

## XIV.

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

## XV.

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

## XVI.

Moons changing had roll'd on, and changeless found  
Those their bright rise had lighted to such joys  
As rarely they beheld throughout their round ;  
And these were not of the vain kind which cloy,  
For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound  
By the mere senses ; and that which destroys  
Most love, possession, unto them appear'd  
A thing which each endearment more endear'd.

## XVII.

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

## XVIII.

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

## XIX.

This is in others a factitious state,  
An opium dream<sup>2</sup> of too much youth and reading,  
But was in them their nature or their fate :  
No novels e'er had set their young hearts bleeding,  
For Haidée's knowledge was by no means great,  
And Juan was a boy of saintly breeding ;  
So that there was no reason for their loves  
More than for those of nightingales or doves.

## XX.

They gazed upon the sunset ; 't is an hour  
Dear unto all, but dearest to *their* eyes,

<sup>1</sup> ["For theirs were buoyant spirits, which would bound  
'Gainst common failings," &c. — MS.]

<sup>2</sup> [The "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," by  
De Quincy, had been published shortly before this Canto  
was written.]

<sup>3</sup> ["Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself," &c. — SHAKESPEARE.]

For it had made them what they were : the power  
Of love had first o'erwhelmed them from such skies,  
When happiness had been their only dower,  
And twilight saw them link'd in passion's ties ;  
Charm'd with each other, all things charm'd that  
brought  
The past still welcome as the present thought.

## XXI.

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

## XXII.

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

## XXIII.

She turn'd to him, and smiled, but in that sort  
Which makes not others smile<sup>3</sup> ; then turn'd aside :  
Whatever feeling shook her, it seem'd short,  
And master'd by her wisdom or her pride ;  
When Juan spoke, too — it might be in sport —  
Of this their mutual feeling, she replied —  
"If it should be so, — but — it cannot be —  
Or I at least shall not survive to see."

## XXIV.

Juan would question further, but she press'd  
His lip to hers, and silenced him with this,  
And then dismiss'd the omen from her breast,  
Defying augury with that fond kiss ;  
And no doubt of all methods 't is the best :  
Some people prefer wine — 't is not amiss ;  
I have tried both<sup>4</sup> ; so those who would a part take,  
May choose between the headache and the heartache.

## XXV.

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

## XXVI.

Juan and Haidée gazed upon each other  
With swimming looks of speechless tenderness,  
Which mix'd all feelings, friend, child, lover, brother,  
All that the best can mingle and express

<sup>4</sup> ["The effect of all wines and spirits upon me is strange.  
It settles, but it makes me gloomy — gloomy at the very  
moment of their effect, and not gay hardly ever. But it  
composes for a time, though sullenly. Swimming raises my  
spirits, — but in general they are low, and get daily lower.  
That is hopeless ; for I do not think I am so much *ennuyé* as  
I was at nineteen." — *Byron Diary*, 1821.]

When two pure hearts are pour'd in one another,  
And love too much, and yet can not love less ;  
But almost sanctify the sweet excess  
By the immortal wish and power to bless.<sup>1</sup>

## XXVII.

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

## XXVIII.

They should have lived together deep in woods,  
Unseen as sings the nightingale<sup>2</sup> ; they were  
Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes  
Call'd social, haunts of Hate, and Vice, and Care :  
How lonely every freeborn creature broods !  
The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair ;  
The eagle soars alone ; the gull and crow  
Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below.

## XXIX.

Now pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,  
Haidée and Juan their siesta took,  
A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,  
For ever and anon a something shook  
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep ;  
And Haidée's sweet lips murmur'd like a brook  
A wordless music, and her face so fair  
Stirr'd with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air ;<sup>3</sup>

## XXX.

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream  
Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind  
Walks o'er it, was she shaken by the dream,  
The mystical usurper of the mind —<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ["Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend  
Towards a higher object. Love was given,  
Encouraged, sanction'd, chiefly for that end ;  
For this the passion to excess was driven —  
That self might be annull'd — her bondage prove  
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."  
WORDSWORTH'S *Laodamia*.]

<sup>2</sup> ["The shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :  
There can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses, and record my woes."  
SHAKESPEARE.]

<sup>3</sup> [In one of Wilson's minor poems, "On the Death of a  
Child" (1812), occurs this beautiful image : —  
"All her innocent thoughts,  
Like rose-leaves scatter'd."]

<sup>4</sup> ["We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps,  
and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of  
the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason ;  
and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our  
sleeps. At my nativity my ascendant was the watery sign of  
Scorpius ; I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I  
think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no  
way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardise of  
company ; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy,  
behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself  
awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful  
as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my  
dreams ; and this time also would I choose for my devotions ;  
but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our ab-  
stracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can  
only relate to our awakened souls a confused and broken tale  
of that that has passed." — SIR THOMAS BROWNE.]

<sup>5</sup> ["Strange state of being ! — for 't is still to be —  
And who can know all false what then we see ?" — MS.]

<sup>6</sup> ["One of the finest moral tales I ever read, is an account

O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem  
Good to the soul which we no more can bind,  
Strange state of being ! (for 't is still to be)  
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see.<sup>5</sup>

## XXXI.

She dream'd of being alone on the sea-shore,<sup>6</sup>  
Chain'd to a rock ; she knew not how, but stir  
She could not from the spot, and the loud roar  
Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening her ;  
And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to pour,  
Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they were  
Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high —  
Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

## XXXII.

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

## XXXIII.

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

## XXXIV.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,  
Pale as the foam that froth'd on his dead brow,  
Which she essay'd in vain to clear, (how sweet  
Were once her cares, how idle seem'd they now !)

of a dream in the Tatler, which, though it has every appear-  
ance of a real dream, comprehends a moral so sublime and  
so interesting, that I question whether any man who attends  
to it can ever forget it ; and, if he remembers, whether he  
can ever cease to be the better for it. Addison is the author  
of the paper ; and I shall give the story in his own elegant  
words : — "I was once in agonies of grief that are unutterable,  
and in so great a distraction of mind, that I thought myself  
even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occa-  
sion was as follows : — When I was a youth, in a part of the  
army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with  
an agreeable young woman of a good family in those parts,  
and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly re-  
ceived, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.  
We were, in a calm evening, diverting ourselves, on the top  
of a cliff, with the prospect of the sea ; and trifling away the  
time in such little fondnesses, as are most ridiculous to people  
in business, and most agreeable to those in love. In the  
midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a  
paper of verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I  
was following her ; when on a sudden the ground, though at  
a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk  
under her, and threw her down from so prodigious a height,  
upon such a range of rocks, as would have dashed her into  
ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of adamant.  
It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind  
upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to  
myself, it is not in the power of Heaven to relieve me — when  
I awaked, equally transported and astonished, to see myself  
drawn out of an affliction, which, the very moment before,  
appeared to be altogether inextricable." — What fable of  
Æsop, nay of Homer, or of Virgil, conveys so fine a moral ?  
Yet most people have, if I mistake not, met with such de-  
liverances by means of a dream. Let us not despise instruc-  
tion, how mean soever the vehicle may be that brings it.  
Even if it be a dream, let us learn to profit by it. For,  
whether asleep or awake, we are equally the care of Provi-  
dence ; and neither a dream, nor a waking thought, can  
occur to us without the permission of Him in whom we live,  
and move, and have our being." — DR. BEATTIE.]

Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat  
Of his quench'd heart; and the sea dirges low  
Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,  
And that brief dream appear'd a life too long.<sup>1</sup>

## XXXV.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face  
Faded, or alter'd into something new—  
Like to her father's features, till each trace  
More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—  
With all his keen worn look and Grecian grace;  
And starting, she awoke, and what to view?  
Oh! Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she  
there?  
'Tis—'tis her father's—fix'd upon the pair!

## XXXVI.

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

## XXXVII.

Up Juan sprung to Haidée's bitter shriek,  
And caught her falling, and from off the wall  
Snatch'd down his sabre, in hot haste to wreak  
Vengeance on him who was the cause of all:  
Then Lambro, who till now forbore to speak,  
Smiled scornfully, and said, "Within my call,  
A thousand scimitars await the word;  
Put up, young man, put up your silly sword."

## XXXVIII.

And Haidée clung around him; "Juan, 'tis—  
'Tis Lambro—'tis my father! Kneel with me—  
He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.  
Oh! dearest father, in this agony  
Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss  
Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be  
That doubt should mingle with my filial joy?  
Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy."

## XXXIX.

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

## XL.

"Young man, your sword;" so Lambro once more  
Juan replied, "Not while this arm is free." [said:]

<sup>1</sup> ["I awoke from a dream—well! and have not others dreamed?—Such a dream!—but she did not overtake me. I wish the dead would rest, however. Ugh! how my blood chilled—and I could not wake—and—heigho!"]

## Shadows to-night

Have struck more terror in the soul of Richard,  
Than could the substance of ten thousand,  
Arm'd all in proof, &c. &c.

I do not like this dream,—I hate its 'foregone conclusion.' And am I to be shaken by shadows? Ay, when they remind me of—no matter—but, if I dream thus again, I will try whether *all* sleep has the like visions. Since I rose, I've

The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread,  
And drawing from his belt a pistol, he  
Replied, "Your blood be then on your own head."  
Then look'd close at the flint, as if to see  
'T was fresh—for he had lately used the lock—  
And next proceeded quietly to cock.

## XLI.

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

## XLII.

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

## XLIII.

A minute past, and she had been all tears,  
And tenderness, and infancy; but now  
She stood as one who champion'd human fears—  
Pale, statue-like, and stern, she wo'd the blow;  
And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers,  
She drew up to her height, as if to show  
A fairer mark; and with a fix'd eye scan'd  
Her father's face—but never stopp'd his hand.

## XLIV.

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

## XLV.

I said they were alike, their features and  
Their stature, differing but in sex and years;  
Even to the delicacy of their hand<sup>2</sup>  
There was resemblance, such as true blood wears;  
And now to see them, thus divided, stand  
In fix'd ferocity, when joyous tears,  
And sweet sensations, should have welcomed both,  
Show what the passions are in their full growth.

been in considerable bodily pain also; but it is gone and over, and now, like Lord Ogleby, I am wound up for the day."—*Byron Journal*, 1813.]

<sup>2</sup> [The reader will observe a curious mark of propinquity which the poet notices, with respect to the hands of the father and daughter. Lord Byron, we suspect, is indebted for the first hint of this to Ali Pacha, who, by the bye, is the original of Lambro; for, when his lordship was introduced, with his friend Hobhouse, to that agreeable-mannered tyrant, the vizier said that he knew he was the Megalos Anthropos (*i. e.* the Great Man), by the smallness of his ears and hands.—GALT.]

## XLVI.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew  
His weapon, and replaced it; but stood still,  
And looking on her, as to look her through,  
"Not I," he said, "have sought this stranger's ill;  
Not I have made this desolation: few  
Would bear such outrage, and forbear to kill;  
But I must do my duty—how thou hast  
Done thine, the present vouches for the past.<sup>1</sup>

## XLVII.

"Let him disarm; or, by my father's head,  
His own shall roll before you like a ball!"  
He raised his whistle, as the word he said,  
And blew, another answer'd to the call,  
And rushing in disorderly, though led,  
And arm'd from boot to turban, one and all,  
Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank;  
He gave the word,— "Arrest or slay the Frank."

## XLVIII.

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew  
His daughter; while compress'd within his clasp,  
'T wixt her and Juan interposed the crew;  
In vain she struggled in her father's grasp—  
His arms were like a serpent's coil: then flew  
Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,  
The file of pirates; save the foremost, who  
Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut through.

## XLIX.

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

## L.

And then they bound him where he fell, and bore  
Juan from the apartment: with a sign  
Old Lambro bade them take him to the shore,  
Where lay some ships which were to sail at nine.<sup>2</sup>  
They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar  
Until they reach'd some galliots, placed in line;  
On board of one of these, and under hatches,  
They stow'd him, with strict orders to the watches.

## LI.

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

<sup>1</sup> ["And if I did my duty as *thou* hast, This hour were thine, and thy young minion's last."—MS.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Till further orders should his doom assign."—MS.]

<sup>3</sup> ["But thou, sweet fury of the fiery rill, Makest on the liver a still worse attack; Besides, thy price is something dearer still."—MS.]

<sup>4</sup> ["I have been considering what can be the reason why I always wake at a certain hour in the morning, and always in very bad spirits—I may say, in actual despair and despondency, in all respects, even of that which pleased me over night. In about an hour or two this goes off, and I compose either to sleep again, or, at least, to quiet. In England, five years ago, I had the same kind of hypochondria, but accompanied with so violent a thirst, that I have drunk as many as thirteen bottles of soda-water in one night, after going to bed, and been still thirsty. At present I have not the thirst, but the depression of spirits is no less violent. What is it?"

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

## LII.

Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic,  
Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears, green tea!  
Than whom Cassandra was not more prophetic;  
For if my pure libations exceed three,  
I feel my heart become so sympathetic,  
That I must have recourse to black Bohea:  
'T is pity wine should be so deleterious,  
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious.

## LIII.

Unless when qualified with thee, Cogniac!  
Sweet Naiad of the Phlegethontic rill!  
Ah! why the liver wilt thou thus attack,<sup>3</sup>  
And make, like other nymphs, thy lovers ill?<sup>4</sup>  
I would take refuge in weak punch, but *rack*  
(In each sense of the word), when'er I fill  
My mild and midnight beakers to the brim,  
Wakes me next morning with its synonym.

## LIV.

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

## LV.

There the large olive rains its amber store  
In marble fountains; there grain, and flower, and fruit,  
Gush from the earth until the land runs o'er;<sup>5</sup>  
But there, too, many a poison-tree has root,  
And midnight listens to the lion's roar,  
And long, long deserts scorch the camel's foot,  
Or heaving whelm the helpless caravan;  
And as the soil is, so the heart of man.

## LVI.

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth  
Her human clay is kindled; full of power  
For good or evil, burning from its birth,  
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,  
And like the soil beneath it will bring forth:  
Beauty and love were Haidée's mother's dower,  
But her large dark eye show'd deep Passion's force,  
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.<sup>6</sup>

—*liver*? I suppose that it is all hypochondria."—*Byron Diary*, 1821.]

<sup>5</sup> ["At Fez, the houses of the great and wealthy have, withinside, spacious courts, adorned with sumptuous galleries, fountains of the finest marble, and fish-ponds, shaded with orange, lemon, pomegranate, and fig trees, abounding with fruit, and ornamented with roses, hyacinths, jasmine, violets, and other odoriferous flowers, emitting a delectable fragrance; so that it is justly called a paradise."—JACKSON'S *Morocco*.]

<sup>6</sup> ["Beauty and passion were the natural dower Of Haidée's mother, but her climate's force Lay at her heart, though sleeping at the source."]

Or, "But in her large eye lay deep passion's force, Like to a lion sleeping by a source."

Or, "But in her large eye lay deep passion's force, As sleeps a lion by a river's source."—MS.]

## LVII.

Her daughter, temper'd with a milder ray,  
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,  
Till slowly charged with thunder they display  
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,  
Had held till now her soft and milky way ;  
But overwrought with passion and despair,  
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,  
Even as the Simoom<sup>1</sup> sweeps the blasted plains.

## LVIII.

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

## LIX.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes<sup>2</sup>  
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er ;<sup>3</sup>  
And her head droop'd as when the lily lies [bore  
O'ercharged with rain : her summon'd handmaids  
Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes ;  
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,  
But she defied all means they could employ,  
Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy.

## LX.

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

## LXI.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows  
When exquisitely chisell'd, still lay there,  
But fix'd as marble's unchanged aspect throws  
O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair ;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [The suffocating blast of the Desert. See *anté*, p. 65.]

<sup>2</sup> ["The blood gush'd from her lips, and ears, and eyes :  
Those eyes, so beautiful — beheld no more." — MS.]

<sup>3</sup> This is no very uncommon effect of the violence of conflicting and different passions. The Doge Francis Foscari, on his deposition in 1457, hearing the bells of St. Mark announce the election of his successor, "mourut subitement d'une hémorragie causée par une veine qui s'éclata dans sa poitrine," (see Sismondi and Daru, vols. i. and ii. : see also *anté*, p. 298.) at the age of eighty years, when "Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?" Before I was sixteen years of age, I was witness to a melancholy instance of the same effect of mixed passions upon a young person, who, however, did not die in consequence, at that time, but fell a victim some years afterwards to a seizure of the same kind, arising from causes intimately connected with agitation of mind.

<sup>4</sup> [See *anté*, p. 47. The view of the Venus of Medicis instantly suggests the lines in the "Seasons." —

"With wild surprise,  
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,  
A stupid moment motionless she stood :  
So stands the statue that enchants the world."  
HOBHOUSE.]

<sup>5</sup> ["The sublime mark of a great soul shines forth, in all its beauty, through those affecting expressions of pain and anguish that appear in the countenance of the famous Laocoon, and diffuse their horrors through his convulsed members. The bitterness of his torment seems to be imprinted on each muscle, and to swell every nerve ; and it is expressed with peculiar energy, by the contraction of the abdomen and

O'er the Laocoon's all eternal throes,<sup>5</sup>  
And ever-dying Gladiator's air,<sup>6</sup>  
Their energy like life forms all their fame,  
Yet looks not life, for they are still the same. —<sup>7</sup>

## LXII.

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

## LXIII.

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

## LXIV.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not ;  
Her father watch'd, she turn'd her eyes away ;  
She recognis'd no being, and no spot,  
However dear or cherish'd in their day ;  
They changed from room to room, but all forgot,  
Gentle, but without memory she lay ;  
At length those eyes, which they would fain be  
weaning  
Back to old thoughts, wax'd full of fearful meaning.

## LXV.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp ;  
The harper came, and tuned his instrument ;  
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,  
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,  
Then to the wall she turn'd as if to warp  
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent ;  
And he begun a long low island song  
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

all the lower parts of his body : this expression is so lively, that the attentive spectator partakes, in some measure, of the anguish it represents. The sufferings of the body and the elevation of the soul are expressed in every member with equal energy, and form the most sublime contrast imaginable. Laocoon suffers it, but he suffers like the Philoctetes of Sophocles ; his lamentable situation pierces the heart, but fills us, at the same time, with an ambitious desire of being able to imitate his constancy and magnanimity in the pains and sufferings that may fall to our lot." — WINKELMANN.

"In the group of the Laocoon, the frigid ecstasies of German criticism have discovered pity like a vapour swimming on the father's eyes ; he is seen to suppress in the groan for his children the shriek for himself — his nostrils are drawn upward, to express indignation at unworthy sufferings, whilst he is said at the same time to implore celestial help. To these are added the winged effects of the serpent-poison, the writhings of the body, the spasms of the extremities : to the miraculous organisation of such expression, Agesander, the sculptor of the Laocoon, was too wise to lay claim. His figure is a class : it characterises every beauty of virility verging on age ; the prince, the priest, the father are visible, but, absorbed in the man, serve only to dignify the victim of one great expression ; though poised by the artist for us, to apply the compass to the face of the Laocoon is to measure the way fluctuating in the storm : this tempestuous front, this contracted nose, the immersion of these eyes, and, above all, that long-drawn mouth, are, separate and united, seats of convulsion, features of nature, struggling within the jaws of death." — FUSSELL.]

<sup>6</sup> See *anté*, p. 52.]

<sup>7</sup> ["Distinct from life, as being still the same." — MS.]

## LXVI.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall  
In time to his old tune ; he changed the theme,  
And sung of love ; the fierce name struck through all  
Her recollection ; on her flash'd the dream  
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call  
To be so being ; in a gushing stream  
The tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded brain,  
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

## LXVII.

Short solace, vain relief : — thought came too quick,  
And whirl'd her brain to madness ; she arose  
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,  
And flew at all she met, as on her foes ;  
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,  
Although her paroxysm drew towards its close ; —  
Hers was a frenzy which disdain'd to rave,  
Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

## LXVIII.

Yet she betray'd at times a gleam of sense ;  
Nothing could make her meet her father's face,  
Though on all other things with looks intense  
She gazed, but none she ever could retrace ;  
Food she refused, and raiment ; no pretence  
Avail'd for either ; neither change of place,  
Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her  
Senses to sleep — the power seem'd gone for ever.

## LXIX.

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus ; at last,  
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show  
A parting pang, the spirit from her past :  
And they who watch'd her nearest could not know  
The very instant, till the change that cast  
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,  
Glazed o'er her eyes — the beautiful, the black —  
Oh ! to possess such lustre — and then lack !<sup>1</sup>

## LXX.

She died, but not alone ; she held within  
A second principle of life, which might  
Have dawn'd a fair and sinless child of sin ;<sup>2</sup>  
But closed its little being without light,  
And went down to the grave unborn, wherein  
Blossom and bough lie wither'd with one blight ;  
In vain the dews of Heaven descend above  
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

<sup>1</sup> ["And then he drew a dial from his poke,  
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,"  
As You Like It.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Have dawn'd a child of beauty, though of sin." — MS.]

<sup>3</sup> ["Duncan is in his grave :  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." — Macbeth.]

<sup>4</sup> [We think that few will withhold their sympathy from this affecting catastrophe, or refuse to drop a tear over the fate of the lovely and unfortunate Haidée, and to bid her

"sleep well  
By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell."

Over this charming creature the poet has thrown a beauty and a fascination, which were never, we think, surpassed. In this, as in the former cantos, he pours out a singular mixture of pathos, doggrel, wit, and satire ; taking a strange and almost malignant delight in dashing the laughter he has raised with tears, and crossing his finest and most affecting passages with burlesque ideas, against which no gravity is proof. — CAMPBELL.]

<sup>5</sup> ["No stone is there to read, nor tongue to say,  
No dirge — save when arise the stormy seas." — MS.]

<sup>6</sup> [It will be advanced that her amours are objectionable, by some fastidious critic,

## LXXI.

Thus lived — thus died she ; never more on her  
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made  
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,  
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid  
By age in earth : her days and pleasures were  
Brief, but delightful — such as had not staid  
Long with her destiny ; but she sleeps well<sup>3</sup>  
By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.<sup>4</sup>

## LXXII.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,  
Its dwellings down, its tenants pass'd away ;  
None but her own and father's grave is there,  
And nothing outward tells of human clay ;  
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,  
No stone is there to show, no tongue to say  
What was ; no dirge, except the hollow sea's,<sup>5</sup>  
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

## LXXIII.

But many a Greek maid in a loving song  
Sighs o'er her name ; and many an islander  
With her sire's story makes the night less long ;  
Valour was his, and beauty dwelt with her :  
If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong —<sup>6</sup>  
A heavy price must all pay who thus err,  
In some shape ; let none think to fly the danger,  
For soon or late Love is his own avenger.

## LXXIV.

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

## LXXV.

Wounded and fetter'd, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,"<sup>7</sup>  
Some days and nights elapsed before that he  
Could altogether call the past to mind ;  
And when he did, he found himself at sea,  
Sailing six knots an hour before the wind ;  
The shores of Ilion lay beneath their lee —  
Another time he might have liked to see 'em,  
But now was not much pleased with Cape Sigæum.<sup>8</sup>

"Who minces virtue, and doth shake the head  
To hear of pleasure's name."

If the loves of Juan and Haidée are not pure and innocent, and dictated with sufficient delicacy and propriety, the tender passion may as well be struck at once out of the list of the poet's themes. We must shut our eyes and harden our hearts against the master-passion of our existence ; and, becoming mere creatures of hypocrisy and form, charge even Milton himself with folly. — CAMPBELL.]

<sup>7</sup> ["But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, &c." — SHAKESPEARE.]

<sup>8</sup> [We had a full view of Mount Ida,

"Where Juno once caress'd her amorous Jove,  
And the world's master lay subdued by love."

We anchored at Cape Janissary, the famous promontory of Sigæum. My curiosity supplied me with strength to climb to the top of it, to see the place where Achilles was buried, and where Alexander ran naked round his tomb, in honour of him — which no doubt was a great comfort to his ghost. Farther downward we saw the promontory famed for the sepulchre of Ajax. While I reviewed these celebrated fields and rivers, I admired the exact geography of Homer, whom I had in my hand. Almost every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain is still just for it ; and I spent several hours here in as agreeable cogitations as ever Don Quixote had on Mount Montesinos. — LADY M. W. MONTAGU.]

## LXXXVI.

There, on the green and village-cotted hill, is  
(Flank'd by the Hellespont, and by the sea)  
Entomb'd the bravest of the brave, Achilles;  
They say so — (Bryant says the contrary):  
And further downward, tall and towering still, is<sup>1</sup>  
The tumulus — of whom? Heaven knows; 't may be  
Patroclus, Ajax, or Protesilaus;<sup>2</sup>  
All heroes, who if living still would slay us.

## LXXXVII.

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

## LXXXVIII.

Troops of untended horses; here and there  
Some little hamlets, with new names uncouth;  
Some shepherds, (unlike Paris) led to stare  
A moment at the European youth  
Whom to the spot their school-boy feelings bear;<sup>3</sup>  
A Turk, with beads in hand, and pipe in mouth,  
Extremely taken with his own religion,  
Are what I found there — but the devil a Phrygian.

## LXXXIX.

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

## LXXX.

He saw some fellow captives, who appear'd  
To be Italians, as they were in fact;  
From them, at least, *their* destiny he heard,  
Which was an odd one; a troop going to act

<sup>1</sup> [Proceeding towards the east, and round the bay distinctly pointed out by Strabo, as the harbour in which the Grecian fleet was stationed, we arrived at the sepulchre of Ajax, upon the ancient Rhaetian promontory. In all that remains of former ages, I know of nothing likely to affect the mind by emotions of local enthusiasm more powerfully than this most interesting tomb. It is impossible to view its sublime and simple form without calling to mind the veneration so long paid to it; without picturing to the imagination a successive series of mariners, of kings and heroes, who, from the Hellespont, or by the shores of Troas and Chersonesus, or on the sepulchre itself, poured forth the tribute of their homage; and, finally, without representing to the mind the feelings of a native, or of a traveller, in those times, who, after viewing the existing monument, and witnessing the instances of public and of private regard so constantly bestowed upon it, should have been told the age was to arrive when the existence of Troy, and of the mighty dead entombed upon its plain, would be considered as having no foundation in truth. — Dr. E. D. CLARKE.]

<sup>2</sup> ["The Troad is a fine field for conjecture and snipe-shooting, and a good sportsman and an ingenious scholar may exercise their feet and faculties to great advantage upon the spot; — or, if they prefer riding, lose their way, as I did, in a cursed quagmire of the Scamander, who wriggles about, as if the Dardan virgins still offered their wretched tribute. The only vestige of Troy, or her destroyers, are the barrows supposed to contain the carcases of Achilles, Antiochus, Ajax, &c.; but Mount Ida is still in high feather, though the shepherds are now-a-days not much like Ganymede." — *Byron Letters*, 1810.]

<sup>3</sup> [Nothing could be more agreeable than our frequent

In Sicily — all singers, duly rear'd  
In their vocation; had not been attack'd  
In sailing from Livorno by the pirate,  
But sold by the impresario at no high rate.<sup>4</sup>

## LXXXI.

By one of these, the buffo<sup>5</sup> of the party,  
Juan was told about their curious case;  
For although destined to the Turkish mart, he  
Still kept his spirits up — at least his face;  
The little fellow really look'd quite hearty,  
And bore him with some gaiety and grace,  
Showing a much more reconciled demeanour,  
Than did the prima donna and the tenor.

## LXXXII.

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

## LXXXIII.

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

## LXXXIV.

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

rambles. The peasants of the numerous villages, whom we frequently encountered ploughing with their buffaloes, or driving their creaking wicker cars, laden with faggots from the mountains, whether Greeks or Turks, showed no inclination to interrupt our pursuits. Parties of our crew might be seen scattered over the plain, collecting the tortoises which swarm on the sides of the rivulets, and are found under every furze-bush. — *Hobhouse*.]

<sup>4</sup> This is a fact. A few years ago a man engaged a company for some foreign theatre, embarked them at an Italian port, and carrying them to Algiers, sold them all. One of the women, returned from her captivity, I heard sing, by a strange coincidence, in Rossini's opera of "L'Italiana in Algeri," at Venice, in the beginning of 1817. — [We have reason to believe that the following, which we take from the MS. journal of a highly respectable traveller, is a more correct account: — "In 1812, a Signor Guariglia induced several young persons of both sexes — none of them exceeding fifteen years of age — to accompany him on an operatic excursion; part to form the opera, and part the ballet. He contrived to get them on board a vessel, which took them to Janina, where he sold them for the basest purposes. Some died from the effect of the climate, and some from suffering. Among the few who returned were a Signor Mollinari, and a female dancer named Bonfiglia, who afterwards became the wife of Crespi, the tenor singer. The wretch who so basely sold them was, when Lord Byron resided at Venice, employed as capo de' vestarj, or head tailor, at the Fenice." — *GRAHAM*.]

<sup>5</sup> [A comic singer in the opera buffa. The Italians, however, distinguish the buffo cantante, which requires good singing, from the buffo comico, in which there is more acting.]

## LXXXV.

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

## LXXXVI.

"As for the men, they are a middling set;  
The musico is but a crack'd old basin,  
But being qualified in one way yet,  
May the seraglio do to set his face in,<sup>2</sup>  
And as a servant some preferment get;  
His singing I no further trust can place in:  
From all the Pope<sup>3</sup> makes yearly 't would perplex  
To find three perfect pipes of the third sex.

## LXXXVII.

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

## LXXXVIII.

"'T would not become myself to dwell upon  
My own merits, and though young, — I see, Sir — you  
Have got a travell'd air, which speaks you one  
To whom the opera is by no means new:  
You've heard of Raucocanti<sup>4</sup>? — I'm the man;  
The time may come when you may hear me too;  
You was not last year at the fair of Lugo,  
But next, when I'm engaged to sing there — do go.

## LXXXIX.

"Our baritone<sup>5</sup> I almost had forgot,  
A pretty lad, but bursting with conceit:  
With graceful action, science not a jot,  
A voice of not great compass, and not sweet,  
He always is complaining of his lot,  
Forsooth, scarce fit for ballads in the street;  
In lovers' parts his passion more to breathe,  
Having no heart to show, he shows his teeth."

## XC.

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

## XCI.

They heard next day — that in the Dardanelles,  
Waiting for his Sublimity's firmān,

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

<sup>2</sup> ["To help the ladies in their dress and lacing." — *MS.*]

<sup>3</sup> It is strange that it should be the Pope and the Sultan, who are the chief encouragers of this branch of trade — women being prohibited as singers at St. Peter's, and not deemed trust-worthy as guardians of the harem.

<sup>4</sup> [Rauco-canti — may be rendered by Hoarse-song.]

The most imperative of sovereign spells,  
Which every body does without who can,  
More to secure them in their naval cells,  
Lady to lady, well as man to man,  
Were to be chain'd and lotted out per couple,  
For the slave market of Constantinople.

## XCII.

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

## XCIII.

With Raucocanti lucklessly was chain'd  
The tenor; these two hated with a hate  
Found only on the stage, and each more pain'd  
With this his tuneful neighbour than his fate;  
Sad strife arose, for they were so cross-grain'd,  
Instead of bearing up without debate,  
That each pull'd different ways with many an oath,  
"Arcades ambo," *id est* — blackguards both.<sup>6</sup>

## XCIV.

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

## XCV.

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

## XCVI.

No matter; we should ne'er too much inquire,  
But facts are facts: no knight could be more true,  
And firmer faith no lady-love desire;  
We will omit the proofs, save one or two:  
'T is said no one in hand "can hold a fire  
By thought of frosty Caucasus<sup>7</sup>;" but few,  
I really think; yet Juan's then ordeal  
Was more triumphant, and not much less real.

## XCVII.

Here I might enter on a chaste description,  
Having withstood temptation in my youth,<sup>8</sup>  
But hear that several people take exception  
At the first two books having too much truth;

<sup>5</sup> [A male voice, the compass of which partakes of those of the common bass and the tenor, but does not extend so far downwards as the one, nor to an equal height with the other. — *GRAHAM*.]

<sup>6</sup> ["That each pull'd different ways — and waxing rough, Had cuff'd each other, only for the cuff." — *MS.*]

<sup>7</sup> ["Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand, By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?" — *SHAKESPEARE*.]

<sup>8</sup> ["Having had some experience in my youth." — *MS.*]