
 Mixed with the stony vapours of the vault.

CXLVIII.

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
 Hushed as a babe upon its mother's breast,
 Drooped as the willow when no winds can
 breathe,
 Lulled like the depth of Ocean when at rest,
 Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
 Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest ;
 In short, he was a very pretty fellow,
 Although his woes had turned him rather
 yellow.

CXLIX.

He woke and gazed, and would have slept
 again,
 But the fair face which met his eyes forbade
 Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain
 Had further sleep a further pleasure made :

For Woman's face was never formed in vain
 For Juan, so that even when he prayed
 He turned from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy,
 To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

CL.

And thus upon his elbow he arose,
 And looked upon the lady, in whose cheek
 The pale contended with the purple rose,
 As with an effort she began to speak ;
 Her eyes were eloquent, her words would pose,
 Although she told him, in good modern
 Greek,
 With an Ionian accent, low and sweet,
 That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat.

CLI.

Now Juan could not understand a word,
 Being no Grecian ; but he had an ear,
 And her voice was the warble of a bird,
 So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,
 That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard ;
 The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
 Without knowing why—an overpowering tone,
 Whence Melody descends as from a throne.

CLII.

And Juan gazed as one who is awake
 By a distant organ, doubting if he be
 Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke
 By the watchman, or some such reality,
 Or by one's early valet's curséd knock ;
 At least it is a heavy sound to me,
 Who like a morning slumber—for the night
 Shows stars and women in a better light.

CLIII.

And Juan, too, was helped out from his dream,
 Or sleep, or whatso'er it was, by feeling
 A most prodigious appetite ; the steam
 Of Zoe's cookery no doubt was stealing
 Upon his senses, and the kindling beam
 Of the new fire, which Zoe kept up, kneeling,
 To stir her viands, made him quite awake
 And long for food, but chiefly a beef-steak.

CLIV.

But beef is rare within these oxless isles ;
 Goat's flesh there is, no doubt, and kid,
 and mutton,
 And, when a holiday upon them smiles,
 A joint upon their barbarous spits they put
 on :
 But this occurs but seldom, between whiles,
 For some of these are rocks with scarce a
 hut on ;
 Others are fair and fertile, among which
 This, though not large, was one of the most
 rich.

CLV.

I say that beef is rare, and can't help thinking
That the old fable of the Minotaur—
From which our modern morals, rightly
shrink,ing,
Condemn the royal lady's taste who wore
A cow's shape for a mask—was only (sinking
The allegory) a mere type, no more,
That Pasiphae promoted breeding cattle,
To make the Cretans bloodier in battle.

CLVI.

For we all know that English people are
Fed upon beef—I won't say much of beer,
Because 't is liquor only, and being far
From this my subject, has no business here;
We know, too, they are very fond of war,
A pleasure—like all pleasures—rather dear;
So were the Cretans—from which I infer,
That beef and battles both were owing to her.

CLVII.

But to resume. The languid Juan raised
His head upon his elbow, and he saw
A sight on which he had not lately gazed,
As all his latter meals had been quite raw,
Three or four things, for which the Lord he
praised,
And, feeling still the famished vulture gnaw,
He fell upon whate'er was offered, like
A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike.

CLVIII.

He ate, and he was well supplied; and she,
Who watched him like a mother, would
have fed
Him past all bounds, because she smiled to see
Such appetite in one she had deemed dead:
But Zoe, being older than Haidée,
Knew (by tradition, for she ne'er had read)
That famished people, must be slowly nurst,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.

CLIX.

And so she took the liberty to state,
Rather by deeds than words, because the
case
Was urgent, that the gentleman, whose fate
Had made her mistress quit her bed to trace
The sea-shore at this hour, must leave his
plate,
Unless he wished to die upon the place—
She snatched it, and refused another morsel,
Saying, he had gorged enough to make a
horse ill.

CLX.

Next they—he being naked, save a tattered
Pair of scarce decent trowsers—went to
work,
And in the fire his recent rags they scattered,
And dressed him, for the present, like a
Turk,
Or Greek—that is, although it not much
mattered,
Omitting turban, slippers, pistol, dirk,—
They furnished him, entire, except some
stitches,
With a clean shirt, and very spacious breeches.

CLXI.

And then fair Haidée tried her tongue at
speaking,
But not a word could Juan comprehend,
Although he listened so that the young Greek
in
Her earnestness would ne'er have made an
end;
And, as he interrupted not, went eking
Her speech out to her protégé and friend,
Till pausing at the last her breath to take,
She saw he did not understand Romaic.

CLXII.

And then she had recourse to nods, and signs,
And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking
eye,
And read (the only book she could) the lines
Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,
The answer eloquent, where the Soul shines
And darts in one quick glance a long reply;
And thus in every look she saw expressed
A world of words, and things at which she
guessed.

CLXIII.

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,
No doubt, less of her language than her
look:
As he who studies fervently the skies
Turns oftener to the stars than to his book,
Thus Juan learned his *alpha beta* better
From Haidée's glance than any graven letter.

CLXIV.

'T is pleasing to be schooled in a strange
tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,
When both the teacher and the taught are
young,
As was the case, at least, where I have been;