

Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the ship soon,  
Because the publisher declares, in sooth,  
Through needles' eyes it easier for the camel is  
To pass, than those two cantos into families.

## XCVIII.

'T is all the same to me; I'm fond of yielding,  
And therefore leave them to the purer page  
Of Smollett, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding,  
Who say strange things for so correct an age;  
I once had great alacrity in wielding  
My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,  
And recollect the time when all this cant  
Would have provoked remarks which now it shan't.<sup>1</sup>

## XCIX.

As boys love rows, my boyhood liked a squabble;  
But at this hour I wish to part in peace,  
Leaving such to the literary rabble,  
Whether my verse's fame be doom'd to cease,  
While the right hand which wrote it still is able,  
Or of some centuries to take a lease;  
The grass upon my grave will grow as long,  
And sigh to midnight winds, but not to song.

## C.

Of poets who come down to us through distance  
Of time and tongues, the foster-babes of Fame,  
Life seems the smallest portion of existence;  
Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,  
'T is as a snowball which derives assistance  
From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,  
Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow;  
But, after all, 't is nothing but cold snow.

## CI.

And so great names are nothing more than nominal,  
And love of glory's but an airy lust,

<sup>1</sup> ["Don Juan will be known, *by and by*, for what it is intended—a satire on *abuses* in the present states of society, and not an eulogy of vice. It may be now and then voluptuous:—I can't help that. Ariosto is worse. Smollett (see Lord Strutwell in *Roderick Random*) ten times worse; and Fielding no better. No girl will ever be seduced by reading Don Juan:—No, no; she will go to *Little's Poems*, and *Rousseau's Romans* for that, or even to the immaculate De Staël. They will encourage her, and not the Don, who laughs at that, and—and—most other things. But never mind—*ça ira!*"]—Lord Byron to Mr. Murray, 1822.]

<sup>2</sup> ["I stood upon the plain of Troy daily, for more than a month, in 1810; and if any thing diminished my pleasure, it was that the blackguard Bryant had impugned its veracity."]—*Byron Diary*, 1821.]

<sup>3</sup> [It seems hardly to admit of doubt, that the plain of Anatolia, watered by the Mender, and backed by a mountainous ridge, of which Kazdaghy is the summit, offers the precise territory alluded to by Homer. The long controversy, excited by Mr. Bryant's publication, and since so vehemently agitated, would probably never have existed, had it not been for the erroneous maps of the country which, even to this hour, disgrace our geographical knowledge of that part of Asia.—Dr. E. D. CLARKE.]

<sup>4</sup> Although a real poet is naturally anxious to avail himself of interesting and well-known scenery, and a story hallowed by tradition, yet it is only so far as they suit his purpose, that either tradition or topography will be adhered to: and it is surely preposterous to expect that in a poem, so long, so varied, and so busy as that of Homer, he should exactly conform to the sober rules of the annalist, or the land-surveyor. It was the general opinion of antiquity, that Homer had, in many respects, departed from the truth of history in the action of his poem. Nor can any reason be assigned why he should not, by an equal privilege, have omitted or softened, or altered, such features of the scenery as interfered, in his opinion, with the effect or coherence of his narration. But, while a poet himself is seldom thus particular, it is the privilege of poetry to bestow, even on imaginary scenery, the minuteness and liveliness which convey the idea of accuracy,—and if only the general features of his picture are correct, the zeal of his admirers in after-ages will not fail to assign a local

Too often in its fury overcoming all  
Who would as 't were identify their dust  
From out the wide destruction, which, entombing all,  
Leaves nothing till "the coming of the just"—  
Save change: I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,<sup>2</sup>  
And heard Troy doubted<sup>3</sup>; time will doubt of Rome.

## CII.

The very generations of the dead  
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,  
Until the memory of an age is fled,  
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom:  
Where are the epitaphs our fathers read?  
Save a few glean'd from the sepulchral gloom  
Which once-named myriads nameless lie beneath,  
And lose their own in universal death.<sup>4</sup>

## CIII.

I canter by the spot each afternoon  
Where perish'd in his fame the hero-boy,  
Who lived too long for men, but died too soon  
For human vanity, the young De Foix!  
A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,  
But which neglect is hastening to destroy,  
Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,  
While weeds and ordure rankle round the base.<sup>5</sup>

## CIV.

I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid:  
A little cupola, more neat than solemn,  
Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid<sup>6</sup>  
To the bard's tomb<sup>7</sup>, and not the warrior's column:  
The time must come, when both alike decay'd,  
The chieftain's trophy, and the poet's volume,  
Will sink where lie the songs and wars of earth,  
Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth.

habitation to even the wildest of his features. The sexton of Melrose has already begun to point out the tomb of Michael Scott, as described in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; and though the main outlines of Homer's picture are perfectly copied from nature, yet we doubt not that many of those objects to which Strabo refers, instead of affording subjects for the bard to describe, derived, in after-days, their name and designation from his description."]—BISHOP HEBBER.

<sup>4</sup> ["Look back who list unto the former ages,  
And call to count what is of them become;  
Where be those learned wits and antique sages  
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect sum?  
Where those great warriors which did overcome  
The world with conquest of their might and main,  
And made one mear of the earth and of their reign."]—SPENSER.]

<sup>5</sup> The pillar which records the battle of Ravenna is about two miles from the city, on the opposite side of the river to the road towards Forlì. Gaston de Foix, who gained the battle, was killed in it: there fell on both sides twenty thousand men. The present state of the pillar and its site is described in the text.—[De Foix was Duke of Nemours, and nephew to Louis XII., who gave him the government of Milan, and made him general of his army in Italy. The young hero signalised his valour and abilities in various actions, which terminated in the battle of Ravenna, fought on Easter-day, 1512. After he had obtained the victory, he could not be dissuaded from pursuing a body of Spanish infantry, which retreated in good order. Making a furious charge on this brave troop, he was thrown from his horse, and despatched by a thrust of a pike. He perished in his twenty-fourth year, and the king's affliction for his death embittered all the joy arising from his success.—MORERI.]

<sup>6</sup> ["Protects his tomb, but greater care is paid."]—MS.]  
<sup>7</sup> [Dante was buried ("in sacra minorum æde") at Ravenna, in a handsome tomb, which was erected by his protector, Guido da Polenta, restored by Bernardo Bembo in 1483, again restored by Cardinal Corsi in 1692, and replaced by a more magnificent sepulchre in 1780, at the expense of the Cardinal Luigi Valent Gonzaga. The Florentines having in vain and frequently attempted to recover his body, crowned his image in a church, and his picture is still one of the idols of their cathedral.—HOBHOUSE.]

## CV.

With human blood that column was cemented,  
With human filth that column is defiled,  
As if the peasant's coarse contempt were vented  
To show his loathing of the spot he soil'd:<sup>1</sup>  
Thus is the trophy used, and thus lamented  
Should ever be those blood-hounds, from whose wild  
Instinct of gore and glory earth has known  
Those sufferings Dante saw in hell alone.<sup>2</sup>

## CVI.

Yet there will still be bards: though fame is smoke,  
Its fumes are frankincense to human thought;  
And the unquiet feelings, which first woke  
Song in the world, will seek what then they  
sought;<sup>3</sup>  
As on the beach the waves at last are broke,  
Thus to their extreme verge the passions brought  
Dash into poetry<sup>4</sup>, which is but passion,  
Or at least was so ere it grew a fashion.

## CVII.

If in the course of such a life as was  
At once adventurous and contemplative,  
Men who partake all passions as they pass,  
Acquire the deep and bitter power to give<sup>5</sup>  
Their images again as in a glass,  
And in such colours that they seem to live;  
You may do right forbidding them to show 'em,  
But spoil (I think) a very pretty poem.

## CVIII.

Oh! ye, who make the fortunes of all books!  
Benign Ceruleans of the second sex!  
Who advertise new poems by your looks,  
Your "imprimatur" will ye not annex?  
What! must I go to the oblivious cooks?<sup>6</sup>  
Those Cornish plunderers of Parnassian wrecks?  
Ah! must I then the only minstrel be,  
Proscribed from tasting your Castalian tea!<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ["With human ordure is it now defiled,  
As if the peasant's scorn this mode invented  
To show his loathing of the thing he soil'd."]—MS.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Those sufferings once reserved for Hell alone."]—MS.]

<sup>3</sup> ["Its fumes are frankincense; and were there nought  
Even of this vapour, still the chilling yoke  
Of silence would not long be borne by Thought."]—MS.]

<sup>4</sup> ["The *Bride of Abydos* was written in four nights, to distract my dreams from . . . Were it not thus, it had never been composed; and had I not done something at that time, I must have gone mad, by eating my own heart—bitter diet!"—*Byron Diary*, 1813.]

<sup>5</sup> ["I have drunk deep of passions as they pass,  
And dearly bought the bitter power to give."]—MS.]

<sup>6</sup> ["To pastry-cooks and moths, 'and there an end.'"]—GIFFORD.]

<sup>7</sup> ["What! must I go with Wordy to the cooks?  
Read—were it but your Grandmother's to vex—  
And let me not the only minstrel be  
Cut off from tasting your Castalian tea."]—MS.]

<sup>8</sup> ["Away, then, with the senseless iteration of the word *popularity!* In every thing which is to send the soul into herself, to be admonished of her weakness, or to be made conscious of her strength; wherever life and nature are described as operated upon by the creative or abstracting virtue of the imagination; wherever the instinctive wisdom of antiquity, and her heroic passions, uniting, in the heart of the Poet, with the meditative wisdom of later ages, have produced that accord of sublimated humanity, which is at once a history of the remote past, and a prophetic announcement of the remotest future—*there*, the Poet must reconcile himself

## CXI.

What! can I prove "a lion" then no more?  
A ball-room bard, a foolscap, hot-press darling?  
To bear the compliments of many a bore,  
And sigh, "I can't get out," like Yorick's starling;  
Why then I'll swear, as poet Wordy swore,  
(Because the world won't read him, always snarling)  
That taste is gone, that fame is but a lottery,  
Drawn by the blue-coat misses of a coterie.<sup>8</sup>

## CXII.

Oh! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"  
As some one somewhere sings about the sky,  
And I, ye learned ladies, say of you;  
They say your stockings are so—(Heaven knows  
why,  
I have examined few pair of that hue);  
Blue as the garters which serenely lie  
Round the Patrician left-legs, which adorn  
The festal midnight, and the levee morn.<sup>9</sup>

## CXIII.

Yet some of you are most seraphic creatures—  
But times are alter'd since, a rhyming lover,  
You read my stanzas, and I read your features:  
And—but no matter, all those things are over;  
Still I have no dislike to learned natures,  
For sometimes such a world of virtues cover;  
I knew one woman of that purple school,  
The loveliest, chastest, best, but—quite a fool.

## CXIV.

Humboldt, "the first of travellers," but not  
The last, if late accounts be accurate,  
Invented, by some name I have forgot,  
As well as the sublime discovery's date,  
An airy instrument, with which he sought  
To ascertain the atmospheric state,  
By measuring "the intensity of blue:"<sup>10</sup>  
Oh, Lady Daphne! let me measure you!<sup>11</sup>

for a season to few and scattered hearers."—WORDSWORTH'S *Second Preface*.]

<sup>9</sup> ["Not having look'd at many of that hue,  
Nor garters—save those of the '*honi soit*'—which lie  
Round the Patrician legs which walk about,  
The ornaments of levee and of rout."]—MS.]

<sup>10</sup> [The cyanometer—an instrument invented for ascertaining the intensity of the blue colour of the sky. On the summit of high mountains, elevated above the grosser portions of the atmosphere, it might be curious to compare experiments with those made with the same kind of instrument by M. Saussure on the Alps; but it is mere ostentation to talk, as M. de Humboldt does, of such experiments made at sea with a view of being useful to navigation. We prefer, as more simple and more correct, that natural diaphanometer, which for ages has regulated the prognostics of mariners—"a great paleness of the setting sun, a wan colour, an extraordinary disfiguration of its disc;" though we should be cautious in admitting that these meteorological phenomena are the unequivocal signs of a tempest. The marine barometer is far more important to the mariner than hygrometers or cyanometers. By this instrument a change of weather never fails to be indicated by the least rising or falling of the mercury in the tube; the descent, in tropical latitudes, of an eighth of an inch, when at a distance from the land, is the unequivocal indication of an approaching storm. Many a ship has been saved from destruction by the timely notice given by this instrument to prepare for a storm; and no ship should be permitted to go to sea without one.—BARROW.]

<sup>11</sup> ["I'll back a London '*Bas*' against Peru."  
Or,  
"I'll bet some pair of stockings beat Peru."  
Or,  
"And so, old Sotheby, we'll measure you."]—MS.]



## CXIII.

But to the narrative:—The vessel bound  
With slaves to sell off in the capital,  
After the usual process, might be found  
At anchor under the seraglio wall;  
Her cargo, from the plague being safe and sound,  
Were landed in the market<sup>1</sup>, one and all,  
And there with Georgians, Russians, and Circassians,  
Bought up for different purposes and passions.

## CXIV.

Some went off dearly; fifteen hundred dollars  
For one Circassian, a sweet girl, were given,  
Warranted virgin; beauty's brightest colours  
Had deck'd her out in all the hues of heaven:  
Her sale sent home some disappointed bawlers,  
Who bade on till the hundreds reach'd eleven;<sup>2</sup>  
But when the offer went beyond, they knew  
'T was for the Sultan, and at once withdrew.

## CXV.

Twelve negresses from Nubia brought a price  
Which the West Indian market scarce could bring;  
Though Wilberforce, at last, has made it twice  
What 't was ere Abolition; and the thing  
Need not seem very wonderful, for vice  
Is always much more splendid than a king:  
The virtues, even the most exalted, Charity,  
Are saving—vice spares nothing for a rarity.

## CXVI.

But for the destiny of this young troop,  
How some were bought by pachas, some by Jews,  
How some to burdens were obliged to stoop,  
And others rose to the command of crews

[<sup>1</sup> The slave-market is a quadrangle, surrounded by a covered gallery, and ranges of small and separate apartments. Here the poor wretches sit in a melancholy posture. Such of them, both men and women, to whom dame Nature has been niggardly of her charms, are set apart for the vilest purposes: but such girls as have youth and beauty, pass their time well enough. The retailers of this human ware are the Jews, who take good care of their slaves' education, that they may sell the better: their choicest they keep at home, and there you must go, if you would have better than ordinary; for it is here, as in markets for horses, the handsomest do not always appear, but are kept within doors."—TOURNEFORT.]

<sup>2</sup> [The manner of purchasing slaves is thus described in the plain and unaffected narrative of a German merchant, "which," says Mr. Thornton, "as I have been able to ascertain its general authenticity, may be relied upon as correct." The girls were introduced to me one after another. A Circassian maiden, eighteen years old, was the first who presented herself: she was well-dressed, and her face was covered with a veil. She advanced towards me, bowed down and kissed my hand: by order of her master she walked backwards and forwards, to show her shape and the easiness of her gait and carriage. When she took off her veil, she displayed a bust of the most attractive beauty: she rubbed her cheeks with a wet napkin to prove that she had not used art to heighten her complexion; and she opened her inviting lips, to show a regular set of teeth of pearly whiteness. I was permitted to feel her pulse, that I might be convinced of the good state of her health and constitution. She was then ordered to retire while we deliberated upon the bargain. The price of this beautiful girl was four thousand piastres."—See Voyage de N. E. Kleeman, and also Thornton's Turkey, vol. ii. p. 289.]

<sup>3</sup> ["The females stood, till chosen each as victim  
To the soft oath of 'Ana seing Siktum!'"—MS.]

<sup>4</sup> [Canto V. was begun at Ravenna, October the 16th, and finished November the 20th, 1820. It was published late in 1821, along with Cantos III. and IV.; and here the Poet meant to stop—for what reason, the subjoined extracts from his letters will show:

February 16, 1821. "The fifth is so far from being the last of Don Juan, that it is hardly the beginning. I meant to take him the tour of Europe, with a proper mixture of siege,

As renegadoes; while in hapless group,  
Hoping no very old vizier might choose,  
The females stood, as one by one they pick'd 'em,  
To make a mistress, or fourth wife, or victim:<sup>3</sup>

## CXVII.

All this must be reserved for further song;  
Also our hero's lot, how'er unpleasant  
(Because this Canto has become too long),  
Must be postponed discreetly for the present;  
I'm sensible redundancy is wrong,  
But could not for the muse of me put less in 't:  
And now delay the progress of Don Juan,  
Till what is call'd in Ossian the fifth Duan.

## Don Juan.

CANTO THE FIFTH.<sup>4</sup>

## I.

WHEN amatory poets sing their loves  
In liquid lines mellifluously bland,  
And pair their rhymes as Venus yokes her doves,  
They little think what mischief is in hand;  
The greater their success the worse it proves,  
As Ovid's verse may give to understand;  
Even Petrarch's self, if judged with due severity,  
Is the Platonic pimp of all posterity.<sup>5</sup>

battle, and adventure, and to make him finish as Anarcharis Cloots, in the French Revolution. To how many cantos this may extend, I know not, nor whether (even if I live) I shall complete it; but this was my notion. I meant to have made him a Cavalier Servente in Italy, and a cause for a divorce in England, and a sentimental 'Werther-faced man' in Germany, so as to show the different ridicules of the society in each of those countries, and to have displayed him gradually *gâté* and *blasé* as he grew older, as is natural. But I had not quite fixed whether to make him end in hell, or in an unhappy marriage; not knowing which would be the severest: the Spanish tradition says hell: but it is probably only an allegory of the other state. You are now in possession of my notions on the subject."

July 6, 1821. "At the particular request of the Countess Guiccioli I have promised not to continue Don Juan. You will therefore look upon these three Cantos as the last of the poem. She had read the two first in the French translation, and never ceased beseeching me to write no more of it. The reason of this is not at first obvious to a superficial observer of FOREIGN manners; but it arises from the wish of all women to exalt the sentiment of the passions, and to keep up the illusion which is their empire. Now, Don Juan strips off this illusion, and laughs at that and most other things. I never knew a woman who did not protect Rousseau, nor one who did not dislike De Grammont, Gil Blas, and all the comedy of the passions, when brought out naturally. But 'king's blood must keep word,' as Sergeant Bothwell says."

September 4, 1821. "I read over the Juans, which are excellent. Your squad are quite wrong; and so you'll find, by and by. I regret that I do not go on with it, for I had all the plan for several cantos, and different countries and climes. You say nothing of the note I enclosed to you, which will explain why I agreed to discontinue it."

In Madame Guiccioli's note, here referred to, she had said, "Remember, my Byron, the promise you have made me. Never shall I be able to tell you the satisfaction I feel from it; so great are the sentiments of pleasure and confidence with which the sacrifice you have made has inspired me." In a postscript to the note she adds, "Mi reverese solo che Don Giovanni non resti all' Inferno." "I am only sorry that Don Juan was not left in the infernal regions."

<sup>5</sup> [See APPENDIX: "Hobhouse's Historical Notes to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold."]

## II.

I therefore do denounce all amorous writing,  
Except in such a way as not to attract;  
Plain—simple—short, and by no means inviting,  
But with a moral to each error tack'd,  
Form'd rather for instructing than delighting,  
And with all passions in their turn attack'd;  
Now, if my Pegasus should not be shod ill,  
This poem will become a moral model.

## III.

The European with the Asian shore  
Sprinkled with palaces; the ocean stream<sup>1</sup>  
Here and there studded with a seventy-four;  
Sophia's cupola with golden gleam;<sup>2</sup>  
The cypress groves; Olympus high and hoar;  
The twelve isles, and the more than I could dream,  
Far less describe, present the very view  
Which charm'd the charming Mary Montagu.<sup>3</sup>

## IV.

I have a passion for the name of "Mary,"<sup>4</sup>  
For once it was a magic sound to me;  
And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,  
Where I beheld what never was to be;  
All feelings changed, but this was last to vary,  
A spell from which even yet I am not quite free:  
But I grow sad—and let a tale grow cold,  
Which must not be pathetically told.

## V.

The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave  
Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades;  
'T is a grand sight from off "the Giant's Grave"<sup>5</sup>  
To watch the progress of those rolling seas  
Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave  
Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease;  
There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,  
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.

## VI.

'T was a raw day of Autumn's bleak beginning,  
When nights are equal, but not so the days;  
The Paræ then cut short the further spinning  
Of seamen's fates, and the loud tempests raise<sup>6</sup>  
The waters, and repentance for past sinning  
In all, who o'er the great deep take their ways:  
They vow to amend their lives, and yet they don't;  
Because if drown'd, they can't—if spared, they won't.

<sup>1</sup> *Ἰσθμὸς Ἰεσίου*. This expression of Homer has been much criticised. It hardly answers to our Atlantic ideas of the ocean, but is sufficiently applicable to the Hellespont, and the Bosphorus, with the *Ægean* intersected with islands.

<sup>2</sup> ["Lady Mary Wortley errs strangely when she says, 'St. Paul's would cut a strange figure by St. Sophia.' I have been in both, surveyed them inside and out attentively. St. Sophia's is undoubtedly the most interesting, from its immense antiquity, and the circumstance of all the Greek emperors, from Justinian, having been crowned there, and several murdered at the altar, besides the Turkish sultans who attended it regularly. But it is not to be mentioned in the same page with St. Paul's (I speak like a Cockney)."—Byron Letters, 1810.]

<sup>3</sup> ["The pleasure of going in a barge to Chelsea is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the sea here, where, for twenty miles together, down the Bosphorus, the most beautiful variety of prospects present themselves. The Asian side is covered with fruit trees, villages, and the most delightful landscapes in nature; on the European stands Constantinople, situated on seven hills; showing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress trees, palaces, mosques, and public buildings, raised one above another, with as much beauty and appearance of symmetry as you ever saw in a cabinet adorned by the most skillful hands, where jars show themselves above jars, mixed with canisters, babies, and candlesticks. This is

## VII.

A crowd of shivering slaves of every nation,  
And age, and sex, were in the market ranged;  
Each bevy with the merchant in his station:  
Poor creatures! their good looks were sadly changed.  
All save the blacks seem'd jaded with vexation,  
From friends, and home, and freedom far estranged;  
The negroes more philosophy display'd,—  
Used to it, no doubt, as eels are to be flay'd.

## VIII.

Juan was juvenile, and thus was full,  
As most at his age are, of hope, and health;  
Yet I must own, he look'd a little dull,  
And now and then a tear stole down by stealth;  
Perhaps his recent loss of blood might pull  
His spirit down; and then the loss of wealth,  
A mistress, and such comfortable quarters,  
To be put up for auction amongst Tartars,

## IX.

Were things to shake a stoic; ne'ertheless,  
Upon the whole his carriage was serene:  
His figure, and the splendour of his dress,  
Of which some gilded remnants still were seen,  
Drew all eyes on him, giving them to guess  
He was above the vulgar by his mien;  
And then, though pale, he was so very handsome;  
And then—they calculated on his ransom.<sup>7</sup>

## X.

Like a backgammon board the place was dotted  
With whites and blacks, in groups on show for sale,  
Though rather more irregularly spotted:  
Some bought the jet, while others chose the pale.  
It chanced amongst the other people lotted,  
A man of thirty, rather stout and hale,<sup>8</sup>  
With resolution in his dark grey eye,  
Next Juan stood, till some might choose to buy.

## XI.

He had an English look; that is, was square  
In make, of a complexion white and ruddy,  
Good teeth, with curling rather dark brown hair,  
And, it might be from thought, or toil, or study,  
An open brow a little mark'd with care:  
One arm had on a bandage rather bloody;  
And there he stood with such *sang-froid*, that greater  
Could scarce be shown even by a mere spectator.

a very odd comparison; but it gives me an exact idea of the thing."—LADY M. W. MONTAGU.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *anté*, p. 384.]

<sup>5</sup> The "Giant's Grave" is a height on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, much frequented by holiday parties; like Harrow and Highgate. [In less than an hour, we were on the top of the mountain, and repaired to the Tekeh, or Dervishes' chapel, where we were shown, in the adjoining garden, a flower-bed more than fifty feet long, rimmed round with stone, and having a sepulchral turban at each end, which preserves a superstition attached to the spot long before the time of the Turks, or of the Byzantine Christians; and which, after having been called the tomb of Amycus, and the bed of Hercules, is now known as the Giant's Grave.—HOBHOUSE.]

<sup>6</sup> ["For then the Paræ are most busy spinning  
The fates of seamen; and the loud winds raise."—MS.]

<sup>7</sup> ["That he a man of rank and birth had been,  
And then they calculated on his ransom,  
And last not least—he was so very handsome."—MS.]

<sup>8</sup> ["It chanced, that near him, separately lotted,  
From out the group of slaves put up for sale,  
A man of middle age, and," &c.—MS.]



## XII.

But seeing at his elbow a mere lad,  
Of a high spirit evidently, though  
At present weigh'd down by a doom which had  
O'erthrown even men, he soon began to show  
A kind of blunt compassion for the sad  
Lot of so young a partner in the woe,  
Which for himself he seem'd to deem no worse  
Than any other scrape, a thing of course.

## XIII.

"My boy!"—said he, "amidst this motley crew  
Of Georgians, Russians, Nubians, and what not,  
All ragamuffins differing but in hue,  
With whom it is our luck to cast our lot,  
The only gentlemen seem I and you;  
So let us be acquainted, as we ought:  
If I could yield you any consolation, [nation?"  
'T would give me pleasure.—Pray, what is your

## XIV.

When Juan answer'd—"Spanish!" he replied,  
"I thought, in fact, you could not be a Greek;  
Those servile dogs are not so proudly eyed:  
Fortune has play'd you here a pretty freak,  
But that's her way with all men, till they're tried;  
But never mind,—she'll turn, perhaps, next week;  
She has served me also much the same as you,  
Except that I have found it nothing new."

## XV.

"Pray, sir," said Juan, "if I may presume, [rare—  
What brought you here?"—"Oh! nothing very  
Six Tartars and a drag-chain—"—"To this doom  
But what conducted, if the question's fair,  
Is that which I would learn."—"I served for some  
Months with the Russian army here and there,  
And taking lately, by Suwarrow's bidding,  
A town, was ta'en myself instead of Widdin."<sup>1</sup>

## XVI.

"Have you no friends?"—"I had—but, by God's  
blessing,  
Have not been troubled with them lately. Now  
I have answer'd all your questions without pressing,  
And you an equal courtesy should show."  
"Alas!" said Juan, "'t were a tale distressing,  
And long besides."—"Oh! if 't is really so,  
You're right on both accounts to hold your tongue;  
A sad tale saddens doubly, when 't is long.

## XVII.

"But droop not: Fortune at your time of life,  
Although a female moderately fickle,  
Will hardly leave you (as she's not your wife)  
For any length of days in such a pickle.  
To strive, too, with our fate were such a strife  
As if the corn-sheaf should oppose the sickle:  
Men are the sport of circumstances, when  
The circumstances seem the sport of men."

## XVIII.

"'T is not," said Juan, "for my present doom  
I mourn, but for the past;—I loved a maid:"—  
He paused, and his dark eye grew full of gloom;  
A single tear upon his eyelash staid  
A moment, and then dropp'd; "but to resume,  
'T is not my present lot, as I have said,  
Which I deplore so much; for I have borne  
Hardships which have the hardest overwon,

<sup>1</sup> [A considerable town in Bulgaria, on the right bank of the Danube.]

## XIX.

"On the rough deep. But this last blow—" and here  
He stopp'd again, and turn'd away his face.  
"Ay," quoth his friend, "I thought it would appear  
That there had been a lady in the case;  
And these are things which ask a tender tear,  
Such as I, too, would shed if in your place:  
I cried upon my first wife's dying day,  
And also when my second ran away:

## XX.

"My third—"—"Your third!" quoth Juan, turn-  
ing round;  
"You scarcely can be thirty: have you three?"  
"No—only two at present above ground:  
Surely 't is nothing wonderful to see  
One person thrice in holy wedlock bound!"  
"Well, then, your third," said Juan; "what did she?  
She did not run away, too,—did she, sir?"  
"No, faith."—"What then?"—"I ran away from her."

## XXI.

"You take things coolly, sir," said Juan. "Why,"  
Replied the other, "what can a man do?  
There still are many rainbows in your sky,  
But mine have vanish'd. All, when life is new,  
Commence with feelings warm, and prospects high;  
But time strips our illusions of their hue,  
And one by one in turn, some grand mistake  
Casts off its bright skin yearly like the snake.

## XXII.

"'T is true, it gets another bright and fresh,  
Or fresher, brighter; but the year gone through,  
This skin must go the way, too, of all flesh,  
Or sometimes only wear a week or two;—  
Love's the first net which spreads its deadly mesh;  
Ambition, Avarice, Vengeance, Glory, glue  
The glittering lime-twigs of our latter days,  
Where still we flutter on for pence or praise."

## XXIII.

"All this is very fine, and may be true,"  
Said Juan; "but I really don't see how  
It betters present times with me or you."  
"No?" quoth the other; "yet you will allow  
By setting things in their right point of view,  
Knowledge, at least, is gain'd; for instance, now,  
We know what slavery is, and our disasters  
May teach us better to behave when masters."

## XXIV.

"Would we were masters now, if but to try  
Their present lessons on our Pagan friends here,"  
Said Juan,—"swallowing a heart-burning sigh:  
"Heaven help the scholar whom his fortune sends  
here!"  
"Perhaps we shall be one day, by and by," [here;  
Rejoin'd the other, "when our bad luck mends  
Meantime (yon old black eunuch seems to eye us)  
I wish to God that somebody would buy us.

## XXV.

"But after all, what is our present state?  
'T is bad, and may be better—all men's lot:  
Most men are slaves, none more so than the great,  
To their own whims and passions, and what not;  
Society itself, which should create  
Kindness, destroys what little we had got:  
To feel for none is the true social art  
Of the world's stoics—men without a heart."

## XXVI.

Just now a black old neutral personage  
Of the third sex stept up, and peering over  
The captives seem'd to mark their looks and age,  
And capabilities, as to discover  
If they were fitted for the purposed cage:  
No lady e'er is ogled by a lover,  
Horse by a blackleg, broadcloth by a tailor,  
Fee by a counsel, felon by a jailor,

## XXVII.

As is a slave by his intended bidder.<sup>1</sup>  
'T is pleasant purchasing our fellow-creatures;  
And all are to be sold, if you consider  
Their passions, and are dext'rous; some by features  
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader,  
Some by a place—as tend their years or natures;  
The most by ready cash—but all have prices,<sup>2</sup>  
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.

## XXVIII.

The eunuch having eyed them o'er with care,  
Turn'd to the merchant, and begun to bid  
First but for one, and after for the pair;  
They haggled, wrangled, swore, too—so they did!  
As though they were in a mere Christian fair  
Cheapering an ox, an ass, a lamb, or kid;  
So that their bargain sounded like a battle  
For this superior yoke of human cattle.

## XXIX.

At last they settled into simple grumbling,  
And pulling out reluctant purses, and  
Turning each piece of silver o'er, and tumbling  
Some down, and weighing others in their hand,  
And by mistake sequins<sup>3</sup> with paras jumbling,  
Until the sum was accurately scann'd,  
And then the merchant giving change, and signing  
Receipts in full, began to think of dining.

## XXX.

I wonder if his appetite was good?  
Or, if it were, if also his digestion?  
Methinks at meals some odd thoughts might intrude,  
And conscience ask a curious sort of question,

<sup>1</sup> ["The intended bidders minutely examine the poor creatures merely to ascertain their qualities as animals, select the sleekest and best-conditioned from the different groups; and, besides handling and examining their make and size, subject their mouths, their teeth, and whatever chiefly engages attention, to a scrutiny of the most critical description."—DE POUQUEVILLE.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Sir Robert Walpole is justly blamed for a want of political decorum, and for deriding public spirit, to which Pope alludes:—

"See him, I have, but in his happier hour  
Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power;  
Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,  
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.  
Would he oblige me! let me only find  
He does not think me, what he thinks mankind."

Although it is not possible to justify him, yet this part of his conduct has been greatly exaggerated. The political axiom generally attributed, that *all men have their price*, was perverted by leaving out the word *those*. Flowery oratory he despised; he ascribed it to the interested views of themselves or their relatives, the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said, "All those men have their price," and in the event many of them justified his observation."—COXE.]

<sup>3</sup> [The Turkish zecchino is a gold coin, worth about seven shillings and sixpence. The para is not quite equal to an English halfpenny.]

<sup>4</sup> See Plutarch in Alex., Q. Curt. Hist. Alexand., and Sir Richard Clayton's "Critical Inquiry into the Life of Alexander the Great."

<sup>5</sup> ["But for mere food, I think with Philip's son, Or Ammon's—for two fathers claim'd this one."—MS.]

About the right divine how far we should  
Sell flesh and blood. When dinner has oppress one,  
I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour  
Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.

## XXXI.

Voltaire says "No:" he tells you that Candide  
Found life most tolerable after meals;  
He's wrong—unless man were a pig, indeed,  
Repletion rather adds to what he feels,  
Unless he's drunk, and then no doubt he's freed  
From his own brain's oppression while it reels.  
Of food I think with Philip's son<sup>4</sup>, or rather  
Ammon's (ill pleased with one world and one father);<sup>5</sup>

## XXXII.

I think with Alexander, that the act  
Of eating, with another act or two,  
Makes us feel our mortality in fact  
Redoubled; when a roast and a ragout,  
And fish, and soup, by some side dishes back'd,  
Can give us either pain or pleasure, who  
Would pique himself on intellects, whose use  
Depends so much upon the gastric juice?<sup>6</sup>

## XXXIII.

The other evening ('t was on Friday last)—  
This is a fact, and no poetic fable—  
Just as my great coat was about me cast,  
My hat and gloves still lying on the table,  
I heard a shot—'t was eight o'clock scarce past—  
And, running out as fast as I was able,<sup>7</sup>  
I found the military commandant  
Stretch'd in the street, and able scarce to pant.

## XXXIV.

Poor fellow! for some reason, surely bad,  
They had slain him with five slugs; and left him there  
To perish on the pavement: so I had  
Him borne into the house and up the stair,  
And stripp'd, and look'd to,<sup>8</sup>—But why should I  
add  
More circumstances? vain was every care;  
The man was gone: in some Italian quarrel  
Kill'd by five bullets from an old gun-barrel.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ["Last night suffered horribly from an indigestion. I remarked in my illness the complete inertia, inaction, and destruction of my chief mental faculties. I tried to rouse them, and yet could not. I should believe that the soul was married to the body, if they did not sympathise so much with each other. If the one rose when the other fell, it would be a sign that they longed for the natural state of divorce. But, as it is, they seem to draw together like post-horses."—Byron Diary, 1821.]

<sup>7</sup> The assassination alluded to took place on the 8th of December, 1820, in the streets of Ravenna, not a hundred paces from the residence of the writer. The circumstances were as described.—[December 9, 1820. I open my letter to tell you a fact, which will show the state of this country better than I can. The commandant of the troops is *now* lying dead in my house. He was shot at a little past eight o'clock, about two hundred paces from my door. I was putting on my great coat when I heard the shot. On coming into the hall, I found all my servants on the balcony, exclaiming that a man was murdered. I immediately ran down, calling on Tita (the bravest of them) to follow me. The rest wanted to hinder us from going, as it is the custom for every body here, it seems, to run away from the stricken deer."—Byron Letters.]

<sup>8</sup> ["—so I had  
Him borne, as soon 's I could, up several pair  
Of stairs—and look'd to,—But why should I add  
More circumstances," &c.—MS.]

<sup>9</sup> ["We found him lying on his back, almost, if not quite, dead, with five wounds, one in the heart, two in the stomach, one in the finger, and the other in the arm. Some soldiers cocked their guns, and wanted to hinder me from passing. However, we passed, and I found Diego, the adjutant, crying



## XXXV.

I gazed upon him, for I knew him well ;  
And though I have seen many corpses, never  
Saw one, whom such an accident befell, [and liver,  
So calm ; though pierced through stomach, heart,  
He seem'd to sleep,—for you could scarcely tell  
(As he bled inwardly, no hideous river  
Of gore divulged the cause) that he was dead :  
So as I gazed on him, I thought or said —

## XXXVI.

“ Can this be death ? then what is life or death ?  
Speak ! ” but he spoke not : “ wake ! ” but still he  
slept :—  
“ But yesterday and who had mightier breath ?  
A thousand warriors by his word were kept  
In awe : he said, as the centurion saith,  
‘ Go, ’ and he goeth ; ‘ come, ’ and forth he stepp’d.  
The trump and bugle till he spake were dumb—  
And now nought left him but the muffled drum.”<sup>1</sup>

## XXXVII.

And they who waited once and worshipp’d—they  
With their rough faces throng’d about the bed  
To gaze once more on the commanding clay  
Which for the last, though not the first, time bled :  
And such an end ! that he who many a day  
Had faced Napoleon’s foes until they fled,—  
The foremost in the charge or in the sally,  
Should now be butcher’d in a civic alley.

## XXXVIII.

The scars of his old wounds were near his new,  
Those honourable scars which brought him fame ;  
And horrid was the contrast to the view —<sup>2</sup>  
But let me quit the theme ; as such things claim  
Perhaps even more attention than is due  
From me : I gazed (as oft I have gazed the same)  
To try if I could wrench aught out of death  
Which should confirm, or shake, or make a faith ;

## XXXIX.

But it was all a mystery. Here we are,  
And there we go :—but *where* ? five bits of lead,  
Or three, or two, or one, send very far !  
And is this blood, then, form’d but to be shed ?  
Can every element our elements mar ?  
And air—earth—water—fire live—and we dead ?  
*We*, whose minds comprehend all things ? No more ;  
But let us to the story as before.

## XL.

The purchaser of Juan and acquaintance  
Bore off his bargains to a gilded boat,  
Embark’d himself and them, and off they went thence  
As fast as oars could pull and water float ;  
They look’d like persons being led to sentence,  
Wondering what next, till the caique<sup>3</sup> was brought  
Up in a little creek below a wall  
O’ertopp’d with cypresses, dark-green and tall.

over him like a child—a surgeon, who said nothing of his profession—a priest, sobbing a frightened prayer—and the commandant, all this time, on his back, on the hard, cold pavement, without light or assistance, or any thing around him but confusion and dismay. As nobody could, or would, do any thing but howl and pray, and as no one would stir a finger to move him, for fear of consequences, I lost my patience—made my servant and a couple of the mob take up the body—sent off two soldiers to the guard—despatched Diego to the Cardinal with the news, and had him carried up stairs into my own quarters. But it was too late—he was gone.”—*Byron Letters*.

<sup>1</sup> [“ And now as silent as an unstrung drum.”—MS.]

## XLI.

Here their conductor tapping at the wicket  
Of a small iron door, ’t was open’d, and  
He led them onward, first through a low thicket  
Flank’d by large groves, which tower’d on either hand :  
They almost lost their way, and had to pick it—  
For night was closing ere they came to land.  
The eunuch made a sign to those on board,  
Who row’d off, leaving them without a word.

## XLII.

As they were plodding on their winding way  
Through orange bowers, and jasmine, and so forth :  
(Of which I might have a good deal to say,  
There being no such profusion in the North  
Of oriental plants, “ et cetera,”  
But that of late your scribblers think it worth  
Their while to rear whole hotbeds in *their* works,  
Because one poet travell’d ’mongst the Turks :)<sup>4</sup>

## XLIII.

As they were threading on their way, there came  
Into Don Juan’s head a thought, which he  
Whisper’d to his companion :—’t was the same  
Which might have then occur’d to you or me.  
“ Methinks,”—said he,—“ it would be no great shame  
If we should strike a stroke to set us free ;  
Let’s knock that old black fellow on the head,  
And march away—’t were easier done than said.”

## XLIV.

“ Yes,” said the other, “ and when done, what then ?  
*How get out* ? how the devil got we in ?  
And when we once were fairly out, and when  
From Saint Bartholomew we have saved our skin,<sup>5</sup>  
To-morrow ’d see us in some other den,  
And worse off than we hitherto have been ;  
Besides, I’m hungry, and just now would take,  
Like Esau, for my birthright a beef-steak.

## XLV.

“ We must be near some place of man’s abode ;—  
For the old negro’s confidence in creeping,  
With his two captives, by so queer a road,  
Shows that he thinks his friends have not been  
sleeping ;  
A single cry would bring them all abroad :  
’T is therefore better looking before leaving—  
And there, you see, this turn has brought us through,  
By Jove, a noble palace !—lighted too.”

## XLVI.

It was indeed a wide extensive building  
Which open’d on their view, and o’er the front  
There seemed to be besprent a deal of gilding  
And various hues, as is the Turkish wont,—  
A gaudy taste ; for they are little skill’d in  
The arts of which these lands were once the font :  
Each villa on the Bosphorus looks a screen  
New painted, or a pretty opera-scene.

<sup>2</sup> [“ I had him partly stripped—made the surgeon examine him, and examined him myself. He had been shot by cut balls or slugs. I felt one of the slugs, which had gone through him, all but the skin. He only said, ‘ O Dio ! ’ and ‘ Gesu ! ’ two or three times, and appeared to have suffered little. Poor fellow ! he was a brave officer ; but had made himself disliked by the people.”—*Byron Letters*.]

<sup>3</sup> The light and elegant wherries plying about the quays of Constantinople are so called.

<sup>4</sup> [“ Eastern Sketches,” “ Parga,” “ Phrosyne,” “ Ilderim,” &c. &c.]

<sup>5</sup> St. Bartholomew is said to have been flayed alive.

## XLVII.

And nearer as they came, a genial savour  
Of certain stews, and roast-meats, and pilaus,  
Things which in hungry mortals’ eyes find favour,  
Made Juan in his harsh intentions pause,  
And put himself upon his good behaviour :  
His friend, too, adding a new saving clause,  
Said, “ In Heaven’s name let’s get some supper now,  
And then I’m with you, if you’re for a row.”

## XLVIII.

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion,  
Some to men’s feelings, others to their reason ;  
The last of these was never much the fashion,  
For reason thinks all reasoning out of season.  
Some speakers whine, and others lay the lash on,  
But more or less continue still to tease on,  
With arguments according to their “ forte ;”  
But no one ever dreams of being short. —

## XLIX.

But I digress : of all appeals,—although  
I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,  
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling,—no  
Method’s more sure at moments to take hold<sup>1</sup>  
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow  
More tender, as we every day behold,  
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,  
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell.

## L.

Turkey contains no bells, and yet men dine ;  
And Juan and his friend, albeit they heard  
No Christian knoll to table, saw no line  
Of lackeys usher to the feast prepared,  
Yet smelt roast-meat, beheld a huge fire shine,  
And cooks in motion with their clean arms bared,  
And gazed around them to the left and right,  
With the prophetic eye of appetite.

## LI.

And giving up all notions of resistance,  
They follow’d close behind their sable guide,  
Who little thought that his own crack’d existence  
Was on the point of being set aside :  
He motion’d them to stop at some small distance,  
And knocking at the gate, ’t was open’d wide,  
And a magnificent large hall display’d  
The Asian pomp of Ottoman parade.

## LII.

I won’t describe ; description is my forte,  
But every fool describes in these bright days  
His wondrous journey to some foreign court,  
And spawns his quarto, and demands your praise—  
Death to his publisher, to him ’t is sport ;  
While Nature, tortured twenty thousand ways,  
Resigns herself with exemplary patience  
To guide-books, rhymes, tours, sketches, illustrations.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [“ Of speeches, beauty, flattery—there is no Method more sure,” &c.—MS.]

<sup>2</sup> [“ Guide des Voyageurs,” “ Directions for Travellers,” &c.—“ Rhymes, Incidental and Humorous,” “ Rhyming Reminiscences,” “ Effusions in Rhyme,” &c.—“ Lady Morgan’s Tour in Italy,” “ Tour through Istria,” &c. &c.—“ Sketches of Italy,” “ Sketches of Modern Greece,” &c. &c.—The last is a playful allusion to his friend Mr. Hobhouse’s “ Illustrations of Childe Harold.”]

<sup>3</sup> In Turkey nothing is more common than for the Mussulmans to take several glasses of strong spirits by way of appetizer. I have seen them take as many as six of raki before dinner, and swear that they dined the better for it : I tried the experiment, but fared like the Scotchman, who having heard that the birds called kittiwakes were admirable whets, ate six of them, and complained that “ he was no hungrier than when he began.”

## LIII.

Along this hall, and up and down, some, squatted  
Upon their hams, were occupied at chess ;  
Others in monosyllable talk chatted,  
And some seem’d much in love with their own dress,  
And divers smoked superb pipes decorated  
With amber mouths of greater price or less ;  
And several strutted, others slept, and some  
Prepared for supper with a glass of rum.<sup>3</sup>

## LIV.

As the black eunuch enter’d with his brace  
Of purchased Infidels, some raised their eyes  
A moment without slackening from their pace ;  
But those who sate, ne’er stirr’d in any wise :  
One or two stared the captives in the face,  
Just as one views a horse to guess his price ;  
Some nodded to the negro from their station,  
But no one troubled him with conversation.<sup>4</sup>

## LV.

He leads them through the hall, and, without stopping,  
On through a farther range of goodly rooms,  
Splendid but silent, save in *one*, where, dropping,<sup>5</sup>  
A marble fountain echoes through the glooms  
Of night, which robe the chamber, or where popping  
Some female head most curiously presumes  
To thrust its black eyes through the door or lattice,  
As wondering what the devil noise that is.

## LVI.

Some faint lamps gleaming from the lofty walls  
Gave light enough to hint their farther way,  
But not enough to show the imperial halls  
In all the flashing of their full array ;  
Perhaps there’s nothing—I’ll not say appals,  
But saddens more by night as well as day,  
Than an enormous room without a soul  
To break the lifeless splendour of the whole.

## LVII.

Two or three seem so little, *one* seems nothing :  
In deserts, forests, crowds, or by the shore,  
There solitude, we know, has her full growth in  
The spots which were her realms for evermore ;  
But in a mighty hall or gallery, both in  
More modern buildings and those built of yore,  
A kind of death comes o’er us all alone,  
Seeing what’s meant for many with but one.

## LVIII.

A neat, snug study on a winter’s night,<sup>6</sup>  
A book, friend, single lady, or a glass  
Of claret, sandwich, and an appetite,  
Are things which make an English evening pass ;  
Though *certes* by no means so grand a sight  
As is a theatre lit up by gas.  
I pass my evenings in long galleries solely ;  
And that’s the reason I’m so melancholy.

<sup>4</sup> [“ Every thing is so still in the court of the seraglio, that the motion of a fly might, in a manner, be heard ; and if any one should presume to raise his voice ever so little, or show the least want of respect to the mansion-place of their emperor, he would instantly have the bastinado by the officers that go the rounds.”—TOURNEFORT.]

<sup>5</sup> A common furniture. I recollect being received by Ali Pacha, in a large room, paved with marble, containing a marble basin, and a fountain playing in the centre, &c. &c. [See *antiq.* p. 23.]

<sup>6</sup> In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring Of living water from the centre rose, Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling, And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose, ALI reclined, a man of war and woes, &c.]

<sup>6</sup> [“ A small, snug chamber on a winter’s night, Well furnish’d with a book, friend, girl, or glass,” &c.—MS.]