

to the mystery attending that remarkable publication."

XXXIII. ANON. (Third.)

"In Don Juan, his lordship's muse displays all his characteristic beauties and blemishes—soaring to the vastest heights, or creeping to the lowest depths—glancing with an eye of fantasy at things past, at things present, and at things to come. The poem is constructed, like the image of Nebuchadnezzar's dream—of fine gold, silver, and clay. It abounds in sublime thought and low humour, in dignified feeling and malignant passion, in elegant wit and obsolete conceit. It alternately presents us with the gaiety of the ball-room, and the gloom of the scaffold—leading us among the airy pleasantries of fashionable assemblages, and suddenly conducting us to haunts of depraved and disgusting sensuality. We have scarcely time to be refreshed and soothed by the odours of flowers and bursting blossoms, the pensive silence of still waters, and the contemplation of beautiful forms, before we are terrified and horror-stricken by the ferocious clamours of tumultuous crowds, and the agonies of innocent and expiring victims. This poem turns decorum into jest, and bids defiance to the established decencies of life. It wars with virtue as resolutely as with vice."

Our next author is a *pseudonymous* one—the writer of a "Letter to Lord Byron, by John Bull," London, 8vo, 1821. This production much excited Lord Byron's curiosity. In one of his letters to Mr. Murray he asks, "Who the devil can have done this diabolically well-written letter?" and subsequently he is found resting his suspicion (unfoundedly, no doubt,) on one of his own most intimate personal friends. We extract a few paragraphs.

XXXIV. JOHN BULL.

"Stick to Don Juan; it is the only sincere thing you have ever written; and it will live many years after all your Harolds have ceased to be, in your own words,

'A school-girl's tale—the wonder of an hour.'

I consider Don Juan as out of all sight the best of your works: it is by far the most spirited, the most straightforward, the most interesting, and the most poetical; and every body thinks as I do of it, although they have not the heart to say so. Old Gifford's brow relaxed as he gloated over it; Mr. Croker chuckled; Dr. Whitaker smirked; Mr. Milman sighed; Mr. Coleridge took it to his bed with him.

"I think the great charm of its style is, that it is not much like the style of any other poem in the world. It is utter humbug to say, that it is borrowed from the style of the Italian weavers of merry *ottava rima*: their merriment is nothing, because they have nothing but their merriment; yours is every thing, because it is delightfully intermingled with, and contrasted by, all manner of serious things—murder and lust included. It is also mere humbug to accuse you of having plagiarised it from Mr. Frere's pretty and graceful little *Whistlecrafts*. The measure, to be sure, is the same; but then the measure is as old as the hills. But the spirit of the two poets is as different as can be. Mr. Frere writes elegantly, playfully, very like a gentleman, and a scholar, and a respectable man; and his poems never sold, nor ever will sell. Your Don Juan, again, is written strongly, lasciviously, fiercely, laughingly,—every body sees in a moment that nobody could have written it but a man of the first order, both in genius and in dissipation—a real master of all his tools—a profligate, pernicious, irresistible, charming devil;—and accordingly the Don sells, and will sell, to the end of time, whether our good friend, Mr. John Murray, honour it with his imprimatur, or doth not so honour it. I will mention a book, however, from which I do think you have taken a great many hints; nay, a great many pretty full sketches, for your Juan. It is one which (with a few more) one never sees mentioned in reviews, because it is a book written on the anti-humbug principle. It is—you know it exceedingly well—it is no other than 'Faublas,' a book which contains as much good fun as Gil Blas, or Molière; as much good luscious description as the *Héloïse*; as much fancy and imagination as all the comedies in the English language put together, and less humbug than any one given romance that has been written since Don Quixote—a book which is to be found on the tables of rouses, and in the desks of divines, and under the pillows of spinsters—a book, in a word, which is read universally—I wish I could add—in the original.

"But all this has nothing to do with the charming style of Don Juan, which is entirely and inimitably your own—the sweet, fiery, rapid, easy—beautifully easy,—anti-humbug style of Don Juan. Ten stanzas of it are worth all your Manfred—and yet your Manfred is a noble poem, too, in its way. I had really no idea what a very clever fellow you were till I read Don Juan. In my humble opinion, there is very

little in the literature of the present day that will stand the test of half a century, except the *Scotch* novels of Sir Walter Scott, and Don Juan. They will do so because they are written with perfect facility and nature—because their materials are all drawn from life."

Coming once more to men with names, we present this extract from a Life of Byron, by the well-known author of "The Annals of the Parish," "The Provost," "The Entail," "Sir Andrew Wylie," "Laurie Todd," and "The Member,"

XXXV. GALT.

"Strong objections have been made to the moral tendency of Don Juan; but, in the opinion of many, it is Lord Byron's masterpiece; and undoubtedly it displays all the varieties of his powers, combined with a quaint playfulness not found to an equal degree in any other of his works. The serious and pathetic portions are exquisitely beautiful; the descriptions have all the distinctness of the best pictures in Childe Harold, and are, moreover, generally drawn from nature; while the satire is for the most part curiously associated and sparklingly witty. The characters are sketched with amazing firmness and freedom; and, though sometimes grotesque, are yet not often overcharged. It is professedly an epic poem, but it may be more properly described as a poetical novel. Nor can it be said to inculcate any particular moral, or to do more than unmanly the decorum of society. Bold and buoyant throughout, it exhibits a free irreverent knowledge of the world, laughing or mocking as the thought serves, in the most unexpected antitheses to the proprieties of time, place, and circumstance. The object of the poem is to describe the progress of a libertine through life; not an unprincipled prodigal, whose profligacy, growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength, passes from voluptuous indulgence into the morbid sensuality of systematic debauchery; but a young gentleman who, whirled by the vigour and vivacity of his animal spirits into a world of adventures, in which his stars are chiefly in fault for his *liaisons*, settles at last into an honourable lawgiver, a moral speaker on divorce bills, and possibly a subscriber to the Society for the Suppression of Vice."

Next to Mr. Galt we place the amiable and humane Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, Baronet, of Denton and Lee Priory, Kent, author of "Mary Clifford," the "Censura Literaria," the "Autobiography of Clavering," &c. &c. &c.

XXXVI. BRYDGES.

"Don Juan is, no doubt, very licentious in parts, which renders it dangerous to praise it very much; and makes it improper for those who have not a cool and correct judgment, and cannot separate the objectionable parts from the numerous beautiful passages intermixed. But nowhere is the poet's mind more elastic, free, and vigorous, and his knowledge of human nature more surprising. It has all sorts of faults, many of which cannot be defended, and some of which are disgusting; but it has, also, almost every sort of poetical merit; there are in it some of the finest passages which Lord Byron ever wrote; there is amazing knowledge of human nature in it; there is exquisite humour; there is freedom, and bound, and vigour of narrative, imagery, sentiment, and style, which are admirable; there is a vast fertility of deep, extensive, and original thought, and, at the same time, there is the profusion of a prompt and most richly-stored memory. The invention is lively and poetical; the descriptions are brilliant and glowing, yet not over-wrought, but fresh from nature, and faithful to her colours; and the prevalent character of the whole (bating too many dark spots) not dispiriting, though gloomy; not misanthropic, though bitter; and not repulsive to the visions of poetical enthusiasm, though indignant and resentful. I know not how to wish he had never written this poem, in spite of all its faults and intermingled mischief! There are parts of it which are among the most brilliant proofs of his genius; and, what is even better, there are parts which throw a blaze of light upon the knowledge of human life."

After depicting the mode of life pursued by Lord Byron at Venice, in 1817-18, his biographer thus notices Don Juan:—

XXXVII. MOORE.

"It was at this time, as the features of the progeny itself would too plainly indicate, that Lord Byron conceived and wrote part of his poem of Don Juan;—and never did pages more faithfully, and in many respects lamentably, reflect every variety of feeling, and whim, and passion that, like the rack of autumn, swept across the author's mind in writing them. Nothing less, indeed, than that singular com-

bination of attributes, which existed and were in full activity in his mind at this moment, could have suggested, or been capable of, the execution of such a work. The cool shrewdness of age, with the vivacity and glowing temperament of youth,—the wit of a Voltaire, with the sensibility of a Rousseau,—the minute practical knowledge of the man of society, with the abstract and self-contemplative spirit of the poet,—a susceptibility of all that is grandest and most affecting in human virtue, with a deep, withering experience of all that is most fatal to it,—the two extremes, in short, of man's mixed and inconsistent nature, now rankly smelling of earth, now breathing of heaven,—such was the strange assemblage of contrary elements, all meeting together in the same mind, and all brought to bear, in turn, upon the same task, from which alone could have sprung this extraordinary poem—the most powerful and, in many respects, painful display of the versatility of genius that has ever been left for succeeding ages to wonder at and deplore."

Immediately on receiving the news of Lord Byron's death, Sir Walter Scott, as is known to all, sent to one of the Edinburgh newspapers a touching tribute to his memory. Perhaps a more fitting place might have been found in this collection for parts of the following extract;—but we cannot prevail on ourselves to present it here in a mutilated form.

XXXVIII. SCOTT.

"Amidst the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned, from another quarter, by one of those death notes, which are pealed at intervals, as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. That mighty genius, which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant whose ideas went not beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame and of malignant censure are at once silenced; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question, what were Byron's faults, what his mistakes; but, how is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up? Not, we fear, in one generation, which, among many highly gifted persons, has produced none which approached Lord Byron, in ORIGINALITY, the first attribute of genius. Only thirty-six years old—so much already done for immortality—so much time remaining, as it seemed to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition,—who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the straight path; such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and to bewilder? One word on this ungrateful subject, ere we quit it for ever.

"The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart,—for Nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense,—nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress; and no mind was ever more formed for the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, providing he was convinced that the actors had proceeded on disinterested principles. Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intentions and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him; but there were few who would venture on a task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error; so that he often resembled the gallant war-steed, who rushes forward on the steel that wounds him. In the most painful crisis of his private life, he evinced this irritability and impatience of censure in such a degree, as almost to resemble the noble victim of the bull-fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts, and petty annoyances of the unworthy crowds beyond the lists, than by the lance of his nobler, and, so to speak, his more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much of that in which he erred was in bravado and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden's despot, 'to show his arbitrary power.'

"As various in composition as Shakspeare himself (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his 'Don Juan'), he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and the laughing Muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been devoted to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did

not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither Childe Harold, nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of Don Juan, amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind. But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea—scarce think that the voice is silent for ever, which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest,

'All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest!'

With a strong feeling of awful sorrow, we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious as well as upon our most idle employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying, that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune, and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their own past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor. To have fallen in a crusade for Freedom and Humanity, as in olden times it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, may in the present be allowed to expiate greater follies than even exaggerating calumny has propagated against Byron."

In a little journal conducted by the great poet of Germany, Goethe, and entitled "Kunst und Altherthum," *i. e.* "Art and Antiquity," (Part III. 1821,) there appeared a translation into German of part of the first canto of Don Juan, with some remarks on the poem by the venerable Editor, of which we next submit a specimen:—

XXXIX. GOETHE.

"Don Juan is a thoroughly genial work—misanthropic to the bitterest savageness, tender to the most exquisite delicacy of sweet feelings; and when we once understand and appreciate the author, and make up our minds not fretfully and vainly to wish him other than he is, it is impossible not to enjoy what he chooses to pour out before us with such unbounded audacity—with such utter recklessness. The technical execution of the verse is in every respect answerable to the strange, wild simplicity of the conception and plan: the poet no more thinks of polishing his phrase, than he does of flattering his kind; and yet, when we examine the piece more narrowly, we feel that English poetry is in possession of what the German has never attained, a classically elegant comic style. . . .

"If I am blamed for recommending this work for translation—for throwing out hints which may serve to introduce so immoral a performance among a quiet and uncorrupted nation—I answer, that I really do not perceive any likelihood of our virtue's sustaining serious damage in this way: Poets and Romancers, bad as they may be, have not yet learned to be more pernicious than the daily newspapers which lie on every table."

After Scott and Goethe we should be sorry to quote anybody but Lord Byron himself. In Mr. Kennedy's account of his "Conversations" with the noble poet at Cephalonia, a few weeks before his death, we find the following passage, with which let these prolegomena conclude.

XL. BYRON *ipse* (apud Kennedy).

"I cannot," said Lord Byron, "conceive why people will always mix up my own character and opinions with those of the imaginary beings which, as a poet, I have the right and liberty to draw."

"They certainly," said I, "do not spare your Lordship in that respect, and in Childe Harold, Lara, the Giaour, and Don Juan, they are too much disposed to think that you paint, in many costumes, yourself, and that these characters are only the vehicles for the expression of your own sentiments and feelings."

"They do me great injustice," he replied "and what was never before done to any poet. Even in Don Juan I have been equally misunderstood. I take a vicious and unprincipled character, and lead him through those ranks of society, whose high external accomplishments cover and cloak internal and secret vices, and I paint the natural effects of such characters; and certainly they are not so highly coloured as we find them in real life."

"This may be true; but the question is, what are your motives and object for painting nothing but scenes of vice and folly?"—"To remove the cloak, which the manners and

maxims of society," said his Lordship, "throw over their secret sins, and show them to the world as they really are."

Postscript.

We had intended to stop with the above—but after it was too late to derange the order of our earlier testimonies, our attention was solicited to a sportive effusion by the learned Dr. William Maginn, of Trinity College, Dublin, which appears to us not unworthy of being transferred to this *Olla podrida*. Every one ought to have, but every one has not, by heart Wordsworth's "Yarrow Unvisited;" therefore we shall place the original alongside of the parody.

YARROW UNVISITED (1809).

DON JUAN UNREAD (1819).

From Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravell'd;
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travell'd;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "winsome Marrow,"
"Where'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

Of Corinth Castle we had read
The amazing Siege unravell'd,
And swallow'd Lara and the Ginoar,
And with Child Harold travell'd;
And so we follow'd Cloven foot,
And faithfully as any,
Until he cried, "Come turn aside,
And read of Don Giovanni."

"Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk
Town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own;
Each Maiden to her Dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downwards with the
Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow."

"Let Whiggish folk, frae Holland
House,
Who have been lying, prating,
Read Don Giovanni, 'tis their own;
A child of their creating!
On jests profane they love to feed,
And there they are—and many!
But we, who link not with the
crew,
Regard not Don Giovanni."

"There's Gala Water, Leader
Hangs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chim-
ing Tweed
The Linwhites sing in chorus;
There's pleasant Tiviot Dale, a
land
Made blithe with plough and har-
row:
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?"

"There's Godwin's daughter, Shel-
ley's wife,
A writing fearful stories;
There's Hazlitt, who, with Hunt and
Keats,
Brays forth in Cockney chorus;
There's pleasant Thomas Moore, a
lad
Who sings of Rose and Fanny:
Why throw away these wits so gay
To take up Don Giovanni?"

"What's Yarrow but a River bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
—Strange words they seem'd of slight
and scorn;
My true-love sigh'd for sorrow:
And look'd me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"What's Juan but a shameless tale,
That bursts all rules asunder?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
—Strange words they seem'd of slight
and scorn;
His lordship look'd not canny;
And took a pinch of snuff, to think
I blouted Don Giovanni!

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's
Holms,
And sweet 's Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing;
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not
turn
Into the Dale of Yarrow."

"Oh! rich," said I, "are Juan's
rhymes,
And warm 's verse is flowing!
Fair crops of blasphemy it bears,
But we will leave them growing;
In Pindar's strain, in prose of Paine,
And many another Zany,
As gross we read, so where's the
need
To wade through Don Giovanni?"

"Let heeves and home-bred kine
partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go
To day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow."

"Let Colburn's town-bred cattle
snuff
The sweets of Lady Morgan;
Let Maturin to amorous themes
Attune his barrel organ!
We will not read them, will not hear
The parson or the granny;
And, I dare say, as bad as they,
Or worse, is Don Giovanni."

"Be Yarrow Stream unseem, un-
known!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long
past,
We'll keep them, winsome Mar-
row:
For when we're there, although 't is
T will be another Yarrow. [fair,

"Be Juan then unseem, un-
known!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We may have virtue of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured faith of days long
past,
We still would prize o'er any;
And grieve to hear the ribald jeer
Of scamps like Don Giovanni."

"If Care with freezing years should
come,
And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low;
Should I soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to
show,
The bonny Holms of Yarrow!"

"When Whigs with freezing rule
shall come,
And piety seem folly; [Brougham,
When Cam and Isis, curb'd by
shall wander melancholy;
When Cobbett, Wooler, Watson,
And all the swinish many, [Hunt,
Shall rough-shod ride o'er Church
and State;
Then hey! for Don Giovanni."

"Then hey! for Don Giovanni!"—What Tory
will not pronounce Dr. Maginn's last octave a pro-
phetic one, when he compares it with the time of
the forthcoming of this, the first complete and un-
mutilated edition of Don Juan?

January 30, 1833.]

DEDICATION. 1

I.

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

II.

"Which pye being open'd they began to sing"
(This old song and new simile holds good),
"A dainty dish to set before the King,"
Or Regent, who admires such kind of food;—
And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing,
But like a hawk encumber'd with his hood,—
Explaining metaphysics to the nation—
I wish he would explain his Explanation. 2

III.

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

IV.

And Wordsworth, in a rather long "Excursion"
(I think the quarto holds five hundred pages),
Has given a sample from the vasty version
Of his new system 3 to perplex the sages;
'T is poetry—at least by his assertion,
And may appear so when the dog-star rages—
And he who understands it would be able
To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

1 [This "Dedication" was suppressed, in 1819, with Lord Byron's reluctant consent; but, shortly after his death, its existence became notorious, in consequence of an article in the Westminster Review, generally ascribed to Sir John Hobhouse; and, for several years, the verses have been selling in the streets as a broadside. It could, therefore, serve no purpose to exclude them on the present occasion.]

2 [Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" appeared in 1817.]

3 ["When, some years ago, a gentleman, the chief writer and conductor of a celebrated review, distinguished by its hostility to Mr. Southey, spent a day or two at Keswick, he was circumstantially informed by what series of accidents it had happened, that Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Southey, and I had become neighbours; and how utterly groundless was the supposition, that we considered ourselves as belonging to any common school, but that of good sense, confirmed by the long-established models of the best times of Greece, Rome, Italy, and England; and still more groundless the notion, that Mr. Southey (for, as to myself, I have published so little, and that little of so little importance, as to make it almost ludicrous to mention my name at all) could have been concerned in the formation of a poetic sect with Mr. Wordsworth, when so many of his works had been published, not only previously to any acquaintance between them, but before Mr. Wordsworth himself had written any thing but in a diction ornate, and uniformly sustained; when, too, the slightest examination will make it evident, that between those and the after-writings of Mr. Southey there exists no other difference than that of a progressive degree of excellence, from progressive development of power, and progressive facility from habit and increase of experience. Yet, among the first articles which this man wrote after his return from Keswick, we were characterised as 'the School of whining and hypochondriacal poets that haunt the Lakes.'"—COLERIDGE.]

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

Your bays may hide the baldness of your brows—
Perhaps some virtuous blushes;—let them go—
To you I envy neither fruit nor boughs—
And for the fame you would engross below,
The field is universal, and allows
Scope to all such as feel the inherent glow:
Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Crabbe, will try
'Gainst you the question with posterity.

VIII.

For me, who, wandering with pedestrian Muses,
Content not with you on the winged steed,
I wish your fate may yield ye, when she chooses,
The fame you envy, and the skill you need;
And recollect a poet nothing loses
In giving to his brethren their full meed
Of merit, and complaint of present days
Is not the certain path to future praise.

IX.

He that reserves his laurels for posterity
(Who does not often claim the bright reversion)
Has generally no great crop to spare it, he
Being only injured by his own assertion;
And although here and there some glorious rarity
Arise like Titan from the sea's immersion,
The major part of such appellants go
To—God knows where—for no one else can know.

X.

If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues,
Milton appeal'd to the Avenger, Time,

1 [Mr. Southey is the only poet of the day that ever resided at Keswick. Mr. Wordsworth, who lived at one time on Grasmere, has for many years past occupied Mount Rydal, near Ambleside: Professor Wilson possesses an elegant villa on Windermere: Coleridge, Lambe, Lloyd, and others classed by the Edinburgh Review in the Lake School, never, we believe, had any connection with that part of the country.]

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

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

If Time, the Avenger, execrates his wrongs,
And makes the word "Miltonic" mean "sublime,"
He deign'd not to belie his soul in songs,
Nor turn his very talent to a crime;
He did not loathe the Sire to laud the Son,
But closed the tyrant-hater he begun.

XI.

Think'st thou, could he—the blind Old Man—arise
Like Samuel from the grave, to freeze once more
The blood of monarchs with his prophecies,
Or be alive again—again all hoar
With time and trials, and those helpless eyes,
And heartless daughters—worn—and pale 3—and
Would he adore a sultan? he obey [poor;
The intellectual enuch Castlereagh? 4

XII.

Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreant!
Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's gore,
And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,
Transferr'd to gorge upon a sister shore,
The vulgarest tool that Tyranny could want,
With just enough of talent, and no more,
To lengthen fetters by another fix'd,
And offer poison long already mix'd.

XIII.

An orator of such set trash of phrase
Ineffably—legitimately vile,
That even its grossest flatterers dare not praise,
Nor foes—all nations—condescend to smile,—
Nor even a sprightly blunder's spark can blaze
From that Ixion grindstone's ceaseless toil,
That turns and turns to give the world a notion
Of endless torments and perpetual motion.

XIV.

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

XV.

If we may judge of matter by the mind,
Emasculated to the marrow *It*
Hath but two objects, how to serve, and bind,
Deeming the chain it wears even men may fit,
Eutropius of its many masters, 5—blind
To worth as freedom, wisdom as to wit,

4 Or,—
"Would he subside into a hackney Laureate—
A scribbling, self-sold, soul-hired, scorn'd Iscariot?"
I doubt if "Laureate" and "Iscariot" be good rhymes, but must say, as Ben Jonson did to Sylvester, who challenged him to rhyme with—

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

5 For the character of Eutropius, the eunuch and minister at the court of Arcadius, see Gibbon. [Eutropius, one of the principal eunuchs of the palace of Constantinople, succeeded the haughty minister whose ruin he had accomplished, and whose vices he soon imitated. He was the first of his artificial sex who dared to assume the character of a Roman magistrate and general. Sometimes, in the presence of the blushing senate, he ascended the tribunal to pronounce judgment, or to repeat elaborate harangues; and sometimes

Fearless—because *no* feeling dwells in ice,
Its very courage stagnates to a vice.

XVI.

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

XVII.

Meantime—Sir Laureate—I proceed to dedicate,
In honest simple verse, this song to you.
And, if in flattering strains I do not predicate,
'Tis that I still retain my "buff and blue;"¹
My politics as yet are all to educate:
Apostasy's so fashionable, too,
To keep *one* creed's a task grown quite Herculean;
Is it not so, my Tory, ultra-Julian?²

Venice, Sept. 16. 1818.

appeared on horseback, at the head of his troops, in the dress and armour of a hero. The disregard of custom and decency always betrays a weak and ill-regulated mind: nor does Eutropius seem to have compensated for the folly of the design by any superior merit or ability in the execution. His former habits of life had not introduced him to the study of the laws, or the exercises of the field; his awkward and unsuccessful attempts provoked the secret contempt of the spectators; the Goths expressed a wish that *such* a general might always command the armies of Rome, and the name of the minister was branded with ridicule, more pernicious, perhaps, than hatred to a public character."—GIBBON.]

¹ [Mr. Fox and the Whig Club of his time adopted an uniform of blue and buff: hence the coverings of the Edinburgh Review, &c.]

² I allude not to our friend Landor's hero, the traitor Count Julian, but to Gibbon's hero, vulgarly yclept "The Apostate."

³ [Begun at Venice, September 6.; finished Nov. 1. 1818.]

⁴ [We find the following Fragment on the back of the Poet's MS. of Canto I.
"I would to heaven that I were so much clay,
As I am blood, bone, marrow, passion, feeling—
Because at least the past were pass'd away—
And for the future—(but I write this reeling,
Having got drunk exceedingly to-day,
So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling)
I say—the future is a serious matter—
And so—for God's sake—hock and soda-water!"

⁵ [Remodelled under the names of "Don Juan," "The Libertine," &c. &c., the old Spanish *spiritual* play, entitled "Atheista Fulminato," formerly acted in the churches and monasteries, has had its day of favour in every country throughout Europe. It was first introduced upon the regular stage, under the title of "El Burlador de Sevilla y Combido de Pierra," by Gabriel Tellez, the cotemporary of Calderon. It was soon translated into Italian by Cicognini, and performed with so much success in this language, not only in Italy but even at Paris, that Molière, shortly before his death, produced a comedy in five acts, called "Don Juan; ou, Le Festin de Pierre." This piece was, in 1677, put into verse by T. Corneille; and thus it has been performed on the French stage ever since. In 1676, Shadwell, the successor of Dryden in the laureateship, introduced the subject into this country, in his tragedy of the "Libertine;" but he made his hero so unboundedly wicked, as to exceed the limits of probability. In all these works, as well as in Mozart's celebrated opera, the Don is uniformly represented as a travelling rake, who practises every where the arts of seduction, and who, for his numerous delinquencies, is finally consumed by flames *coram populo*, or, as Lord Byron has it,— "Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time."

⁶ [Admiral Vernon, who served with considerable distinction in the navy, particularly in the capture of Porto Bello, died in 1757.]

⁷ [Second son of George II., distinguished himself at the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, and still more so at that

Don Juan.³

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

I WANT a hero: an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth a new one,
Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,
The age discovers he is not the true one;
Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,⁵
I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan—
We all have seen him, in the pantomime,
Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time.

II.

Vernon⁶, the butcher Cumberland⁷, Wolfe⁸, Hawke⁹,
Prince Ferdinand¹⁰, Granby¹¹, Burgoyne¹², Keppel¹³, Howe¹⁴,
Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,
And fill'd their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now;
Each in their turn like Banquo's monarchs stalk,
Followers of fame, "nine farrow" of that sow:
France, too, had Buonaparté¹⁵ and Dumourier
Recorded in the *Moniteur* and *Courier*.

of Culloden, where he defeated the Chevalier, in 1746. The Duke, however, obscured his fame by the cruel abuse which he made, or suffered his soldiers to make, of the victory. He died in 1765.]

⁸ [General Wolfe, the brave commander of the expedition against Quebec, terminated his career in the moment of victory, whilst fighting against the French in 1759.]

⁹ [In 1759, Admiral Lord Hawke totally defeated the French fleet equipped at Brest for the invasion of England. In 1765 he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty; and died, full of honours, in 1781.]

¹⁰ [Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, who gained the victory of Minden. In 1762, he drove the French out of Hesse. He died in 1792.]

¹¹ [Son of the third Duke of Rutland—signalled himself in 1745, on the invasion by Prince Charles; and was constituted, in 1759, commander of the British forces in Germany. He died in 1770.]

¹² [An English general officer and dramatist, who distinguished himself in the defence of Portugal, in 1762, against the Spaniards, and also in America by the capture of Ticonderoga; but was at last obliged to surrender, with his army, to General Gates. Died in 1792.]

¹³ [Second son of the Earl of Albemarle. Placed at the head of the Channel fleet, he partially engaged, in 1778, the French fleet off Ushant, which contrived to escape: he was, in consequence, tried by a court martial, and honourably acquitted. He died in 1786.]

¹⁴ [Lord Howe distinguished himself on many occasions during the American war. On the breaking out of the French war, he took the command of the English fleet, and, bringing the enemy to an action on the 1st of June, 1794, obtained a splendid victory. He died in 1799.]

¹⁵ [We find on Lord Byron's MS. the following note to this stanza:—"In the eighth and concluding lecture of Mr. Hazlitt's canons of criticism, delivered at the Surrey Institution, I am accused of having 'lauded Buonaparte to the skies in the hour of his success, and then peevishly wreaking my disappointment on the god of my idolatry.' The first lines I ever wrote upon Buonaparte were the 'Ode to Napoleon' [see *ante*, p. 460.], after his abdication in 1814. All that I have ever written on that subject has been done since his decline;—I never 'met him in the hour of his success.' I have considered his character at different periods, in its strength and in its weakness: by his zealots I am accused of injustice—by his enemies as his warmest partisan; in many publications, both English and foreign.

"For the accuracy of my delineation I have high authority. A year and some months ago, I had the pleasure of seeing at Venice my friend the honourable Douglas Kinnaird. In his way through Germany, he told me that he had been honoured with a presentation to, and some interviews with, one of the nearest family connections of Napoleon (Eugene Beauharnais). During one of these, he read and translated the lines alluding to Buonaparte, in the third Canto of Childe Harold [*ante*, p. 32.]. He informed me, that he was authorised by the illustrious personage—(still re-

III.

Barnave¹, Brissot², Condorcet³, Mirabeau⁴,
Petion⁵, Cloom⁶, Danton⁷, Marat⁸, La Fayette⁹,
Were French, and famous people, as we know;
And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,
Joubert¹⁰, Hoche¹¹, Marceau¹², Lannes¹³, Desaix¹⁴,
With many of the military set, [Moreau,¹⁵
Exceedingly remarkable at times,
But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

IV.

Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,
And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd;
There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,
'Tis with our hero quietly inurn'd;
Because the army's grown more popular,
At which the naval people are concern'd;
Besides, the prince is all for the land-service,
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.

cognised as such by the Legitimacy in Europe)—to whom they were read, to say, that 'the delineation was complete,' or words to this effect. It is no puerile vanity which induces me to publish this fact;—but Mr. Hazlitt accuses my inconsistency, and infers my inaccuracy. Perhaps he will admit that, with regard to the latter, one of the most intimate family connections of the Emperor may be equally capable of deciding on the subject. I tell Mr. Hazlitt, that I never flattered Napoleon on the throne, nor malign'd him since his fall. I wrote what I think are the incredible antitheses of his character.

"Mr. Hazlitt accuses me further of delineating *myself* in Childe Harold, &c. &c. I have denied this long ago—but, even were it true, Locke tells us, that all his knowledge of human understanding was derived from studying his own mind. From Mr. Hazlitt's opinion of my poetry I do not appeal; but I request that gentleman not to insult me by imputing the basest of crimes,—viz. 'praising publicly the same man whom I wished to depreciate in his adversity':—the *first* lines I ever wrote on Buonaparte were in his dispraise, in 1814,—the *last*, though not at all in his favour, were more impartial and discriminative, in 1818. Has he become more fortunate since 1814?—Byron, Venice, 1819."

¹ [Barnave, one of the most active promoters of the French revolution, was in 1791 appointed president of the Constituent Assembly. On the flight of the royal family, he was sent to conduct them to Paris. He was guillotined, Nov. 1793.]

² [Brissot de Warville, at the age of twenty, published several tracts, for one of which he was, in 1784, thrown into the Bastille. He was one of the principal instigators of the revolt of the Champ de Mars, in July, 1789. He was led to the guillotine, Oct. 1793.]

³ [Condorcet was, in 1792, appointed president of the Legislative Assembly. Having, in 1793, attacked the new Constitution, he was denounced. Being thrown into prison, he was on the following morning found dead, apparently from poison. His works are collected in twenty-one volumes.]

⁴ [Mirabeau, so well known as one of the chief promoters of, and actors in, the French revolution, died in 1791.]

⁵ [Petion, mayor of Paris in 1791, took an active part in the imprisonment of the king. Becoming, in 1793, an object of suspicion to Robespierre, he took refuge in the department of the Calvados; where his body was found in a field, half-devoured by wolves.]

⁶ [John Baptiste (better known under the appellation of Anacharsis) Clootz. In 1790, at the bar of the National Convention, he described himself as "the orator of the human race." Being suspected by Robespierre, he was, in 1794, condemned to death. On the scaffold he begged to be decapitated the last, as he wished to make some observations essential to the establishment of certain principles, while the heads of the others were falling; a request obligingly complied with.]

⁷ [Danton played a very important part during the first years of the French revolution. After the fall of the king, he was made Minister of Justice. His violent measures led to the bloody scenes of September, 1792. Being denounced to the Committee of Safety, he ended his career on the guillotine, in 1794.]

⁸ [This wretch figured among the actors of the 10th August, and in the assassinations of September, 1792. In May, 1793, he was denounced, and delivered over to the revolutionary tribunal, which acquitted him; but his bloody career was arrested by the knife of an assassin, in the person of Charlotte Cordé.]

V.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon¹⁶
And since, exceeding valorous and sage,
A good deal like him too, though quite the same none;
But then they shone not on the poet's page,
And so have been forgotten:—I condemn none,
But can't find any in the present age
Fit for my poem (that is, for my new one);
So, as I said, I'll take my friend Don Juan.¹⁷

VI.

Most epic poets plunge "in medias res"
(Horace makes this the heroic turnpike road),¹⁸
And then your hero tells, when'er you please,
What went before—by way of episode,
While seated after dinner at his ease,
Beside his mistress in some soft abode,
Palace, or garden, paradise, or cavern,
Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

⁹ [Of all these "famous people," the General was the last survivor. He died in 1834.]

¹⁰ [Joubert distinguished himself at the engagements of Laono, Montenotte, Millesimo, Cava, Montebello, Rivoli, and especially in the Tyrol. He was afterwards opposed to Suwarro, and was killed, in 1799, at Novi.]

¹¹ [In 1796, Hoche was appointed to the command of the expedition against Ireland, and sailed in December from Brest; but, a storm dispersing the fleet, the plan failed. After his return, he received the command of the army of the Sambre and Meuse; but died suddenly, in September, 1797, it was supposed of poison.]

¹² [General Marceau first distinguished himself in La Vendée. He was killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkerchen. See *ante*, p. 34.]

¹³ [Lannes, Duke of Montebello, distinguished himself at Millesimo, Lodi, Aboukir, Acre, Montebello, Austerlitz, Jena, Pultusk, Preuss Eylau, Friedland, Tudela, Saragossa, Esmuhl, and, lastly, at Esling; where, in May, 1809, he was killed by a cannon-shot.]

¹⁴ [At the taking of Malta, and at the battles of Chebreiss and of the Pyramids, Desaix displayed the greatest bravery. He was mortally wounded by a cannon-ball at Marengo, just as victory declared for the French.]

¹⁵ [One of the most distinguished of the republican generals. In 1813, on hearing of the reverses of Napoleon in Russia, he joined the allied armies. He was struck by a cannon-ball at the battle of Dresden, in 1813.]

¹⁶ "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona," &c.—Hor.
"Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
Whose huge ambition's now contain'd
In the small compass of a grave;
In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown,
No bard had they to make all time their own."
FRANCIS, p. 223.]

¹⁷ [Mr. Coleridge, speaking of the original "Atheista Fulminato," says—"Rank, fortune, wit, talent, acquired knowledge, and liberal accomplishments, with beauty of person, vigorous health, and constitutional hardihood—all these advantages, elevated by the habits and sympathies of noble birth and national character, are supposed to have combined in 'Don Juan,' so as to give him the means of carrying into all its practical consequences the doctrine of a godless nature, as the sole ground and efficient cause not only of all things, events, and appearances, but likewise of all our thoughts, sensations, impulses, and actions. Obedience to nature is the only virtue: the gratification of the passions and appetites her only dictate: each individual's self-will the sole organ through which nature utters her commands, and

"Self-contradiction is the only wrong!
For, by the laws of spirit, in the right
Is every individual's character
That acts in strict consistence with itself."

See SCHILLER'S *Wallenstein*.]

¹⁸ ["Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit."]

"But to the grand event he speeds his course,
And bears his readers, with impetuous force,
Into the midst of things, while every line
Opens, by just degrees, his whole design."—FRANCIS.]

VII.

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

VIII.

In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,
Famous for oranges and women¹—he
Who has not seen it will be much to pity,
So says the proverb²—and I quite agree;
Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,
Cadiz perhaps—but that you soon may see;—
Don Juan's parents lived beside the river,
A noble stream, and call'd the Guadalquivir.

IX.

His father's name was José—*Don*, of course,
A true Hidalgo, free from every stain
Of Moor or Hebrew blood, he traced his source
Through the most Gothic gentlemen of Spain;
A better cavalier ne'er mounted horse,
Or, being mounted, e'er got down again,
Than José, who begot our hero, who
Begot—but that's to come—Well, to renew:

X.

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

XI.

Her memory was a mine: she knew by heart
All Calderon and greater part of Lope,
So that if any actor miss'd his part
She could have served him for the prompter's copy;
For her Feinagle's were an useless art,³
And he himself obliged to shut up shop—
He could never make a memory so fine as
That which adorn'd the brain of Donna Inez.⁴

¹ ["The women of Seville are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman—added to the most becoming dress, and, at the same time, the most decent in the world. Certainly, they are fascinating; but their minds have only one idea, and the business of their lives is intrigue."—*Byron Letters*, 1809.]

² ["Quien no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto maravilla."]

³ [Professor Feinagle, of Baden, who, in 1812, under the especial patronage of the "*Blues*," delivered a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, on Mnemonics.]

⁴ ["Lady Byron had good ideas, but could never express them: wrote poetry also, but it was only good by accident. Her letters were always enigmatical, often unintelligible. She was governed by what she called fixed rules and principles squared mathematically."—*Byron Letters*.]

⁵ ["Little she spoke—but what she spoke was Attic all, With words and deeds in perfect unanimity."—MS.]

⁶ [Sir Samuel Romilly lost his lady on the 29th of October, and committed suicide on the 2d of November, 1818.—"But there will come a day of reckoning, even if I should not live to see it. I have at least seen Romilly shiver, who was one of my assassins. When that man was doing his worst to uproot my whole family, tree, branch, and blossoms—when, after taking my retainer, he went over to them—when he was bringing desolation on my household gods—did he think that, in less than three years, a natural event—

XII.

Her favourite science was the mathematical,
Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
Her serious sayings darken'd to sublimity;⁵
In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
A prodigy—her morning dress was dimity,
Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

Some women use their tongues—she look'd a lecture,
Each eye a sermon, and her brow a homily,
An all-in-all sufficient self-director,
Like the lamented late Sir Samuel Romilly,⁶
The Law's expounder, and the State's corrector,
Whose suicide was almost an anomaly—
One sad example more, that "All is vanity,"—
(The jury brought their verdict in "Insanity.")

XVI.

In short, she was a walking calculation,
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,⁷
Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,⁸
Or "Cœlebs' Wife"⁹ set out in quest of lovers,
Morality's prim personification,
In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers;
To others' share let "female errors fall,"
For she had not even one—the worst of all.

a severe, domestic, but an expected and common calamity—would lay his carcass in a cross-road, or stamp his name in a verdict of lunacy! Did he (who in his sexagenary * * *) reflect or consider what my feelings must have been, when wife, and child, and sister, and name, and fame, and country, were to be my sacrifice on his legal altar,—and this at a moment when my health was declining, my fortune embarrassed, and my mind had been shaken by many kinds of disappointment—while I was yet young, and might have reformed what might be wrong in my conduct, and retrieved what was perplexing in my affairs! But he is in his grave," &c.—*Byron Letters*, June, 1819.]

⁷ [Maria Edgeworth, author of "Treatise on Practical Education," "Castle Rackrent," &c. &c.—"In 1813," says Lord Byron, "I recollect to have met Miss Edgeworth in the fashionable world of London. She was a nice little unassuming 'Jeannie Deans-looking body,' as we Scotch say; and if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking. Her conversation was as quiet as herself. One would never have guessed she could write her name; whereas her father talked, not as if he could write nothing else, but as if nothing else was worth writing."—*Byron Diary*, 1821.]

⁸ ["Comparative View of the New Plan of Education," "Teacher's Assistant," &c. &c.]

⁹ [Hannah More's "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," &c.; a sermon-like novel, which had great success at the time, and is now forgotten.]

XVII.

Oh! she was perfect past all parallel—
Of any modern female saint's comparison;
So far above the cunning powers of hell,
Her guardian angel had given up his garrison;
Even her minutest motions went as well
As those of the best time-piece made by Harrison:
In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!¹

XVIII.

Perfect she was, but as perfection is
Inspired in this naughty world of ours,
Where our first parents never learn'd to kiss
Till they were exiled from their earlier bowers,
Where all was peace, and innocence, and bliss,²
(I wonder how they got through the twelve hours),
Don José, like a lineal son of Eve,
Went plucking various fruit without her leave.

XIX.

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

XX.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
A great opinion of her own good qualities;
Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,
And such, indeed, she was in her moralities;³
But then she had a devil of a spirit,
And sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities,
And let few opportunities escape
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

XXI.

This was an easy matter with a man
Off in the wrong, and never on his guard;
And even the wisest, do the best they can,
Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepared,
That you might "brain them with their lady's fan;"⁴
And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
And why and wherefore no one understands.

XXII.

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed
With persons of no sort of education,

¹ ["Description des vertus incomparables de l'Huile de Macassar." See the Advertisement.]

² ["Where all was innocence and quiet bliss."—MS.]

³ ["And so she seem'd, in all outside formalities."—MS.]

⁴ ["By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan."—SHAKESPEARE.]

⁵ ["Wishing each other damn'd, divorced, or dead."—MS.]

⁶ [Lady Byron had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father's house in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was, in a short time after, to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness,—she wrote him a letter, full of playfulness and affection, on the road, and, immediately on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more. At the time when he had to stand this unexpected shock, his pecuniary embarrassments, which had been fast gathering around him, during the whole of the past year, had arrived at their utmost.—MOORE. "The facts are:—I left London for Kirkby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. Lord Byron had signified to me in writing (Jan. 6th) his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could conveniently

Or gentlemen, who, though well born and bred,
Grow tired of scientific conversation:
I don't choose to say much upon this head,
I'm a plain man, and in a single station,
But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all?

XXIII.

Don José and his lady quarrell'd—*why*,
Not any of the many could divine,
Though several thousand people chose to try,
'Twas surely no concern of theirs nor mine;
I loathe that low vice—curiosity;
But if there's any thing in which I shine,
'Tis in arranging all my friends' affairs,
Not having, of my own, domestic cares.

XXIV.

And so I interfered, and with the best
Intentions, but their treatment was not kind;
I think the foolish people were possess'd,
For neither of them could I ever find,
Although their porter afterwards confess'd—
But that's no matter, and the worst's behind,
For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,
A pail of housemaid's water unawares.

XXV.

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his birth;
His parents ne'er agreed except in dotting
Upon the most unquiet imp on earth;
Instead of quarrelling, had they been but both in
Their senses, they'd have sent young master forth
To school, or had him soundly whipp'd at home,
To teach him manners for the time to come.

XXVI.

Don José and the Donna Inez led
For some time an unhappy sort of life,
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead;⁵
They lived respectably as man and wife,
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
And gave no outward signs of inward strife,
Until at length the smother'd fire broke out,
And put the business past all kind of doubt.⁶

XXVII.

For Inez call'd some druggists, and physicians,
And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad*,⁷
But as he had some lucid intermissions,
She next decided he was only *bad*;

fix. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure, it had been strongly impressed on my mind, that Lord Byron was under the influence of *insanity*. This opinion was derived in a great measure from the communications made to me by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunities than myself of observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself. *With the concurrence of his family*, I had consulted Dr. Baillie as a friend (Jan. 8th) respecting this supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an experiment, *assuming* the fact of mental derangement; for Dr. Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined that in correspondence with Lord Byron I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions, I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie."—*Lady Byron*.]

⁷ ["I was surprised one day by a Doctor (Dr. Baillie) and a Lawyer (Dr. Lushington) almost forcing themselves at the same time into my room. I did not know till afterwards the