

They smile so when one 's right, and when
 one 's wrong
 They smile still more, and then there inter-
 vene
 Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste
 kiss;—
 I learned the little that I know by this :

CLXV.

That is, some words of Spanish, Turk, and
 Greek,
 Italian not at all, having no teachers ;
 Much English I cannot pretend to speak,
 Learning that language chiefly from its
 preachers,
 Barrow, South, Tillotson, whom every week
 I study, also Blair—the highest reachers
 Of eloquence in piety and prose—
 I hate your poets, so read none of those.

CLXVI.

As for the ladies, I have nought to say,
 A wanderer from the British world of
 Fashion,
 Where I, like other " dogs, have had my day,"
 Like other men, too, may have had my
 passion—
 But that, like other things, has passed away,
 And all her fools whom I *could* lay the lash
 on :
 Foes, friends, men, women, now are nought
 to me
 But dreams of what has been, no more to be.

CLXVII.

Return we to Don Juan. He begun
 To hear new words, and to repeat them ;
 but
 Some feelings, universal as the Sun,
 Were such as could not in his breast be shut
 More than within the bosom of a nun :
 He was in love,—as you would be, no
 doubt,
 With a young benefactress,—so was she,
 Just in the way we very often see.

CLXVIII.

And every day by daybreak—rather early
 For Juan, who was somewhat fond of rest—
 She came into the cave, but it was merely
 To see her bird reposing in his nest ;
 And she would softly stir his locks so curly,
 Without disturbing her yet slumbering
 guest,
 Breathing all gently o'er his cheek and mouth,
 As o'er a bed of roses the sweet South.

CLXIX.

And every morn his colour freshlier came,
 And every day helped on his convalescence ;
 'T was well, because health in the human
 frame
 Is pleasant, besides being true Love's
 essence,
 For health and idleness to Passion's flame
 Are oil and gunpowder ; and some good
 lessons
 Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus,
 Without whom Venus will not long attack us.

CLXX.

While Venus fills the heart, (without heart,
 really,
 Love, though good always, is not quite so
 good,)
 Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli,—
 For Love must be sustained like flesh and
 blood,—
 While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a
 jelly :
 Eggs, oysters, too, are amatory food ;
 But who is their purveyor from above
 Heaven knows,—it may be Neptune, Pan, or
 Jove.

CLXXI.

When Juan woke he found some good things
 ready,
 A bath, a breakfast, and the finest eyes
 That ever made a youthful heart less steady,
 Besides her maid's, as pretty for their size ;
 But I have spoken of all this already—
 A repetition 's tiresome and unwise,—
 Well—Juan, after bathing in the sea,
 Came always back to coffee and Haidée.

CLXXII.

Both were so young, and one so innocent,
 That bathing passed for nothing ; Juan
 seemed
 To her, as 't were, the kind of being sent,
 Of whom these two years she had nightly
 dreamed,
 A something to be loved, a creature meant
 To be her happiness, and whom she deemed
 To render happy ; all who joy would win
 Must share it,—Happiness was born a Twin.

CLXXIII.

It was such pleasure to behold him, such
 Enlargement of existence to partake
 Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,
 To watch him slumbering, and to see him
 wake :

To live with him for ever were too much ;
 But then the thought of parting made her
 quake ;
 He was her own, her ocean-treasure, cast
 Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last.

CLXXIV.

And thus a moon rolled on, and fair Haidée
 Paid daily visits to her boy, and took
 Such plentiful precautions, that still he
 Remained unknown within his craggy nook ;
 At last her father's prows put out to sea,
 For certain merchantmen upon the look,
 Not as of yore to carry off an Io,
 But three Ragusan vessels, bound for Scio.

CLXXV.

Then came her freedom, for she had no
 mother,
 So that, her father being at sea, she was
 Free as a married woman, or such other
 Female, as where she likes may freely pass,
 Without even the encumbrance of a brother,
 The freest she that ever gazed on glass :
 I speak of Christian lands in this comparison,
 Where wives, at least, are seldom kept in
 garrison.

CLXXVI.

Now she prolonged her visits and her talk
 (For they must talk), and he had learnt
 to say
 So much as to propose to take a walk,—
 For little had he wandered since the day
 On which, like a young flower snapped from
 the stalk,

Drooping and dewy on the beach he lay,—
 And thus they walked out in the afternoon,
 And saw the sun set opposite the moon.

CLXXVII.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,
 With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,
 Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host,
 With here and there a creek, whose aspect
 wore

A better welcome to the tempest-tost ;
 And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,
 Save on the dead long summer days, which
 make

The outstretched Ocean glitter like a lake.

CLXXVIII.

And the small ripple spilt upon the beach
 Scarcely o'erpassed the cream of your
 champagne,
 When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers
 reach,
 That spring-dew of the spirit ! the heart's
 rain !

Few things surpass old wine ; and they may
 preach

Who please,—the more because they preach
 in vain,—

Let us have Wine and Woman, Mirth and
 Laughter,

Sermons and soda-water the day after.

CLXXIX.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk ;
 The best of Life is but intoxication :
 Glory, the Grape, Love, Gold, in these are
 sunk

The hopes of all men, and of every nation ;
 Without their sap, how branchless were the
 trunk

Of Life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion !
 But to return,—Get very drunk, and when
 You wake with headache—you shall see what
 then !

CLXXX.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
 Some hock and soda-water, then you 'll
 know

A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king ;
 For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with
 snow,

Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,
 Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
 After long travel, Ennui, Love, or Slaughter,
 Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water !

CLXXXI.

The coast—I think it was the coast that I
 Was just describing — Yes, it *was* the
 coast—

Lay at this period quiet as the sky,
 The sands untumbled, the blue waves
 untossed,

And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry,
 And dolphin's leap, and the little billow
 crossed

By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret
 Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

CLXXXII.

And forth they wandered, her sire being gone,
 As I have said, upon an expedition ;

And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,
 Save Zoe, who, although with due precision
 She waited on her lady with the Sun,

Thought daily service was her only mission,
 Bringing warm water, wreathing her long
 tresses,

And asking now and then for cast-off dresses.

CLXXXIII.

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
 Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
 Which then seems as if the whole earth it
 bounded,
 Circling all Nature, hushed, and dim, and
 still,
 With the far mountain-crescent half sur-
 rounded
 On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
 Upon the other, and the rosy sky
 With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

CLXXXIV.

And thus they wandered forth, and hand in
 hand,
 Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
 Glided along the smooth and hardened sand,
 And in the worn and wild receptacles
 Worked by the storms, yet worked as it were
 planned—
 In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
 They turned to rest; and, each clasped by an
 arm,
 Yielded to the deep Twilight's purple charm.

CLXXXV.

They looked up to the sky, whose floating glow
 Spread like a rosy Ocean, vast and bright;
 They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
 Whence the broad Moon rose circling into
 sight;
 They heard the waves' splash, and the wind
 so low,
 And saw each other's dark eyes darting
 light
 Into each other—and, beholding this,
 Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

CLXXXVI.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of Youth, and Love,
 And Beauty, all concentrating like rays
 Into one focus, kindled from above;
 Such kisses as belong to early days,
 Where Heart, and Soul, and Sense, in concert
 move,
 And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
 Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,
 I think, it must be reckoned by its length.

CLXXXVII.

By length I mean duration; theirs endured
 Heaven knows how long—no doubt they
 never reckoned;
 And if they had, they could not have secured
 The sum of their sensations to a second:

They had not spoken, but they felt allured,
 As if their souls and lips each other beckoned,
 Which, being joined, like swarming bees they
 clung—
 Their hearts the flowers from whence the
 honey sprung.

CLXXXVIII.

They were alone, but not alone as they
 Who shut in chambers think it loneliness;
 The silent Ocean, and the starlight bay,
 The twilight glow, which momentarily grew
 less,
 The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that
 lay
 Around them, made them to each other
 press,
 As if there were no life beneath the sky
 Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

CLXXXIX.

They feared no eyes nor ears on that lone
 beach;
 They felt no terrors from the night; they
 were
 All in all to each other: though their speech
 Was broken words, they *thought* a language
 there,—
 And all the burning tongues the Passions
 teach
 Found in one sigh the best interpreter
 Of Nature's oracle—first love,—that all
 Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

CXC.

Haidée spoke not of scruples, asked no vows,
 Nor offered any; she had never heard
 Of plight and promises to be a spouse,
 Or perils by a loving maid incurred;
 She was all which pure Ignorance allows,
 And flew to her young mate like a young
 bird;
 And, never having dreamt of falsehood, she
 Had not one word to say of constancy.

CXCI.

She loved, and was beloved—she adored,
 And she was worshipped after Nature's
 fashion—
 Their intense souls, into each other poured,
 If souls could die, had perished in that
 passion,—
 But by degrees their senses were restored,
 Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on;
 And, beating 'gainst *his* bosom, Haidée's heart
 Felt as if never more to beat apart,

CXCII.

Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,
 So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour
 Was that in which the Heart is always full,
 And, having o'er itself no further power,
 Prompts deeds Eternity can not annul,
 But pays off moments in an endless shower
 Of hell-fire—all prepared for people giving
 Pleasure or pain to one another living.

CXCIII.

Alas! for Juan and Haidée! they were
 So loving and so lovely—till then never,
 Excepting our first parents, such a pair
 Had run the risk of being damned for ever:
 And Haidée, being devout as well as fair,
 Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian
 river,
 And Hell and Purgatory—but forgot
 Just in the very crisis she should not.

CXCIV.

They look upon each other, and their eyes
 Gleam in the moonlight; and her white
 arm clasps
 Round Juan's head, and his around her lies
 Half buried in the tresses which it grasps;
 She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs,
 He hers, until they end in broken gasps;
 And thus they form a group that 's quite
 antique,
 Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.

CXCIV.

And when those deep and burning moments
 passed,
 And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,
 She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,
 Sustained his head upon her bosom's
 charms;
 And now and then her eye to Heaven is cast,
 And then on the pale cheek her breast now
 warms,
 Pillowed on her o'erflowing heart, which pants
 With all it granted, and with all it grants.

CXCVI.

An infant when it gazes on a light,
 A child the moment when it drains the breast,
 A devotee when soars the Host in sight,
 An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
 A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
 A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
 Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping
 As they who watch o'er what they love while
 sleeping.

CXCVII.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
 All that it hath of Life with us is living;
 So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
 And all unconscious of the joy 't is giving;
 All it hath felt, inflicted, passed, and proved,
 Hushed into depths beyond the watcher's
 diving:
 There lies the thing we love with all its errors
 And all its charms—like Death without its
 terrors.

CXCVIII.

The Lady watched her lover—and that hour
 Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude,
 O'erflowed her soul with their united power;
 Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude
 She and her wave-worn love had made their
 bower,
 Where nought upon their passion could
 intrude,
 And all the stars that crowded the blue space
 Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

CXCIX.

Alas! the love of Women! it is known
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
 For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
 And if 't is lost, Life hath no more to bring
 To them but mockeries of the past alone,
 And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
 Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real
 Torture is theirs—what they inflict they feel.

CC.

They are right; for Man, to man so oft unjust,
 Is always so to Women: one sole bond
 Awaits them—treachery is all their trust;
 Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts
 despond
 Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
 Buys them in marriage—and what rests
 beyond?
 A thankless husband—next, a faithless lover—
 Then dressing, nursing, praying—and all 's
 over.

CCI.

Some take a lover, some take drams or
 prayers,
 Some mind their household, others dis-
 sipation,
 Some run away, and but exchange their cares,
 Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;
 Few changes e'er can better their affairs,
 Theirs being an unnatural situation,

From the dull palace to the dirty hovel :
Some play the devil, and then write a novel.¹

CCII.

Haidée was Nature's bride, and knew not this ;
Haidée was Passion's child, born where the
Sun

Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was one
Made but to love, to feel that she was his

Who was her chosen : what was said or done
Elsewhere was nothing. She had nought to
fear,

Hope, care, nor love, beyond, -- her heart
beat *here*.

CCIII.

And oh ! that quickening of the heart, that
beat !

How much it costs us ! yet each rising throb
Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,

That Wisdom, ever on the watch to rob
Joy of its alchemy, and to repeat

Fine truths; even Conscience, too, has a
tough job

To make us understand each good old maxim,
So good—I wonder Castlereagh don't tax 'em.

CCIV.

And now 't was done--on the lone shore were
plighted

Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial
torches, shed

Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted :

Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,
By their own feelings hallowed and united,

Their priest was Solitude, and they were
wed :

And they were happy—for to their young eyes
Each was an angel, and earth Paradise.

CCV.

Oh, Love ! of whom great Cæsar was the
suitor,

Titus the master;² Antony the slave,
Horace, Catullus, scholars—Ovid tutor—

Sappho the sage blue-stockings, in whose
grave

¹ [Lady Caroline Lamb's *Glenarvon* was published in 1816.]

² [Titus forebore to marry "Incesta" Berenice (see *Juv., Sat. vi.* 158), the daughter of Agrippa I., and wife of Herod, King of Chalcis, out of regard to the national prejudice against intermarriage with an alien.]

All those may leap who rather would be
neuter—

(Leucadia's rock still overlooks the wave)—
Oh, Love ! thou art the very God of evil,
For, after all, we cannot call thee Devil.

CCVI.

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial state pre-
carious,

And jestest with the brows of mightiest
men :

Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius,¹

Have much employed the Muse of History's
pen :

Their lives and fortunes were extremely
various,

Such worthies Time will never see again ;
Yet to these four in three things the same luck
holds,

They all were heroes, conquerors, and cuck-
olds.

CCVII.

Thou mak'st philosophers ; there 's Epicurus
And Aristippus, a material crew !

Who to immoral courses would allure us

By theories quite practicable too ;
If only from the Devil they would insure us,
How pleasant were the maxim (not quite
new),

" Eat, drink, and love, what can the rest avail
us ? "

So said the royal sage Sardanapalus.²

CCVIII.

But Juan ! had he quite forgotten Julia ?

And should he have forgotten her so soon ?
I can't but say it seems to me most truly a

Perplexing question ; but, no doubt, the
moon

Does these things for us, and whenever
newly a

Strong palpitation rises, 't is her boon,
Else how the devil is it that fresh features

Have such a charm for us poor human
creatures ?

¹ [Cæsar's third wife, Pompeia, was suspected of infidelity with Clodius (see Langhorne's *Plutarch*, 1838, p. 498) ; Pompey's third wife, Mucia, intrigued with Cæsar (*vide ibid.*, p. 447) ; Mahomet's favourite wife, Ayesha, on one occasion incurred suspicion ; Antonina, the wife of Belisarius, was notoriously profligate (see Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, 1825, iii. 432, 102).]

² [Compare *Sardanapalus*, act i. sc. 2, line 252.]

CCIX.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,
 Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made
 Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast
 No permanent foundation can be laid;
 Love, constant love, has been my constant
 guest,
 And yet last night, being at a masquerade,
 I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from Milan,
 Which gave me some sensations like a villain.

CCX.

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,
 And whispered, "Think of every sacred
 tie!"
 "I will, my dear Philosophy!" I said,
 "But then her teeth, and then, oh,
 Heaven! her eye!
 I'll just inquire if she be wife or maid,
 Or neither—out of curiosity."
 "Stop!" cried Philosophy, with air so
 Grecian,
 (Though she was masqued then as a fair
 Venetian;)

CCXI.

"Stop!" so I stopped.—But to return: that
 which
 Men call inconstancy is nothing more
 Than admiration due where Nature's rich
 Profusion with young beauty covers o'er
 Some favoured object; and as in the niche
 A lovely statue we almost adore,
 This sort of adoration of the real
 Is but a heightening of the *beau ideal*.

CCXII.

'T is the perception of the Beautiful,
 A fine extension of the faculties,
 Platonic, universal, wonderful,
 Drawn from the stars, and filtered through
 the skies,
 Without which Life would be extremely dull;
 In short, it is the use of our own eyes,
 With one or two small senses added, just
 To hint that flesh is formed of fiery dust.

CCXIII.

Yet 't is a painful feeling, and unwilling,
 For surely if we always could perceive
 In the same object graces quite as killing
 As when she rose upon us like an Eve,
 'T would save us many a heartache, many a
 shilling,
 (For we must get them anyhow, or grieve),
 Whereas if one sole lady pleased for ever,
 How pleasant for the heart, as well as liver!

CCXIV.

The Heart is like the sky, a part of Heaven,
 But changes night and day, too, like the
 sky;
 Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be
 driven,
 And Darkness and Destruction as on high:
 But when it hath been scorched, and pierced,
 and riven,
 Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye
 Pours forth at last the Heart's blood turned
 to tears,
 Which make the English climate of our years.

CCXV.

The liver is the lazaret of bile,
 But very rarely executes its function,
 For the first passion stays there such a while,
 That all the rest creep in and form a
 junction,
 Like knots of vipers on a dunghill's soil—
 Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, com-
 punction—
 So that all mischiefs spring up from this en-
 trail,
 Like Earthquakes from the hidden fire called
 "central."

CCXVI.

In the mean time, without proceeding more
 In this anatomy, I've finished now
 Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,
 That being about the number I'll allow
 Each canto of the twelve, or twenty-four;
 And, laying down my pen, I make my bow,
 Leaving Don Juan and Haidée to plead
 For them and theirs with all who deign to
 read.

CANTO THE THIRD.¹

I.

HAIL, Muse! *et cetera*.—We left Juan
 sleeping,
 Pillowed upon a fair and happy breast,
 And watched by eyes that never yet knew
 weeping,
 And loved by a young heart, too deeply
 blest
 To feel the poison through her spirit creeping,
 Or know who rested there, a foe to rest,

¹ [Cantos iii., iv., were written, October and November 1819: Canto v. was begun at Ravenna, October 16, and finished, November 20, 1820. Cantos iii., iv., v. were published (by John Murray) August 8, 1821.]

Had soiled the current of her sinless years,
And turned her pure heart's purest blood to
tears!

II.

Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed
thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who dote on odours pluck the
flowers,
And place them on their breast—but place
to die—
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.

III.

In her first passion Woman loves her lover,
In all the others all she loves is Love,
Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,
And fits her loosely—like an easy glove,
As you may find, whene'er you like to prove
her:

One man alone at first her heart can move;
She then prefers him in the plural number,
Not finding that the additions much en-
cumber.

IV.

I know not if the fault be men's or theirs;
But one thing's pretty sure; a woman
planted
(Unless at once she plunge for life in
prayers)—

After a decent time must be gallanted;
Although, no doubt, her first of love affairs
Is that to which her heart is wholly granted;
Yet there are some, they say, who have had
none,
But those who have ne'er end with only *one*.¹

V.

'T is melancholy, and a fearful sign
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
That Love and Marriage rarely can combine,
Although they both are born in the same
clime;
Marriage from Love, like vinegar from
wine—
A sad, sour, sober beverage—by Time

¹ ["On peut trouver des femmes qui n'ont jamais eu de galanterie, mais il est rare d'en trouver qui n'en aient jamais eu qu'une."—*Réflexions* . . . du Duc de la Rochefoucauld, No. lxxiii.

Byron prefixed the maxim as a motto to his "Ode to a Lady whose Lover was killed by a Ball, which at the same time shivered a Portrait next his Heart." *Vide ante*, pp. 538, 539.]

Is sharpened from its high celestial flavour
Down to a very homely household savour.

VI.

There's something of antipathy, as 't were,
Between their present and their future
state;
A kind of flattery that's hardly fair
Is used until the truth arrives too late—
Yet what can people do, except despair?
The same things change their names at
such a rate;
For instance—Passion in a lover's glorious,
But in a husband is pronounced uxorious.

VII.

Men grow ashamed of being so very fond;
They sometimes also get a little tired
(But that, of course, is rare), and then
despond:
The same things cannot always be admired,
Yet 't is "so nominated in the bond,"
That both are tied till one shall have
expired.
Sad thought! to lose the spouse that was
adorning
Our days, and put one's servants into
mourning.

VIII.

There's doubtless something in domestic
doings
Which forms, in fact, true Love's antithesis;
Romances paint at full length people's
wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages;
For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,
There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss:
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?

IX.

All tragedies are finished by a death,
All comedies are ended by a marriage;
The future states of both are left to faith,
For authors fear description might
disparage
The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath,
And then both worlds would punish their
miscarriage;
So leaving each their priest and prayer-book
ready,
They say no more of Death or of the Lady.

X.

The only two that in my recollection,
 Havesung of Heaven and Hell, or marriage,
 are
 Dante and Milton,¹ and of both the affection
 Was hapless in their nuptials, for some bar
 Of fault or temper ruined the connection
 (Such things, in fact, it don't ask much
 to mar);
 But Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve
 Were not drawn from their spouses, you
 conceive.

XI.

Some persons say that Dante meant Theology
 By Beatrice, and not a mistress—I,
 Although my opinion may require apology,
 Deem this a commentator's phantasy,
 Unless indeed it was from his own knowledge
 he
 Decided thus, and showed good reason
 why;
 I think that Dante's more abstruse ecstasies
 Meant to personify the Mathematics.²

XII.

Haidée and Juan were not married, but
 The fault was theirs, not mine: it is not fair,
 Chaste reader, then, in any way to put
 The blame on me, unless you wish they
 were;
 Then if you'd have them wedded, please to
 shut
 The book which treats of this erroneous
 pair,
 Before the consequences grow too awful;
 'T is dangerous to read of loves unlawful.

XIII.

Yet they were happy,—happy in the illicit
 Indulgence of their innocent desires;
 But more imprudent grown with every visit,
 Haidée forgot the island was her Sire's;
 When we have what we like 't is hard to
 miss it,
 At least in the beginning, ere one tires;

¹ Milton's first wife ran away from him within the first month. If she had not, what would John Milton have done?

[Mary Powell did not "run away," but at the end of the honeymoon obtained her husband's consent to visit her family at Shotover, "upon a promise of returning at Michaelmas."]

² ["Yesterday a very pretty letter from Annabella . . . She is a poetess—a mathematician—a metaphysician."—*Journal*, November 30, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 357.]

Thus she came often, not a moment losing,
 Whilst her piratical papa was cruising.

XIV.

Let not his mode of raising cash seem strange,
 Although he fleeced the flags of every nation,
 For into a Prime Minister but change
 His title, and 't is nothing but taxation;
 But he, more modest, took an humbler range
 Of Life, and in an honest vocation
 Pursued o'er the high seas his watery journey,
 And merely practised as a sea-attorney.

XV.

The good old gentleman had been detained
 By winds and waves, and some important
 captures;
 And, in the hope of more, at sea remained,
 Although a squall or two had damped his
 raptures,
 By swamping one of the prizes; he had
 chained
 His prisoners, dividing them like chapters
 In numbered lots; they all had cuffs and
 collars,
 And averaged each from ten to a hundred
 dollars.

XVI.

Some he disposed of off Cape Matapan,
 Among his friends the Mainots; some he
 sold
 To his Tunis correspondents, save one man
 Tossed overboard unsaleable (being old);
 The rest—save here and there some richer one,
 Reserved for future ransom—in the hold,
 Were linked alike, as, for the common
 people, he
 Had a large order from the Dey of Tripoli.

XVII.

The merchandise was served in the same way,
 Pieced out for different marts in the Levant,
 Except some certain portions of the prey,
 Like classic articles of female want,
 French stuffs, lace, tweezers, toothpicks,
 teapot, tray,
 Guitars and castanets from Alicant,
 All which selected from the spoil he gathers,
 Robbed for his daughter by the best of fathers.

XVIII.

A monkey, a Dutch mastiff, a mackaw,
 Two parrots, with a Persian cat and kittens,
 He chose from several animals he saw—
 A terrier, too, which once had been a
 Briton's,

Who dying on the coast of Ithaca,
 The peasants gave the poor dumb thing a
 pittance :
 These to secure in this strong blowing weather,
 He caged in one huge hamper altogether.

XIX.

Then, having settled his marine affairs,
 Despatching single cruisers here and there,
 His vessel having need of some repairs,
 He shaped his course to where his daughter
 fair

Continued still her hospitable cares ;
 But that part of the coast being shoal and
 bare,
 And rough with reefs which ran out many a
 mile,
 His port lay on the other side o' the isle.

XX.

And there he went ashore without delay,
 Having no custom-house nor quarantine
 To ask him awkward questions on the way,
 About the time and place where he had
 been :

He left his ship to be hove down next day,
 With orders to the people to careen ;
 So that all hands were busy beyond measure,
 In getting out goods, ballast, guns, and
 treasure.

XXI.

Arriving at the summit of a hill
 Which overlooked the white walls of his
 home,
 He stopped.—What singular emotions fill
 Their bosoms who have been induced to
 roam !
 With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—
 With love for many, and with fears for
 some ;
 All feelings which o'erleap the years long lost,
 And bring our hearts back to their starting-
 post.

XXII.

The approach of home to husbands and to
 sires,
 After long travelling by land or water,
 Most naturally some small doubt inspires—
 A female family 's a serious matter,
 (None trusts the sex more, or so much
 admires—
 But they hate flattery, so I never flatter) ;
 Wives in their husbands' absences grow
 subtler,
 And daughters sometimes run off with the
 butler.

XXIII.

An honest gentleman at his return
 May not have the good fortune of Ulysses ;
 Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,
 Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses ;
 The odds are that he finds a handsome urn
 To his memory—and two or three young
 misses
 Born to some friend, who holds his wife and
 riches—
 And that *his* Argus¹ — bites him by the
 breeches.

XXIV.

If single, probably his plighted Fair
 Has in his absence wedded some rich miser ;
 But all the better, for the happy pair
 May quarrel, and, the lady growing wiser,
 He may resume his amatory care
 As *cavalier servente*, or despise her ;
 And that his sorrow may not be a dumb one,
 Writes odes on the Inconstancy of Woman.

XXV.

And oh ! ye gentlemen who have already
 Some chaste *liaison* of the kind—I mean
 An honest friendship with a married lady—
 The only thing of this sort ever seen
 To last—of all connections the most steady,
 And the true Hymen, (the first 's but a
 screen)—
 Yet, for all that, keep not too long away—
 I 've known the absent wronged four times a
 day.

XXVI.

Lambro, our sea-solicitor, who had
 Much less experience of dry land than
 Ocean,
 On seeing his own chimney-smoke, felt glad ;
 But not knowing metaphysics, had no
 notion
 Of the true reason of his not being sad,
 Or that of any other strong emotion ;
 He loved his child, and would have wept the
 loss of her,
 But knew the cause no more than a philoso-
 pher.

¹ ["But as for canine recollections . . . I had one (half a *wolf* by the she-side) that doted on me at ten years old, and very nearly ate me at twenty. When I thought he was going to enact Argus, he bit away the backside of my breeches, and never would consent to any kind of recognition, in despite of all kinds of bones which I offered him."— Letter to Moore, January 19, 1815.]

XXVII.

He saw his white walls shining in the sun,
 His garden trees all shadowy and green;
 He heard his rivulet's light bubbling run,
 The distant dog-bark; and perceived
 between
 The umbrage of the wood, so cool and dun,
 The moving figures, and the sparkling sheen
 Of arms (in the East all arm)—and various
 dyes
 Of coloured garbs, as bright as butterflies.

XXVIII.

And as the spot where they appear he nears,
 Surprised at these unwonted signs of idling,
 He hears—alas! no music of the spheres,
 But an unhallowed, earthly sound of fiddling!
 A melody which made him doubt his ears,
 The cause being past his guessing or un-
 riddling;
 A pipe, too, and a drum, and shortly after—
 A most unoriental roar of laughter.

XXIX.

And still more nearly to the place advancing,
 Descending rather quickly the declivity,
 Through the waved branches o'er the greens-
 ward glancing,
 'Midst other indications of festivity,
 Seeing a troop of his domestics dancing
 Like Dervises, who turn as on a pivot, he
 Perceived it was the Pyrrhic dance so martial,
 To which the Levantines are very partial.

XXX.

And further on a troop of Grecian girls,
 The first and tallest her white kerchief
 waving,
 Were strung together like a row of pearls,
 Linked hand in hand, and dancing; each
 too having
 Down her white neck long floating auburn
 curls—
 (The least of which would set ten poets
 raving);
 Their leader sang—and bounded to her song
 With choral step and voice the virgin throng.

XXXI.

And here, assembled cross-legged round their
 trays,
 Small social parties just begun to dine;
 Pilaus and meats of all sorts met the gaze,
 And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,

And sherbet cooling in the porous vase;
 Above them their dessert grew on its vine;—
 The orange and pomegranate nodding o'er,
 Dropped in their laps, scarce plucked, their
 mellow store.

XXXII.

A band of children, round a snow-white ram,
 There wreath his venerable horns with
 flowers;
 While peaceful as if still an unweaned lamb,
 The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers
 His sober head, majestically tame,
 Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers
 His brow, as if in act to butt, and then
 Yielding to their small hands, draws back
 again.

XXXIII.

Their classical profiles, and glittering dresses,
 Their large black eyes, and soft seraphic
 cheeks,
 Crimson as cleft pomegranates, their long
 tresses,
 The gesture which enchants, the eye that
 speaks,
 The innocence which happy childhood blesses,
 Made quite a picture of these little Greeks;
 So that the philosophical beholder
 Sighed for their sakes—that they should e'er
 grow older.

XXXIV.

Afar, a dwarf buffoon stood telling tales
 To a sedate grey circle of old smokers,
 Of secret treasures found in hidden vales,
 Of wonderful replies from Arab jokers,
 Of charms to make good gold and cure bad ails,
 Of rocks bewitched that open to the knockers,
 Of magic ladies who, by one sole act,
 Transformed their lords to beasts (but that's
 a fact).

XXXV.

Here was no lack of innocent diversion
 For the imagination or the senses,
 Song, dance, wine, music, stories from the
 Persian,
 All pretty pastimes in which no offence is;
 But Lambro saw all these things with aversion,
 Perceiving in his absence such expenses,
 Dreading that climax of all human ills,
 The inflammation of his weekly bills.

XXXVI.

Ah! what is man? what perils still environ
 The happiest mortals even after dinner!
 A day of gold from out an age of iron
 Is all that Life allows the luckiest sinner;
 Pleasure (whene'er she sings, at least) 's a
 Siren,
 That lures, to flay alive, the young beginner;
 Lambro's reception at his people's banquet
 Was such as fire accords to a wet blanket.

XXXVII.

He—being a man who seldom used a word
 Too much, and wishing gladly to surprise
 (In general he surprised men with the sword)
 His daughter—had not sent before to advise
 Of his arrival, so that no one stirred;
 And long he paused to re-assure his eyes,
 In fact much more astonished than delighted,
 To find so much good company invited.

XXXVIII.

He did not know (alas! how men will lie)
 That a report (especially the Greeks)
 Avouched his death (such people never die),
 And put his house in mourning several
 weeks,—
 But now their eyes and also lips were dry;
 The bloom, too, had returned to Haidée's
 cheeks:
 Her tears, too, being returned into their fount,
 She now kept house upon her own account.

XXXIX.

Hence all this rice, meat, dancing, wine, and
 fiddling,
 Which turned the isle into a place of pleasure;
 The servants all were getting drunk or idling,
 A life which made them happy beyond
 measure.
 Her father's hospitality seemed middling,
 Compared with what Haidée did with his
 treasure;
 'T was wonderful how things went on im-
 proving,
 While she had not one hour to spare from
 loving.

XL.

Perhaps you think, in stumbling on this feast,
 He flew into a passion, and in fact
 There was no mighty reason to be pleased;
 Perhaps you prophesy some sudden act,
 The whip, the rack, or dungeon at the least,
 To teach his people to be more exact,
 And that, proceeding at a very high rate,
 He showed the royal *penchants* of a pirate.

XLI.

You're wrong.—He was the mildest mannered
 man
 That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat;
 With such true breeding of a gentleman,
 You never could divine his real thought;
 No courtier could, and scarcely woman can
 Gird more deceit within a petticoat;
 Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,
 He was so great a loss to good society.

XLII.

Advancing to the nearest dinner tray,
 Tapping the shoulder of the nighest guest,
 With a peculiar smile, which, by the way,
 Boded no good, whatever it expressed,
 He asked the meaning of this holiday;
 The vinous Greek to whom he had ad-
 dressed
 His question, much too merry to divine
 The questioner, filled up a glass of wine,

XLIII.

And without turning his facetious head,
 Over his shoulder, with a Bacchant air,
 Presented the o'erflowing cup, and said,
 "Talking 's dry work, I have no time to
 spare."
 A second hiccuped, "Our old Master's dead,
 You'd better ask our Mistress who 's his
 heir."
 "Our Mistress!" quoth a third: "Our
 Mistress!—poo!—
 You mean our Master—not the old, but new."

XLIV.

These rascals, being new comers, knew not
 whom
 They thus addressed—and Lambro's visage
 fell—
 And o'er his eye a momentary gloom
 Passed, but he strove quite courteously to
 quell
 The expression, and endeavouring to resume
 His smile, requested one of them to tell
 The name and quality of his new patron,
 Who seemed to have turned Haidée into a
 matron.

XLV.

"I know not," quoth the fellow, "who or
 what
 He is, nor whence he came—and little care;
 But this I know, that this roast capon 's fat,
 And that good wine ne'er washed down
 better fare;

And if you are not satisfied with that,
 Direct your questions to my neighbour
 there;
 He'll answer all for better or for worse,
 For none likes more to hear himself converse.

XLVI.

I said that Lambro was a man of patience,
 And certainly he showed the best of breeding,
 Which scarce even France, the Paragon of
 nations,
 E'er saw her most polite of sons exceeding;
 He bore these sneers against his near relations,
 His own anxiety, his heart, too, bleeding,
 The insults, too, of every servile glutton,
 Who all the time was eating up his mutton.

XLVII.

Now in a person used to much command—
 To bid men come, and go, and come
 again—
 To see his orders done, too, out of hand—
 Whether the word was death, or but the
 chain—
 It may seem strange to find his manners
 bland;
 Yet such things are, which I cannot explain,
 Though doubtless, he who can command
 himself
 Is good to govern—almost as a Guelf.

XLVIII.

Not that he was not sometimes rash or so,
 But never in his real and serious mood;
 Then calm, concentrated, and still, and slow,
 He lay coiled like the Boa in the wood;
 With him it never was a word and blow,
 His angry word once o'er, he shed no blood,
 But in his silence there was much to rue,
 And his *one* blow left little work for *two*.

XLIX.

He asked no further questions, and proceeded
 On to the house, but by a private way,
 So that the few who met him hardly heeded,
 So little they expected him that day;
 If love paternal in his bosom pleaded
 For Haidée's sake, is more than I can say,
 But certainly to one deemed dead returning,
 This revel seemed a curious mode of mourning.

L.

If all the dead could now return to life,
 (Which God forbid!) or some, or a great
 many,
 For instance, if a husband or his wife
 (Nuptial examples are as good as any),

No doubt whate'er might be their former
 strife,
 The present weather would be much more
 rainy—
 Tears shed into the grave of the connection
 Would share most probably its resurrection.

LI.

He entered in the house no more his home,
 A thing to human feelings the most trying,
 And harder for the heart to overcome,
 Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of
 dying;
 To find our hearthstone turned into a tomb,
 And round its once warm precincts palely
 lying
 The ashes of our hopes, is a deep grief,
 Beyond a *single gentleman's* belief.

LII.

He entered in the house—his home no more,
 For without hearts there is no home;—and
 felt
 The solitude of passing his own door
 Without a welcome: *there* he long had
 dwelt,
 There his few peaceful days Time had swept
 o'er,
 There his worn bosom and keen eye would
 melt
 Over the innocence of that sweet child,
 His only shrine of feelings undefiled.

LIII.

He was a man of a strange temperament,
 Of mild demeanour though of savage mood,
 Moderate in all his habits, and content
 With temperance in pleasure, as in food,
 Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and
 meant
 For something better, if not wholly good;
 His Country's wrongs and his despair to save
 her
 Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.

LIV.

The love of power, and rapid gain of gold,
 The hardness by long habitude produced,
 The dangerous life in which he had grown
 old,
 The mercy he had granted oft abused,
 The sights he was accustomed to behold,
 The wild seas, and wild men with whom he
 cruised,
 Had cost his enemies a long repentance,
 And made him a good friend, but bad ac-
 quaintance.

LV.

But something of the spirit of old Greece
 Flashed o'er his soul a few heroic rays,
 Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece
 His predecessors in the Colchian days;
 'T is true he had no ardent love for peace—
 Alas! his country showed no path to praise:
 Hate to the world and war with every nation
 He waged, in vengeance of her degradation.

LVI.

Still o'er his mind the influence of the clime
 Shed its Ionian elegance, which showed
 Its power unconsciously full many a time,—
 A taste seen in the choice of his abode,
 A love of music and of scenes sublime,
 A pleasure in the gentle stream that flowed
 Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,
 Bedewed his spirit in his calmer hours.

LVII.

But whatso'er he had of love reposed
 On that belovéd daughter; she had been
 The only thing which kept his heart unclosed
 Amidst the savage deeds he had done and
 seen,
 A lonely pure affection unopposed:
 There wanted but the loss of this to wean
 His feelings from all milk of human kindness,
 And turn him like the Cyclops mad with
 blindness.

LVIII.

The cubless tigress in her jungle raging
 Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock;
 The Ocean when its yeasty war is waging
 Is awful to the vessel near the rock;
 But violent things will sooner bear assuaging,
 Their fury being spent by its own shock,
 Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire
 Of a strong human heart, and in a Sire.

LIX.

It is a hard although a common case
 To find our children running restive—they
 In whom our brightest days we would retrace,
 Our little selves re-formed in finer clay,
 Just as old age is creeping on apace,
 And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day,
 They kindly leave us, though not quite alone,
 But in good company—the gout or stone.

LX.

Yet a fine family is a fine thing
 (Provided they don't come in after dinner);
 'T is beautiful to see a matron bring
 Her children up (if nursing them don't thin
 her);

Like cherubs round an altar-piece they cling
 To the fire-side (a sight to touch a sinner):
 A lady with her daughters or her nieces
 Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.

LXI.

Old Lambro passed unseen a private gate,
 And stood within his hall at eventide;
 Meantime the lady and her lover sate
 At wassail in their beauty and their pride:
 An ivory inlaid table spread with state
 Before them, and fair slaves on every side;¹
 Gems, gold, and silver, formed the service
 mostly,
 Mother of pearl and coral the less costly.

LXII.

The dinner made about a hundred dishes;
 Lamb and pistachio nuts—in short, all meats
 And saffron soups, and sweetbreads; and the
 fishes
 Were of the finest that e'er flounced in nets,
 Dressed to a Sybarite's most pampered wishes;
 The beverage was various sherbets
 Of raisin, orange, and pomegranate juice,
 Squeezed through the rind, which makes it
 best for use.

LXIII.

These were ranged round, each in its crystal
 ewer,
 And fruits, and date-bread loaves closed
 the repast,
 And Mocha's berry, from Arabia pure,
 In small fine China cups, came in at last;
 Gold cups of filigree, made to secure
 The hand from burning, underneath them
 placed;

¹ ["Almost all *Don Juan* is real life, either my own, or from people I knew. By the way, much of the description of the *furniture*, in Canto Third, is taken from *Tully's Tripoli* (pray note this), and the rest from my own observation. Remember, I never meant to conceal this at all, and have only not stated it, because *Don Juan* had no preface, nor name to it."—Letter to Murray, August 23, 1821, *Letters*, 1901, v. 346.

The first edition of "*Tully's Tripoli*" is entitled *Narrative of a Ten Years' Residence in Tripoli In Africa: From the original correspondence in the possession of the Family of the late Richard Tully, Esq., the British Consul*, 1816, 4to. The book is in the form of letters (so says the *Preface*) written by the Consul's sister. The description of Haidée's dress is taken from the account of a visit to Lilla Kebbiera, the wife of the Bashaw (p. 30); the description of the furniture and refreshments from the account of a visit to "Lilla Amnani," Hadgi Abderrahman's Greek wife (pp. 132-137).]

Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron too were boiled
Up with the coffee, which (I think) they
spoiled.

LXIV.

The hangings of the room were tapestry,
made

Of velvet panels, each of different hue,
And thick with damask flowers of silk inlaid;
And round them ran a yellow border too;
The upper border, richly wrought, displayed,
Embroidered delicately o'er with blue,
Soft Persian sentences, in lilac letters,
From poet's or the moralists their betters.

LXV.

These Oriental writings on the wall,
Quite common in those countries, are a
kind
Of monitors adapted to recall,
Like skulls at Memphian banquets, to the
mind,
The words which shook Belshazzar in his hall,
And took his kingdom from him: You will
find,
Though sages may pour out their wisdom's
treasure,
There is no sterner moralist than Pleasure.

LXVI.

A Beauty at the season's close grown hectic,
A Genius who has drunk himself to death,
A Rake turned methodistic, or Eclectic—¹
(For that 's the name they like to pray be-
neath)—
But most, an Alderman struck apoplectic,
Are things that really take away the
breath,—
And show that late hours, wine, and love are
able
To do not much less damage than the table.

LXVII.

Haidée and Juan carpeted their feet
On crimson satin, bordered with pale blue;
Their sofa occupied three parts complete
Of the apartment—and appeared quite new;

¹ [The reference is to a passage in a critique of *Mazeppa* (and, incidentally, of *Don Juan*) in the *Eclectic Review*, August, 1819:—"When he calculates that the reader is on the verge of pitying him, he takes care to throw him back the defiance of laughter, as if to let him know that all the Poet's pathos is but the sentimentalism of the drunkard between his cups, or the relenting softness of the courtesan, who the next moment resumes the bad boldness of her degraded character. With such a man, who would wish either to laugh or to weep?"]

The velvet cushions (for a throne more meet)
Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre
grew

A sun embossed in gold, whose rays of tissue,
Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.

LXVIII.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,
Had done their work of splendour; Indian
mats
And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to
stain,
Over the floors were spread; gazelles and
cats,
And dwarfs and blacks, and such like things,
that gain
Their bread as ministers and favourites
(that 's
To say, by degradation) mingled there
As plentiful as in a court, or fair.

LXIX.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and
The tables, most of ebony inlaid
With mother of pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods
made,
Fretted with gold or silver:—by command
The greater part of these were ready spread
With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—
Kept for all comers at all hours to dine.

LXX.

Of all the dresses I select Haidée's;
She wore two jelicks—one was of pale
yellow;
Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little
billow:
With buttons formed of pearls as large as
peas,
All gold and crimson shone her jelick's
fellow,
And the striped white gauze baracan that
bound her,
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flowed
round her.

LXXI.

One large gold bracelet clasped each lovely
arm,
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretched and shut it without
harm,
The limb which it adorned its only mould;
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
And clinging, as if loath to lose its hold,

The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in.¹

LXXII.

Around, as Princess of her father's land,
A like gold bar above her instep rolled²
Announced her rank; twelve rings were on
her hand;
Her hair was starred with gems; her veil's
fine fold
Below her breast was fastened with a band
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce
be told;
Her orange silk full Turkish trousers furled
About the prettiest ankle in the world.

LXXIII.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her
heel
Flowed like an Alpine torrent which the sun
Dyes with his morning light,—and would
conceal
Her person³ if allowed at large to run,
And still they seemed resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught
began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

LXXIV.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

¹ This dress is Moorish, and the bracelets and bar are worn in the manner described. The reader will perceive hereafter, that as the mother of Haidée was of Fez, her daughter wore the garb of the country. [*Vide ante*, p. 835, note 1.]

² The bar of gold above the instep is a mark of sovereign rank in the women of the families of the Deys, and is worn as such by their female relatives. [*Vide ibid.*]

³ This is no exaggeration: there were four women whom I remember to have seen, who possessed their hair in this profusion; of these, three were English, the other was a Levantine. Their hair was of that length and quantity, that, when let down, it almost entirely shaded the person, so as nearly to render dress a superfluity. Of these, only one had dark hair; the Oriental's had, perhaps, the lightest colour of the four.

LXXV.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were
tinged
(It is the country's custom, but in vain),
For those large black eyes were so blackly
fringed,
The glossy rebels mocked the jetty stain,
And in their native beauty stood avenged:
Her nails were touched with henna; but,
again,
The power of Art was turned to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.

LXXVI.

The henna should be deeply dyed to make
The skin relieved appear more fairly fair;
She had no need of this, day ne'er will break
On mountain tops more heavenly white
than her:
The eye might doubt if it were well awake,
She was so like a vision; I might err,
But Shakespeare also says, 't is very silly
"To gild refined gold, or paint the lily."

LXXVII.

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,
But a white baracan, and so transparent
The sparkling gems beneath you might
behold,
Like small stars through the milky way
apparent;
His turban, furled in many a graceful fold,
An emerald aigrette, with Haidée's hair
in 't,
Surmounted, as its clasp, a glowing crescent,
Whose rays shone ever trembling, but
incessant.

LXXVIII.

And now they were diverted by their suite,
Dwarfs, dancing girls, black eunuchs, and
a poet,
Which made their new establishment com-
plete;
The last was of great fame, and liked to
show it;
His verses rarely wanted their due feet—
And for his theme—he seldom sung below it,
He being paid to satirise or flatter,
As the Psalm says, "inditing a good matter."

LXXIX.

He praised the present, and abused the past,
Reversing the good custom of old days,
An Eastern anti-jacobin at last
He turned, preferring pudding to *no* praise—

For some few years his lot had been o'ercast
 By his seeming independent in his lays,
 But now he sung the Sultan and the Pacha—
 With truth like Southey, and with verse like
 Crashaw.

LXXX.

He was a man who had seen many changes,
 And always changed as true as any needle;
 His Polar Star being one which rather ranges,
 And not the fixed—he knew the way to
 wheedle:
 So vile he 'scaped the doom which oft
 avenges;
 And being fluent (save indeed when fee'd
 ill),
 He lied with such a fervour of intention—
 There was no doubt he earned his laureate
 pension.

LXXXI.

But *he* had genius,—when a turncoat has it,
 The *Vates irritabilis* takes care
 That without notice few full moons shall pass
 it;
 Even good men like to make the public
 stare:—
 But to my subject—let me see—what was
 it?—
 Oh!—the third canto—and the pretty pair—
 Their loves, and feasts, and house, and dress,
 and mode
 Of living in their insular abode.

LXXXII.

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but, no less,
 In company a very pleasant fellow,
 Had been the favourite of full many a mess
 Of men, and made them speeches when
 half mellow;
 And though his meaning they could rarely
 guess,
 Yet still they deigned to hiccup or to bellow
 The glorious meed of popular applause,
 Of which the first ne'er knows the second
 cause.

LXXXIII.

But now being lifted into high society,
 And having picked up several odds and ends
 Of free thoughts in his travels for variety,
 He deemed, being in a lone isle, among
 friends,
 That, without any danger of a riot, he
 Might for long lying make himself amends;
 And, singing as he sung in his warm youth,
 Agree to a short armistice with Truth.

LXXXIV.

He had travelled 'mongst the Arabs, Turks,
 and Franks,
 And knew the self-loves of the different
 nations;
 And having lived with people of all ranks,
 Had something ready upon most occasions—
 Which got him a few presents and some
 thanks.
 He varied with some skill his adulations;
 To "do at Rome as Romans do," a piece
 Of conduct was which *he* observed in Greece.

LXXXV.

Thus, usually, when *he* was asked to sing,
 He gave the different nations something
 national;
 'T was all the same to him—"God save the
 King,"
 Or "Ça ira," according to the fashion all:
 His Muse made increment of anything,
 From the highly lyric down to the low rational;
 If Pindar sang horse-races, what should hinder
 Himself from being as pliable as Pindar?

LXXXVI.

In France, for instance, he would write a
 chanson;
 In England a six canto quarto tale;
 In Spain he'd make a ballad or romance on
 The last war—much the same in Portugal;
 In Germany, the Pegasus he'd prance on
 Would be old Goethe's—(see what says
 De Staël);
 In Italy he'd ape the "Trecentisti";
 In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn like
 this t'ye:¹

¹ [The poet is sketched from memory. "Lord Byron," writes Finlay (*History of Greece*, vi. 335, note), "used to describe an evening passed in the company of Londos [a Morean landowner, who took part in the first and second Greek Civil Wars], at Vostitza (in 1809), when both were young men, with a spirit that rendered the scene worthy of a place in *Don Juan*. After supper Londos, who had the face and figure of a chimpanzee, sprang upon a table, . . . and commenced singing through his nose Rhiga's Hymn to Liberty. A new *cadi*, passing near the house, inquired the cause of the discordant hubbub. A native Mussulman replied, 'It is only the young primate Londos, who is drunk, and is singing hymns to the new panaghia of the Greeks, whom they call Eleutheria.'"]

1.

The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of War and Peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their Sun, is set.

2.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The Hero's harp, the Lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse:
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your Sires' "Islands of the Blest."¹

3.

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be
 free;
 For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

4.

A King sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations;—all were his!
 He counted them at break of day—
 And, when the Sun set, where were they?

5.

And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy Lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

6.

'T is something, in the dearth of Fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

7.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!

¹ The *Μακάρων νῆσοι* of the Greek poets were supposed to have been the Cape de Verd Islands, or the Canaries.

Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

8.

What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head,
 But one arise,—we come, we come!"
 'T is but the living who are dumb.

9.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

10.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The noblier and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

11.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 We will not think of themes like these!
 It made Anacreon's song divine:
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A Tyrant; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

12.

The Tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was Freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
 Oh! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind!
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

13.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

14.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells;
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells;
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

15.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

16.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

LXXXVII.

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have
 sung,
 The modern Greek, in tolerable verse ;
 If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was
 young,
 Yet in these times he might have done much
 worse :
 His strain displayed some feeling—right or
 wrong ;
 And feeling, in a poet, is the source
 Of others' feeling ; but they are such liars,
 And take all colours—like the hands of dyers.

LXXXVIII.

But words are things, and a small drop of
 ink,
 Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
 That which makes thousands, perhaps
 millions, think ;
 'T is strange, the shortest letter which man
 uses

Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
 Of ages ; to what straits old Time reduces
 Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this,
 Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his !

LXXXIX.

And when his bones are dust, his grave a
 blank,
 His station, generation, even his nation,
 Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank
 In chronological commemoration,
 Some dull MS. Oblivion long has sank,
 Or graven stone found in a barrack's station
 In digging the foundation of a closet,
 May turn his name up, as a rare deposit.

XC.

And Glory long has made the sages smile ;
 'T is something, nothing, words, illusion,
 wind—
 Depending more upon the historian's style
 Than on the name a person leaves behind :
 Troy owns to Homer what whist owes to
 Hoyle :

The present century was growing blind
 To the great Marlborough's skill in giving
 knocks,
 Until his late Life by Archdeacon Coxe.

XCI.

Milton's the Prince of poets—so we say ;
 A little heavy, but no less divine :
 An independent being in his day—
 Learned, pious, temperate in love and wine ;
 But, his life falling into Johnson's way,
 We're told this great High Priest of all the
 Nine
 Was whipped at college—a harsh sire—odd
 spouse,
 For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.

XCII.

All these are, *certes*, entertaining facts,
 Like Shakespeare's stealing deer, Lord
 Bacon's bribes ;
 Like Titus' youth, and Cæsar's earliest acts ;
 Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well de-
 scribes) ;
 Like Cromwell's pranks ;¹ — but although
 Truth exacts
 These amiable descriptions from the scribes,
 As most essential to their hero's story,
 They do not much contribute to his glory.

XCIII.

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
 He prated to the world of "Pantisocracy";²
 Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who then
 Seasoned his pedlar poems with Democracy ;

¹ ["He [Cromwell] was very notorious for robbing orchards, a puerile crime . . . but grown so scandalous and injurious by the frequent spoils and damages of Trees, breaking of Hedges, and Inclosures, committed by this *Apple-Dragon*, that many solemn complaints were made both to his Father and Mother for redresse thereof ; which missed not their satisfaction and expiation out of his hide," etc.—*Flagellum*, by James Heath, 1663, p. 5.]

² [In *The Friend*, 1818, ii. 38, Coleridge refers to "a plan . . . of trying the experiment of human perfectibility on the banks of the Susquehanna";

Or Coleridge¹ long before his flighty pen
 Let to the Morning Post its aristocracy ;
 When he and Southey, following the same
 path,
 Espoused two partners (milliners of Bath).²

XCIV.

Such names at present cut a convict figure,
 The very Botany Bay in moral geography ;
 Their loyal treason, renegado rigour,
 Are good manure for their more bare
 biography ;
 Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is
 bigger
 Than any since the birthday of typography ;
 A drowsy, frowzy poem, called the "Excursion,"
 Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

XCV.

He there builds up a formidable dyke
 Between his own and others' intellect ;
 But Wordsworth's poem, and his followers,
 like
 Joanna Southcote's Shiloh and her sect,
 Are things which in this century don't strike
 The public mind,—so few are the elect ;

but the word "*Pantisocracy*" is not mentioned. It occurs, perhaps, for the first time in print, in George Dyer's biographical sketch of Southey, which he contributed to *Public Characters of 1799-1800*, p. 225,—“Coleridge, no less than Southey, possessed a strong passion for poetry. They commenced an enthusiastic friendship, and, struck out a plan for settling in America, and for having all things in common. This scheme they called *Pantisocracy*.” Hence, the phrase must have “caught on,” for, in a footnote to his review of Coleridge's *Literary Life* (*Edin. Rev.*, August, 1817), Jeffrey speaks of “the *Pantisocratic* or *Lake School*,” etc.]

¹ [Coleridge began his poetical contributions to the *Morning Post* in January, 1798 ; his prose articles in 1800.]

² [Coleridge was married to Sarah Fricker, October 5 ; Southey to her younger sister Edith, November 15, 1795. In a letter to Murray, dated September 11, 1822 (*Letters*, 1901, vi. 113), Byron quotes the authority of “Luttrell,” and “his friend Mr. Nugent,” for the statement that Mrs. Southey and “Coleridge's Sara . . . before they were married . . . were milliners or dressmaker's apprentices.” The story rests upon their evidence. It is probable that they had been apprenticed to a dressmaker, but it is certain that in 1794, when Coleridge appeared upon the scene, the sisters earned their living by going out to work in the houses of friends, and were not, at that time, “milliners of Bath.”]

And the new births of both their stale
 Virginities
 Have proved but Dropsies, taken for Divinities.

XCVI.

But let me to my story : I must own,
 If I have any fault, it is digression,
 Leaving my people to proceed alone,
 While I soliloquise beyond expression ;
 But these are my addresses from the throne,
 Which put off business to the ensuing
 session :—
 Forgetting each omission is a loss to
 The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

XCVII.

I know that what our neighbours call
 “*longueurs*,”
 (We've not so good a *word*, but have the
thing,
 In that complete perfection which insures
 An epic from Bob Southey every spring—)
 Form not the true temptation which allures
 The reader ; but 't would not be hard to
 bring
 Some fine examples of the *Epopée*,
 To prove its grand ingredient is *Ennui*.

XCVIII.

We learn from Horace, “Homer sometimes
 sleeps ;”
 We feel without him,—Wordsworth some-
 times wakes,—
 To show with what complacency he creeps,
 With his dear “*Waggoners*,” around his
 lakes.¹
 He wishes for “a boat” to sail the deeps—
 Of Ocean?—No, of air ; and then he makes
 Another outcry for “a little boat,”
 And drivels seas to set it well afloat.²

XCIX.

If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal plain,
 And Pegasus runs restive in his “*Waggon*,”
 Could he not beg the loan of Charles's Wain ?
 Or pray Medea for a single dragon ?
 Or if, too classic for his vulgar brain,
 He feared his neck to venture such a nag on,
 And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,
 Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon ?

¹ [Wordsworth's *Benjamin the Waggoner*, was written in 1805, but was not published till 1819.]

² [“There's something in a flying horse,
 There's something in a huge balloon ;
 But through the clouds I'll never float
 Until I have a little Boat,
 Shaped like the crescent-moon.

—Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*, stanza i.]

C.

“Pedlars,” and “Boats,” and “Waggon!”
 Oh! ye shades
 Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?
 That trash of such sort not alone evades
 Contempt, but from the bathos’ vast abyss
 Floats scumlike uppermost, and these Jack
 Cades
 Of sense and song above your graves may
 hiss—
 The “little boatman” and his *Peter Bell*
 Can sneer at him who drew “Achitophel”!¹

CI.

T’ our tale.—The feast was over, the slaves
 gone,
 The dwarfs and dancing girls had all
 retired;
 The Arab lore and Poet’s song were done,
 And every sound of revelry expired;
 The lady and her lover, left alone,
 The rosy flood of Twilight’s sky admired;—
 Ave Maria! o’er the earth and sea,
 That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest
 thee!

CII.

Ave Maria! blesséd be the hour!
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so
 oft
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power
 Sink o’er the earth—so beautiful and soft—
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
 Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
 And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
 And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with
 prayer.

CIII.

Ave Maria! ’t is the hour of prayer!
 Ave Maria! ’t is the hour of Love!
 Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
 Look up to thine and to thy Son’s above!
 Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
 Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty
 Dove—
 What though ’t is but a pictured image?—
 strike—
 That painting is no idol,—’t is too like.

¹ [In his “Essay, Supplementary to the Preface,” to his “Poems” of 1815, Wordsworth, commenting on a passage on Night in Dryden’s *Indian Emperor*, says, “Dryden’s lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless. . . . The verses of Dryden once celebrated are forgotten.” He is not passing any general criticism on “him who drew *Achitophel*.”]

CIV.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
 In nameless print—that I have no devotion;
 But set those persons down with me to pray,
 And you shall see who has the properest
 notion
 Of getting into Heaven the shortest way;
 My altars are the mountains and the Ocean,
 Earth—air—stars,—all that springs from the
 great Whole,
 Who hath produced, and will receive the Soul.

CV.

Sweet Hour of Twilight!—in the solitude
 Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
 Which bounds Ravenna’s immemorial wood,
 Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed
 o’er,
 To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
 Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio’s lore
 And Dryden’s lay made haunted ground to me,
 How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

CVI.

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
 Making their summer lives one ceaseless
 song,
 Were the sole echoes, save my steed’s and mine,
 And Vesper bell’s that rose the boughs along;
 The spectre huntsman of Onesti’s line,¹
 His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair
 throng
 Which learned from this example not to fly
 From a true lover,—shadowed my mind’s eye.

CVII.

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—²
 Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
 To the young bird the parent’s brooding wings;
 The welcome stall to the o’erlaboured steer;

¹ [In Dryden’s *Theodore and Honoria* the “spectre-huntsman,” the ghost of Guido Cavalcanto, hunted and tortured “an inexorable Dame,” who had flouted his love and scorned his suit.—“From this example,” Honoria learned “not to fly” from Theodore.]

² Ἐσπερε πάντα φερεῖς
 Φερεῖς οἶνον—φερεῖς αἶγα,
 Φερεῖς ματερι παιδα.

—Fragment of Sappho.

[“Evening, all things thou bringest
 Which dawn spread apart from each other;
 The lamb and the kid thou bringest,
 Thou bringest the boy to his mother.”

—J. A. Symonds.

Compare Tennyson’s *Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After*—

“Hesper, whom the poet call’d the Bringer home
 of all good things.”]

Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone
clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of
dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest ;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's
breast.

CVIII.

Soft Hour ! which wakes the wish and melts
the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn
apart ;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of Vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay ;¹
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns ?
Ah ! surely Nothing dies but Something
mourns !

CIX.

When Nero perished by the justest doom
Which ever the Destroyer yet destroyed,
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
Of nations freed, and the world overjoyed,
Some hands unseen strewed flowers upon his
tomb :²
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
Of feeling for some kindness done, when
Power
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

CX.

But I'm digressing ; what on earth has Nero,
Or any such like sovereign buffoons,
To do with the transactions of my hero,
More than such madmen's fellow man—the
moon's ?
Sure my invention must be down at zero,
And I grown one of many " Wooden
Spoons "
Of verse, (the name with which we Cantabs
please
To dub the last of honours in degrees).

¹ "Era già l'ora che volge il disio
Al naviganti, e intenerisce il cuore ;
Lo di ch' han detto ai dolci amici addio ;
E che lo nuovo peregrin' damore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
Che paia il giorno pianger che si more."
—Dante's *Purgatory*, canto viii. lines 1-6.

This last line is the first of Gray's *Elegy*, taken by him without acknowledgment.

² See Suetonius for this fact. [*De XII. Cæs.*, lib. vi. cap. lvii.]

CXI.

I feel this tediousness will never do—
'T is being *too* epic, and I must cut down
(In copying) this long canto into two ;
They 'll never find it out, unless I own
The fact, excepting some experienced few ;
And then as an improvement 't will be
shown :
I 'll prove that such the opinion of the critic is
From Aristotle *passim*.—See ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗΣ

CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

NOTHING so difficult as a beginning
In poesy, unless perhaps the end ;
For oftentimes when Pegasus seems winning
The race, he sprains a wing, and down we
tend,
Like Lucifer when hurled from Heaven for
sinning ;
Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
Being Pride, which leads the mind to soar
too far,
Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

II.

But Time, which brings all beings to their
level,
And sharp Adversity, will teach at last
Man,—and, as we would hope,—perhaps the
Devil,
That neither of their intellects are vast :
While Youth's hot wishes in our red veins
revel,
We know not this—the blood flows on too
fast ;
But as the torrent widens towards the Ocean,
We ponder deeply on each past emotion.

III.

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,
And wished that others held the same
opinion ;
They took it up when my days grew more
mellow,
And other minds acknowledged my
dominion :
Now my sere Fancy " falls into the yellow
Leaf," and Imagination droops her pinion,
And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

IV.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
 'T is that I may not weep; and if I weep,
 'T is that our nature cannot always bring
 Itself to apathy, for we must steep
 Our hearts first in the depths of Lethe's spring,
 Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep:
 Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx;
 A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.

V.

Some have accused me of a strange design
 Against the creed and morals of the land,
 And trace it in this poem every line:
 I don't pretend that I quite understand
 My own meaning when I would be *very* fine;
 But the fact is that I have nothing planned,
 Unless it were to be a moment merry—
 A novel word in my vocabulary.

VI.

To the kind reader of our sober clime
 This way of writing will appear exotic;
 Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,
 Who sang when Chivalry was more quixotic,
 And revelled in the fancies of the time,
 True Knights, chaste Dames, huge Giants,
 Kings despotic;
 But all these, save the last, being obsolete,
 I chose a modern subject as more meet.

VII.

How I have treated it, I do not know;
 Perhaps no better than *they* have treated me,
 Who have imputed such designs as show
 Not what they saw, but what they wished
 to see:
 But if it gives them pleasure, be it so;
 This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free:
 Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,
 And tells me to resume my story here.

VIII.

Young Juan and his lady-love were left
 To their own hearts' most sweet society;
 Even Time the pitiless in sorrow cleft
 With his rude scythe such gentle bosoms;
 he
 Sighed to behold them of their hours bereft,
 Though foe to Love; and yet they could
 not be
 Meant to grow old, but die in happy Spring,
 Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

IX.

Their faces were not made for wrinkles, their
 Pure blood to stagnate, their great hearts
 to fail;
 The blank grey was not made to blast their
 hair,
 But like the climes that know nor snow nor
 hail,
 They were all summer; lightning might assail
 And shiver them to ashes, but to trail
 A long and snake-like life of dull decay
 Was not for them—they had too little clay.

X.

They were alone once more; for them to be
 Thus was another Eden; they were never
 Weary, unless when separate: the tree
 Cut from its forest root of years—the river
 Dammed from its fountain—the child from
 the knee
 And breast maternal weaned at once for
 ever,—
 Would wither less than these two torn apart;
 Alas! there is no instinct like the Heart—

XI.

The Heart—which may be broken: happy
 they!
 Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mould,
 The precious porcelain of human clay,
 Break with the first fall: they can ne'er
 behold
 The long year linked with heavy day on day,
 And all which must be borne, and never
 told;
 While Life's strange principle will often lie
 Deepest in those who long the most to die.

XII.

“Whom the gods love die young,” was said
 of yore,
 And many deaths do they escape by this:
 The death of friends, and that which slays
 even more—
 The death of Friendship, Love, Youth, all
 that is,
 Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
 Awaits at last even those who longest miss
 The old Archer's shafts, perhaps the early
 grave
 Which men weep over may be meant to save.

XIII.

Haidée and Juan thought not of the dead—
 The Heavens, and Earth, and Air, seemed
 made for them :
 They found no fault with Time, save that he
 fled ;
 They saw not in themselves aught to
 condemn :
 Each was the other's mirror, and but read
 Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,
 And knew such brightness was but the
 reflection
 Of their exchanging glances of affection.

XIV.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,
 The least glance better understood than
 words,
 Which still said all, and ne'er could say too
 much ;
 A language, too, but like to that of birds,
 Known but to them, at least appearing such
 As but to lovers a true sense affords ;
 Sweet playful phrases, which would seem
 absurd
 To those who have ceased to hear such, or
 ne'er heard—

XV.

All these were theirs, for they were children
 still,
 And children still they should have ever
 been ;
 They were not made in the real world to fill
 A busy character in the dull scene,
 But like two beings born from out a rill,
 A Nymph and her belovéd, all unseen
 To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,
 And never know the weight of human hours.

XVI.

Moons changing had rolled on, and change-
 less found
 Those their bright rise had lighted to such
 joys
 As rarely they beheld throughout their round ;
 And these were not of the vain kind which
 cloys,
 For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound
 By the mere senses ; and that which destroys
 Most love—possession—unto them appeared
 A thing which each endearment more endeared.

XVII.

Oh beautiful ! and rare as beautiful !
 But theirs was Love in which the Mind
 delights
 To lose itself, when the old world grows dull,
 And we are sick of its hack sounds and
 sights,
 Intrigues, adventures of the common school,
 Its petty passions, marriages, and flights,
 Where Hymen's torch but brands one
 strumpet more,
 Whose husband only knows her not a whore.

XVIII.

Hard words—harsh truth ! a truth which
 many know.
 Enough.—The faithful and the fairy pair,
 Who never found a single hour too slow,
 What was it made them thus exempt from
 care ?
 Young innate feelings all have felt below,
 Which perish in the rest, but in them were
 Inherent—what we mortals call romantic,
 And always envy, though we deem it frantic.

XIX.

This is in others a factitious state,
 An opium dream of too much youth and
 reading,
 But was in them their nature or their fate :
 No novels e'er had set their young hearts
 bleeding,
 For Haidée's knowledge was by no means
 great,
 And Juan was a boy of saintly breeding ;
 So that there was no reason for their loves
 More than for those of nightingales or doves.

XX.

They gazed upon the sunset ; 't is an hour
 Dear unto all, but dearest to *their* eyes,
 For it had made them what they were : the
 power
 Of Love had first o'erwhelmed them from
 such skies,
 When Happiness had been their only dower,
 And Twilight saw them linked in Passion's
 ties ;
 Charmed with each other, all things charmed
 that brought
 The past still welcome as the present thought.

XXI.

I know not why, but in that hour to-night,
 Even as they gazed, a sudden tremor came,
 And swept, as 't were, across their hearts'
 delight,
 Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame,
 When one is shook in sound, and one in sight :
 And thus some boding flashed through
 either frame,
 And called from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,
 While one new tear arose in Haidée's eye.

XXII.

That large black prophet eye seemed to dilate
 And follow far the disappearing sun,
 As if their last day of a happy date
 With his broad, bright, and dropping orb
 were gone ;
 Juan gazed on her as to ask his fate—
 He felt a grief, but knowing cause for none,
 His glance inquired of hers for some excuse
 For feelings causeless, or at least abstruse.

XXIII.

She turned to him, and smiled, but in that sort
 Which makes not others smile; then turned
 aside :
 Whatever feeling shook her, it seemed short,
 And mastered by her wisdom or her pride ;
 When Juan spoke, too—it might be in
 sport—
 Of this their mutual feeling, she replied—
 "If it should be so,—but—it cannot be—
 Or I at least shall not survive to see."

XXIV.

Juan would question further, but she pressed
 His lip to hers, and silenced him with this,
 And then dismissed the cōmen from her breast,
 Defying augury with that fond kiss ;
 And no doubt of all methods 't is the best :
 Some people prefer wine—'t is not amiss ;
 I have tried both—so those who would a
 part take
 May choose between the headache and the
 heartache.

XXV.

One of the two, according to your choice,
 Woman or wine, you 'll have to undergo ;
 Both maladies are taxes on our joys :
 But which to choose, I really hardly know ;
 And if I had to give a casting voice,
 For both sides I could many reasons show,
 And then decide, without great wrong to
 either,
 It were much better to have both than neither.

XXVI.

Juan and Haidée gazed upon each other
 With swimming looks of speechless tender-
 ness,
 Which mixed all feelings—friend, child, lover,
 brother—
 All that the best can mingle and express
 When two pure hearts are poured in one
 another,
 And love too much, and yet can not love
 less ;
 But almost sanctify the sweet excess
 By the immortal wish and power to bless.

XXVII.

Mixed in each other's arms, and heart in
 heart,
 Why did they not then die?—they had
 lived too long
 Should an hour come to bid them breathe
 apart ;
 Years could but bring them cruel things or
 wrong ;
 The World was not for them—nor the
 World's art
 For beings passionate as Sappho's song ;
 Love was born *with* them, *in* them, so intense,
 It was their very Spirit—not a sense.

XXVIII.

They should have lived together deep in
 woods,
 Unseen as sings the nightingale; they were
 Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes
 Called social, haunts of Hate, and Vice,
 and Care :
 How lonely every freeborn creature broods !
 The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair ;
 The eagle soars alone; the gull and crow
 Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below.

XXIX.

Now pillowed cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,
 Haidée and Juan their siesta took,
 A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
 For ever and anon a something shook
 Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would
 creep ;
 And Haidée's sweet lips murmured like a
 brook
 A wordless music, and her face so fair
 Stirred with her dream, as rose-leaves with
 the air.

XXX.

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream
 Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind
 Walks o'er it, was she shaken by the dream,
 The mystical Usurper of the mind—
 O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem
 Good to the soul which we no more can
 bind ;
 Strange state of being ! (for 't is still to be)
 Senseless to feel, and with sealed eyes to see.

XXXI.

She dreamed of being alone on the sea-shore,
 Chained to a rock ; she knew not how, but
 stir
 She could not from the spot, and the loud
 roar
 Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threaten-
 ing her ;
 And o'er her upper lip they seemed to pour,
 Until she sobbed for breath, and soon they
 were
 Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and
 high—
 Each broke to drown her, yet she could not
 die.

XXXII.

Anon—she was released, and then she strayed
 O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding
 feet,
 And stumbled almost every step she made :
 And something rolled before her in a sheet,
 Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid :
 'T was white and indistinct, nor stopped to
 meet
 Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and
 grasped,
 And ran, but it escaped her as she clasped.

XXXIII.

The dream changed :—in a cave she stood,—
 its walls
 Were hung with marble icicles ; the work
 Of ages on its water-fretted halls,
 Where waves might wash, and seals might
 breed and lurk ;
 Her hair was dripping, and the very balls
 Of her black eyes seemed turned to tears,
 and mirk
 The sharp rocks looked below each drop they
 caught,
 Which froze to marble as it fell,—she thought.

XXXIV.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,
 Pale as the foam that frothed on his dead
 brow,
 Which she essayed in vain to clear, (how sweet
 Were once her cares, how idle seemed they
 now !)
 Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat
 Of his quenched heart : and the sea dirges
 low
 Rang in her sad ears like a Mermaid's song,
 And that brief dream appeared a life too long.

XXXV.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face
 Faded, or altered into something new—
 Like to her Father's features, till each trace
 More like and like to Lambro's aspect
 grew—
 With all his keen worn look and Grecian
 grace ;
 And starting, she awoke, and what to view ?
 Oh ! Powers of Heaven ! what dark eye meets
 she there ?
 'T is—'t is her Father's—fixed upon the pair !

XXXVI.

Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking fell,
 With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see
 Him whom she deemed a habitant where
 dwell
 The ocean-buried, risen from death, to be
 Perchance the death of one she loved too well :
 Dear as her father had been to Haidée,
 It was a moment of that awful kind—
 I have seen such—but must not call to mind.

XXXVII.

Up Juan sprang to Haidée's bitter shriek,
 And caught her falling, and from off the
 wall
 Snatched down his sabre, in hot haste to
 wreak
 Vengeance on him who was the cause of
 all :
 Then Lambro, who till now forebore to speak,
 Smiled scornfully, and said, " Within my
 call,

A thousand scimitars await the word ;
 Put up, young man, put up your silly sword."

XXXVIII.

And Haidée clung around him ; " Juan,
 't is—
 'T is Lambro—'t is my father ! Kneel with
 me—
 He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.
 Oh ! dearest father, in this agony

Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss
Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be
That doubt should mingle with my filial joy?
Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy."

XXXIX.

High and inscrutable the old man stood,
Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—
Not always signs with him of calmest mood:
He looked upon her, but gave no reply;
Then turned to Juan, in whose cheek the blood
Oft came and went, as there resolved to die;
In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring
On the first foe whom Lambro's call might
bring.

XL.

"Young man, your sword;" so Lambro once
more said:

Juan replied, "Not while this arm is free."
The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with
dread,

And drawing from his belt a pistol he
Replied, "Your blood be then on your own
head."

Then looked close at the flint, as if to see
'T was fresh—for he had lately used the lock—
And next proceeded quietly to cock.

XLI.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so;
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
If you have got a former friend for foe;
But after being fired at once or twice,
The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

XLII.

Lambro presented, and one instant more
Had stopped this Canto, and Don Juan's
breath,
When Haidée threw herself her boy before;
Stern as her sire: "On me," she cried,
"let Death
Descend—the fault is mine; this fatal shore
He found—but sought not. I have pledged
my faith;
I love him—I will die with him: I knew
Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's
too."

XLIII.

A minute past, and she had been all tears,
And tenderness, and infancy; but now
She stood as one who championed human
fears—
Pale, statue-like, and stern, she wooed the
blow;

And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers,
She drew up to her height, as if to show
A fairer mark; and with a fixed eye scanned
Her Father's face—but never stopped his
hand.

XLIV.

He gazed on her, and she on him; 't was
strange
How like they looked! the expression was
the same;
Serenely savage, with a little change
In the large dark eye's mutual-darted
flame;
For she, too, was as one who could avenge,
If cause should be—a Lioness, though
tame.
Her Father's blood before her Father's face
Boiled up, and proved her truly of his race.

XLV.

I said they were alike, their features and
Their stature, differing but in sex and
years;
Even to the delicacy of their hand
There was resemblance, such as true blood
wears;
And now to see them, thus divided, stand
In fixed ferocity, when joyous tears
And sweet sensations should have welcomed
both,
Shows what the passions are in their full
growth.

XLVI.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew
His weapon, and replaced it; but stood
still,
And looking on her, as to look her through,
"Not I," he said, "have sought this
stranger's ill!
Not I have made this desolation: few
Would bear such outrage, and forbear to
kill;
But I must do my duty—how thou hast
Done thine, the present vouches for the past.

XLVII.

"Let him disarm; or, by my father's head,
His own shall roll before you like a ball!"
He raised his whistle, as the word he said,
And blew; another answered to the call,
And rushing in disorderly, though led,
And armed from boot to turban, one and
all,

Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank ;
He gave the word,—“ Arrest or slay the
Frank.”

XLVIII.

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew
His daughter ; while compressed within
his clasp,
‘Twixt her and Juan interposed the crew ;
In vain she struggled in her father’s grasp—
His arms were like a serpent’s coil : then flew
Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,
The file of pirates—save the foremost, who
Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut
through.

XLIX.

The second had his cheek laid open ; but
The third, a wary, cool old sworder, took
The blows upon his cutlass, and then put
His own well in ; so well, ere you could look,
His man was floored, and helpless at his foot,
With the blood running like a little brook
From two smart sabre gashes, deep and red—
One on the arm, the other on the head.

L.

And then they bound him where he fell, and
bore
Juan from the apartment : with a sign
Old Lambro bade them take him to the
shore,
Where lay some ships which were to sail
at nine.

They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar
Until they reached some galliots, placed in
line ;
On board of one of these, and under hatches,
They stowed him, with strict orders to the
watches.

LI.

The world is full of strange vicissitudes,
And here was one exceedingly unpleasant :
A gentleman so rich in the world’s goods,
Handsome and young, enjoying all the
present,

Just at the very time when he least broods
On such a thing, is suddenly to sea sent,
Wounded and chained, so that he cannot
move,
And all because a lady fell in love.

LII.

Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic,
Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears,
green tea !
Than whom Cassandra was not more pro-
phetic ;
For if my pure libations exceed three,

I feel my heart become so sympathetic,
That I must have recourse to black Bohea :
’T is pity wine should be so deleterious,
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious,

LIII.

Unless when qualified with thee, Cogniac !
Sweet Naiad of the Phlegethontic rill !
Ah ! why the liver wilt thou thus attack,
And make, like other nymphs, thy lovers
ill ?

I would take refuge in weak punch, but *rack*
(In each sense of the word), whene’er I fill
My mild and midnight beakers to the brim,
Wakes me next morning with its synonym.

LIV.

I leave Don Juan for the present, safe—
Not sound, poor fellow, but severely
wounded ;
Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half
Of those with which his Haidée’s bosom
bounded ?
She was not one to weep, and rave, and chafe,
And then give way, subdued because
surrounded ;
Her mother was a Moorish maid from Fez,
Where all is Eden, or a wilderness.

LV.

There the large olive rains its amber store
In marble fountains ; there grain, and flower,
and fruit,
Gush from the earth until the land runs o’er ;
But there, too, many a poison-tree has root,
And Midnight listens to the lion’s roar,
And long, long deserts scorch the camel’s
foot,
Or heaving whelm the helpless caravan ;
And as the soil is, so the heart of man.

LVI.

Afric is all the Sun’s, and as her earth
Her human clay is kindled ; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet’s
hour,
And like the soil beneath it will bring forth :
Beauty and love were Haidée’s mother’s
dower ;
But her large dark eye showed deep Passion’s
force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

LVII.

Her daughter, tempered with a milder ray,
 Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth,
 and fair,
 Till slowly charged with thunder they display
 Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,
 Had held till now her soft and milky way;
 But overwrought with Passion and Despair,
 The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
 Even as the Simoom sweeps the blasted
 plains.

LVIII.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
 And he himself o'ermastered and cut down;
 His blood was running on the very floor
 Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;
 Thus much she viewed an instant and no
 more,—
 Her struggles ceased with one convulsive
 groan;
 On her Sire's arm, which until now scarce held
 Her writhing, fell she like a cedar felled.

LIX.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes
 Were dabbled with the deep blood which
 ran o'er;¹
 And her head drooped, as when the lily lies
 O'ercharged with rain: her summoned
 handmaids bore
 Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;
 Of herbs and cordials they produced their
 store,
 But she defied all means they could employ,
 Like one Life could not hold, nor Death
 destroy.

¹ This is no very uncommon effect of the violence of conflicting and different passions. The Doge Francis Foscari, on his deposition in 1457, hearing the bells of St. Mark announce the election of his successor, "mourut subitement d'une hémorragie causée par une veine qui s'éclata dans sa poitrine" [see Sismondi, 1815, x. 46, and Daru, 1821, ii. 536; see too, *The Two Foscari*, act v. sc. 1, line 306, and Introduction to the *Two Foscari*, *Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 118, 193], at the age of eighty years, when "*Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?*" (*Macbeth*, act v. sc. 1, lines 34-36.) Before I was sixteen years of age I was witness to a melancholy instance of the same effect of mixed passions upon a young person, who, however, did not die in consequence, at that time, but fell a victim some years afterwards to a seizure of the same kind, arising from causes intimately connected with agitation of mind.

LX.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though
 chill—
 With nothing livid, still her lips were red;
 She had no pulse, but Death seemed absent
 still;
 No hideous sign proclaimed her surely dead;
 Corruption came not in each mind to kill
 All hope; to look upon her sweet face bred
 New thoughts of Life, for it seemed full of
 soul—
 She had so much, Earth could not claim the
 whole.

LXI.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
 When exquisitely chiselled, still lay there,
 But fixed as marble's unchanged aspect throws
 O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair;
 O'er the Laocoon's all eternal throes,
 And ever-dying Gladiator's air,
 Their energy like life forms all their fame,
 Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.—

LXII.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,
 Rather the dead, for Life seemed some-
 thing new,
 A strange sensation which she must partake
 Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
 Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache
 Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still
 true
 Brought back the sense of pain without the
 cause,
 For, for a while, the Furies made a pause.

LXIII.

She looked on many a face with vacant eye,
 On many a token without knowing what:
 She saw them watch her without asking why,
 And recked not who around her pillow sat;
 Not speechless, though she spoke not—not a
 sigh
 Relieved her thoughts—dull silence and
 quick chat
 Were tried in vain by those who served; she
 gave
 No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

LXIV.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
 Her Father watched, she turned her eyes
 away;
 She recognised no being, and no spot,
 However dear or cherished in their day;

They changed from room to room—but all forgot—

Gentle, but without memory she lay ;
At length those eyes, which they would fain
be weaning

Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful
meaning.

LXV.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp ;
The harper came, and tuned his instru-
ment ;

At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,
Then to the wall she turned as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her
heart re-sent ;

And he began a long low island-song
Of ancient days, ere Tyranny grew strong.

LXVI.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune : he changed the
theme,

And sung of Love ; the fierce name struck
through all

Her recollection ; on her flashed the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being ; in a gushing stream
The tears rushed forth from her o'erclouded
brain,

Like mountain mists at length dissolved in
rain.

LXVII.

Short solace, vain relief !—Thought came too
quick,

And whirled her brain to madness ; she
arose

As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
And flew at all she met, as on her foes ;
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
Although her paroxysm drew towards its
close ;—

Hers was a frenzy which disdained to rave,
Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

LXVIII.

Yet she betrayed at times a gleam of sense ;
Nothing could make her meet her Father's
face,

Though on all other things with looks intense
She gazed, but none she ever could retrace ;
Food she refused, and raiment ; no pretence
Availed for either ; neither change of place,

Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give
her

Senses to sleep—the power seemed gone for
ever.

LXIX.

Twelve days and nights she withered thus ;
at last,

Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her passed :
And they who watched her nearest could
not know

The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh ! to possess such lustre—and then lack !

LXX.

She died, but not alone ; she held, within,
A second principle of Life, which might
Have dawned a fair and sinless child of sin ;
But closed its little being without light,
And went down to the grave unborn, wherein
Blossom and bough lie withered with one
blight ;

In vain the dews of Heaven descend above
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of Love.

LXXI.

Thus lived—thus died she ; never more on
her

Shall Sorrow light, or Shame. She was
not made

Through years or moons the inner weight to
bear,

Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth : her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid
Long with her destiny ; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

LXXII.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away ;
None but her own and Father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay ;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
No stone is there to show, no tongue to say,
What was ; no dirge, except the hollow sea's,
Mourns o'er the Beauty of the Cyclades.

LXXIII.

But many a Greek maid in a loving song
Sighs o'er her name ; and many an islander
With her Sire's story makes the night less
long ;

Valour was his, and Beauty dwelt with her :

If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong—
 A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
 In some shape; let none think to fly the
 danger,
 For soon or late Love is his own avenger.

LXXIV.

But let me change this theme, which grows
 too sad,
 And lay this sheet of sorrows on the shelf;
 I don't much like describing people mad,
 For fear of seeming rather touched myself—
 Besides, I've no more on this head to add;
 And as my Muse is a capricious elf,
 We'll put about, and try another tack
 With Juan, left half-killed some stanzas back.

LXXV.

Wounded and fettered, "cabined, cribbed,
 confined,"
 Some days and nights elapsed before that he
 Could altogether call the past to mind;
 And when he did, he found himself at sea,
 Sailing six knots an hour before the wind;
 The shores of Ilion lay beneath their lee—
 Another time he might have liked to see 'em,
 But now was not much pleased with Cape
 Sigeum.

LXXVI.

There, on the green and village-cotted hill, is
 (Flanked by the Hellespont, and by the
 sea)
 Entombed the bravest of the brave, Achilles;
 They say so—(Bryant¹ says the contrary):
 And further downward, tall and towering
 still, is
 The tumulus—of whom? Heaven knows!
 't may be
 Patroclus, Ajax, or Protesilaus—
 All heroes, who if living still would slay us.

LXXVII.

High barrows, without marble, or a name,
 A vast, untilled, and mountain-skirted
 plain,
 And Ida in the distance, still the same,
 And old Scamander (if 't is he) remain;
 The situation seems still formed for fame—
 A hundred thousand men might fight
 again,
 With ease; but where I sought for Ilion's
 walls,
 The quiet sheep feeds, and the tortoise
 crawls;

¹ [Jacob Bryant (1715-1804) published his *Dissertation concerning the War of Troy, etc.*, in 1796.]

LXXVIII.

Troops of untended horses; here and there
 Some little hamlets, with new names
 uncouth;
 Some shepherds (unlike Paris) led to stare
 A moment at the European youth
 Whom to the spot their school-boy feelings
 bear;
 A Turk, with beads in hand, and pipe in
 mouth,
 Extremely taken with his own religion,
 Are what I found there—but the devil a
 Phrygian.

LXXIX.

Don Juan, here permitted to emerge
 From his dull cabin, found himself a slave;
 Forlorn, and gazing on the deep blue surge,
 O'ershadowed there by many a Hero's
 grave;
 Weak still with loss of blood, he scarce could
 urge
 A few brief questions; and the answers
 gave
 No very satisfactory information
 About his past or present situation.

LXXX.

He saw some fellow captives, who appeared
 To be Italians (as they were in fact)—
 From them, at least, *their* destiny he heard,
 Which was an odd one; a troop going to
 act
 In Sicily—all singers, duly reared
 In their vocation, had not been attacked
 In sailing from Livorno by the pirate,
 But sold by the *impresario* at no high rate.¹

LXXXI.

By one of these, the *buffo* of the party,
 Juan was told about their curious case;
 For although destined to the Turkish mart, he
 Still kept his spirits up—at least his face;
 The little fellow really looked quite hearty,
 And bore him with some gaiety and grace,
 Showing a much more reconciled demeanour,
 Than did the prima donna and the tenor.

¹ This is a fact. A few years ago a man engaged a company for some foreign theatre, embarked them at an Italian port, and carrying them to Algiers, sold them all. One of the women, returned from her captivity, I heard sing, by a strange coincidence, in Rossini's opera of *L'Italiana in Algieri*, at Venice, in the beginning of 1817.

LXXXII.

In a few words he told their hapless story,
Saying, "Our Machiavelian *impresario*,
Making a signal off some promontory,
Hailed a strange brig—*Corpo di Caio Mario!*
We were transferred on board her in a hurry,
Without a single *scudo* of *salario*;
But if the Sultan has a taste for song,
We will revive our fortunes before long.

LXXXIII.

"The prima donna, though a little old,
And haggard with a dissipated life,
And subject, when the house is thin, to cold,
Has some good notes; and then the tenor's
wife,
With no great voice, is pleasing to behold;
Last carnival she made a deal of strife,
By carrying off Count Cesare Cicogna
From an old Roman Princess at Bologna.

LXXXIV.

"And then there are the dancers; there 's
the Nini,
With more than one profession gains by
all;
Then there 's that laughing slut the Pelegrini,
She, too, was fortunate last Carnival,
And made at least five hundred good
zecchini,
But spends so fast, she has not now a
paul;
And then there 's the Grottesca—such a
dancer!
Where men have souls or bodies she must
answer.

LXXXV.

"As for the *figuranti*,¹ they are like
The rest of all that tribe; with here and
there
A pretty person, which perhaps may strike—
The rest are hardly fitted for a fair;
There 's one, though tall and stiffer than a
pike,
Yet has a sentimental kind of air
Which might go far, but she don't dance
with vigour—
The more 's the pity, with her face and figure.

¹ [The *figuranti* are those dancers of a ballet who do not dance singly, but many together, and serve to fill up the background during the exhibition of individual performers. They correspond to the chorus in the opera.—Maria Graham.]

LXXXVI.

"As for the men, they are a middling set;
The *musico* is but a cracked old basin,
But, being qualified in one way yet,
May the seraglio do to set his face in,
And as a servant some preferment get;
His singing I no further trust can place in:
From all the Pope¹ makes yearly 't would
perplex
To find three perfect pipes of the *third* sex.

LXXXVII.

"The tenor's voice is spoilt by affectation;
And for the bass, the beast can only
bellow—
In fact, he had no singing education,
An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless
fellow;
But being the prima donna's near relation,
Who swore his voice was very rich and
mellow,
They hired him, though to hear him you 'd
believe
An ass was practising recitative.

LXXXVIII.

"'T would not become myself to dwell upon
My own merits, and though young—I see,
Sir—you
Have got a travelled air, which speaks you
one
To whom the opera is by no means new:
You've heard of Raucocanti?—I'm the man;
The time may come when you may hear
me too;
You was not last year at the fair of Lugo,
But next, when I'm engaged to sing there
—do go.

LXXXIX.

"Our baritone I almost had forgot,
A pretty lad, but bursting with conceit;
With graceful action, science not a jot,
A voice of no great compass, and not
sweet,

¹ It is strange that it should be the Pope and the Sultan, who are the chief encouragers of this branch of trade—women being prohibited as singers at St. Peter's, and not deemed trustworthy as guardians of the harem.

["Scarcely a soul of them can read. Pacchierotti was one of the best informed of the *castrati* . . . Marchesi is so grossly ignorant that he wrote the word opera, *opperra*, but Nature has been so bountiful to the animal, that his ignorance and insolence were forgotten the moment he sang."—*Venice, etc.*, by a Lady of Rank, 1824, ii. 86.]

He always is complaining of his lot,
 Forsooth, scarce fit for ballads in the
 street;
 In lovers' parts his passion more to breathe,
 Having no heart to show, he shows his
 teeth."

XC.

Here Raucocanti's eloquent recital
 Was interrupted by the pirate crew,
 Who came at stated moments to invite all
 The captives back to their sad berths; each
 threw
 A rueful glance upon the waves, (which
 bright all
 From the blue skies derived a double blue,
 Dancing all free and happy in the sun,)
 And then went down the hatchway one by
 one.

XCI.

They heard next day—that in the Dardanelles,
 Waiting for his Sublimity's firmān,
 The most imperative of sovereign spells,
 Which everybody does without who can,
 More to secure them in their naval cells,
 Lady to lady, well as man to man,
 Were to be chained and lotted out per
 couple,
 For the slave market of Constantinople.

XCII.

It seems when this allotment was made out,
 There chanced to be an odd male, and
 odd female,
 Who (after some discussion and some doubt,
 If the soprano might be deemed to be
 male,
 They placed him o'er the women as a scout)
 Were linked together, and it happened the
 male
 Was Juan,—who, an awkward thing at his
 age,
 Paired off with a Bacchante blooming visage.

XCIII.

With Raucocanti lucklessly was chained
 The tenor; these two hated with a hate
 Found only on the stage, and each more
 pained
 With this his tuneful neighbour than his
 fate;
 Sad strife arose, for they were so cross-
 grained,
 Instead of bearing up without debate,
 That each pulled different ways with many
 an oath,
 "Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both.

XCIV.

Juan's companion was a Romagnole,
 But bred within the march of old Ancona,
 With eyes that looked into the very soul
 (And other chief points of a *bella donna*),
 Bright—and as black and burning as a coal;
 And through her clear brunette complexion
 shone a
 Great wish to please—a most attractive dower,
 Especially when added to the power.

XCV.

But all that power was wasted upon him,
 For Sorrow o'er each sense held stern
 command;
 Her eye might flash on his, but found it dim:
 And though thus chained, as natural her
 hand
 Touched his, nor that—nor any handsome
 limb
 (And she had some not easy to withstand)
 Could stir his pulse, or make his faith feel
 brittle;
 Perhaps his recent wounds might help a little.

XCVI.

No matter; we should ne'er too much
 inquire,
 But facts are facts: no Knight could be
 more true,
 And firmer faith no Ladye-love desire;
 We will omit the proofs, save one or two:
 'T is said no one in hand "can hold a fire
 By thought of frosty Caucasus"—but few,
 I really think—yet Juan's then ordeal
 Was more triumphant, and not much less
 real.

XCVII.

Here I might enter on a chaste description,
 Having withstood temptation in my youth,
 But hear that several people take exception
 At the first two books having too much
 truth;
 Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the ship
 soon,
 Because the publisher declares, in sooth,
 Through needles' eyes it easier for the camel
 is
 To pass, than those two cantos into families.

XCVIII.

'T is all the same to me; I 'm fond of
 yielding,
 And therefore leave them to the purer
 page
 Of Smollett, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding,
 Who say strange things for so correct an
 age;

I once had great alacrity in wielding
 My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,
 And recollect the time when all this cant
 Would have provoked remarks—which now
 it shan't.

XCIX.

As boys love rows, my boyhood liked a
 squabble;
 But at this hour I wish to part in peace,
 Leaving such to the literary rabble;
 Whether my verse's fame be doomed to
 cease
 While the right hand which wrote it still is able,
 Or of some centuries to take a lease,
 The grass upon my grave will grow as long,
 And sigh to midnight winds, but not to song.

C.

Of poets who come down to us through distance
 Of time and tongues, the foster-babes of
 Fame,
 Life seems the smallest portion of existence;
 Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,
 'T is as a snowball which derives assistance
 From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,
 Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow;
 But, after all, 't is nothing but cold snow.

CI.

And so great names are nothing more than
 nominal,
 And love of Glory's but an airy lust,
 Too often in its fury overcoming all
 Who would as 't were identify their dust
 From out the wide destruction, which, en-
 tombing all,
 Leaves nothing till "the coming of the
 just"—
 Save change: I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
 And heard Troy doubted; Time will doubt
 of Rome.

CII.

The very generations of the dead
 Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
 Until the memory of an Age is fled,
 And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's
 doom:
 Where are the epitaphs our fathers read?
 Save a few gleaned from the sepulchral
 gloom
 Which once-named myriads nameless lie
 beneath,
 And lose their own in universal Death.

CIII.

I canter by the spot each afternoon
 Where perished in his fame the hero-boy,
 Who lived too long for men, but died too soon
 For human vanity, the young De Foix!
 A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,
 But which Neglect is hastening to destroy,
 Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,
 While weeds and ordure rankle round the
 base.¹

CIV.

I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid:
 A little cupola, more neat than solemn,
 Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid
 To the Bard's tomb, and not the Warrior's
 column:
 The time must come, when both alike decayed,
 The Chieftain's trophy, and the Poet's
 volume,
 Will sink where lie the songs and wars of
 earth,
 Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth.

CV.

With human blood that column was cemented,
 With human filth that column is defiled,
 As if the peasant's coarse contempt were
 vented
 To show his loathing of the spot he soiled:
 Thus is the trophy used, and thus lamented
 Should ever be those blood-hounds, from
 whose wild
 Instinct of gore and glory Earth has known
 Those sufferings Dante saw in Hell alone.

CVI.

Yet there will still be bards: though Fame is
 smoke,
 Its fumes are frankincense to human
 thought;
 And the unquiet feelings, which first woke
 Song in the world, will seek what then
 they sought;
 As on the beach the waves at last are broke,
 Thus to their extreme verge the passions
 brought
 Dash into poetry, which is but Passion,
 Or, at least, was so ere it grew a fashion.

¹ The pillar which records the battle of Ravenna is about two miles from the city, on the opposite side of the river to the road towards Forli. Gaston de Foix [(1489-1512) Duc de Nemours, nephew of Louis XII.], who gained the battle, was killed in it: there fell on both sides twenty thousand men. The present state of the pillar and its site is described in the text.

CVII.

If in the course of such a life as was
 At once adventurous and contemplative,
 Men who partake all passions as they pass,
 Acquire the deep and bitter power to give
 There images again as in a glass,
 And in such colours that they seem to live;
 You may do right forbidding them to show 'em,
 But spoil (I think) a very pretty poem.

CVIII.

Oh! ye, who make the fortunes of all books!
 Benign Ceruleans of the second sex!
 Who advertise new poems by your looks,
 Your "Imprimatur" will ye not annex?
 What! must I go to the oblivious cooks,
 Those Cornish plunderers of Parnassian
 wrecks?

Ah! must I then the only minstrel, be,
 Proscribed from tasting your Castalian tea!

CIX.

What! can I prove "a lion" then no more?
 A ball-room bard, a foolscap, hot-press
 darling?
 To bear the compliments of many a bore,
 And sigh, "I can't get out," like Yorick's
 starling;¹
 Why then I'll swear, as poet Wordy swore
 (Because the world won't read him, always
 snarling),
 That Taste is gone, that Fame is but a lottery,
 Drawn by the blue-coat misses of a coterie.

CX.

Oh! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"
 As some one somewhere sings about the sky,
 And I, ye learned ladies say of you;
 They say your stockings are so—(Heaven
 knows why,
 I have examined few pair of that hue);
 Blue as the garters which serenely lie
 Round the Patrician left-legs, which adorn
 The festal midnight, and the levee morn.

CXI.

Yet some of you are most seraphic creatures—
 But times are altered since, a rhyming lover,
 You read my stanzas, and I read your
 features:
 And—but no matter, all those things are
 over;

¹ [The caged starling, by its repeated cry, "I can't get out I can't get out!" cured Yorick of his sentimental yearnings for imprisonment in the Bastille. See Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, ed. 1804, pp. 100-106.]

Still I have no dislike to learned natures,
 For sometimes such a world of virtues
 cover;

I knew one woman of that purple school,
 The loveliest, chastest, best, but—quite a
 fool.¹

CXII.

Humboldt, "the first of travellers," but not
 The last, if late accounts be accurate,
 Invented, by some name I have forgot,
 As well as the sublime discovery's date,
 An airy instrument, with which he sought
 To ascertain the atmospheric state,
 By measuring "the *intensity of blue*":²
 Oh, Lady Daphne! let me measure you!

CXIII.

But to the narrative:—The vessel bound
 With slaves to sell off in the capital,
 After the usual process, might be found
 At anchor under the seraglio wall;
 Her cargo, from the plague being safe and
 sound,
 Were landed in the market, one and all;
 And, there, with Georgians, Russians, and
 Circassians,
 Bought up for different purposes and passions.

CXIV.

Some went off dearly; fifteen hundred dollars
 For one Circassian, a sweet girl, were given,
 Warranted virgin; Beauty's brightest colours
 Had decked her out in all the hues of
 heaven:
 Her sale sent home some disappointed
 bawlers,
 Who bade on till the hundreds reached
 eleven;
 But when the offer went beyond, they knew
 'T was for the Sultan, and at once withdrew.

CXV.

Twelve negresses from Nubia brought a price
 Which the West Indian market scarce
 could bring—
 Though Wilberforce, at last, has made it
 twice
 What 't was ere Abolition; and the thing

¹ [Probably Lady Charlemont. See "Journal," November 22, 1813.]

² [The cyanometer, an instrument for ascertaining the intensity of the blue colour of the sky, was invented by Horace Bénédict de Saussure (1740-1799); see his *Essai sur l'Hygrométrie*.]

Need not seem very wonderful, for Vice
Is always much more splendid than a King:
The Virtues, even the most exalted, Charity,
Are saving—Vice spares nothing for a rarity.

CXVI.

But for the destiny of this young troop,
How some were bought by Pachas, some
by Jews,
How some to burdens were obliged to stoop,
And others rose to the command of crews
As renegadoes; while in hapless group,
Hoping no very old Vizier might choose,
The females stood, as one by one they picked
'em,
To make a mistress, or fourth wife, or victim:

CXVII.

All this must be reserved for further song;
Also our Hero's lot, howe'er unpleasant
(Because this Canto has become too long),
Must be postponed discreetly for the
present;
I'm sensible redundancy is wrong,
But could not for the Muse of me put less
in 't:
And now delay the progress of Don Juan,
Till what is called in Ossian the fifth Duan.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

I.

WHEN amatory poets sing their loves
In liquid lines mellifluously bland,
And pair their rhymes as Venus yokes her
doves,
They little think what mischief is in hand;
The greater their success the worse it proves,
As Ovid's verse may give to understand;
Even Petrarch's self, if judged with due
severity,
Is the Platonic pimp of all posterity.

II.

I therefore do denounce all amorous writing,
Except in such a way as not to attract;
Plain—simple—short, and by no means in-
viting,
But with a moral to each error tacked,
Formed rather for instructing than delighting,
And with all passions in their turn attacked;
Now, if my Pegasus should not be shod ill,
This poem will become a moral model.

III.

The European with the Asian shore
Sprinkled with palaces—the Ocean stream¹
Here and there studded with a seventy-four,
Sophia's Cupola with golden gleam,
The cypress groves, Olympus high and hoar,
The twelve isles, and the more than I
could dream,
Far less describe, present the very view
Which charmed the charming Mary Montagu.

IV.

I have a passion for the name of "Mary,"²
For once it was a magic sound to me;
And still it half calls up the realms of Fairy,
Where I beheld what never was to be;
All feelings changed, but this was last to vary,
A spell from which even yet I am not quite
free:
But I grow sad—and let a tale grow cold,
Which must not be pathetically told.

V.

The wind swept down the Euxine, and the
wave
Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades;
'T is a grand sight from off "the Giant's
Grave"³
To watch the progress of those rolling seas
Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave
Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease:
There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the
Euxine.

VI.

'T was a raw day of Autumn's bleak begin-
ning,
When nights are equal, but not so the days;
The Parcæ then cut short the further spin-
ning
Of seamen's fates, and the loud tempests
raise

¹ This expression of Homer has been much criticized. It hardly answers to our Atlantic ideas of the ocean, but is sufficiently applicable to the Hellespont, and the Bosphorus, with the Ægean intersected with islands.

[*Vide Iliad*, xiv. 245, etc. Homer's "ocean-stream" was not the Hellespont, but the rim of waters which encircled the disk of the world.]

² [For Byron's "Marys," *vide ante*, pp. 55, 56, note 3.]

³ The "Giant's Grave" is a height on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, much frequented by holiday parties; like Harrow and Highgate.

The waters, and repentance for past sinning
 In all, who o'er the great deep take their
 ways:
 They vow to amend their lives, and yet they
 don't;
 Because if drowned, they can't—if spared,
 they won't.

VII.

A crowd of shivering slaves of every nation,
 And age, and sex, were in the market
 ranged;
 Each bevy with the merchant in his station:
 Poor creatures! their good looks were
 sadly changed.
 All save the blacks seemed jaded with vexa-
 tion,
 From friends, and home, and freedom far
 estranged;
 The negroes more philosophy displayed,—
 Used to it, no doubt, as eels are to be flayed.

VIII.

Juan was juvenile, and thus was full,
 As most at his age are, of hope, and health;
 Yet I must own, he looked a little dull,
 And now and then a tear stole down by
 stealth;
 Perhaps his recent loss of blood might pull
 His spirit down; and then the loss of
 wealth,
 A mistress, and such comfortable quarters,
 To be put up for auction amongst Tartars,

IX.

Were things to shake a Stoic; ne'ertheless,
 Upon the whole his carriage was serene:
 His figure, and the splendour of his dress,
 Of which some gilded remnants still were
 seen,
 Drew all eyes on him, giving them to guess
 He was above the vulgar by his mien;
 And then, though pale, he was so very hand-
 some;
 And then—they calculated on his ransom.

X.

Like a backgammon board the place was
 dotted
 With whites and blacks, in groups on show
 for sale,
 Though rather more irregularly spotted:
 Some bought the jet, while others chose
 the pale.
 It chanced amongst the other people lotted,
 A man of thirty, rather stout and hale,

With resolution in his dark grey eye,
 Next Juan stood, till some might choose to
 buy.

XI.

He had an English look; that is, was square
 In make, of a complexion white and ruddy,
 Good teeth, with curling rather dark brown
 hair,
 And, it might be from thought, or toil, or
 study,
 An open brow a little marked with care:
 One arm had on a bandage rather bloody;
 And there he stood with such *sang froid*, that
 greater
 Could scarce be shown even by a mere
 spectator.

XII.

But seeing at his elbow a mere lad,
 Of a high spirit evidently, though
 At present weighed down by a doom which
 had
 O'erthrown even men, he soon began to
 show
 A kind of blunt compassion for the sad
 Lot of so young a partner in the woe,
 Which for himself he seemed to deem no
 worse
 Than any other scrape—a thing of course.

XIII.

“My boy!”—said he, “amidst this motley
 crew
 Of Georgians, Russians, Nubians, and
 what not,
 All ragamuffins differing but in hue,
 With whom it is our luck to cast our lot,
 The only gentlemen seem I and you;
 So let us be acquainted, as we ought:
 If I could yield you any consolation,
 'T would give me pleasure.—Pray, what is
 your nation?”

XIV.

When Juan answered—“Spanish!” he re-
 plied,
 “I thought, in fact, you could not be a
 Greek;
 Those servile dogs are not so proudly eyed:
 Fortune has played you here a pretty freak,
 But that's her way with all men, till they're
 tried;
 But never mind,—she'll turn, perhaps,
 next week;
 She has served me also much the same as
 you,
 Except that I have found it nothing new.”

XV.

"Pray, Sir," said Juan, "if I may presume,
What brought you here?"—"Oh! nothing
 very rare—
 Six Tartars and a drag-chain——"—"To
 this doom
 But what conducted, if the question 's fair,
 Is that which I would learn."—"I served for
 some
 Months with the Russian army here and
 there;
 And taking lately, by Suwarrow's bidding,
 A town, was ta'en myself instead of Widdin."

XVI.

"Have you no friends?"—"I had—but, by
 God's blessing,
 Have not been troubled with them lately.
 Now
 I have answered all your questions without
 pressing,
 And you an equal courtesy should show."
 "Alas!" said Juan, "'t were a tale distress-
 ing,
 And long besides."—"Oh! if 't is really so,
 You're right on both accounts to hold your
 tongue;
 A sad tale saddens doubly when 't is long.

XVII.

"But droop not: Fortune at your time of
 life,
 Although a female moderately fickle,
 Will hardly leave you (as she's not your wife)
 For any length of days in such a pickle.
 To strive, too, with our fate were such a strife
 As if the corn-sheaf should oppose the
 sickle:
 Men are the sport of circumstances, when
 The circumstances seem the sport of men."

XVIII.

"'T is not," said Juan, "for my present doom
 I mourn, but for the past;—I loved a
 maid:"—
 He paused, and his dark eye grew full of
 gloom;
 A single tear upon his eyelash staid
 A moment, and then dropped; "but to
 resume,
 'Tis not my present lot, as I have said,
 Which I deplore so much; for I have borne
 Hardships which have the hardest overworn,

XIX.

"On the rough deep. But this last blow—"
 and here
 He stopped again, and turned away his
 face.
 "Aye," quoth his friend, "I thought it would
 appear
 That there had been a lady in the case;
 And these are things which ask a tender tear,
 Such as I, too, would shed if in your place:
 I cried upon my first wife's dying day,
 And also when my second ran away:

XX.

"My third——"—"Your third!" quoth
 Juan, turning round;
 "You scarcely can be thirty: have you
 three?"
 "No—only two at present above ground:
 Surely 't is nothing wonderful to see
 One person thrice in holy wedlock bound!"
 "Well, then, your third," said Juan;
 "what did she?"
 She did not run away, too,—did she, Sir?"
 "No, faith."—"What then?"—"I ran away
 from her."

XXI.

"You take things coolly, Sir," said Juan.
 "Why,"
 Replied the other, "what can a man do?
 There still are many rainbows in your sky,
 But mine have vanished. All, when Life is
 new,
 Commence with feelings warm, and prospects
 high;
 But Time strips our illusions of their hue,
 And one by one in turn, some grand mistake
 Casts off its bright skin yearly like the snake.

XXII.

"'T is true, it gets another bright and fresh,
 Or fresher, brighter; but the year gone
 through,
 This skin must go the way, too, of all flesh,
 Or sometimes only wear a week or two;—
 Love's the first net which spreads its deadly
 mesh;
 Ambition, Avarice, Vengeance, Glory, glue
 The glittering lime-twigs of our latter days,
 Where still we flutter on for pence or praise."

XXIII.

"All this is very fine, and may be true,"
 Said Juan; "but I really don't see how
 It betters present times with me or you."
 "No?" quoth the other; "yet you will
 allow

By setting things in their right point of view,
 Knowledge, at least, is gained; for in-
 stance, now,
 We know what slavery is, and our disasters
 May teach us better to behave when masters."

XXIV.

"Would we were masters now, if but to try
 Their present lessons on our Pagan friends
 here,"
 Said Juan,—swallowing a heart-burning sigh:
 "Heaven help the scholar, whom his
 fortune sends here!"
 "Perhaps we shall be one day, by and by,"
 Rejoined the other, "when our bad luck
 mends here;
 Meantime (yon old black eunuch seems to
 eye us)
 I wish to G—d that somebody would buy us.

XXV.

"But after all, what *is* our present state?
 'T is bad, and may be better—all men's lot:
 Most men are slaves, none more so than the
 great,
 To their own whims and passions, and
 what not;
 Society itself, which should create
 Kindness, destroys what little we had got:
 To feel for none is the true social art
 Of the world's Stoics—men without a heart."

XXVI.

Just now a black old neutral personage
 Of the third sex stepped up, and peering
 over
 The captives seemed to mark their looks and
 age,
 And capabilities, as to discover
 If they were fitted for the purposed cage:
 No lady e'er is ogled by a lover,
 Horse by a blackleg, broadcloth by a tailor,
 Fee by a counsel, felon by a jailor,

XXVII.

As is a slave by his intended bidder.
 'T is pleasant purchasing our fellow-
 creatures;
 And all are to be sold, if you consider
 Their passions, and are dext'rous; some
 by features
 Are bought up, others by a warlike leader,
 Some by a place—as tend their years or
 natures:
 The most by ready cash—but all have prices,
 From crowns to kicks, according to their
 vices.

XXVIII.

The eunuch, having eyed them o'er with care,
 Turned to the merchant, and began to bid
 First but for one, and after for the pair;
 They haggled, wrangled, swore, too—so
 they did!
 As though they were in a mere Christian fair,
 Cheapening an ox, an ass, a lamb, or kid;
 So that their bargain sounded like a battle
 For this superior yoke of human cattle.

XXIX.

At last they settled into simple grumbling,
 And pulling out reluctant purses, and
 Turning each piece of silver o'er, and
 tumbling
 Some down, and weighing others in their
 hand,
 And by mistake sequins¹ with *paras* jumbling,
 Until the sum was accurately scanned,
 And then the merchant giving change, and
 signing
 Receipts in full, began to think of dining.

XXX.

I wonder if his appetite was good?
 Or, if it were, if also his digestion?
 Methinks at meals some odd thoughts might
 intrude,
 And Conscience ask a curious sort of
 question,
 About the right divine how far we should
 Sell flesh and blood. When dinner has
 oppressed one,
 I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour
 Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.

XXXI.

Voltaire says "No:" he tells you that
 Candide
 Found life most tolerable after meals;
 He's wrong—unless man were a pig, indeed,
 Repletion rather adds to what he feels,
 Unless he's drunk, and then no doubt he's
 freed
 From his own brain's oppression while it
 reels.
 Of food I think with Philip's son² or rather
 Ammon's (ill pleased with one world and one
 father);

¹ [The Turkish *zecchino* is a gold coin, worth about seven shillings and sixpence. The *para* is not quite equal to an English halfpenny.]

² See Plutarch in *Alex.*, Q. Curt. *Hist. Alexand.*, and Sir Richard Clayton's "Critical

XXXII.

I think with Alexander, that the act
Of eating, with another act or two,
Makes us feel our mortality in fact
Redoubled; when a roast and a ragout,
And fish, and soup, by some side dishes
backed,

Can give us either pain or pleasure, who
Would pique himself on intellects, whose use
Depends so much upon the gastric juice?

XXXIII.

The other evening ('t was on Friday last)—
This is a fact, and no poetic fable—
Just as my great coat was about me cast,
My hat and gloves still lying on the table,
I heard a shot—'t was eight o'clock scarce
past—

And, running out as fast as I was able,¹
I found the military commandant
Stretched in the street, and able scarce to
pant.

XXXIV.

Poor fellow! for some reason, surely bad,
They had slain him with five slugs; and
left him there

To perish on the pavement: so I had
Him borne into the house and up the stair,
And stripped, and looked to,—But why
should I add

More circumstances? vain was every care;
The man was gone—in some Italian quarrel
Killed by five bullets from an old gun-barrel.

XXXV.

I gazed upon him, for I knew him well;
And though I have seen many corpses,
never

Saw one, whom such an accident befell,
So calm; though pierced through stomach,
heart, and liver,

Inquiry into the Life of Alexander the Great,"
1763.

[He used to say that sleep and the commerce
with the sex were the things that made him most
sensible of his mortality. . . . He was also very
temperate in eating."—Plutarch's *Alexander*,
Langhorne, 1838, p. 473.]

[¹ The assassination alluded to took place on the
8th of December, 1820, in the streets of Ravenna,
not a hundred paces from the residence of the
writer. The circumstances were as described.
See Letter to Moore, December 9, 1820, *Letters*,
1901, v. 133. The commandant's name was Del
Pinto (*Life*, p. 472).]

He seemed to sleep,—for you could scarcely
tell

(As he bled inwardly, no hideous river
Of gore divulged the cause) that he was dead:
So as I gazed on him, I thought or said—

XXXVI.

"Can this be Death? then what is Life or
Death?

Speak!" but he spoke not: "wake!" but
still he slept:—

"But yesterday and who had mightier breath?
A thousand warriors by his word were kept
In awe: he said, as the Centurion saith,
'Go,' and he goeth; 'come,' and forth he
stepped.

The trump and bugle till he spake were
dumb—

And now nought left him but the muffled
drum."

XXXVII.

And they who waited once and worshipped—
they

With their rough faces thronged about the
bed

To gaze once more on the commanding clay
Which for the last, though not the first,
time bled;

And such an end! that he who many a day
Had faced Napoleon's foes until they
fled,—

The foremost in the charge or in the sally,
Should now be butchered in a civic alley.

XXXVIII.

The scars of his old wounds were near his
new,

Those honourable scars which brought
him fame;

And horrid was the contrast to the view—
But let me quit the theme; as such things
claim

Perhaps even more attention than is due
From me: I gazed (as oft I have gazed
the same)

To try if I could wrench aught out of Death
Which should confirm, or shake, or make a
faith;

XXXIX.

But it was all a mystery. Here we are,
And there we go:—but *where?* five bits of
lead,

Or three, or two, or one, send very far!
And is this blood, then, formed but to
be shed?

Can every element our elements mar?
 And Air—Earth—Water—Fire live—and
 we dead?
We, whose minds comprehend all things?
 No more;
 But let us to the story as before.

XL.

The purchaser of Juan and acquaintance
 Bore off his bargains to a gilded boat,
 Embarked himself and them, and off they
 went thence
 As fast as oars could pull and water float;
 They looked like persons being led to
 sentence,
 Wondering what next, till the caïque¹ was
 brought
 Up in a little creek below a wall
 O'ertopped with cypresses, dark-green and
 tall.

XLI.

Here their conductor tapping at the wicket
 Of a small iron door, 't was opened, and
 He led them onward, first through a low
 thicket
 Flanked by large groves, which towered
 on either hand:
 They almost lost their way, and had to pick
 it—
 For night was closing ere they came to land.
 The eunuch made a sign to those on board,
 Who rowed off, leaving them without a word.

XLII.

As they were plodding on their winding way
 Through orange bowers, and jasmine, and
 so forth:
 (Of which I might have a good deal to say,
 There being no such profusion in the North
 Of oriental plants, *et cetera*,
 But that of late your scribblers think it
 worth
 Their while to rear whole hotbeds in *their*
 works,
 Because *one* poet travelled 'mongst the
 Turks :)

XLIII.

As they were threading on their way, there
 came
 Into Don Juan's head a thought, which he
 Whispered to his companion:—'t was the
 same
 Which might have then occurred to you or
 me.

¹ The light and elegant wherries plying about
 the quays of Constantinople are so called.

“Methinks,”—said he,—“it would be no
 great shame
 If we should strike a stroke to set us free;
 Let's knock that old black fellow on the head,
 And march away—'t were easier done than
 said.”

XLIV.

“Yes,” said the other, “and when done,
 what then?
How get out? how the devil got we in?
 And when we once were fairly out, and when
 From Saint Bartholomew we have saved
 our skin,
 To-morrow 'd see us in some other den,
 And worse off than we hitherto have been;
 Besides, I'm hungry, and just now would take,
 Like Esau, for my birthright a beef-steak.

XLV.

“We must be near some place of man's
 abode;—
 For the old negro's confidence in creeping,
 With his two captives, by so queer a road,
 Shows that he thinks his friends have not
 been sleeping;
 A single cry would bring them all abroad:
 'T is better therefore looking before leaping—
 And there, you see, this turn has brought us
 through,
 By Jove, a noble palace!—lighted too.”

XLVI.

It was indeed a wide extensive building
 Which opened on their view, and o'er the
 front
 There seemed to be besprent a deal of gilding
 And various hues, as is the Turkish wont,—
 A gaudy taste; for they are little skilled in
 The arts of which these lands were once
 the font:
 Each villa on the Bosphorus looks a screen
 New painted, or a pretty opera-scene.

XLVII.

And nearer as they came, a genial savour
 Of certain stews, and roast-meats, and
 pilaus,
 Things which in hungry mortals' eyes find
 favour,
 Made Juan in his harsh intentions pause,
 And put himself upon his good behaviour:
 His friend, too, adding a new saving clause,
 Said, “In Heaven's name, let's get some
 supper now,
 And then I'm with you, if you're for a row.”

XLVIII.

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion,
 Some to men's feelings, others to their
 reason;
 The last of these was never much the fashion,
 For Reason thinks all reasoning out of
 season:
 Some speakers whine, and others lay the lash
 on,
 But more or less continue still to tease on,
 With arguments according to their "forte":
 But no one ever dreams of being short.—

XLIX.

But I digress: of all appeals,—although
 I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,
 Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling,—no
 Method's more sure at moments to take hold
 Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
 More tender, as we every day behold,
 Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,
 The Tocsin of the Soul—the dinner-bell.

L.

Turkey contains no bells, and yet men dine;
 And Juan and his friend, albeit they heard
 No Christian knoll to table, saw no line
 Of lackeys usher to the feast prepared,
 Yet smelt roast-meat, beheld a huge fire shine,
 And cooks in motion with their clean arms
 bared,
 And gazed around them to the left and right,
 With the prophetic eye of appetite.

LI.

And giving up all notions of resistance,
 They followed close behind their sable guide,
 Who little thought that his own cracked
 existence
 Was on the point of being set aside:
 He motioned them to stop at some small
 distance,
 And knocking at the gate, 't was opened
 wide,
 And a magnificent large hall displayed
 The Asian pomp of Ottoman parade.

LII.

I won't describe; description is my "forte,"
 But every fool describes in these bright days
 His wondrous journey to some foreign court,
 And spawns his quarto, and demands your
 praise—

Death to his publisher, to him 't is sport;
 While Nature, tortured twenty thousand
 ways,
 Resigns herself with exemplary patience
 To guide-books, rhymes, tours, sketches,
 illustrations.

LIII.

Along this hall, and up and down, some,
 squatted
 Upon their hams, were occupied at chess;
 Others in monosyllable talk chatted,
 And some seemed much in love with their
 own dress;
 And divers smoked superb pipes decorated
 With amber mouths of greater price or less;
 And several strutted, others slept, and some
 Prepared for supper with a glass of rum.¹

LIV.

As the black eunuch entered with his brace
 Of purchased Infidels, some raised their eyes
 A moment, without slackening from their
 pace;
 But those who sate ne'er stirred in any wise:
 One or two stared the captives in the face,
 Just as one views a horse to guess his price;
 Some nodded to the negro from their station,
 But no one troubled him with conversation.

LV.

He leads them through the hall, and, without
 stopping,
 On through a farther range of goodly rooms,
 Splendid, but silent, save in *one*, where
 dropping²
 A marble fountain echoes through the
 glooms
 Of night which robe the chamber, or where
 popping
 Some female head most curiously presumes
 To thrust its black eyes through the door or
 lattice,
 As wondering what the *devil* noise that is!

¹ In Turkey nothing is more common than for the Mussulmans to take several glasses of strong spirits by way of appetiser. I have seen them take as many as six of raki before dinner, and swear that they dined the better for it: I tried the experiment, but fared like the Scotchman, who having heard that the birds called kittiwakes were admirable whets, ate six of them, and complained that "he was no hungrier than when he began."

² A common furniture. I recollect being received by Ali Pacha, in a large room, paved with marble, containing a marble basin, and fountain playing in the centre, etc., etc.

LVI.

Some faint lamps gleaming from the lofty walls
 Gave light enough to hint their farther way,
 But not enough to show the imperial halls
 In all the flashing of their full array;
 Perhaps there 's nothing—I 'll not say appals,
 But saddens more by night as well as day
 Than an enormous room without a soul
 To break the lifeless splendour of the whole.

LVII.

Two or three seem so little, *one* seems nothing:
 In deserts, forests, crowds, or by the shore,
There Solitude, we know, has her full growth
 in
 The spots which were her realms for ever-
 more;
 But in a mighty hall or gallery, both in
 More modern buildings and those built of
 yore,
 A kind of Death comes o'er us all alone,
 Seeing what 's meant for many with but one.

LVIII.

A neat, snug study on a winter's night,
 A book, friend, single lady, or a glass
 Of claret, sandwich, and an appetite,
 Are things which make an English evening
 pass—
 Though *certes* by no means so grand a sight
 As is a theatre lit up by gas—
 I pass my evenings in long galleries solely,
 And that 's the reason I 'm so melancholy.

LIX.

Alas! Man makes that great which makes
 him little—
 I grant you in a church 't is very well:
 What speaks of Heaven should by no means
 be brittle,
 But strong and lasting, till no tongue can
 tell
 Their names who reared it; but huge houses
 fit ill,
 And huge tombs, worse, Mankind—since
 Adam fell:
 Methinks the story of the tower of Babel
 Might teach them this much better than I 'm
 able.

LX.

Babel was Nimrod's hunting-box,¹ and then
 A town of gardens, walls, and wealth
 amazing,
 Where Nabuchadonosor, King of men,
 Reigned, till one summer's day he took to
 grazing,

¹ Babylon was enlarged by Nimrod, strengthened

And Daniel tamed the lions in their den,
 The people's awe and admiration raising;
 'T was famous, too, for Thisbe and for
 Pyramus,
 And the calumniated queen Semiramis—

LXI.

That injured Queen, by chroniclers¹ so coarse,
 Has been accused (I doubt not by con-
 spiracy)
 Of an improper friendship for her horse
 (Love, like Religion, sometimes runs to
 heresy):
 This monstrous tale had probably its source
 (For such exaggerations here and there I
 see)
 In writing "Courser" by mistake for
 "Courier":
 I wish the case could come before a jury here.²

LXII.

But to resume,—should there be (what may
 not
 Be in these days?) some infidels, who don't,
 Because they can't find out the very spot
 Of that same Babel, or because they won't
 (Though Claudius Rich, Esquire, some bricks
 has got,
 And written lately two memoirs upon 't),
 Believe the Jews, those unbelievers, who
 Must be believed, though they believe not
 you:

LXIII.

Yet let them think that Horace has expressed
 Shortly and sweetly the masonic folly
 Of those, forgetting the great place of rest,
 Who give themselves to Architecture wholly;
 We know where things and men must end at
 best:
 A moral (like all morals) melancholy,
 And "Et sepulchri immemor struis domos"
 Shows that we build when we should but
 entomb us.

and beautified by Nabuchadonosor, and rebuilt by Semiramis.

¹ [The Chronicler is Pliny (*Nat. Hist.*, lib. viii. cap. xlii.) who cites Juba, King of Mauretania, as his authority.]

² [Queen Caroline—whose trial (August—November, 1820) was proceeding whilst this canto was being written—was charged with having committed adultery with Bartolommeo Bergami, who had been her courier, and was, afterwards, her chamberlain.]

LXIV.

At last they reached a quarter most retired,
 Where Echo woke as if from a long
 slumber ;
 Though full of all things which could be
 desired,
 One wondered what to do with such a number
 Of articles which nobody required ;
 Here Wealth had done its utmost to en-
 cumber
 With furniture an exquisite apartment,
 Which puzzled Nature much to know what
 Art meant.

LXV.

It seemed, however, but to open on
 A range or suite of further chambers, which
 Might lead to Heaven knows where ; but in
 this one
 The moveables were prodigally rich :
 Sofas 't was half a sin to sit upon,
 So costly were they ; carpets every stitch
 Of workmanship so rare, they made you wish
 You could glide o'er them like a golden fish.

LXVI.

The black, however, without hardly deigning
 A glance at that which wrapped the slaves
 in wonder,
 Trampled what they scarce trod for fear of
 staining,
 As if the milky way their feet was under
 With all its stars ; and with a stretch attaining
 A certain press or cupboard niched in
 yonder,
 In that remote recess which you may see—
 Or if you don't the fault is not in me,—

LXVII.

I wish to be perspicuous—and the black,
 I say, unlocking the recess, pulled forth
 A quantity of clothes fit for the back
 Of any Mussulman, whate'er his worth ;
 And of variety there was no lack—
 And yet, though I have said there was no
 dearth,—
 He chose himself to point out what he thought
 Most proper for the Christians he had bought.

LXVIII.

The suit he thought most suitable to each
 Was, for the elder and the stouter, first
 A Candiot cloak, which to the knee might
 reach,
 And trousers not so tight that they would
 burst,

But such as fit an Asiatic breech ;
 A shawl, whose folds in Cashmire had been
 nursed,
 Slippers of saffron, dagger rich and handy ;
 In short, all things which form a Turkish
 Dandy.

LXIX.

While he was dressing, Baba, their black
 friend,
 Hinted the vast advantages which they
 Might probably attain both in the end,
 If they would but pursue the proper way
 Which Fortune plainly seemed to recommend ;
 And then he added, that he needs must say,
 "'T would greatly tend to better their con-
 dition,
 If they would condescend to circumcision.

LXX.

"For his own part, he really should rejoice
 To see them true believers, but no less
 Would leave his proposition to their choice."
 The other, thanking him for this excess
 Of goodness, in thus leaving them a voice
 In such a trifle, scarcely could express
 "Sufficiently" (he said) "his approbation
 of all the customs of this polished nation.

LXXI.

"For his own share—he saw but small objec-
 tion
 To so respectable an ancient rite ;
 And, after swallowing down a slight refection
 For which he owned a present appetite,
 He doubted not a few hours of reflection
 Would reconcile him to the business quite."
 "Will it?" said Juan, sharply: "Strike me
 dead,
 But they as soon shall circumcise my head !

LXXII.

"Cut off a thousand heads, before——"—
 "Now, pray,"
 Replied the other, "do not interrupt :
 You put me out in what I had to say.
 Sir!—as I said, as soon as I have supped,
 I shall perpend if your proposal may
 Be such as I can properly accept ;
 Provided always your great goodness still
 Remits the matter to our own free-will."

LXXIII.

Baba eyed Juan, and said, "Be so good
 As dress yourself—" and pointed out a suit
 In which a Princess with great pleasure would
 Array her limbs ; but Juan standing mute,

As not being in a masquerading mood,
 Gave it a slight kick with his Christian
 foot;
 And when the old negro told him to "Get
 ready,"
 Replied, "Old gentleman, I 'm not a lady."

LXXIV.

"What you may be, I neither know nor care,"
 Said Baba; "but pray do as I desire:
 I have no more time nor many words to
 spare."

"At least," said Juan, "sure I may inquire
 The cause of this odd travesty?"—"For-
 bear,"

Said Baba, "to be curious; 't will trans-
 pire,
 No doubt, in proper place, and time, and
 season:
 I have no authority to tell the reason."

LXXV.

"Then if I do," said Juan, "I'll be——"
 "Hold!"

Rejoined the negro, "pray be not provok-
 ing;
 This spirit 's well, but it may wax too bold,
 And you will find us not too fond of
 joking."

"What, Sir!" said Juan, "shall it e'er be
 told

That I unsexed my dress?" But Baba,
 stroking
 The things down, said, "Incense me, and I
 call
 Those who will leave you of no sex at all.

LXXVI.

"I offer you a handsome suit of clothes:
 A woman's, true; but then there is a cause
 Why you should wear them."—"What,
 though my soul loathes
 The effeminate garb?"—thus, after a short
 pause,

Sighed Juan, muttering also some slight oaths,
 "What the devil shall I do with all this
 gauze?"

Thus he profanely termed the finest lace
 Which e'er set off a marriage-morning face.

LXXVII.

And then he swore; and, sighing, on he
 slipped

A pair of trousers of flesh-coloured silk;
 Next with a virgin zone he was equipped,
 Which girt a slight chemise as white as
 milk;

But tugging on his petticoat, he tripped,
 Which—as we say—or as the Scotch say,
whilk,

(The rhyme obliges me to this; sometimes
 Monarchs are less imperative than rhymes)—

LXXVIII.

Whilk, which (or what you please), was
 owing to
 His garment's novelty, and his being
 awkward:

And yet at last he managed to get through
 His toilet, though no doubt a little back-
 ward:

The negro Baba helped a little too,
 When some untoward part of raiment
 stuck hard;

And, wrestling both his arms into a gown,
 He paused, and took a survey up and down.

LXXIX.

One difficulty still remained—his hair
 Was hardly long enough; but Baba found
 So many false long tresses all to spare,

That soon his head was most completely
 crowned,

After the manner then in fashion there;
 And this addition with such gems was bound
 As suited the *ensemble* of his toilet,
 While Baba made him comb his head and oilit.

LXXX.

And now being femininely all arrayed,
 With some small aid from scissors, paint,
 and tweezers,

He looked in almost all respects a maid,
 And Baba smilingly exclaimed, "You see,
 Sirs,

A perfect transformation here displayed;
 And now, then, you must come along with
 me, Sirs,

That is—the Lady:" clapping his hands twice,
 Four blacks were at his elbow in a trice.

LXXXI.

"You, Sir," said Baba, nodding to the one,
 "Will please to accompany those gentlemen
 To supper; but you, worthy Christian nun,
 Will follow me: no trifling, Sir; for when
 I say a thing, it must at once be done.

What fear you? think you this a lion's den?
 Why, 't is a palace; where the truly wise
 Anticipate the Prophet's paradise.

LXXXII.

"You fool! I tell you no one means you harm."
 "So much the better," Juan said, "for them;
 Else they shall feel the weight of this my arm,
 Which is not quite so light as you may deem.

I yield thus far; but soon will break the charm,
 If any take me for that which I seem:
 So that I trust for every body's sake,
 That this disguise may lead to no mistake."

LXXXIII.

"Blockhead! come on, and see," quoth
 Baba; while
 Don Juan, turning to his comrade, who
 Though somewhat grieved, could scarce for-
 bear a smile

Upon the metamorphosis in view,—
 Farewell!" they mutually exclaimed: "this
 soil

Seems fertile in adventures strange and new;
 One's turned half Mussulman, and one a maid,
 By this old black enchanter's unsought aid."

LXXXIV.

"Farewell!" said Juan: should we meet no
 more,
 I wish you a good appetite."—"Farewell!"
 Replied the other; "though it grieves me
 sore:

When we next meet, we'll have a tale to
 tell:
 We needs must follow when Fate puts from
 shore.

Keep your good name; though Eve herself
 once fell."
 "Nay," quoth the maid, "the Sultan's self
 shan't carry me,
 Unless his Highness promises to marry me."

LXXXV.

And thus they parted, each by separate doors;
 Baba led Juan onward, room by room,
 Through glittering galleries, and o'er marble
 floors,

Till a gigantic portal through the gloom,
 Haughty and huge, along the distance lowers;
 And wafted far arose a rich perfume:
 It seemed as though they came upon a shrine,
 For all was vast, still, fragrant, and divine.

LXXXVI.

The giant door was broad, and bright, and
 high,
 Of gilded bronze, and carved in curious
 guise;

Warriors thereon were battling furiously;
 Here stalks the victor, there the van-
 quished lies;

There captives led in triumph droop the eye,
 And in perspective many a squadron flies:
 It seems the work of times before the line
 Of Rome transplanted fell with Constantine.

LXXXVII.

This massy portal stood at the wide close
 Of a huge hall, and on its either side
 Two little dwarfs, the least you could suppose,
 Were sate, like ugly imps, as if allied
 In mockery to the enormous gate which rose
 O'er them in almost pyramidic pride:
 The gate so splendid was in all its *features*,¹
 You never thought about those little creatures,

LXXXVIII.

Until you nearly trod on them, and then
 You started back in horror to survey
 The wondrous hideousness of those small
 men,
 Whose colour was not black, nor white,
 nor grey,
 But an extraneous mixture, which no pen
 Can trace, although perhaps the pencil
 may;
 They were mis-shapen pigmies, deaf and
 dumb—
 Monsters, who cost a no less monstrous sum.

LXXXIX.

Their duty was—for they were strong, and
 though
 They looked so little, did strong things at
 times—
 To ope this door, which they could really do,
 The hinges being as smooth as Rogers'
 rhymes;
 And now and then, with tough strings of
 the bow,
 As is the custom of those Eastern climes,
 To give some rebel Pacha a cravat—
 For mutes are generally used for that.

XC.

They spoke by signs—that is, not spoke at
 all;
 And looking like two Incubi, they glared
 As Baba with his fingers made them fall
 To heaving back the portal folds: it scared

¹ *Features* of a gate—a ministerial metaphor:
 "the *feature* upon which this question *hinges*."
 See the "Fudge Family," or hear Castlereagh.
 [Phil. Fudge, in his letter to Lord Castlereagh,
 says—

"As *thou* would'st say, my guide and teacher
 In these gay metaphoric fringes,
 I must *embark* into the *feature*
 On which this letter chiefly *hinges*."
 —*Fudge Family in Paris*, Letter II. by
 Thomas Moore.]

Juan a moment, as this pair so small,
 With shrinking serpent optics on him
 stared;
 It was as if their little looks could poison
 Or fascinate whome'er they fixed their eyes
 on.

XCI.

Before they entered, Baba paused to hint
 To Juan some slight lessons as his guide:
 "If you could just contrive," he said, "to
 stint
 That somewhat manly majesty of stride,
 'T would be as well, and—(though there 's
 not much in 't)
 To swing a little less from side to side,
 Which has at times an aspect of the oddest;—
 And also could you look a little modest,

XCII.

"'T would be convenient; for these mutes
 have eyes
 Like needles, which may pierce those
 petticoats;
 And if they should discover your disguise,
 You know how near us the deep Bosphorus
 floats;
 And you and I may chance, ere morning rise,
 To find our way to Marmora without
 boats,
 Stitched up in sacks—a mode of navigation
 A good deal practised here upon occasion."¹

XCIII.

With this encouragement he led the way
 Into a room still nobler than the last;
 A rich confusion formed a disarray
 In such sort, that the eye along it cast
 Could hardly carry anything away,
 Object on object flashed so bright and fast;
 A dazzling mass of gems, and gold, and
 glitter,
 Magnificently mingled in a litter.

¹ A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity: he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night. One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden a "wrench from all we know, from all we love."

XCIV.

Wealth had done wonders—taste not much;
 such things
 Occur in Orient palaces, and even
 In the more chastened domes of Western
 kings
 (Of which I have also seen some six or
 seven),
 Where I can't say or gold or diamond flings
 Great lustre, there is much to be forgiven;
 Groups of bad statues, tables, chairs, and
 pictures,
 On which I cannot pause to make my
 strictures.

XCV.

In this imperial hall, at distance lay
 Under a canopy, and there reclined
 Quite in a confidential queenly way,
 A lady; Baba stopped, and kneeling signed
 To Juan, who though not much used to pray,
 Knelt down by instinct, wondering in his
 mind
 What all this meant: while Baba bowed and
 bended
 His head, until the ceremony ended.

XCVI.

The lady rising up with such an air
 As Venus rose with from the wave, on them
 Bent like an antelope a Paphian pair
 Of eyes, which put out each surrounding
 gem;
 And raising up an arm as moonlight fair,
 She signed to Baba, who first kissed the
 hem
 Of her deep purple robe, and, speaking low,
 Pointed to Juan who remained below.

XCVII.

Her presence was as lofty as her state;
 Her beauty of that overpowering kind,
 Whose force Description only would abate:
 I 'd rather leave it much to your own mind,
 Than lessen it by what I could relate
 Of forms and features; it would strike you
 blind
 Could I do justice to the full detail;
 So, luckily for both, my phrases fail.

XCVIII.

Thus much however I may add,—her years
 Were ripe, they might make six-and-twenty
 springs,
 But there are forms which Time to touch
 forbears,
 And turns aside his scythe to vulgar things:

Such as was Mary's, Queen of Scots ; true—
tears
And Love destroy ; and sapping Sorrow
wings
Charms from the charmer, yet some never
grow
Ugly ; for instance—Ninon de l'Enclos.¹

XCIX.

She spake some words to her attendants, who
Composed a choir of girls, ten or a dozen,
And were all clad alike ; like Juan, too,
Who wore their uniform, by Baba chosen :
They formed a very nymph-like looking crew,
Which might have called Diana's chorus
"cousin,"
As far as outward show may correspond—
I won't be bail for anything beyond.

C.

They bowed obeisance and withdrew, retiring,
But not by the same door through which
came in
Baba and Juan, which last stood admiring,
At some small distance, all he saw within
This strange saloon, much fitted for inspiring
Marvel and praise ; for both or none
things win ;
And I must say, I ne'er could see the very
Great happiness of the " Nil admirari."

CI.

"Not to admire is all the art I know
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs few
flowers of speech)—
To make men happy, or to keep them so"
(So take it in the very words of Creech)—
Thus Horace wrote we all know long ago ;
And thus Pope² quotes the precept to re-
teach

¹ [Legend has credited Ninon de Lenclos (1620-1705) with lovers when she had "come to four-score years."]

² ["Not to admire, is all the Art I know
To make men happy, and to keep them so,
(Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of
speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech)."]

To Mr. Murray (Lord Mansfield), Pope's *Imitations of Horace*, Book I. epist. vi. lines 1-4.

Thomas Creech (1659-1701) published his *Translation of Horace* in 1684. In the second edition, 1688, p. 487, the lines run—

"Not to admire, as most are wont to do,
It is the only method that I know,
To make Men happy and to keep 'em so."]

From his translation ; but had *none admired*,
Would Pope have sung, or Horace been
inspired?

CII.

Baba, when all the damsels were withdrawn,
Motioned to Juan to approach, and then
A second time desired him to kneel down,
And kiss the lady's foot ; which maxim
when
He heard repeated, Juan with a frown
Drew himself up to his full height again,
And said, "It grieved him, but he could not
stoop
To any shoe, unless it shod the Pope."

CIII.

Baba, indignant at this ill-timed pride,
Made fierce remonstrances, and then a
threat
He muttered (but the last was given aside)
About a bow-string—quite in vain ; not yet
Would Juan bend, though 't were to
Mahomet's bride :
There's nothing in the world like *etiquette*
In kingly chambers or imperial halls,
As also at the Race and County Balls.

CIV.

He stood like Atlas, with a world of words
About his ears, and nathless would not
bend ;
The blood of all his line's Castilian lords
Boiled in his veins, and, rather than descend
To stain his pedigree, a thousand swords
A thousand times of him had made an end ;
At length perceiving the "foot" could not
stand,
Baba proposed that he should kiss the hand.

CV.

Here was an honourable compromise,
A half-way house of diplomatic rest,
Where they might meet in much more peace-
ful guise ;
And Juan now his willingness expressed
To use all fit and proper courtesies,
Adding, that this was commonest and best,
For through the South, the custom still
commands
The gentleman to kiss the lady's hands.

CVI.

And he advanced, though with but a bad
 grace,
 Though on more *thorough-bred*¹ or fairer
 fingers
 No lips e'er left their transitory trace:
 On such as these the lip too fondly lingers,
 And for one kiss would fain imprint a brace,
 As you will see, if she you love shall bring
 hers
 In contact; and sometimes even a fair
 stranger's
 An almost twelvemonth's constancy en-
 dangers.

CVII.

The lady eyed him o'er and o'er, and bade
 Baba retire, which he obeyed in style,
 As if well used to the retreating trade;
 And taking hints in good part all the while,
 He whispered Juan not to be afraid,
 And looking on him with a sort of smile,
 Took leave, with such a face of satisfaction,
 As good men wear who have done a virtuous
 action.

CVIII.

When he was gone, there was a sudden
 change:
 I know not what might be the lady's
 thought,
 But o'er her bright brow flashed a tumult
 strange,
 And into her clear cheek the blood was
 brought,
 Blood-red as sunset summer clouds which
 range
 The verge of Heaven; and in her large
 eyes wrought,
 A mixture of sensations might be scanned,
 Of half voluptuousness and half command.

CIX.

Her form had all the softness of her sex,
 Her features all the sweetness of the Devil,
 When he put on the Cherub to perplex
 Eve, and paved (God knows how) the road
 to evil;
 The Sun himself was scarce more free from
 specks
 Than she from aught at which the eye
 could cavil;
 Yet, somehow, there was something some-
 where wanting,
 As if she rather *ordered* than was *granting*.—

¹ There is nothing, perhaps, more distinctive of
 birth than the hand. It is almost the only sign
 of blood which aristocracy can generate.

CX.

Something imperial, or imperious, threw
 A chain o'er all she did; that is, a chain
 Was thrown as 't were about the neck of
 you,—
 And Rapture's self will seem almost a pain
 With aught which looks like despotism in
 view;
 Our souls at least are free, and 't is in vain
 We would against them make the flesh obey—
 The spirit in the end will have its way.

CXI.

Her very smile was haughty, though so sweet;
 Her very nod was not an inclination;
 There was a self-will even in her small feet,
 As though they were quite conscious of her
 station—
 They trod as upon necks; and to complete
 Her state (it is the custom of her nation),
 A poniard decked her girdle, as the sign
 She was a Sultan's bride (thank Heaven, not
 mine!).

CXII.

“To hear and to obey” had been from birth
 The law of all around her; to fulfil
 All phantasies which yielded joy or mirth,
 Had been her slaves' chief pleasure, as her
 will;
 Her blood was high, her beauty scarce of
 earth:
 Judge, then, if her caprices e'er stood still;
 Had she but been a Christian, I've a notion
 We should have found out the “perpetual
 motion.”

CXIII.

Whate'er she saw and coveted was brought;
 Whate'er she did *not* see, if she supposed
 It might be seen, with diligence was sought,
 And when 't was found straightway the
 bargain closed:
 There was no end unto the things she bought,
 Nor to the trouble which her fancies
 caused;
 Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,
 The women pardoned all except her face.

CXIV.

Juan, the latest of her whims, had caught
 Her eye in passing on his way to sale;
 She ordered him directly to be bought,
 And Baba, who had ne'er been known to
 fail

In any kind of mischief to be wrought,
At all such auctions knew how to prevail:
She had no prudence, but he had—and this
Explains the garb which Juan took amiss.

CXV.

His youth and features favoured the disguise,
And should you ask how she, a Sultan's
bride,
Could risk or compass such strange
phantasies,
This I must leave sultanas to decide:
Emperors are only husbands in wives' eyes,
And kings and consorts oft are mystified,
As we may ascertain with due precision,
Some by experience, others by tradition.

CXVI.

But to the main point, where we have been
tending:—
She now conceived all difficulties past,
And deemed herself extremely condescending
When, being made her property at last,
Without more preface, in her blue eyes
blending
Passion and power, a glance on him she
cast,
And merely saying, "Christian, canst thou
love?"
Conceived that phrase was quite enough to
move.

CXVII.

And so it was, in proper time and place;
But Juan, who had still his mind o'erflowing
With Haidée's isle and soft Ionian face,
Felt the warm blood, which in his face was
glowing,
Rush back upon his heart, which filled apace,
And left his cheeks as pale as snowdrops
blowing:
These words went through his soul like Arab
spears,
So that he spoke not, but burst into tears.

CXVIII.

She was a good deal shocked; not shocked
at tears,
For women shed and use them at their
liking;
But there is something when man's eye appears
Wet, still more disagreeable and striking:
A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,
Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in
His heart to force it out, for (to be shorter)
To them 't is a relief, to us a torture.

CXIX.

And she would have consoled, but knew not
how:
Having no equals, nothing which had e'er
Infected her with sympathy till now,
And never having dreamt what 't was to
bear
Aught of a serious, sorrowing kind, although
There might arise some pouting petty care
To cross her brow, she wondered how so near
Her eyes another's eye could shed a tear.

CXX.

But Nature teaches more than power can spoil,
And, when a *strong* although a strange
sensation
Moves—female hearts are such a genial soil
For kinder feelings, whatso'er their nation
They naturally pour the "wine and oil,"
Samaritans in every situation;
And thus Gulbeyaz, though she knew not why,
Felt an odd glistening moisture in her eye.

CXXI.

But tears must stop like all things else; and
soon
Juan, who for an instant had been moved
To such a sorrow by the intrusive tone
Of one who dared to ask if "he *had* loved,"
Called back the Stoic to his eyes, which shone
Bright with the very weakness he reproved;
And although sensitive to beauty, he
Felt most indignant still at not being free.

CXXII.

Gulbeyaz, for the first time in her days,
Was much embarrassed, never having met
In all her life with aught save prayers and
praise;
And as she also risked her life to get
Him whom she meant to tutor in love's ways
Into a comfortable tête-à-tête,
To lose the hour would make her quite a
martyr,
And they had wasted now almost a quarter.

CXXIII.

I also would suggest the fitting time
To gentlemen in any such like case,
That is to say in a meridian clime—
With us there is more law given to the chase,
But here a small delay forms a great crime:
So recollect that the extremest grace
Is just two minutes for your declaration—
A moment more would hurt your reputation.

CXXIV.

Juan's was good ; and might have been still
better,
But he had got Haidée into his head :
However strange, he could not yet forget her,
Which made him seem exceedingly ill-bred.
Gulbeyaz, who looked on him as her debtor
For having had him to her palace led,
Began to blush up to the eyes, and then
Grow deadly pale, and then blush back again.

CXXV.

At length, in an imperial way, she laid
Her hand on his, and bending on him eyes
Which needed not an empire to persuade,
Looked into his for love, where none replies :
Her brow grew black, but she would not
upbraid,
That being the last thing a proud woman
tries ;
She rose, and pausing one chaste moment
threw
Herself upon his breast, and there she grew.

CXXVI.

This was an awkward test, as Juan found,
But he was steeled by Sorrow, Wrath, and
Pride :
With gentle force her white arms he unwound,
And seated her all drooping by his side,
Then rising haughtily he glanced around,
And looking coldly in her face he cried,
"The prisoned eagle will not pair, nor I
Serve a Sultana's sensual phantasy.

CXXVII.

"Thou ask'st, if I can love? be this the proof
How much I *have* loved—that I love not
thee !
In this vile garb, the distaff, web, and woof,
Were fitter for me : Love is for the free !
I am not dazzled by this splendid roof ;
Whate'er thy power, and great it seems to
be,
Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around
a throne,
And hands obey—our hearts are still our own."

CXXVIII.

This was a truth to us extremely trite ;
Not so to her, who ne'er had heard such
things :
She deemed her least command must yield
delight,
Earth being only made for Queens and
Kings.

If hearts lay on the left side or the right
She hardly knew, to such perfection brings
Legitimacy its born votaries, when
Aware of their due royal rights o'er men.

CXXIX.

Besides, as has been said, she was so fair
As even in a much humbler lot had made
A kingdom or confusion anywhere,
And also, as may be presumed, she laid
Some stress on charms, which seldom are, if
e'er,
By their possessors thrown into the shade :
She thought hers gave a double "right divine" ;
And half of that opinion 's also mine.

CXXX.

Remember, or (if you can not) imagine,
Ye! who have kept your chastity when
young,
While some more desperate dowager has
been waging
Love with you, and been in the dog-days
stung
By your refusal, recollect her raging !
Or recollect all that was said or sung
On such a subject ; then suppose the face
Of a young downright beauty in this case !

CXXXI.

Suppose,—but you already have supposed,
The spouse of Potiphar, the Lady Booby,¹
Phædra,² and all which story has disclosed
Of good examples ; pity that so few by
Poets and private tutors are exposed,
To educate—ye youth of Europe—you by !
But when you have supposed the few we know,
You can't suppose Gulbeyaz' angry brow.

CXXXII.

A tigress robbed of young, a lioness,
Or any interesting beast of prey,
Are similes at hand for the distress
Of ladies who can *not* have their own way ;
But though my turn will not be served with
less,
These don't express one half what I should
say :
For what is stealing young ones, few or many,
To cutting short their hope of having *any*?

¹ [See Fielding's *History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews*, bk. i. chap. v.]

² [Phædra was repulsed by Hippolytus, "Theseus' son." See Juvenal, Sat. x., 473-480.]

CXXXIII.

The love of offspring's Nature's general law,
 From tigresses and cubs to ducks and
 ducklings;
 There's nothing whets the beak, or arms the
 claw
 Like an invasion of their babes and suck-
 lings;
 And all who have seen a human nursery, saw
 How mothers love their children's squalls
 and chucklings:
 This strong extreme effect (to tire no longer
 Your patience) shows the cause must still be
 stronger.

CXXXIV.

If I said fire flashed from Gulbeyaz' eyes,
 'T were nothing—for her eyes flashed
 always fire;
 Or said her cheeks assumed the deepest dyes,
 I should but bring disgrace upon the dyer,
 So supernatural was her passion's rise;
 For ne'er till now she knew a checked
 desire:
 Even ye who know what a checked woman is
 (Enough, God knows!) would much fall
 short of this.

CXXXV.

Her rage was but a minute's, and 't was
 well—
 A moment's more had slain her; but the
 while
 It lasted 't was like a short glimpse of Hell:
 Nought's more sublime than energetic bile,
 Though horrible to see, yet grand to tell,
 Like Ocean warring 'gainst a rocky isle;
 And the deep passions flashing through her
 form
 Made her a beautiful embodied storm.

CXXXVI.

A vulgar tempest 't were to a typhoon
 To match a common fury with her rage,
 And yet she did not want to reach the moon,
 Like moderate Hotspur on the immortal
 page;
 Her anger pitched into a lower tune,
 Perhaps the fault of her soft sex and age—
 Her wish was but to "kill, kill, kill," like
 Lear's,
 And then her thirst of blood was quenched in
 tears.

CXXXVII.

A storm it raged, and like the storm it passed,
 Passed without words—in fact she could not
 speak;
 And then her sex's shame broke in at last,
 A sentiment till then in her but weak,
 But now it flowed in natural and fast,
 As water through an unexpected leak;
 For she felt humbled—and humiliation
 Is sometimes good for people in her station.

CXXXVIII.

It teaches them that they are flesh and blood,
 It also gently hints to them that others,
 Although of clay, are yet not quite of mud;
 That urns and pipkins are but fragile
 brothers,
 And works of the same pottery, bad or good,
 Though not all born of the same sires and
 mothers;
 It teaches—Heaven knows only what it
 teaches,
 But sometimes it may mend, and often
 reaches.

CXXXIX.

Her first thought was to cut off Juan's head;
 Her second, to cut only his—acquaintance;
 Her third, to ask him where he had been
 bred;
 Her fourth, to rally him into repentance;
 Her fifth, to call her maids and go to bed;
 Her sixth, to stab herself; her seventh, to
 sentence
 The lash to Baba:—but her grand resource
 Was to sit down again, and cry—of course.

CXL.

She thought to stab herself, but then she had
 The dagger close at hand, which made it
 awkward;
 For Eastern stays are little made to pad,
 So that a poniard pierces if 't is struck hard:
 She thought of killing Juan—but, poor lad!
 Though he deserved it well for being so
 backward,
 The cutting off his head was not the art
 Most likely to attain her aim—his heart.

CXLI.

Juan was moved: he had made up his mind
 To be impaled, or quartered as a dish
 For dogs, or to be slain with pangs refined,
 Or thrown to lions, or made baits for fish,
 And thus heroically stood resigned,
 Rather than sin—except to his own wish:

But all his great preparatives for dying
Dissolved like snow before a woman crying.

CXLII.

As through his palms Bob Acres' valour
oozed,

So Juan's virtue ebbed, I know not how;
And first he wondered why he had refused;
And then, if matters could be made up
now;

And next his savage virtue he accused,
Just as a friar may accuse his vow,
Or as a dame repents her of her oath,
Which mostly ends in some small breach of
both.

CXLIII.

So he began to stammer some excuses;
But words are not enough in such a matter,
Although you borrowed all that e'er the
Muses

Have sung, or even a Dandy's dandiest
chatter,
Or all the figures Castlereagh abuses;
Just as a languid smile began to flatter
His peace was making, but, before he ventured
Further, old Baba rather briskly entered.

CXLIV.

"Bride of the Sun! and Sister of the Moon!"
('T was thus he spake,) "and Empress of
the Earth!

Whose frown would put the spheres all out
of tune,

Whose smile makes all the planets dance
with mirth,
Your slave brings tidings—he hopes not too
soon—

Which your sublime attention may be
worth:

The Sun himself has sent me like a ray,
To hint that he is coming up this way."

CXLV.

"Is it," exclaimed Gulbeyaz, "as you say?
I wish to heaven he would not shine till
morning!

But bid my women form the milky way.
Hence, my old comet! give the stars due
warning—

And, Christian! mingle with them as you
may,

And as you'd have me pardon your past
scorning——"

Here they were interrupted by a humming
Sound, and then by a cry, "The Sultan's
coming!"

CXLVI.

First came her damsels, a decorous file,
And then his Highness' eunuchs, black and
white;

The train might reach a quarter of a mile:
His Majesty was always so polite
As to announce his visits a long while
Before he came, especially at night;
For being the last wife of the Emperor,
She was of course the favourite of the four.

CXLVII.

His Highness was a man of solemn port,
Shawled to the nose, and bearded to the
eyes,

Snatched from a prison to preside at court,
His lately bowstrung brother caused his
rise;

He was as good a sovereign of the sort
As any mentioned in the histories
Of Cantemir, or Knöllës, where few shine
Save Solyman, the glory of their line.¹

CXLVIII.

He went to mosque in state, and said his
prayers

With more than "Oriental scrupulosity";²
He left to his vizier all state affairs,

And showed but little royal curiosity:
I know not if he had domestic cares—
No process proved connubial animosity;
Four wives and twice five hundred maids, un-
seen,

Were ruled as calmly as a Christian queen.

CXLIX.

If now and then there happened a slight slip,
Little was heard of criminal or crime;

The story scarcely passed a single lip—
The sack and sea had settled all in time,
From which the secret nobody could rip:
The public knew no more than does this
rhyme;

¹ It may not be unworthy of remark, that Bacon, in his essay on "Empire" (*Essays*, No. xx.), hints that Solyman was the last of his line; on what authority, I know not. These are his words: "The destruction of Mustapha was so fatal to Solyman's line; as the succession of the Turks from Solyman until this day is suspected to be untrue, and of strange blood; for that Selymus the second was thought to be supposititious." But Bacon, in his historical authorities, is often inaccurate. I could give half a dozen instances from his *Apophthegms* only.

² [See Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, Life of Swift.]

No scandals made the daily press a curse—
Morals were better, and the fish no worse.

CL.

He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,
Was also certain that the earth was square,
Because he had journeyed fifty miles, and
found

No sign that it was circular anywhere;
His empire also was without a bound:

'T is true, a little troubled here and there,
By rebel pachas, and encroaching giaours,
But then they never came to "the Seven
Towers";

CLI.

Except in shape of envoys, who were sent
To lodge there when a war broke out,
according

To the true law of nations, which ne'er meant
Those scoundrels, who have never had a
sword in

Their dirty diplomatic hands, to vent
Their spleen in making strife, and safely
wording

Their lies, yclept despatches, without risk or
The singeing of a single inky whisker.

CLII.

He had fifty daughters and four dozen sons,
Of whom all such as came of age were
stowed,

The former in a palace, where like nuns
They lived till some Bashaw was sent
abroad,

When she, whose turn it was, was wed at
once,

Sometimes at six years old—though this
seems odd,

'T is true; the reason is, that the Bashaw
Must make a present to his sire-in-law.

CLIII.

His sons were kept in prison, till they grew
Of years to fill a bowstring or the throne,
One or the other, but which of the two

Could yet be known unto the fates alone;
Meantime the education they went through
Was princely, as the proofs have always
shown;

So that the heir apparent still was found
No less deserving to be hanged than crowned.

CLIV.

His Majesty saluted his fourth spouse
With all the ceremonies of his rank,
Who cleared her sparkling eyes and smoothed
her brows,

As suits a matron who has played a prank;
These must seem doubly mindful of their vows,

To save the credit of their breaking bank:
To no men are such cordial greetings given
As those whose wives have made them fit for
Heaven.

CLV.

His Highness cast around his great black eyes,
And looking, as he always looked, perceived
Juan amongst the damsels in disguise,

At which he seemed no whit surprised nor
grieved,

But just remarked with air sedate and wise,
While still a fluttering sigh Gulbeyaz heaved,
"I see you've bought another girl; 't is pity
That a mere Christian should be half so
pretty."

CLVI.

This compliment, which drew all eyes upon
The new-bought virgin, made her blush
and shake.

Her comrades, also, thought themselves un-
done:

Oh! Mahomet! that his Majesty should
take

Such notice of a giaour, while scarce to one
Of them his lips imperial ever spake!
There was a general whisper, toss, and
wriggle,

But etiquette forbade them all to giggle.

CLVII.

The Turks do well to shut—at least, some-
times—

The women up—because, in sad reality,
Their chastity in these unhappy climes
Is not a thing of that astringent quality
Which in the North prevents precocious
crimes,

And makes our snow less pure than our
morality;

The Sun, which yearly melts the polar ice,
Has quite the contrary effect—on vice.

CLVIII.

Thus in the East they are extremely strict,
And wedlock and a padlock mean the
same:

Excepting only when the former's picked
It ne'er can be replaced in proper frame;

Spoilt, as a pipe of claret is when pricked :

But then their own polygamy 's to blame ;
Why don't they knead two virtuous souls for
life

Into that moral centaur, man and wife ?

CLIX.

Thus far our chronicle ; and now we pause,
Though not for want of matter ; but 't is
time,

According to the ancient epic laws,

To slacken sail, and anchor with our rhyme.
Let this fifth canto meet with due applause,

The sixth shall have a touch of the sublime ;
Meanwhile, as Homer sometimes sleeps,
perhaps

You'll pardon to my muse a few short naps.

PREFACE TO CANTOS VI., VII.,
AND VIII.

THE details of the siege of Ismail in two of the following cantos (*i.e.* the seventh and eighth) are taken from a French Work, entitled *Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie*.¹ Some of the incidents attributed to Don Juan really occurred, particularly the circumstance of his saving the infant, which was the actual case of the late Duc de Richelieu, then a young volunteer in the Russian service, and afterward the founder and benefactor of Odessa, where his name and memory can never cease to be regarded with reverence.

In the course of these cantos, a stanza or two will be found relative to the late Marquis of Londonderry, but written some time before his decease. Had that person's oligarchy died with him, they would have been suppressed ; as it is, I am aware of nothing in the manner of his death or of his life to prevent the free expression of the opinions of all whom his whole existence was consumed in endeavouring to enslave. That he was an

¹ [The Marquis Gabriel de Castelnau, author of an *Essai sur L'Histoire ancienne et moderne de la Nouvelle Russie* (Sec. Ed. 3 tom. 1827), was, at one time, resident at Odessa, where he met and made the acquaintance of Armand Emanuel, Duc de Richelieu, who took part in the siege of Ismail. M. Léon de Crousaz-Crétet describes him as "ancien surintendant des théâtres sous l'Empereur Paul."—*Le Duc de Richelieu*, 1897, p. 83.]

amiable man in *private* life, may or may not be true : but with this the public have nothing to do ; and as to lamenting his death, it will be time enough when Ireland has ceased to mourn for his birth. As a minister, I, for one of millions, looked upon him as the most despotic in intention, and the weakest in intellect, that ever tyrannised over a country. It is the first time indeed since the Normans that England has been insulted by a *minister* (at least) who could not speak English, and that Parliament permitted itself to be dictated to in the language of Mrs Malaprop.

Of the manner of his death little need be said, except that if a poor radical, such as Waddington or Watson, had cut his throat, he would have been buried in a cross-road, with the usual appurtenances of the stake and mallet. But the minister was an elegant lunatic—a sentimental suicide—he merely cut the "carotid artery," (blessings on their learning!) and lo! the pageant, and the Abbey! and "the syllables of dolour yelled forth" by the newspapers—and the harangue of the Coroner in a eulogy over the bleeding body of the deceased—(an Anthony worthy of such a Cæsar)—and the nauseous and atrocious cant of a degraded crew of conspirators against all that is sincere and honourable. In his death he was necessarily one of two things by the law¹—a felon or a madman—and in either case no great subject for panegyric. In his life he was—what all the world knows, and half of it will feel for years to come, unless his death prove a "moral lesson" to the surviving Sejani² of

¹ I say by the *law* of the *land*—the laws of humanity judge more gently ; but as the legitimates have always the *law* in their mouths, let them here make the most of it.

² From this number must be excepted Canning. Canning is a genius, almost a universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, a statesman ; and no man of talent can long pursue the path of his late predecessor, Lord C. If ever man saved his country, Canning *can*, but *will* he? I for one, hope so.

[The phrase, "great moral lesson," was employed by the Duke of Wellington, *à propos* of the restoration of pictures and statues to their "rightful owners," in a despatch addressed to Castlereagh, under date, Paris, September 19, 1815 (*The*

Europe. It may at least serve as some consolation to the nations, that their oppressors are not happy, and in some instances judge so justly of their own actions as to anticipate the sentence of mankind. Let us hear no more of this man; and let Ireland remove the ashes of her Grattan from the sanctuary of Westminster. Shall the patriot of humanity repose by the Werther of politics!!!

With regard to the objections which have been made on another score to the already published cantos of this poem, I shall content myself with two quotations from Voltaire:—
“La pudeur s'est enfuite des cœurs, et s'est réfugiée sur les lèvres.” . . . “Plus les mœurs sont dépravés, plus les expressions deviennent mesurées; on croit regagner en langage ce qu'on a perdu en vertu.”

This is the real fact, as applicable to the degraded and hypocritical mass which leavens the present English generation, and is the only answer they deserve. The hackneyed and lavished title of Blasphemer—which, with Radical, Liberal, Jacobin, Reformer, etc., are the changes which the hirelings are daily ringing in the ears of those who will listen—should be welcome to all who recollect on *whom* it was originally bestowed. Socrates and Jesus Christ were put to death publicly as *blasphemers*, and so have been and may be many who dare to oppose the most notorious abuses of the name of God and the mind of man. But persecution is not refutation, nor even triumph: the “wretched infidel,” as he is called, is probably happier in his prison than the proudest of his assailants. With his opinions I have nothing to do—they may be right or wrong—but he has suffered for them, and that very suffering for conscience' sake will make more proselytes to deism than the example of heterodox¹ Prelates to Christianity, suicide

Dispatches, etc. (ed. by Colonel Gurwood), 1847, viii. 270.]

¹ When Lord Sandwich said “he did not know the difference between orthodoxy and heterodoxy,” Warburton, the bishop, replied, “Orthodoxy, my lord, is *my doxy*, and heterodoxy is *another man's doxy*.” A prelate of the present day has discovered, it seems, a *third* kind of doxy, which has not

statesmen to oppression, or overpensioned homicides to the impious alliance which insults the world with the name of “Holy!” I have no wish to trample on the dishonoured or the dead; but it would be well if the adherents to the classes from whence those persons sprung should abate a little of the *cant* which is the crying sin of this double-dealing and false-speaking time of selfish spoilers, and—but enough for the present.

CANTO THE SIXTH.¹

I.

“THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which,—taken at the flood,—you know
the rest,
And most of us have found it now and then:
At least we think so, though but few have
guessed
The moment, till too late to come again.
But no doubt everything is for the best—
Of which the surest sign is in the end:
When things are at the worst they sometimes
mend.

II.

There is a tide in the affairs of women,
Which, taken at the flood, leads—God
knows where:
Those navigators must be able seamen
Whose charts lay down its currents to a
hair;
Not all the reveries of Jacob Behmen
With its strange whirls and eddies can
compare:
Men with their heads reflect on this and that—
But women with their hearts on Heaven
knows what!

greatly exalted in the eyes of the elect that which Bentham calls “Church-of-Englandism.”

[For the “prelate,” see *Letters*, 1902, vi. 101, note 2.]

¹ [Cantos VI., VII., and VIII., were written in 1822. They were published (together with the Preface) by John Hunt, July 15, 1823. They bore the motto “Thinkest thou that because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale? Aye! and ginger shall be hot in the mouth too.” *Twelfth Night, or What You Will*, Shakespeare, act ii. sc. 3, lines 106-112.]

III.

And yet a headlong, headstrong, downright
She,
Young, beautiful, and daring—who would
risk

A throne—the world—the universe—to be
Beloved in her own way—and rather whisk
The stars from out the sky, than not be free
As are the billows when the breeze is brisk—
Though such a She 's a devil (if there be
one),
Yet she would make full many a Manichean.

IV.

Thrones, worlds, *et cetera*, are so oft upset
By commonest ambition, that when Passion
O'erthrows the same, we readily forget,
Or at the least forgive, the loving rash one.
If Anthony be well remembered yet,
'T is not his conquests keep his name in
fashion,
But Actium, lost for Cleopatra's eyes,
Outbalances all Cæsar's victories.

V.

He died at fifty for a queen of forty ;
I wish their years had been fifteen and
twenty,
For then wealth, kingdoms, worlds are but
a sport—I
Remember when, though I had no great
plenty
Of worlds to lose, yet still, to pay my court, I
Gave what I had—a heart ; as the world
went, I
Gave what was worth a world ; for worlds
could never
Restore me those pure feelings, gone for
ever.

VI.

'T was the boy's "mite," and, like the
"widow's," may
Perhaps be weighed hereafter, if not now ;
But whether such things do or do not weigh,
All who have loved, or love, will still allow
Life has nought like it. God is Love, they
say,
And Love 's a god, or was before the brow
Of Earth was wrinkled by the sins and tears
Of—but Chronology best knows the years.

VII.

We left our hero and third heroine in
A kind of state more awkward than
uncommon,
For gentlemen must sometimes risk their skin
For that sad tempter, a forbidden woman :

Sultans too much abhor this sort of sin,
And don't agree at all with the wise Roman,
Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.

VIII.

I know Gulbeyaz was extremely wrong ;
I own it, I deplore it, I condemn it ;
But I detest all fiction even in song,
And so must tell the truth, howe'er you
blame it.
Her reason being weak, her passions strong,
She thought that her Lord's heart (even
could she claim it)
Was scarce enough ; for he had fifty-nine
Years, and a fifteen-hundredth concubine.

IX.

I am not, like Cassio, "an arithmetician,
But by "the bookish theoric" it appears,
If 't is summed up with feminine precision,
That, adding to the account his Highness'
years,
The fair Sultana erred from inanition ;
For, were the Sultan just to all his dears,
She could but claim the fifteen-hundredth
part
Of what should be monopoly—the heart.

X.

It is observed that ladies are litigious
Upon all legal objects of possession,
And not the least so when they are religious,
Which doubles what they think of the
transgression :
With suits and prosecutions they besiege us,
As the tribunals show through many a
session,
When they suspect that any one goes shares
In that to which the law makes them sole
heirs.

XI.

Now, if this holds good in a Christian land,
The heathen also, though with lesser
latitude,
Are apt to carry things with a high hand,
And take, what Kings call "an imposing
attitude" ;
And for their rights connubial make a stand,
When their liege husbands treat them
with ingratitude ;
And as four wives must have quadruple
claims,
The Tigris hath its jealousies like Thames.

XII.

Gulbeyaz was the fourth, and (as I said)
The favourite ; but what 's favour amongst
four?

Polygamy may well be held in dread,
Not only as a sin, but as a *bore* :
Most wise men with *one* moderate woman
wed,

Will scarcely find philosophy for more ;
And all (except Mahometans) forbear
To make the nuptial couch a "Bed of
Ware."

XIII.

His Highness, the sublimest of mankind,—
So styled according to the usual forms
Of every monarch, till they are consigned
To those sad hungry Jacobins the worms,
Who on the very loftiest kings have dined,—
His Highness gazed upon Gulbeyaz' charms,
Expecting all the welcome of a lover
(A "Highland welcome"¹ all the wide world
over).

XIV.

Now here we should distinguish ; for how'er
Kisses, sweet words, embraces, and all
that,
May look like what is—neither here nor
there,

They are put on as easily as a hat,
Or rather bonnet, which the fair sex wear,
Trimmed either heads or hearts to decorate,
Which form an ornament, but no more part
Of heads, than their caresses of the heart.

XV.

A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind
Of gentle feminine delight, and shown
More in the eyelids than the eyes, resigned
Rather to hide what pleases most unknown,
Are the best tokens (to a modest mind)
Of Love, when seated on his loveliest
throne,

A sincere woman's breast,—for over-*warm*
Or over-*cold* annihilates the charm.

XVI.

For over-warmth, if false, is worse than truth ;
If true, 't is no great lease of its own fire ;
For no one, save in very early youth,
Would like (I think) to trust all to desire,
Which is but a precarious bond, in sooth,
And apt to be transferred to the first buyer
At a sad discount : while your over chilly
Women, on t' other hand, seem somewhat
silly.

¹ See Waverley [chap. xx.].

XVII.

That is, we cannot pardon their bad taste,
For so it seems to lovers swift or slow,
Who fain would have a mutual flame con-
fessed,

And see a sentimental passion glow,
Even were St Francis' paramour their guest,
In his monastic concubine of snow ;—¹
In short, the maxim for the amorous tribe is
Horatian, "*Medio tu tutissimus ibis.*"²

XVIII.

The "tu" 's *too* much,—but let it stand,—
the verse

Requires it, that 's to say, the English
rhyme,
And not the pink of old hexameters ;
But, after all, there 's neither tune nor time
In the last line, which cannot well be worse,
And was thrust in to close the octave's
chime :

I own no prosody can ever rate it
As a rule, but *Truth* may, if you translate it.

XIX.

If fair Gulbeyaz overdid her part,
I know not—it succeeded, and success
Is much in most things, not less in the heart
Than other articles of female dress.
Self-love in Man, too, beats all female art ;
They lie, we lie, all lie, but love no less :
And no one virtue yet, except starvation,
Could stop that worst of vices—propagation.

XX.

We leave this royal couple to repose :
A bed is not a throne, and they may sleep,
Whate'er their dreams be ; if of joys or woes :
Yet disappointed joys are woes as deep
As any man's clay mixture undergoes.
Our least of sorrows are such as we *weep* ;
'T is the vile daily drop on drop which wears
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

XXI.

A scolding wife, a sullen son, a bill
To pay, unpaid, protested, or discounted
At a per-centage ; a child cross, dog ill,
A favourite horse fallen lame just as he 's
mounted,

¹ [For St. Francis of Assisi, and the "seven great balls of snow," of which "the greatest" was "his wife," see *The Golden Legend*, 1900, v. 221.]

² [The words *medio*, etc., are to be found in Ovid., *Metam.*, lib. ii. line 137 ; the doctrine, *Virtus est medium vitiorum*, in Horace, *Epist.*, lib. i, ep. xviii. line 9.]