

## CLXX.

While Venus fills the heart, (without heart really  
Love, though good always, is not quite so good,)  
Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli,—  
For love must be sustain'd like flesh and blood,—  
While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a jelly :  
Eggs, oysters, too, are amatory food ;<sup>1</sup>  
But who is their purveyor from above  
Heaven knows,—it may be Neptune, Pan, or Jove.

## CLXXI.

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

## CLXXII.

Both were so young, and one so innocent,  
That bathing pass'd for nothing ; Juan seem'd  
To her, as 'twere, the kind of being sent,  
Of whom these two years she had nightly dream'd,  
A something to be loved, a creature meant  
To be her happiness, and whom she deem'd  
To render happy ; all who joy would win  
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.<sup>2</sup>

## CLXXIII.

It was such pleasure to behold him, such  
Enlargement of existence to partake  
Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,  
To watch him slumbering, and to see him wake :  
To live with him for ever were too much ;  
But then the thought of parting made her quake :  
He was her own, her ocean-treasure, cast  
Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last.<sup>3</sup>

## CLXXIV.

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

## CLXXV.

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

## CLXXVI.

Now she prolong'd her visits and her talk  
(For they must talk), and he had learnt to say  
So much as to propose to take a walk,—  
For little had he wander'd since the day

<sup>1</sup> ["For without heart love is not quite so good ;  
Ceres is commissary to our bellies,  
And love, which also much depends on food,  
While Bacchus will provide with wine and jellies,  
Oysters and eggs are also living food."—MS.]

<sup>2</sup> [Lord Byron appears to have worked up no part of his poem with so much beauty and life of description, as that which narrates the loves of Juan and Haidée. Whether it be

On which, like a young flower snapp'd from the stalk,  
Drooping and dewy on the beach he lay,—  
And thus they walk'd out in the afternoon,  
And saw the sun set opposite the moon.

## CLXXVII.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,  
With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,  
Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host,  
With here and there a creek, whose aspect wore  
A better welcome to the tempest-tost ;  
And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,  
Save on the dead long summer days, which make  
The outstretch'd ocean glitter like a lake.

## CLXXVIII.

And the small ripple spilt upon the beach  
Scarcely o'erpass'd the cream of your champagne,  
When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers reach,  
That spring-dew of the spirit ! the heart's rain !  
Few things surpass old wine ; and they may preach  
Who please,—the more because they preach in  
vain,—

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,  
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

## CLXXIX.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk ;  
The best of life is but intoxication :  
Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk  
The hopes of all men, and of every nation ;  
Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk  
Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion :  
But to return,—Get very drunk ; and when  
You wake with headach, you shall see what then.

## CLXXX.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring  
Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know  
A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king ;  
For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow,  
Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,  
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,<sup>4</sup>  
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,  
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water.

## CLXXXI.

The coast—I think it was the coast that I  
Was just describing—Yes, it *was* the coast—  
Lay at this period quiet as the sky,  
The sands untumbled, the blue waves untost,  
And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry,  
And dolphin's leap, and little billow crost  
By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret  
Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

## CLXXXII.

And forth they wander'd, her sire being gone,  
As I have said, upon an expedition ;  
And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,  
Save Zoe, who, although with due precision  
She waited on her lady with the sun,  
Thought daily service was her only mission,  
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses,  
And asking now and then for cast-off dresses.

an episode, or an integral part of his epic, it is well worth all the rest.—BRYDGES.]

<sup>3</sup> ["He was her own, her ocean-lover, cast  
To be her soul's first idol, and its last."—MS.]

<sup>4</sup> ["A pleasure naught but drunkenness can bring ;  
For not the blest sherbet all chill'd with snow,  
Nor the full sparkle of the desert-spring,  
Nor wine in all the purple of its glow."—MS.]

## CLXXXIII.

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

## CLXXXIV.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,  
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,  
Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,  
And in the worn and wild receptacles  
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd,  
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,  
They turn'd to rest ; and, each clasp'd by an arm,  
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

## CLXXXV.

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

## CLXXXVI.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,  
And beauty, all concentrating like rays  
Into one focus, kindled from above ;  
Such kisses as belong to early days,  
Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,  
And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,  
Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,  
I think, it must be reckon'd by its length.

## CLXXXVII.

By length I mean duration ; theirs endured  
Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never  
reckon'd ;  
And if they had, they could not have secured  
The sum of their sensations to a second :  
They had not spoken ; but they felt allured,  
As if their souls and lips each other beckon'd,  
Which, being join'd, like swarming bees they clung—  
Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey  
sprung.<sup>1</sup>

## CLXXXVIII.

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

## CLXXXIX.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,  
They felt no terrors from the night, they were  
All in all to each other : though their speech  
Was broken words, they *thought* a language there,—

<sup>1</sup> [—"I'm sure they never reckon'd ;  
And being join'd—like swarming bees they clung,  
And mix'd until the very pleasure stung."—Or,

And all the burning tongues the passions teach  
Found in one sigh the best interpreter  
Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all  
Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

## CXC.

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

## CXCI.

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

## CXCI.

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

## CXCI.

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

## CXCI.

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

## CXCI.

And when those deep and burning moments pass'd,  
And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,  
She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,  
Sustain'd his head upon her bosom's charms ;  
And now and then her eye to heaven is cast,  
And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms,  
Pillow'd on her o'erflowing heart, which pants  
With all it granted, and with all it grants.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> And one was innocent, but both too young,  
Their heart the flowers,' &c.—MS.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Pillow'd upon her beating heart—which panted  
With the sweet memory of all it granted."—MS.]

## CXCVI.

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

## CXCVII.

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

## CXCVIII.

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

## CXCIX.

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

## CC.

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

## CCL.

Some take a lover, some take dramas or prayers,  
Some mind their household, others dissipation,  
Some run away, and but exchange their cares,  
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;  
Few changes e'er can better their affairs,  
Theirs being an unnatural situation,  
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:<sup>1</sup>  
Some play the devil, and then write a novel.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Perhaps there are not a few women who may profit from seeing in what a style of contemptuous coldness, the sufferings to which licentious love exposes them are talked of by such people as the author of *Don Juan*. The many fine eyes that have wept dangerous tears over the descriptions of the Gulnares and Medoras, cannot be the worse for seeing the true side of *his* picture. — BLACKWOOD.]

<sup>2</sup> [Lady Caroline Lamb was supposed by Lord Byron to have alluded to him in her novel of "Glenarvon," published in 1816. — "Madame de Staël once asked me," said Lord Byron, "if my real character was well drawn in that novel. She was only singular in putting the question in the dry way she did. There are many who pin their faith on that insincere production. I am made out a very amiable person in that work! The only thing belonging to me in it is part of a letter." — MEDWIN.]

## CCII.

Haidée was Nature's bride, and knew not this;  
Haidée was Passion's child, born where the sun  
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss  
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was one  
Made but to love, to feel that she was his  
Who was her chosen; what was said or done  
Elsewhere was nothing. — She had nought to fear,  
Hope, care, nor love, beyond, her heart beat *here*.

## CCIII.

And oh! that quickening of the heart, that beat!  
How much it costs us! yet each rising throb  
Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,  
That Wisdom, ever on the watch to rob  
Joy of its alchemy, and to repeat  
Fine truths; even Conscience, too, has a tough job  
To make us understand each good old maxim,  
So good — I wonder Castlereagh don't tax 'em.

## CCIV.

And now 't was done — on the loneshore were plighted  
Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed  
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted:  
Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,  
By their own feelings hallow'd and united,  
Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed:<sup>3</sup>  
And they were happy, for to their young eyes  
Each was an angel, and earth paradise.<sup>4</sup>

## CCV.

Oh, Love! of whom great Caesar was the suitor,  
Titus the master, Antony the slave,  
Horace, Catullus, scholars, Ovid tutor,  
Sappho the sage blue-stocking, in whose grave  
All those may leap who rather would be neuter —  
(Leucadia's rock still overlooks the wave) —  
Oh, Love! thou art the very god of evil,  
For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.

## CCVI.

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial state precarious,  
And jestest with the brows of mightiest men:  
Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius,  
Have much employ'd the muse of history's pen:  
Their lives and fortunes were extremely various,  
Such worthies Time will never see again;  
Yet to these four in three things the same luck holds,  
They all were heroes, conquerors, and cuckolds.

## CCVII.

Thou mak'st philosophers; there's Epicurus  
And Aristippus, a material crew!  
Who to immoral courses would allure us  
By theories quite practicable too;  
If only from the devil they would insure us,  
How pleasant were the maxim (not quite new),  
"Eat, drink, and love, what can the rest avail us?"  
So said the royal sage Sardanapalus.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ["In their sweet feelings holly united,  
By Solitude (soft parson) they were wed." — MS.]

<sup>4</sup> [Don Juan is dashed on the shore of the Cyclades, where he is found by a beautiful and innocent girl, the daughter of an old Greek pirate, — with whom, as might be supposed, the same game of guilt and abandonment is played over again. There is, however, a very superior kind of poetry in the conception of this amour; — the desolate isle — the utter loneliness of the maiden, who is as ignorant as she is innocent — the helpless condition of the youth — every thing conspires to render it a true romance. How easy for Lord Byron to have kept it free from any stain of pollution! What cruel barbarity, in creating so much of beauty only to mar and ruin it! This is really the very suicide of genius. — BLACKWOOD.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *anté*, p. 249.]

## CCVIII.

But Juan! had he quite forgotten Julia?  
And should he have forgotten her so soon?  
I can't but say it seems to me most truly a  
Perplexing question; but, no doubt, the moon  
Does these things for us, and whenever newly a  
Palpitation rises, 't is her boon,  
Else how the devil is it that fresh features  
Have such a charm for us poor human creatures?

## CCIX.

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

## CCX.

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

## CCXI.

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

## CCXII.

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

## CCXIII.

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

<sup>1</sup> ["You say that one-half is very good: you are wrong; for, if it were, it would be the finest poem in existence. Where is the poetry of which one-half is good? Is it the *Æneid*? is it Milton's? is it Dryden's? is it any one's except Pope's and Goldsmith's, of which all is good? and yet these two last are the poets your *pond poets* would explode. But if one-half of these two Cantos be good in your opinion, what the devil would you have more? No — no; no poetry is generally good — only by fits and starts — and you are lucky to get a sparkle here and there. You might as well want a midnight *all stars*, as rhyme all perfect." — Lord Byron to Mr. Murray.]

<sup>2</sup> [Lord Byron began to compose Canto III. in October, 1819; but the outcry raised by the publication of Cantos I. and II. annoyed him so much, that he for a time laid the work aside, and afterwards proceeded in it only by fits and starts. Mr. Moore, who visited him while Canto III. was in

## CCXIV.

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

## CCXV.

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

## CCXVI.

In the mean time, without proceeding more  
In this anatomy, I've finish'd now  
Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,  
That being about the number I'll allow  
Each canto of the twelve, or twenty-four;  
And, laying down my pen, I make my bow,  
Leaving Don Juan and Haidée to plead  
For them and theirs with all who deign to read.<sup>1</sup>

## Don Juan.

CANTO THE THIRD.<sup>2</sup>

## I.

HAIL, Muse! *et cetera*. — We left Juan sleeping,  
Pillow'd upon a fair and happy breast,  
And watch'd by eyes that never yet knew weeping,  
And loved by a young heart, too deeply blest  
To feel the poison through her spirit creeping,  
Or know who rested there, a foe to rest,  
Had soil'd the current of her sinless years,  
And turn'd her pure heart's purest blood to tears!

## II.

Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours  
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah why  
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,  
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?  
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,  
And place them on their breast — but place to die —  
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish  
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.<sup>3</sup>

progress, says — "So sensitive, indeed, — in addition to his usual abundance of this quality, — did he, at length, grow on the subject, that when Mr. W. Bankes, who succeeded me as his visiter, happened to tell him, one day, that he had heard a Mr. Saunders (or some such name), then resident at Venice, declare that, in his opinion, 'Don Juan was all Grub-street,' such an effect had this disparaging speech upon his mind (though coming from a person who, as he himself would have it, was 'nothing but a d—d salt-fish seller'), that, for some time after, by his own confession to Mr. Bankes, he could not bring himself to write another line of the Poem; and one morning, opening a drawer where the neglected manuscript lay, he said to his friend, 'Look here — this is all Mr. Saunders's Grub-street.'" Cantos III. IV. and V. were published together in August, 1821, — still without the name either of author or bookseller.]

<sup>3</sup> [This, we must allow, is pretty enough, and not at all

## III.

In her first passion woman loves her lover,  
In all the others all she loves is love,  
Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,  
And fits her loosely — like an easy glove,  
As you may find, whene'er you like to prove her :  
One man alone at first her heart can move ;  
She then prefers him in the plural number,  
Not finding that the additions much encumber.

## IV.

I know not if the fault be men's or theirs ;  
But one thing's pretty sure ; a woman planted  
(Unless at once she plunge for life in prayers) —  
After a decent time must be gallanted ;  
Although, no doubt, her first of love affairs  
Is that to which her heart is wholly granted ;  
Yet there are some, they say, who have had *none*,  
But those who have ne'er end with only *one*.<sup>1</sup>

## V.

'Tis melancholy, and a fearful sign  
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,  
That love and marriage rarely can combine,  
Although they both are born in the same clime ;  
Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine —  
A sad, sour, sober beverage — by time  
Is sharpen'd from its high celestial flavour  
Down to a very homely household savour.

## VI.

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

## VII.

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

## VIII.

There's doubtless something in domestic doings  
Which forms, in fact, true love's antithesis ;  
Romances paint at full length people's wooings,  
But only give a bust of marriages ;  
For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,  
There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss :  
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,  
He would have written sonnets all his life ?<sup>2</sup>

objectionable in a moral point of view. We fear, however, that we cannot say as much for what follows : marrying is no joke, and therefore not a fit subject to joke about ; besides, for a married man to be merry on that score, is very like trying to overcome the toothach by a laugh. — HOGG.]

<sup>1</sup> [These two lines are a versification of a saying of Montaigne.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Had Petrarch's passion led to Petrarch's wedding, How many sonnets had ensued the bedding?" — MS.]

<sup>3</sup> [The old ballad of "Death and the Lady" is alluded to in Shakspeare.]

<sup>4</sup> Dante calls his wife, in the *Inferno*, "la fiera moglie." [See *antè*, p. 499.]

## IX.

All tragedies are finish'd by a death,  
All comedies are ended by a marriage ;  
The future states of both are left to faith,  
For authors fear description might disparage  
The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath, [riage ;  
And then both worlds would punish their miscar-  
So leaving each their priest and prayer-book ready,  
They say no more of Death or of the Lady.<sup>3</sup>

## X.

The only two that in my recollection  
Have sung of heaven and hell, or marriage, are  
Dante<sup>4</sup> and Milton<sup>5</sup>, and of both the affection  
Was hapless in their nuptials, for some bar  
Of fault or temper ruin'd the connection  
(Such things, in fact, it don't ask much to mar) ;  
But Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve  
Were not drawn from their spouses, you conceive.<sup>6</sup>

## XI.

Some persons say that Dante meant theology  
By Beatrice, and not a mistress — I,  
Although my opinion may require apology,  
Deem this a commentator's phantasy,  
Unless indeed it was from his own knowledge he  
Decided thus, and show'd good reason why ;  
I think that Dante's more abstruse ecstasies  
Meant to personify the mathematics.<sup>7</sup>

## XII.

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

## XIII.

Yet they were happy, — happy in the illicit  
Indulgence of their innocent desires ;  
But more imprudent grown with every visit,  
Haidée forgot the island was her sire's ;  
When we have what we like 'tis hard to miss it,  
At least in the beginning, ere one tires ;  
Thus she came often, not a moment losing,  
Whilst her piratical papa was cruising.

## XIV.

Let not his mode of raising cash seem strange,  
Although he fleeced the flags of every nation,  
For into a prime minister but change  
His title, and 'tis nothing but taxation ;  
But he, more modest, took an humbler range  
Of life, and in an honest vocation  
Pursued o'er the high seas his watery journey,<sup>8</sup>  
And merely practised as a sea-attorney.

<sup>5</sup> Milton's first wife ran away from him within the first month. If she had not, what would John Milton have done ?

<sup>6</sup> [From whatever causes it may have arisen, the coincidence is no less striking than saddening, that, on the list of married poets, who have been unhappy in their homes, there should already be found four such illustrious names as Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, and Dryden ; and that we should now have to add, as a partner in their destiny, a name worthy of being placed beside the greatest of them. — MOORE.]

<sup>7</sup> ["Lady B. would have made an excellent wrangler at Cambridge." — *Byron Diary*.]

<sup>8</sup> ["Display'd much more of nerve, perhaps, of wit, Than any of the parodies of Pitt." — MS.]

## XV.

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

## XVI.

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

## XVII.

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

## XVIII.

A monkey, a Dutch mastiff, a mackaw,  
Two parrots, with a Persian cat and kittens,  
He chose from several animals he saw —  
A terrier, too, which once had been a Briton's,  
Who dying on the coast of Ithaca,  
The peasants gave the poor dumb thing a pittance.  
These to secure in this strong blowing weather,  
He caged in one huge hamper altogether.

## XIX.

Then having settled his marine affairs,  
Despatching single cruisers here and there,  
His vessel having need of some repairs,  
He shaped his course to where his daughter fair  
Continued still her hospitable cares ;  
But that part of the coast being shoal and bare,  
And rough with reefs which ran out many a mile,  
His port lay on the other side o' the isle.

## XX.

And there he went ashore without delay,  
Having no custom-house nor quarantine  
To ask him awkward questions on the way,  
About the time and place where he had been :  
He left his ship to be hove down next day,  
With orders to the people to careen ;  
So that all hands were busy beyond measure,  
In getting out goods, ballast, guns, and treasure.

## XXI.

Arriving at the summit of a hill  
Which overlook'd the white walls of his home,  
He stopp'd. — What singular emotions fill  
Their bosoms who have been induced to roam !

<sup>1</sup> ["Thus near the gates, conferring as they drew, Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew ; He, not unconscious of the voice and tread, Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head. He knew his lord ; he knew, and strove to meet, In vain he strove, to crawl and kiss his feet ;

With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill —  
With love for many, and with fears for some ;  
All feelings which o'erleap the years long lost,  
And bring our hearts back to their starting-post.

## XXII.

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

## XXIII.

An honest gentleman at his return  
May not have the good fortune of Ulysses ;  
Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,  
Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses ;  
The odds are that he finds a handsome urn  
To his memory — and two or three young misses  
Born to some friend, who holds his wife and riches —  
And that his Argus<sup>1</sup> bites him by — the breeches.

## XXIV.

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

## XXV.

And oh ! ye gentlemen who have already  
Some chaste *liaison* in this kind — I mean  
An honest friendship with a married lady —  
The only thing of this sort ever seen  
To last — of all connections the most steady,  
And the true Hymen (the first 's but a screen) —  
Yet for all that keep not too long away,  
I've known the absent wrong'd four times a day.<sup>2</sup>

## XXVI.

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

## XXVII.

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

Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes  
Salute his master, and confess his joys, &c.  
POPE, *Odyssey*, b. xvii.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Yet for all that don't stay away too long, A sofa, like a bed, may come by wrong." — MS.]

## XXVIII.

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

## XXIX.

And still more nearly to the place advancing,  
Descending rather quickly the declivity,  
Through the waved branches, o'er the greensward  
Midst other indications of festivity, [glancing,  
Seeing a troop of his domestics dancing  
Like dervises, who turn as on a pivot, he  
Perceived it was the Pyrrhic dance<sup>1</sup> so martial,  
To which the Levantines are very partial.

## XXX.

And further on a troop of Grecian girls,<sup>2</sup>  
The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,  
Were strung together like a row of pearls,  
Link'd hand in hand, and dancing; each too having  
Down her white neck long floating auburn curls —  
(The least of which would set ten poets raving);<sup>3</sup>  
Their leader sang — and bounded to her song,  
With choral step and voice, the virgin throng.

## XXXI.

And here, assembled cross-legg'd round their trays,  
Small social parties just begun to dine;  
Pilaus and meats of all sorts met the gaze,  
And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,  
And sherbet cooling in the porous vase;  
Above them their dessert grew on its vine;  
The orange and pomegranate nodding o'er  
Dropp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their mellow store.

## XXXII.

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

## XXXIII.

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

<sup>1</sup> ["This dance is still performed by young men armed cap-à-pie, who execute, to the sound of instruments, all the proper movements of attack and defence." — Dr. E. CLARKE.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is sung to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances." — LADY M. W. MONTAGU.]

<sup>3</sup> ["That would have set Tom Moore, though married, raving." — MS.]

## XXXIV.

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

## XXXV.

Here was no lack of innocent diversion  
For the imagination or the senses,  
Song, dance, wine, music, stories from the Persian,  
All pretty pastimes in which no offence is;  
But Lambro saw all these things with aversion,  
Perceiving in his absence such expenses,  
Dreading that climax of all human ills,  
The inflammation of his weekly bills.<sup>4</sup>

## XXXVI.

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

## XXXVII.

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

## XXXVIII.

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

## XXXIX.

Hence all this rice, meat, dancing, wine, and fiddling,  
Which turn'd the isle into a place of pleasure;  
The servants all were getting drunk or idling,  
A life which made them happy beyond measure.  
Her father's hospitality seem'd middling,  
Compared with what Haidée did with his treasure;  
'T was wonderful how things went on improving,  
While she had not one hour to spare from loving.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> [The piratical father of Haidée having remained long at sea, it was supposed he had perished, and she, in consequence, took possession of all his treasures, and surrendered herself to the full enjoyment of her lover. The old gentleman, however, returns, and, landing on a distant part of the island, walks leisurely towards his home, while Juan and his daughter are giving a public breakfast to their friends and acquaintances. The description of the fête is executed with equal felicity and spirit; we think it would be difficult to match the life and gaiety of the picture by any thing of the kind in English — perhaps in any other poetry. — BLACKWOOD.]

<sup>5</sup> ["All had been open heart, and open house, Ever since Juan served her for a spouse." — MS.]

## XL.

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

## XLI.

You're wrong. — He was the mildest manner'd man  
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat;  
With such true breeding of a gentleman,  
You never could divine his real thought;  
No courtier could, and scarcely woman can  
Gird more deceit within a petticoat;  
Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,  
He was so great a loss to good society.<sup>1</sup>

## XLII.

Advancing to the nearest dinner tray,  
Tapping the shoulder of the highest guest,  
With a peculiar smile, which, by the way,  
Boded no good, whatever it express'd.  
He ask'd the meaning of this holiday;  
The vinous Greek to whom he had address'd  
His question, much too merry to divine  
The questioner, fill'd up a glass of wine,

## XLIII.

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

## XLIV.

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

## XLV.

"I know not," quoth the fellow, "who or what  
He is, nor whence he came — and little care;  
But this I know, that this roast capon's fat,  
And that good wine ne'er wash'd down better fare;  
And if you are not satisfied with that,  
Direct your questions to my neighbour there;  
He'll answer all for better or for worse,  
For none likes more to hear himself converse."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [The portrait of this man is one of the best, if not the very best, of all Lord Byron's gloomy portraits. It may be the Corsair grown into an elderly character and a father; but it is equal to the finest heads that ever Michael Angelo or Caravaggio painted with black and umber. — BLACKWOOD.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Risponde allor' Margutte, a dir tel tosto,  
Io non credo piu al nero ch' all' azzurro;  
Ma nel cappone, o lessò, o vuogli arrosto,  
E credo alcuna volta anco nel burro;

## XLVI.

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

## XLVII.

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

## XLVIII.

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

## XLIX.

He ask'd no further questions, and proceeded  
On to the house, but by a private way,<sup>3</sup>  
So that the few who met him hardly heeded,  
So little they expected him that day;  
If love paternal in his bosom pleaded  
For Haidée's sake, is more than I can say,  
But certainly to one deem'd dead returning,  
This revel seem'd a curious mode of mourning.

## L.

If all the dead could now return to life,  
(Which God forbid!) or some, or a great many,  
For instance, if a husband or his wife  
(Nuptial examples are as good as any),  
No doubt whate'er might be their former strife,  
The present weather would be much more  
rainy —  
Tears shed into the grave of the connection  
Would share most probably its resurrection.

## LI.

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

Nella cervigia, e quando io n' ho nel mosto,  
E molto piu nell' espro che il mangurro;  
Ma sopra tutto nel buon vino o fede,  
E credo che sia salvo chi gli crede."  
PULCI, *Morgante Maggiore*, ca. 18. st. 151.

<sup>3</sup> [The account of Lambro proceeding to the house is poetically imagined; and, in his character may be traced a vivid likeness of Ali Pacha, and happy illustrative allusions to the adventures of that chief. — GALT.]