

LII.

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

LIII.

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

LIV.

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

LV.

But something of the spirit of old Greece
Flash'd o'er his soul a few heroic rays,
Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece
His predecessors in the Colchian days;
'Tis true he had no ardent love for peace —
Alas! his country show'd no path to praise:
Hate to the world and war with every nation
He waged, in vengeance of her degradation.

LVI.

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

LVII.

But whatso'er he had of love reposed
On that beloved daughter; she had been
The only thing which kept his heart unclosed
Amidst the savage deeds he had done and seen,
A lonely pure affection unopposed:
There wanted but the loss of this to wean
His feelings from all milk of human kindness,
And turn him like the Cyclops¹ mad with blindness.

¹ ["And make him Samson-like — more fierce with blindness." — MS.]

² ["Not so the single, deep, and wordless ire, Of a strong human heart," &c. — MS.]

³ ["I said, I disliked the custom which some people had of bringing their children into company, because it in a manner forced us to pay foolish compliments to please their parents." — JOHNSON. "You are right, sir; we may be excused for not caring much about other people's children, for there are many who care very little about their own." — BOSWELL, vol. vi. p. 47. ed. 1835.]

⁴ ["Almost all Don Juan is real life, either my own, or from people I knew. By the way, much of the description of the furniture, in Canto Third, is taken from *Tully's Tripoti*

LVIII.

The cubless tigress in her jungle raging
Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock;
The ocean when its yeasty war is waging
Is awful to the vessel near the rock;
But violent things will sooner bear assuaging,
Their fury being spent by its own shock,
Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire²
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

LIX.

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

LX.

Yet a fine family is a fine thing
(Provided they don't come in after dinner);³
'Tis beautiful to see a matron bring
Her children up (if nursing them don't thin her),
Like cherubs round an altar-piece they cling
To the fire-side (a sight to touch a sinner).
A lady with her daughters or her nieces
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.

LXI.

Old Lambro pass'd unseen a private gate,
And stood within his hall at eventide;
Meantime the lady and her lover sate
At wassail in their beauty and their pride:
An ivory inlaid table spread with state
Before them, and fair slaves on every side;⁴
Gems, gold, and silver, form'd the service mostly,
Mother of pearl and coral the less costly.⁵

LXII.

The dinner made about a hundred dishes;
Lamb and pistachio nuts — in short, all meats,
And saffron soups, and sweetbreads; and the fishes
Were of the finest that e'er flounced in nets,
Drest to a Sybarite's most pamper'd wishes;
The beverage was various sherbets
Of raisin, orange, and pomegranate juice,
Squeezed through the rind, which makes it best for use.⁶

LXIII.

These were ranged round, each in its crystal ewer,
And fruits, and date-bread loaves closed the repast,
And Mocha's berry, from Arabia pure,
In small fine China cups, came in at last;
Gold cups of filigree made to secure
The hand from burning underneath them placed,
Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron too were boil'd
Up with the coffee, which (I think) they spoil'd.⁷

(pray note this), and the rest from my own observation. Remember, I never meant to conceal this at all, and have only not stated it, because Don Juan had no preface, nor name to it." — *Lord B. to Mr. Murray*, Aug. 23. 1821.]

⁵ ["A small table is brought in, when refreshments are served; it is of ebony, inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, tortoise-shell, ivory, gold, and silver." — *Tully's Tripoti*, 4to. 1816, p. 133.]

⁶ ["The beverage was various sherbets, composed of the juice of boiled raisins, oranges, and pomegranates, squeezed through the rind." — *Ibid.* p. 137.]

⁷ ["Coffee was served in small China cups; gold filigree cups were put under them. They introduced cloves, cinnamon, and saffron into the coffee." — *Ibid.* p. 132.]

LXIV.

The hangings of the room were tapestry, made
Of velvet panels, each of different hue,
And thick with damask flowers of silk inlaid;
And round them ran a yellow border too;
The upper border, richly wrought, display'd,
Embroider'd delicately o'er with blue,
Soft Persian sentences, in lilac letters,
From poets, or the moralists their betters.¹

LXV.

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

LXVI.

A beauty at the season's close grown hectic,
A genius who has drunk himself to death,
A rake turn'd methodistic, or Eclectic —²
(For that's the name they like to pray beneath) —³
But most, an alderman struck apoplectic,
Are things that really take away the breath, —
And show that late hours, wine, and love are able
To do not much less damage than the table.

LXVII.

Haidée and Juan carpeted their feet
On crimson satin, border'd with pale blue;
Their sofa occupied three parts complete
Of the apartment — and appear'd quite new;
The velvet cushions (for a throne more meet) —
Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew
A sun emboss'd in gold⁴, whose rays of tissue,
Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.⁵

LXVIII.

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

LXIX.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and
The tables, most of ebony inlaid
With mother of pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,

¹ ["The hangings of the room were of tapestry, made in panels of different coloured velvets, thickly inlaid with flowers of silk damask; a yellow border finished the tapestry at top and bottom, the upper border being embroidered with Moorish sentences out of the Koran in lilac letters." — *Tully*, p. 133.]

² ["See the Eclectic Review among the "Testimonies of Authors," ante, p. 580.]

³ ["For that's the name they like to cant beneath." — MS.]

⁴ ["The carpet was of crimson satin with a deep border of pale blue. The cushions that lay around were of crimson velvet; the centre ones were embroidered with a sun in gold."]

⁵ ["The upholsterer's 'fat lux' had bade to issue." — MS.]

⁶ ["Her chemise was covered with gold embroidery at the neck; over it she wore a gold and silver tissue jelick, with coral and pearl buttons, set quite close together down the front. The baracan she wore over her dress was of the finest crimson transparent gauze, between rich silk stripes of the same colour." — *Tully*, p. 31.]

Fretted with gold or silver: — by command,
The greater part of these were ready spread
With viands and sherbets in ice — and wine —
Kept for all comers, at all hours to dine.

LXX.

Of all the dresses I select Haidée's:
She wore two jelicks — one was of pale yellow;
Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise —
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow;
With buttons form'd of pearls as large as peas,
All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow,
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round her.⁶

LXXI.

One large gold bracelet clasp'd each lovely arm,
Lockless — so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretch'd and shut it without harm,
The limb which it adorn'd its only mould
So beautiful — its very shape would charm,
And clinging as if loath to lose its hold,
The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in.⁷

LXXII.

Around, as princess of her father's land,
A like gold bar above her instep roll'd,⁸
Announced her rank; twelve rings were on her hand;
Her hair was starr'd with gems; her veil's fine fold
Below her breast was fasten'd with a band
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told;
Her orange silk full Turkish trousers furl'd
Above the prettiest ankle in the world.

LXXIII.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun
Dyes with his morning light, — and would conceal
Her person⁹ if allow'd at large to run,
And still they seem resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

LXXIV.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife —
Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.¹⁰

⁷ This dress is Moorish, and the bracelets and bar are worn in the manner described. The reader will perceive hereafter, that as the mother of Haidée was of Fez, her daughter wore the garb of the country.

⁸ The bar of gold above the instep is a mark of sovereign rank in the women of the families of the deys, and is worn as such by their female relatives.

⁹ This is no exaggeration: there were four women whom I remember to have seen, who possessed their hair in this profusion; of these, three were English, the other was a Levantine. Their hair was of that length and quantity, that, when let down, it almost entirely shaded the person, so as nearly to render dress a superfluity. Of these, only one had dark hair; the Oriental's had, perhaps, the lightest colour of the four.

¹⁰ ["But Psyche owns no lord — She walks a goddess from above; All saw, all praised her, all adored, But no one ever dared to love." — *Cupid and Psyche*, from *Apuleius*, by Mr. HUDSON GURNEY, 1803.]

LXXV.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged (It is the country's custom¹), but in vain; For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed, The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain, And in their native beauty stood avenged: Her nails were touch'd with henna; but again The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for They could not look more rosy than before.

LXXVI.

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

LXXVII.

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

LXXVIII.

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

LXXIX.

He praised the present, and abused the past, Reversing the good custom of old days, An Eastern anti-jacobin at last He turn'd, preferring pudding to no praise— For some few years his lot had been o'er-cast By his seeming independent in his lays, But now he sung the Sultan and the Pacha With truth like Southey, and with verse like Crashaw.²

LXXX.

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

LXXXI.

But he had genius,—when a turncoat has it, The "Vates irritabilis" takes care That without notice few full moons shall pass it; Even good men like to make the public stare:—

¹ ["It was, and still is, the custom to tinge the eyes of the women with an impalpable powder, prepared chiefly from crude antimony. This pigment, when applied to the inner surface of the lids, communicates to the eye a tender and fascinating languor."—HABESCI.]

² ["Believed like Southey—and perused like Crashaw."—MS.—"Crashaw, the friend of Cowley, was honoured," says Warton, "with the praise of Pope; who both read his poems and borrowed from them. Being ejected from his fellowship

But to my subject—let me see—what was it?— Oh!—the third canto—and the pretty pair— Their loves, and feasts, and house, and dress, and mode Of living in their insular abode.

LXXXII.

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

LXXXIII.

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

LXXXIV.

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

LXXXV.

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

LXXXVI.

In France, for instance, he would write a chanson; In England a six canto quarto tale; In Spain, he'd make a ballad or romance on The last war—much the same in Portugal; In Germany, the Pegasus he'd prance on Would be old Goethe's—(see what says De Staël); In Italy he'd ape the "Trecentisti;"³ In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn like this t'ye:

I.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece! Where burning Sappho loved and sung, Where grew the arts of war and peace,— Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung! Eternal summer gilds them yet, But all, except their sun, is set.

at Peterhouse for denying the covenant, he turned Roman Catholic, and died canon of the church at Loreto." The following are from Cowley's lines on his death:—

"Angels (they say) brought the famed chapel there; And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air:— 'T is surer much they brought thee there; and they, And thou, their charge, went singing all the way."

³ [The poets of the fourteenth century—Dante, &c.]

2. The Scian¹ and the Teian muse,² The hero's harp, the lover's lute, Have found the fame your shores refuse; Their place of birth alone is mute To sounds which echo further west Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."³

3. The mountains look of Marathon⁴— And Marathon looks on the sea; And musing there an hour alone, I dream'd that Greece might still be free; For standing on the Persians' grave, I could not deem myself a slave.

4. A king sate on the rocky brow Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis; And ships, by thousands, lay below, And men in nations;—all were his! He counted them at break of day— And when the sun set where were they?⁵

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

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

7. Must we but weep o'er days more blest? Must we but blush?—Our fathers' blood Earth! render back from out thy breast A remnant of our Spartan dead! Of the three hundred grant but three, To make a new Thermopylæ!

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

9. In vain—in vain; strike other chords; Fill high the cup with Samian wine! Leave battles to the Turkish hordes, And shed the blood of Scio's vine!

¹ [Homer.] ² [Anacreon.] ³ The νησοὶ μαζαίων Of the Greek poets were supposed to have been the Cape de Verd Islands or the Canaries.

⁴ ["Eubœa looks on Marathon, And Marathon looks on the sea," &c.—MS.] ⁵ "Deep were the groans of Xerxes, when he saw This havoc; for his seat, a lofty mound Commanding the wide sea, o'erlook'd the hosts. With rueful cries he rent his royal robes, And through his troops embattled on the shore Gave signal of retreat; then started wild And fled disorder'd."—ÆSCHYLUS.

⁶ ["Which Hercules might deem his own."—MS.]

⁷ "Τὴν ἑλπίδα ἐν ἡμῶν σπονδῶν

Hark! rising to the ignoble call— How answers each bold Bacchanal!

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

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

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

13. Fill high the bowl with Samian wine! On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore, Exists the remnant of a line Such as the Doric mothers bore; And there, perhaps, some seed is sown, The Heracleidan blood might own.⁶

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

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

16. Place me on Sunium's marbled steep, Where nothing, save the waves and I, May hear our mutual murmurs sweep; There, swan-like, let me sing and die:⁷ A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine— Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!⁸

πρόβλημα ἀλιανόστον, ἀκρῶν ὑποπλακῶν Σαμίου. κ. τ. λ.—SOPH. Ajax, v. 1217.

⁸ [This glorious Ode on the aspirations of Greece after Liberty is instantly followed up by a strain of cold-blooded ribaldry: and, in this way, all good feelings are excited only to accustom us to their speedy and complete extinction, and we are brought back, from their transient and theatrical exhibition, to the staple and substantial doctrine of the work—the non-existence of constancy in women, or honour in men, and the folly of expecting to meet with any such virtues, or of cultivating them for an undeserving world;—and all this mixed up with so much wit and cleverness, and knowledge of human nature, as to make it irresistibly pleasant and plausible—while there is not only no antidote supplied, but every thing that might have operated in that way has been anticipated, and presented already in as strong and engaging a form as possible.—JEFFREY.]

LXXXVII.

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

LXXXVIII.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think;
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his.

LXXXIX.

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

XC.

And glory long has made the sages smile;
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
Depending more upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind:
Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle:
The present century was growing blind
To the great Marlborough's skill in giving knocks,
Until his late Life by Archdeacon Cox.

XCII.

Milton's the prince of poets—so we say;
A little heavy, but no less divine:
An independent being in his day—
Learn'd, pious, temperate in love and wine;
But his life falling into Johnson's way,
We're told this great high priest of all the Nine
Was whipt at college—a harsh sire—odd spouse,
For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.¹

XCIII.

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

¹ See Johnson's Life of Milton.

² ["Confined his pedlar poems to democracy."—MS.]

³ [See Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, 1817.]

⁴ ["Flourish'd its sophistry for aristocracy."—MS.]

⁵ [The followers of this fanatic are said to have amounted, at one time, to a hundred thousand. She announced herself as the mother of a second Shiloh, whose speedy advent she confidently predicted. A cradle of expensive materials was prepared for the expected prodigy. Dr. Reece and another medical man attested her dropsy; and many were her dupes down to the moment of her death, in 1814.]

⁶ [Here follows in the original MS.—

"Time has approved Ennui to be the best
Of friends, and opiate draughts; your love and wine,

XCIII.

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
He prated to the world of "Pantisocracy;"
Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who then
Season'd his pedlar poems with democracy;²
Or Coleridge³, long before his flighty pen
Let to the Morning Post its aristocracy;⁴
When he and Southey, following the same path,
Espoused two partners (milliners of Bath).

XCIV.

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

XCV.

He there builds up a formidable dyke
Between his own and others' intellect;
But Wordsworth's poem, and his followers, like
Joanna Southcote's Shiloh⁵, and her sect,
Are things which in this century don't strike
The public mind,—so few are the elect;
And the new births of both their stale virginities
Have proved but dropsies, taken for divinities.

XCVI.

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

XCVII.

I know that what our neighbours call "*longueurs*,"
(We've not so good a *word*, but have the *thing*,
In that complete perfection which ensures
An epic from Bob Southey every spring—)
Form not the true temptation which allures
The reader; but 't would not be hard to bring
Some fine examples of the *épopée*,
To prove its grand ingredient is *ennui*.⁶

XCVIII.

We learn from Horace, "Homer sometimes sleeps;"
We feel without him, Wordsworth sometimes
To show with what complacency he creeps, [wakes,—
With his dear "*Waggoners*," around his lakes.⁷
He wishes for "a boat" to sail the deeps—
Of ocean?—No, of air; and then he makes
Another outcry for "a little boat,"
And drivels seas to set it well afloat.⁸

Which shake so much the human brain and breast,
Must end in languor;—men must sleep like swine:
The happy lover and the welcome guest
Both sink at last into a swoon divine;
Full of deep raptures and of bumpers, they
Are somewhat sick and sorry the next day.⁹

⁷ [Wordsworth's "*Benjamin the Waggoner*," appeared in 1819.]

⁸ "There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I'll never float
Until I have a little boat," &c.

WORDSWORTH'S *Peter Bell*.

XCIX.

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

C.

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

CI.

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

CII.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so soft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,²
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

CIII.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
What though 'tis but a pictured image?—strike—
That painting is no idol,—'tis too like.

CIV.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print³—that I have no devotion;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest notion

¹ The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten."—Mr. W. WORDSWORTH'S *Preface*.

² ["While swung the signal from the sacred tower."—MS.]

³ ["Are not these pretty stanzas?—some folks say—
Downright in print."—MS.]

⁴ ["The first time I had a conversation with Lord Byron on the subject of religion was at Ravenna, my native country, in 1820, while we were riding on horseback in an extensive solitary wood of pines. The scene invited to religious meditation. It was a fine day in spring. 'How,' he said, 'raising our eyes to heaven, or directing them to the earth, can we doubt of the existence of God?—or how, turning them to what is within us, can we doubt that there is something more noble and durable than the clay of which we are formed?'—COUNT GAMBA.]

⁵ ["By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;

Of getting into heaven the shortest way;
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the great
Whole,
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

CV.

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
To where the last Casarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!⁴

CVI.

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along;
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng
Which learn'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover,—shadow'd my mind's eye.⁵

CVII.

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things⁶—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

CVIII.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!⁷

CIX.

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom
Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,
Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb;⁸
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
Of feeling for some kindness done, when power
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind."

DRYDEN'S *Theodore and Honoria*.]

⁶ "Ἐπιφέρει πάντα θεούς
Φεγγεῖσσι αἰῶν—φεγγεῖσσι αἰῶν,
Φεγγεῖσσι παῖδα."—*Fragment of Sappho*.

⁷ "Era già l'ora che volge" disio,
A' naviganti, e' mtenerisce il cuore;
Lo di ch'han detto a' dolci amici a dio;
E che lo nuovo peregrin d'amore
Punge, se ode Squilla di lontano,
Che paia 'l giorno pianger che si muore."

DANTE'S *Purgatory*, canto viii.
This last line is the first of Gray's *Elegy*, taken by him without acknowledgment.

⁸ See Suetonius for this fact.—["The public joy was so great upon the occasion of his death, that the common people ran up and down with caps upon their heads. And yet there

CX.

But I'm digressing; what on earth has Nero,
Or any such like sovereign buffoons,¹
To do with the transactions of my hero,
More than such madmen's fellow man—the moon's?
Sure my invention must be down at zero,
And I grown one of many "wooden spoons"
Of verse (the name with which we Cantabs please
To dub the last of honours in degrees).

CXI.

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

were some, who for a long time trimmed up his tomb with
spring and summer flowers, and one while placed his image
upon his rostra dressed up in state robes, another while pub-
lished proclamations in his name, as if he was yet alive, and
would shortly come to Rome again, with a vengeance to all
his enemies."¹

¹ ["I'm digressing—what on earth have Nero
And Wordsworth—both poetical buffoons," &c.
—MS.]

² [Canto III. originally included almost all the stanzas
which now form Canto IV. Cantos III., IV., and V. were
published together, in 8vo., in August, 1821. The following
are extracts from Lord Byron's letters to Mr. Murray:—
Ravenna. December 4. 1819.—"The third Canto of Don
Juan is completed, in about two hundred stanzas; very de-
cent, I believe, but do not know, and it is useless to discuss."
December 10. 1819.—"I have finished the third Canto,
but the things I have read and heard discourage all further
publication—at least for the present. The cry is up, and
cant is up. I should have no objection to return the price of
the copyright."

February 7. 1820.—"I have cut the third Canto into
two, because it was too long; and I tell you this beforehand,
because in case of any reckoning between you and me, these
two are only to go for *one*, as this was the original form,
and, in fact, the two together are not longer than one of the
first: so remember that I have not made this division to
double upon you.—I have not yet sent off the Cantos, and
have some doubt whether they ought to be published, for
they have not the spirit of the first. The outcry has not
frightened but it has *hurt* me, and I have not written *con
amore* this time."

October 12. 1820.—"I don't feel inclined to care further
about Don Juan. What do you think a very pretty Italian
lady said to me the other day? She had read it in the French,
and paid me some compliments, with due DRAWBACKS, upon
it. I answered, that what she said was true, but that I sus-
pected it would live longer than Childe Harold.—'Ah, but'
(said she) 'I would rather have the fame of Childe Harold
for three years than an IMMORTALITY of Don Juan!'" The
truth is, that *it is too true*, and the women hate many things
which strip off the tinsel of *sentiment*; and they are right, as
it would rob them of their weapons. I never knew a woman
who did not hate De Grammont's Memoirs for the same
reason."

We subjoin a single specimen of the contemporary criticism
on Cantos III., IV., and V.

"It seems to have become almost an axiom in the literary
world, that nothing is so painful to the sensibilities of an au-
thor as the palpable neglect of his productions. From this
species of mortification, no poet has ever, perhaps, been more
fully exempt than Lord Byron. None of his publications
have failed in at least exciting a sufficient portion of general
interest and attention; and even those among them which
the scrutinising eye of criticism might deem somewhat un-
worthy of his powers, have never compelled him, like many
of his poetical brethren, to seek refuge from the apathy and
want of discernment of contemporaries, in the consoling an-
ticipation of posthumous honours and triumphs. But, if we

Don Juan.

CANTO THE FOURTH.²

I.

NOTHING so difficult as a beginning
In poesy, unless perhaps the end;
For oftentimes when Pegasus seems winning
The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,
Like Lucifer when hurl'd from heaven for sinning;
Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
Being pride³, which leads the mind to soar too far,
Till our own weakness shows us what we are.⁴

II.

But Time, which brings all beings to their level,
And sharp Adversity, will teach at last
Man,—and, as we would hope,—perhaps the devil,
That neither of their intellects are vast:
While youth's hot wishes in our red veins revel,
We know not this—the blood flows on too fast;
But as the torrent widens towards the ocean,
We ponder deeply on each past emotion.⁵

are to infer, from the axiom already alluded to, that exten-
sive notoriety must be pleasing in the same proportion that
neglect is distressing to an author, then none of his lordship's
productions can afford him so ample a field for self-congratu-
lation as the Don Juan. Revilers and partisans have alike
contributed to the popularity of this singular work; and the
result is, that scarcely any poem of the present day has been
more generally read, or its continuation more eagerly and
impatiently awaited. Its poetical merits have been extolled
to the skies by its admirers; and the Priest and the Levite,
though they have joined to anathematise it, have not, when
they came in its way, 'passed by on the other side.'

"But little progress is made in the history and adventures
of the hero in these three additional cantos. The fact is,
however, that nothing has appeared, from the beginning, to
be farther from the author's intention, than to render his
Don Juan any thing like a regular narrative. On the con-
trary, its general appearance tends strongly to remind us of
the learned philosopher's treatise—'De rebus omnibus et
quibusdam aliis.' And here we cannot avoid remarking,
what an admirable method those persons must possess of
reconciling contradictions, who, in the same breath, censure
the poem for its want of plan, and impeach the writer of a
deliberate design against the religion and government of the
country. His lordship has himself given what appears to us
a very candid exposition of his motives—

—'the fact is, that I have nothing plann'd,
Unless it were to be a moment merry,
A novel word in my vocabulary.'

Indeed, the whole poem has completely the appearance of
being produced in those intervals in which an active and
powerful mind, habitually engaged in literary occupation,
relaxes from its more serious labours, and amuses itself with
comparative trifling. Hence the narrative is interrupted by
continual digressions, and the general character of the lan-
guage is that of irony and sarcastic humour;—an apparent
levity, which, however, often serves but as a veil to deep reflec-
tion. Nor can the talent of the master-hand be always con-
cealed: it involuntarily betrays itself in the touches of the
pathetic and sublime which frequently present themselves in
the course of the poem; in the thoughts 'too big for utter-
ance, and too deep for tears,' which are interspersed in
various parts of it."—CAMPBELL.]

³ ["—'Pride and worse Ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King,'
Paradise Lost."]

⁴ ["—'the same sin that overthrew the angels,
And of all sins most easily besets
Mortals the nearest to the angelic nature:
The vile are only vain; the great are proud.'
Marino Faliero. See *anti*, p. 207."]

⁵ ["Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more."
Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.]

III.

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,
And wish'd that others held the same opinion;
They took it up when my days grew more mellow,
And other minds acknowledged my dominion:
Now my sere fancy "falls into the yellow
Leaf¹," and Imagination droops her pinion,
And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

IV.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep; and if I weep,
'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy, for we must steep
Our hearts first in the depths of Lethe's spring,
Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep:
Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx;²
A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.³

V.

Some have accused me of a strange design
Against the creed and morals of the land,⁴
And trace it in this poem every line:
I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be *very* fine;
But the fact is that I have nothing plann'd,
Unless it were to be a moment merry,
A novel word in my vocabulary.

VI.

To the kind reader of our sober clime
This way of writing will appear exotic;
Pulci is sire of the half-serious rhyme,⁵
Who sang when chivalry was more Quixotic,
And revell'd in the fancies of the time, [despotic;
True knights, chaste dames, huge giants, kings
But all these, save the last, being obsolete,
I chose a modern subject as more meet.

VII.

How I have treated it, I do not know;
Perhaps no better than they have treated me,
Who have imputed such designs as show
Not what they saw, but what they wish'd to see:
But if it gives them pleasure, be it so;
This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free:
Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,
And tells me to resume my story here.⁶

VIII.

Young Juan and his lady-love were left
To their own hearts' most sweet society;
Even Time the pitiless in sorrow cleft
With his rude scythe such gentle bosoms; he

"'Tis a grand poem—and so true!—true as the 10th of
Juvenal himself. The lapse of ages changes all things—
time—language—the earth—the bounds of the sea—the
stars of the sky; and every thing 'about, around, and under-
neath' man, *except man himself*, who has always been, and
always will be, an unlucky rascal. The infinite variety of
lives conduct but to death, and the infinity of wishes lead but
to disappointment."—*Byron Diary*, 1821.]

¹ ["—'my May of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf.'"—*Macbeth*.]

² [Achilles is said to have been dipped by his mother in
the river Styx, to render him invulnerable.]

³ ["Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain."
Paradise Lost, b. vi.]

⁴ [e. g.—"Lord Byron is the very Comus of poetry, who,
by the bewitching airiness of his numbers, aims to turn the
mortal world into a herd of monsters."—WATKINS.
"Deep as Byron has dipped his pen into vice, he has
dipped it still deeper into immorality. Alas! he shines only
to mislead—he flashes only to destroy."—COLTON.]

Sigh'd to behold them of their hours bereft,
Though foe to love; and yet they could not be
Meant to grow old, but die in happy spring,
Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

IX.

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

X.

They were alone once more; for them to be
Thus was another Eden; they were never
Wearied, unless when separate: the tree
Cut from its forest root of years—the river
Damm'd from its fountain—the child from the knee
And breast maternal wean'd at once for ever,—
Would wither less than these two torn apart;⁷
Alas! there is no instinct like the heart—

XI.

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

XII.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore,⁸
And many deaths do they escape by this:
The death of friends, and that which slays even more—
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those who longest miss
The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to save.⁹

XIII.

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

"In Don Juan he is highly profane; but, in that poem, the
profaneness is in keeping with all the other qualities, and reli-
gion comes in for a sneer, or a burlesque, only in common
with every thing that is dear and valuable to us as moral and
social beings."—*Ecl. Rev.*

"Dost thou aspire, like a Satanic mind,
With vice to waste and desolate mankind?
Toward every rude and dark and dismal deed
To see them hurrying on with swifter speed?
To make them, from restraint and conscience free,
Bad as thyself, or worse—if such can be?"—COTTLE.]

⁵ [See *anti*, p. 482.]

⁶ ["Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthus aurem
Vellit, et admonuit."—*Virg. Ecl. vi.*]

⁷ [". . . "from its mother's knee
When its last weaning draught is drain'd for ever,
The child divided—it were less to see,
Than these two from each other torn apart."—MS.]

⁸ See Herodotus.

⁹ ["The less of this cold world, the more of Heaven." MILMAN.]