

## LXXXVI.

He but requested to be bled to death :  
The surgeon had his instruments, and bled <sup>1</sup>  
Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,  
You hardly could perceive when he was dead.  
He died as born, a Catholic in faith,  
Like most in the belief in which they're bred,  
And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,  
And then held out his jugular and wrist.

## LXXXVII.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,  
Had his first choice of morsels for his pains ;  
But being thirstiest at the moment, he  
Preferr'd a draught from the fast-flowing veins : <sup>2</sup>  
Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,  
And such things as the entrails and the brains  
Regaled two sharks, who follow'd o'er the billow —  
The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

## LXXXVIII.

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

## LXXXIX.

'T was better that he did not ; for, in fact,  
The consequence was awful in the extreme ;  
For they, who were most ravenous in the act,  
Went raging mad <sup>3</sup> — Lord ! how they did blas-  
pheme !  
And foam and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,  
Drinking salt-water like a mountain-stream,  
Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,  
And, with hyæna-laughter, died despairing.

## LXXX.

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this infliction,  
And all the rest were thin enough, Heaven knows ;  
And some of them had lost their recollection,  
Happier than they who still perceived their woes ;  
But others ponder'd on a new dissection,  
As if not warn'd sufficiently by those  
Who had already perish'd, suffering madly,  
For having used their appetites so sadly.

<sup>1</sup> ["He requested to be bled to death, the surgeon being with them, and having his case of instruments in his pocket when he quitted the ship." — *Thomas*.]

<sup>2</sup> ["No sooner had the fatal instrument touched the vein, than the operator applied his parched lips, and drank the blood as it flowed, while the rest anxiously watched the victim's departing breath, that they might proceed to satisfy the hunger which preyed upon them to so frightful a degree." — *Ibid*.]

<sup>3</sup> ["Those who glutted themselves with human flesh and gore, and whose stomachs retained the unnatural food, soon perished with raging insanity," &c. — *Ibid*.]

<sup>4</sup> ["Another expedient we had frequent recourse to, finding it supplied our mouths with temporary moisture, was chewing any substance we could find, generally a bit of canvass, or even lead." — *Juno*.]

<sup>5</sup> ["On the 25th, at noon, we caught a noddy. I divided it into eighteen portions. In the evening we caught two boobies." — *Bligh*.]

<sup>6</sup> ["Quando ebbe detto ciò, con gli occhi torti Riprese il teschio misero co' denti, Che furo all'osso, come d'un can forti."]

The passage is thus powerfully rendered by Dante's last translator, Mr. Ichabod Wright —

## LXXXI.

And next they thought upon the master's mate,  
As fattest ; but he saved himself, because,  
Besides being much averse from such a fate,  
There were some other reasons : the first was,  
He had been rather indisposed of late ;  
And that which chiefly proved his saving clause,  
Was a small present made to him at Cadiz,  
By general subscription of the ladies.

## LXXXII.

Of poor Pedrillo something still remain'd,  
But was used sparingly, — some were afraid,  
And others still their appetites constrain'd,  
Or but at times a little supper made ;  
All except Juan, who throughout abstain'd,  
Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some lead : <sup>4</sup>  
At length they caught two boobies, and a noddy, <sup>5</sup>  
And then they left off eating the dead body.

## LXXXIII.

And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,  
Remember Ugolino <sup>6</sup> condescends  
To eat the head of his arch-enemy  
The moment after he politely ends  
His tale : if foes be food in hell, at sea  
'T is surely fair to dine upon our friends,  
When shipwreck's short allowance grows too scanty,  
Without being much more horrible than Dante.

## LXXXIV.

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

## LXXXV.

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer  
Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,  
Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,  
And when they deem'd its moisture was complete,  
They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher <sup>7</sup>  
Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet  
As a full pot of porter, to their thinking  
They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

"Then both my hands through anguish I did bite ;  
And they, supposing that from want of food  
I did so, sudden raised themselves upright,  
And said — 'O father, less will be our pain,  
If thou wilt feed on us : thou didst bestow  
This wretched flesh — 't is thine to take again :'  
Then was I calm, lest they the more should grieve.  
Two days all silent we remain'd. O thou  
Hard Earth ! Why didst thou not beneath us cleave ?  
Four days our agonies had been delay'd  
When Gaddo at my feet his body threw,  
Exclaiming, 'Father, why not give us aid ?'  
He died — and as distinct as here I stand  
I saw the three fall one by one, before  
The sixth day closed : then, groping with my hand,  
I felt each wretched corpse, for sight had fail'd :  
Two days I call'd on those who were no more —  
Then hunger, stronger even than grief, prevail'd."  
This said — aside his vengeful eyes were thrown,  
And with his teeth again the skull he tore,  
Fierce as a dog to gnaw the very bone.

<sup>7</sup> ["In the evening there came on a squall, which brought the most seasonable relief, as it was accompanied with heavy rain : we had no means of catching it, but by spreading out our clothes ; catching the drops as they fell, or squeezing them out of our clothes." — *Centaur*.]

## LXXXVI.

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,  
Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd ;  
Their throats were ovens, their swollen tongues were  
black,

As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd  
To beg the beggar, who could not rain back  
A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd  
To taste of heaven — If this be true, indeed,  
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

## LXXXVII.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,  
And with them their two sons, of whom the one  
Was more robust and hardy to the view,  
But he died early ; and when he was gone,  
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw  
One glance at him, and said, "Heaven's will be  
I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown [done !  
Into the deep without a tear or groan. <sup>1</sup>

## LXXXVIII.

The other father had a weaklier child,  
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate ; <sup>2</sup>  
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild  
And patient spirit held aloof his fate ;  
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,  
As if to win a part from off the weight  
He saw increasing on his father's heart,  
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

## LXXXIX.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised  
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam  
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,  
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,  
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,  
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,  
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain  
Into his dying child's mouth — but in vain. <sup>3</sup>

## XC.

The boy expired — the father held the clay,  
And look'd upon it long, and when at last  
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay  
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,

<sup>1</sup> ["Mr. Wade's boy, a stout healthy lad, died early, and almost without a groan ; while another, of the same age, but of a less promising appearance, held out much longer. Their fathers were both in the fore-top, when the boys were taken ill. Wade, hearing of his son's illness, answered, with indifference, that he could do nothing for him, and left him to his fate." — *Juno*.]

<sup>2</sup> ["The other father hurried down. By that time only three or four planks of the quarter-deck remained, just over the weather-quarter gallery. To this spot the unhappy man led his son, making him fast to the rail, to prevent his being washed away." — *Ibid*.]

<sup>3</sup> ["Whenever the boy was seized with a fit of retching, the father lifted him up and wiped away the foam from his lips ; and if a shower came, he made him open his mouth to receive the drops, or gently squeezed them into it from a rag." — *Ibid*.]

<sup>4</sup> ["In this affecting situation both remained four or five days, till the boy expired. The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, raised the body, looked wistfully at it, and when he could no longer entertain any doubt, watched it in silence until it was carried off by sea ; then wrapping himself in a piece of canvass, sunk down, and rose no more ; though he must have lived two days longer, as we judged from the quivering of his limbs, when a wave broke over him." — *Ibid*.]

<sup>5</sup> [This sublime and terrific description of a shipwreck is strangely and disgustingly broken by traits of low humour and buffoonery ; — and we pass immediately from the means of an agonising father fainting over his famished son, to facetious stories of Juan's begging the paw of his father's dog, and refusing a slice of his tutor ! — as if it were a fine thing to

He watch'd it wistfully, until away  
'T was borne by the rude wave wherein 't was cast ; <sup>4</sup>  
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,  
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering. <sup>5</sup>

## XCI.

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

## XCII.

It changed, of course ; a heavenly cameleon,  
The airy child of vapour and the sun,  
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,  
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,  
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,  
And blending every colour into one, <sup>6</sup>  
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle  
(For sometimes we must box without the muffle).

## XCIII.

Our shipwreck'd seamen thought it a good omen —  
It is as well to think so, now and then ;  
'T was an old custom of the Greek and Roman,  
And may become of great advantage when  
Folks are discouraged ; and most surely no men  
Had greater need to nerve themselves again  
Than these, and so this rainbow look'd like hope —  
Quite a celestial kaleidoscope. <sup>7</sup>

## XCIV.

About this time a beautiful white bird,  
Webfooted, not unlike a dove in size  
And plumage (probably it might have err'd  
Upon its course), pass'd off before their eyes,  
And tried to perch, although it saw and heard  
The men within the boat, and in this guise  
It came and went, and flutter'd round them till  
Night fell : — this seem'd a better omen still. <sup>8</sup>

be hard-hearted, and pity and compassion were fit only to be laughed at. — *JEFFREY*.

<sup>4</sup> "I will answer your friend, who objects to the quick succession of fun and gravity, as if in that case the gravity did not (in intention, at least,) heighten the fun. His metaphor is, that 'we are never scorched and drenched at the same time.' Blessings on his experience ! Ask him these questions about 'scorching and drenching.' Did he never play at cricket, or walk a mile in hot weather ? Did he never spill a dish of tea over himself in handing the cup to his charmer, to the great shame of his nankeen breeches ? Did he never swim in the sea at noonday with the sun in his eyes and on his head, which all the foam of ocean could not cool ? Did he never draw his foot out of too hot water, d—ning his eyes and his valet's ? Did he never tumble into a river or lake, fishing, and sit in his wet clothes in the boat, or on the bank, afterwards, 'scorched and drenched,' like a true sportsman ? 'Oh for breath to utter ! — but make him my compliments ; he is a clever fellow for all that — a very clever fellow." — *Lord Byron to Mr. Murray*. Aug. 12. 1819.]

<sup>6</sup> ["Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him that made it ; very beautiful it is in its brightness ; it encompasses the heavens with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it." — *Son of Sirach*.]

<sup>7</sup> [An instrument, invented by Sir David Brewster, which pleases the eye by an ever-varying succession of splendid tints and symmetrical forms, and has been of great service in suggesting patterns to our manufacturers.]

<sup>8</sup> ["About this time a beautiful white bird, web-footed, and not unlike a dove in size and plumage, hovered over the mast-head of the cutter, and, notwithstanding the pitching of the boat, frequently attempted to perch on it, and continued

## XCV.

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

## XCVI.

With twilight it again came on to blow,  
But not with violence; the stars shone out,  
The boat made way; yet now they were so low,  
They knew not where nor what they were about;  
Some fancied they saw land, and some said "No!"  
The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to doubt—  
Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns,<sup>1</sup>  
And all mistook about the latter once.

## XCVII.

As morning broke, the light wind died away,  
When he who had the watch sung out and swore,  
If 't was not land that rose with the sun's ray,  
He wish'd that land he never might see more;<sup>2</sup>  
And the rest rubb'd their eyes and saw a bay,  
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for  
For shore it was, and gradually grew [shore;  
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

## XCVIII.

And then of these some part burst into tears,  
And others, looking with a stupid stare,<sup>3</sup>  
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,  
And seem'd as if they had no further care;  
While a few pray'd—(the first time for some years)—  
And at the bottom of the boat three were  
Asleep: they shook them by the hand and head,  
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

## XCIX.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,  
They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,  
And by good fortune, gliding softly, caught her,<sup>4</sup>  
Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind  
Proved even still a more nutritious matter,  
Because it left encouragement behind:  
They thought that in such perils, more than chance  
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

## C.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,  
And higher grew the mountains as they drew,  
Set by a current, toward it: they were lost  
In various conjectures, for none knew

to flutter there till dark. Trifling as this circumstance may appear, it was considered by us all as a propitious omen."<sup>1</sup>—*Lady Hobart.*

<sup>1</sup> ["I found it necessary to caution the people against being deceived by the appearance of land, or calling out till they were convinced of the reality, more especially as fog-banks are often mistaken for land: several of the poor fellows nevertheless repeatedly exclaimed they heard breakers, and some the firing of guns."—*Ibid.*]

<sup>2</sup> ["At length one of them broke into a most immoderate swearing fit of joy, which I could not restrain, and declared, that he had never seen land in his life, if what he now saw was not land."—*Centaur.*]

<sup>3</sup> ["The joy at a speedy relief affected us all in a most remarkable way. Many burst into tears; some looked at each other with a stupid stare, as if doubtful of the reality of what they saw; while several were in such a lethargic condition, that no animating words could rouse them to exertion. At

To what part of the earth they had been tost,  
So changeable had been the winds that blew;  
Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some the highlands  
Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other islands.

## CI.

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

## CII.

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had done  
Their work on them by turns, and thinn'd them to  
Such things a mother had not known her son  
Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew;<sup>5</sup>  
By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one by one  
They perish'd, until wither'd to these few,  
But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,  
In washing down Pedrillo with salt water.

## CIII.

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

## CIV.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,  
And girt by formidable waves; but they  
Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,  
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay:  
A reef between them also now began  
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,  
But finding no place for their landing better,  
They ran the boat for shore,—and upset her.<sup>6</sup>

## CV.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,  
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont;  
And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,  
Had often turn'd the art to some account:  
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,  
He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,  
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)  
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.<sup>7</sup>

this affecting period, I proposed offering up our solemn thanks to Heaven for the miraculous deliverance."<sup>1</sup>—*Lady Hobart.*

<sup>4</sup> ["After having suffered the horrors of hunger and thirst for many days, they providentially took a small turtle whilst floating asleep on the surface of the water."—*Thomas.*]

<sup>5</sup> ["Our bodies were nothing but skin and bones, our limbs were full of sores, and we were clothed in rags. An indifferent spectator would have been at a loss which most to admire, the eyes of famine sparkling at immediate relief, or the horror of their preservers at the sight of so many spectres, whose ghastly countenances, if the cause had been unknown, would rather have excited terror than pity."—*Bligh.*]

<sup>6</sup> ["They discovered land right ahead, and steered for it. There being a very heavy surf, they endeavoured to turn the boat's head to it, which, from weakness, they were unable to complete, and soon afterwards the boat upset."—*Escape of Deserters from St. Helena.*]

<sup>7</sup> [See *anté*, p. 545.]

## CVI.

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

## CVII.

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

## CVIII.

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

## CIX.

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

## CX.

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

## CXI.

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

## CXII.

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

## CXIII.

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

## CXIV.

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

## CXV.

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

## CXVI.

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

## CXVII.

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

## CXVIII.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye  
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;  
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh  
Ever to have seen such; for she was one  
Fit for the model of a statuary,  
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—  
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,  
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).<sup>1</sup>

## CXIX.

I'll tell you why I say so, for 't is just  
One should not rail without a decent cause:  
There was an Irish lady, to whose bust  
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was  
A frequent model; and if e'er she must  
Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling laws,  
They will destroy a face which mortal thought  
Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

<sup>1</sup> ["A set of humbug rascals, when all's done—  
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,  
Than all the nonsense of their d—d ideal."—*MS.*]

## CXX.

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

## CXXI.

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

## CXXII.

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

## CXXIII.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd him both  
With food and raiment, and those soft attentions,  
Which are — (as I must own) — of female growth,  
And have ten thousand delicate inventions :  
They made a most superior mess of broth,  
A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,  
But the best dish that e'er was cook'd since Homer's  
Achilles order'd dinner for new comers.

## CXXIV.

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

## CXXV.

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

## CXXVI.

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

## CXXVII.

He was a Greek, and on his isle had built  
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)  
A very handsome house from out his guilt,  
And there he lived exceedingly at ease ;  
Heaven knows what cash he got or blood he spilt,  
A sad old fellow was he, if you please ;  
But this I know, it was a spacious building,  
Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

## CXXVIII.

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

## CXXIX.

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

## CXXX.

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

## CXXXI.

And therefore, with her maid, she thought it best  
(A virgin always on her maid relies)  
To place him in the cave for present rest :  
And when, at last, he open'd his black eyes,  
Their charity increased about their guest ;  
And their compassion grew to such a size,  
It open'd half the turnpike-gates to heaven —  
(St. Paul says, 'tis the toll which must be given.)

## CXXXII.

They made a fire, — but such a fire as they  
Upon the moment could contrive with such  
Materials as were cast up round the bay, —  
Some broken planks, and oars, that to the touch  
Were nearly tinder, since so long they lay  
A mast was almost crumbled to a crutch ;  
But, by God's grace, here wrecks were in such plenty,  
That there was fuel to have furnish'd twenty.

## CXXXIII.

He had a bed of furs, and a pelisse,  
For Haidée stripp'd her sables off to make  
His couch ; and, that he might be more at ease,  
And warm, in case by chance he should awake,  
They also gave a petticoat apiece,<sup>1</sup>  
She and her maid, — and promised by daybreak  
To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish  
For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and fish.

<sup>1</sup> ["And such a bed of furs, and a pelisse." — MS.]

## CXXXIV.

And thus they left him to his lone repose :  
Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,  
Who sleep at last, perhaps (God only knows),  
Just for the present ; and in his lull'd head  
Not even a vision of his former woes [spread<sup>1</sup>  
Throbb'd in accursed dreams, which sometimes  
Unwelcome visions of our former years,  
Till the eye, cheated, opens thick with tears.

## CXXXV.

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

## CXXXVI.

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

## CXXXVII.

The morn broke, and found Juan slumbering still  
Fast in his cave, and nothing clash'd upon  
His rest ; the rushing of the neighbouring rill,  
And the young beams of the excluded sun,  
Troubled him not, and he might sleep his fill ;  
And need he had of slumber yet, for none  
Had suffer'd more — his hardships were comparative<sup>2</sup>  
To those related in my grand-dad's "Narrative."<sup>3</sup>

## CXXXVIII.

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

## CXXXIX.

But up she got, and up she made them get,  
With some pretence about the sun, that makes  
Sweet skies just when he rises, or is set ;  
And 'tis, no doubt, a sight to see when breaks

<sup>1</sup> [—"which often spread,  
And come like opening hell upon the mind,  
No 'baseless fabric,' but 'a wreck behind.'" — MS.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Had e'er escaped more dangers on the deep ; —  
And those who are not drown'd, at least may sleep." — MS.]

<sup>3</sup> [Entitled "A Narrative of the Honourable John Byron (Commodore in a late expedition round the world), containing an account of the great distresses suffered by himself and his companions on the coast of Patagonia, from the year 1740, till their arrival in England, 1746 ; written by Himself." This narrative, one of the most interesting that ever appeared, was published in 1768.]

<sup>4</sup> ["Wore for a husband — or some such like brute." — MS.]

<sup>5</sup> [—"although of late  
I've changed, for some few years, the day to night." — MS.]

<sup>6</sup> [In the year 1784, Dr. Franklin published a most ingenious essay on the advantages of early rising, as a mere piece

Bright Phœbus, while the mountains still are wet  
With mist, and every bird with him awakes,  
And night is flung off like a mourning suit  
Worn for a husband, — or some other brute.<sup>4</sup>

## CXL.

I say, the sun is a most glorious sight,  
I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late  
I have sat up on purpose all the night,<sup>5</sup>  
Which hastens, as physicians say, one's fate ;  
And so all ye, who would be in the right  
In health and purse<sup>6</sup>, begin your day to date  
From daybreak, and when coffin'd at fourscore,  
Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.<sup>7</sup>

## CXLI.

And Haidée met the morning face to face ;  
Her own was freshest, though a feverish flush  
Had dyed it with the headlong blood, whose race  
From heart to cheek is curb'd into a blush,  
Like to a torrent which a mountain's base,  
That overpowers some Alpine river's rush,  
Checks to a lake, whose waves in circles spread ;  
Or the Red Sea — but the sea is not red.<sup>8</sup>

## CXLII.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,  
And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,  
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,  
And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,  
Taking her for a sister ; just the same  
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,  
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,  
Had all the advantage, too, of not being air.<sup>9</sup>

## CXLIII.

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

## CXLIV.

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

of economy. He estimates the saving that might be made in Paris alone, by using *sunshine instead of candles*, at ninety-six millions of French livres, or four millions sterling per annum. — HILL.]

<sup>7</sup> [The plan of going to bed early, and rising betimes, has been called the golden rule for the attainment of health and long life. It is sanctioned by various proverbial expressions ; and when old people have been examined, regarding the causes of their long life, they uniformly agreed in one particular, — that they went to bed early, and rose early. — SIR JOHN SINCLAIR.]

<sup>8</sup> ["My opinion is, that it is from the large trees or plants of coral, spread every where over the bottom of the Red Sea, perfectly imitating of plants on land, that it has obtained this name." — BRUCE.]

<sup>9</sup> [—"just the same  
As at this moment I should like to do ; —  
But I have done with kisses — having kiss'd  
All those that would — regretting those I miss'd." — MS.]

## CXLV.

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

## CXLVI.

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

## CXLVII.

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

## CXLVIII.

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,  
Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,  
Droop'd as the willow when no winds can breathe,  
Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at rest.<sup>1</sup>  
Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,  
Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest;  
In short, he was a very pretty fellow,  
Although his woes had turn'd him rather yellow.

## CXLIX.

He woke and gazed, and would have slept again,  
But the fair face which met his eyes forbade  
Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain  
Had further sleep a further pleasure made;  
For woman's face was never form'd in vain  
For Juan, so that even when he pray'd  
He turn'd from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy,  
To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

## CL.

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

## CLI.

Now Juan could not understand a word,  
Being no Grecian; but he had an ear,  
And her voice was the warble of a bird,  
So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,  
That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard;<sup>2</sup>  
The sort of sound we echo with a tear,  
Without knowing why—an overpowering tone,  
Whence Melody descends as from a throne.

<sup>1</sup> ["Fair as the rose just pluck'd to crown the wreath,  
Soft as the unfledged birdling when at rest."—MS.]

## CLII.

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

## CLIII.

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

## CLIV.

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

## CLV.

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

## CLVI.

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

## CLVII.

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

## CLVIII.

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

<sup>2</sup> ["That finer melody was never heard,  
The kind of sound whose echo is a tear,  
Whose accents are the steps of Music's throne."—MS.]

## CLIX.

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

## CLX.

Next they—he being naked, save a tatter'd  
Pair of scarce decent trousers—went to work,  
And in the fire his recent rags they scatter'd,  
And dress'd him, for the present, like a Turk,  
Or Greek—that is, although it not much matter'd,  
Omitting turban, slippers, pistols, dirk,—  
They furnish'd him, entire, except some stitches,  
With a clean shirt, and very spacious breeches.

## CLXI.

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

## CLXII.

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

## CLXIII.

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

## CLXIV.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue  
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,  
When both the teacher and the taught are young,  
As was the case, at least, where I have been;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [When at Seville in 1809, Lord Byron lodged in the house of two unmarried ladies; and in his diary he describes himself as having made earnest love to the younger of them, with the help of a dictionary. "For some time," he says, "I went on prosperously, both as a linguist and a lover, till, at length, the lady took a fancy to a ring which I wore, and set her heart on my giving it to her, as a pledge of my sincerity. This, however, could not be;—any thing but the ring, I declared, was at her service, and much more than its value,—but the ring itself I had made a vow never to give away."]

<sup>2</sup> ["In 1813, I formed, in the fashionable world of London, an item, a fraction, the segment of a circle, the unit of a million, the nothing of something. I had been the lion of 1812."—*Byron Diary*, 1821.]

<sup>3</sup> ["Foes, friends, sex, kind, are nothing more to me  
Than a mere dream of something o'er the sea."—MS.]

<sup>4</sup> ["Holding her sweet breath o'er his cheek and mouth,  
As o'er a bed of roses," &c.—MS.]

They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong  
They smile still more, and then there intervene  
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss;—  
I learn'd 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,<sup>2</sup>  
Where I, like other "dogs, have had my day,"  
Like other men, too, may have had my passion—  
But that, like other things, has pass'd 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.<sup>3</sup>

## 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,<sup>4</sup>  
As o'er a bed of roses the sweet south.

## CLXIX.

And every morn his colour freshlier came,  
And every day help'd 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.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> [Doctors are not unanimous as to this conclusion. Ovid, indeed, who is good authority here, has said—

"Et Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit;"

but he qualifies this presumption in another place, by recommending moderation in our cups; for wine, saith he, is to love, what wind is to flame;

"Nascitur in vento, vento restringitur ignis,  
Lenis alit flammam, grandior aura necat:"

but Aristophanes also, before Ovid, had christened wine, "the milk of Venus." But Athenæus ascribes the chastity of Alexander to his excessive computations; and Montaigne supports the argument of Athenæus, by the converse of the same proposition, when he attributes the successful galantries of his cotemporaries to their temperance in the use of wine.—REV. C. COLTON.]