

LIX.

Alas! man makes that great which makes him little:
I grant you in a church 'tis very well:
What speaks of Heaven should by no means be brittle,
But strong and lasting, till no tongue can tell
Their names who rear'd it; but huge houses fit ill—
And huge tombs worse—mankind, since Adam fell:
Methinks the story of the tower of Babel
Might teach them this much better than I'm able.

LX.

Babel was Nimrod's hunting-box, and then
A town of gardens, walls, and wealth amazing,
Where Nabuchadonosor, king of men,
Reign'd, till one summer's day he took to grazing,
And Daniel tamed the lions in their den,
The people's awe and admiration raising;
'T was famous, too, for Thisbe and for Pyramus,¹
And the calumniated queen Semiramis—²

LXI.

That injured Queen, by chroniclers so coarse
Has been accused (I doubt not by conspiracy)
Of an improper friendship for her horse
(Love, like religion, sometimes runs to heresy):
This monstrous tale had probably its source
(For such exaggerations here and there I see)
In writing "Courser" by mistake for "Courier:"
I wish the case could come before a jury here.³

LXII.

But to resume,—should there be (what may not
Be in these days?) some infidels, who don't,
Because they can't find out the very spot⁴
Of that same Babel, or because they won't
(Though Claudius Rich, Esquire, some bricks has got,
And written lately two memoirs upon't,⁵)
Believe the Jews, those unbelievers, who
Must be believed, though they believe not you.

LXIII.

Yet let them think that Horace has exprest
Shortly and sweetly the masonic folly
Of those, forgetting the great place of rest,
Who give themselves to architecture wholly;
We know where things and men must end at best:
A moral (like all morals) melancholy,
And "Et sepulchri immemor struis domos"⁶
Shows that we build when we should but entomb us.

LXIV.

At last they reach'd a quarter most retired,
Where echo woke as if from a long slumber;
Though full of all things which could be desired,
One wonder'd what to do with such a number

¹ [See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lib. iv.

² "In Babylon, where first her queen, for state,
Raised walls of brick magnificently great,
Lived Pyramus and Thisbe, lovely pair!
He found no Eastern youth his equal there,
And she beyond the fairest nymph was fair." — GARTH.]

³ [At the time when Lord Byron was writing this Canto, the unfortunate affair of Queen Caroline, charged, among other offences, with admitting her chamberlain, Bergami, originally a *courier*, to her bed, was occupying much attention in Italy, as in England. The allusions to the domestic troubles of George IV. in the text, are frequent.]

⁴ [Excepting the ruins of some large and lofty turrets, like that of Babel or Belus, the cities of Babylon and Nineveh are so completely crumbled into dust, as to be wholly undistinguishable but by a few inequalities of the surface on which

Of articles which nobody required;
Here wealth had done its utmost to encumber
With furniture an exquisite apartment,
Which puzzled Nature much to know what Art meant.

LXV.

It seem'd, however, but to open on
A range or suite of further chambers, which
Might lead to heaven knows where; but in this one
The moveables were prodigally rich:
Sofas 't was half a sin to sit upon,
So costly were they; carpets every stitch
Of workmanship so rare, they made you wish
You could glide o'er them like a golden fish.

LXVI.

The black, however, without hardly deigning
A glance at that which wrapt the slaves in wonder,
Trampled what they scarce trod for fear of staining,
As if the milky way their feet was under
With all its stars; and with a stretch attaining
A certain press or cupboard niched in yonder—
In that remote recess which you may see—
Or if you don't the fault is not in me,—

LXVII.

I wish to be perspicuous; and the black,
I say, unlocking the recess, pull'd forth
A quantity of clothes fit for the back
Of any Mussulman, whate'er his worth;
And of variety there was no lack—
And yet, though I have said there was no dearth,—
He chose himself to point out what he thought
Most proper for the Christians he had bought.

LXVIII.

The suit he thought most suitable to each
Was, for the elder and the stouter, first
A Candiot cloak, which to the knee might reach,
And trousers not so tight that they would burst,
But such as fit an Asiatic breech;
A shawl, whose folds in Cashmere had been nurst,
Slippers of saffron, dagger rich and handy;
In short, all things which form a Turkish Dandy.

LXIX.

While he was dressing, Baba, their black friend,
Hinted the vast advantages which they
Might probably attain both in the end,
If they would but pursue the proper way
Which Fortune plainly seem'd to recommend;
And then he added, that he needs must say,
'T would greatly tend to better their condition,
If they would condescend to circumcision.

they once stood. The humble tent of the Arab now occupies the spot formerly adorned with the palaces of kings, and his flocks procure but a scanty pittance of food, amidst the fallen fragments of ancient magnificence. The banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, once so prolific, are now, for the most part, covered with an impenetrable brushwood; and the interior of the province, which was traversed and fertilised with innumerable canals, is destitute of either inhabitants or vegetation. — MORIER.]

⁵ ["Two Memoirs on the Ruins of Babylon, by Claudius James Rich, Esq., Resident for the East India Company at the Court of the Pasha of Bagdat."]

⁶ ["Day presses on the heels of day,
And moons increase to their decay;
But you, with thoughtless pride elate,
Unconscious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to rise,
When, lo! the tomb forgotten lies." — FRANCIS'S *Horace*.]

LXX.

"For his own part, he really should rejoice
To see them true believers, but no less
Would leave his proposition to their choice."
The other, thanking him for this excess
Of goodness, in thus leaving them a voice
In such a trifle, scarcely could express
"Sufficiently" (he said) "his approbation
Of all the customs of this polish'd nation.

LXXI.

"For his own share—he saw but small objection
To so respectable an ancient rite;
And, after swallowing down a slight refection,
For which he own'd a present appetite,
He doubted not a few hours of reflection
Would reconcile him to the business quite."
"Will it?" said Juan, sharply: "Strike me dead,
But they as soon shall circumcise my head!"¹

LXXII.

"Cut off a thousand heads, before——" — "Now,
Replied the other, "do not interrupt: [pray,"
You put me out in what I had to say.
Sir!—as I said, as soon as I have slept,
I shall perpend if your proposal may
Be such as I can properly accept;
Provided always your great goodness still
Remits the matter to our own free-will."

LXXIII.

Baba eyed Juan, and said, "Be so good
As dress yourself—" and pointed out a suit
In which a Princess with great pleasure would
Array her limbs; but Juan standing mute,
As not being in a masquerading mood,
Gave it a slight kick with his Christian foot;
And when the old negro told him to "Get ready,"
Replied, "Old gentleman, I'm not a lady."

LXXIV.

"What you may be, I neither know nor care,"
Said Baba; "but pray do as I desire:
I have no more time nor many words to spare."
"At least," said Juan, "sure I may inquire
The cause of this odd travesty?" — "Forbear,"
Said Baba, "to be curious; 't will transpire,
No doubt, in proper place, and time, and season:
I have no authority to tell the reason."

LXXV.

"Then if I do," said Juan, "I'll be——" — "Hold!"
Rejoin'd the negro, "pray be not provoking;
This spirit's well, but it may wax too bold,
And you will find us not too fond of joking."
"What, sir!" said Juan, "shall it e'er be told
That I unsex'd my dress?" But Baba, stroking
The things down, said, "Incense me, and I call
Those who will leave you of no sex at all.

LXXVI.

"I offer you a handsome suit of clothes:
A woman's, true; but then there is a cause
Why you should wear them." — "What, though my
soul loathes
The effeminate garb?" — thus, after a short pause,
Sigh'd Juan, muttering also some slight oaths,
"What the devil shall I do with all this gauze?"
Thus he profanely term'd the finest lace
Which e'er set off a marriage-morning face.

¹ ["If they shall not as soon cut off my head." — MS.]

LXXVII.

And then he swore; and, sighing, on he slipp'd
A pair of trousers of flesh-colour'd silk;
Next with a virgin zone he was equipp'd,
Which girt a slight chemise as white as milk;
But tugging on his petticoat, he tripp'd,
Which—as we say—or, as the Scotch say, *whilk*,
(The rhyme obliges me to this; sometimes
Monarchs are less imperative than rhymes)—²

LXXVIII.

Whilk, which (or what you please), was owing to
His garment's novelty, and his being awkward:
And yet at last he managed to get through
His toilet, though no doubt a little backward:
The negro Baba help'd a little too,
When some untoward part of raiment stuck hard;
And, wrestling both his arms into a gown,
He paused, and took a survey up and down.

LXXIX.

One difficulty still remain'd—his hair
Was hardly long enough; but Baba found
So many false long tresses all to spare,
That soon his head was most completely crown'd,
After the manner then in fashion there;
And this addition with such gems was bound
As suited the *ensemble* of his toilet,
While Baba made him comb his head and oil it.

LXXX.

And now being femininely all array'd,
With some small aid from scissors, paint, and tweezers,
He look'd in almost all respects a maid,
And Baba smilingly exclaim'd, "You see, sirs,
A perfect transformation here display'd;
And now, then, you must come along with me, sirs,
That is—the Lady:" clapping his hands twice,
Four blacks were at his elbow in a trice.

LXXXI.

"You, sir," said Baba, nodding to the one,
"Will please to accompany those gentlemen
To supper; but you, worthy Christian nun,
Will follow me: no trifling, sir; for when
I say a thing, it must at once be done.
What fear you? think you this a lion's den?
Why, 'tis a palace; where the truly wise
Anticipate the Prophet's paradise.

LXXXII.

"You fool! I tell you no one means you harm."
"So much the better," Juan said, "for them;
Else they shall feel the weight of this my arm,
Which is not quite so light as you may deem.
I yield thus far; but soon will break the charm
If any take me for that which I seem:
So that I trust for every body's sake,
That this disguise may lead to no mistake."

LXXXIII.

"Blockhead! come on, and see," quoth Baba; while
Don Juan, turning to his comrade, who
Though somewhat grieved, could scarce forbear a
smile
Upon the metamorphosis in view,—
"Farewell!" they mutually exclaim'd: "this soil
Seems fertile in adventures strange and new;
One's turn'd half Mussulman, and one a maid,
By this old black enchanter's unsought aid.

² ["Kings are not more imperative than rhymes." — MS.]

LXXXIV.

"Farewell!" said Juan: "should we meet no more,
I wish you a good appetite."—"Farewell!"
Replied the other; "though it grieves me sore;
When we next meet, we'll have a tale to tell:
We needs must follow when Fate puts from shore.
Keep your good name; though Eve herself once
fell." [carry me,
"Nay," quoth the maid, "the Sultan's self shan't
Unless his Highness promises to marry me."

LXXXV.

And thus they parted, each by separate doors;
Baba led Juan onward room by room
Through glittering galleries, and o'er marble floors,
Till a gigantic portal through the gloom,
Haughty and huge, along the distance lowers;
And wafted far arose a rich perfume:
It seem'd as though they came upon a shrine,
For all was vast, still, fragrant, and divine.

LXXXVI.

The giant door was broad, and bright, and high,
Of gilded bronze, and carved in curious guise;
Warriors thereon were battling furiously;
Here stalks the victor, there the vanquish'd lies;
There captives led in triumph droop the eye,
And in perspective many a squadron flies:
It seems the work of times before the line
Of Rome transplanted fell with Constantine.

LXXXVII.

This massy portal stood at the wide close
Of a huge hall, and on its either side
Two little dwarfs, the least you could suppose,
Were sate, like ugly imps, as if allied
In mockery to the enormous gate which rose
O'er them in almost pyramidal pride:
The gate so splendid was in all its features,¹
You never thought about those little creatures,

LXXXVIII.

Until you nearly trod on them, and then
You started back in horror to survey
The wondrous hideousness of those small men,
Whose colour was not black, nor white, nor grey,
But an extraneous mixture, which no pen
Can trace, although perhaps the pencil may;
They were mis-shapen pigmies, deaf and dumb—
Monsters, who cost a no less monstrous sum.

LXXXIX.

Their duty was—for they were strong, and though
They look'd so little, did strong things at times—
To ope this door, which they could really do,
The hinges being as smooth as Rogers' rhymes;
And now and then, with tough strings of the bow,
As is the custom of those Eastern climes,
To give some rebel Pacha a cravat:
For mutes are generally used for that.

¹ Features of a gate—a ministerial metaphor: "the feature upon which this question hinges." See the "Fudge Family," or hear Castlereagh.—[Phil. Fudge, in his letter to Lord Castlereagh, says:

"As thou would'st say, my guide and teacher
In these gay metaphoric fringes,
I now embark into the feature
On which this letter chiefly hinges."

The note adds, "verbatim from one of the noble Viscount's speeches: 'And now, sir, I must embark into the feature

XC.

They spoke by signs—that is, not spoke at all;
And looking like two incubi, they glared
As Baba with his fingers made them fall
To heaving back the portal folds: it scared
Juan a moment, as this pair so small,
With shrinking serpent optics on him stared;
It was as if their little looks could poison
Or fascinate whome'er they fix'd their eyes on.

XCII.

Before they enter'd, Baba paused to hint
To Juan some slight lessons as his guide:
"If you could just contrive," he said, "to stint
That somewhat manly majesty of stride, [in't]
'T would be as well, and,—(though there's not much
To swing a little less from side to side,
Which has at times an aspect of the oddest;—
And also could you look a little modest,

XCIII.

"'T would be convenient; for these mutes have eyes
Like needles, which may pierce those petticoats;
And if they should discover your disguise,
You know how near us the deep Bosphorus floats;
And you and I may chance, ere morning rise,
To find our way to Marmora without boats,
Stitch'd up in sacks—a mode of navigation
A good deal practis'd here upon occasion."²

XCIII.

With this encouragement, he led the way
Into a room still nobler than the last;
A rich confusion form'd a disarray
In such sort, that the eye along it cast
Could hardly carry any thing away,
Object on object flash'd so bright and fast;
A dazzling mass of gems, and gold, and glitter,
Magnificently mingled in a litter.

XCIV.

Wealth had done wonders—taste not much; such
things
Occur in Orient palaces, and even
In the more chasten'd domes of Western kings
(Of which I have also seen some six or seven)
Where I can't say or gold or diamond flings
Great lustre, there is much to be forgiven;
Groups of bad statues, tables, chairs, and pictures,
On which I cannot pause to make my strictures.

XCV.

In this imperial hall, at distance lay
Under a canopy, and there reclined
Quite in a confidential queenly way,
A lady; Baba stopp'd, and kneeling sign'd
To Juan, who though not much used to pray,
Knelt down by instinct, wondering in his mind
What all this meant: while Baba bow'd and bended
His head, until the ceremony ended.

on which this question chiefly hinges."—Fudge Family, p. 14.]

² A few years ago the wife of Michtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night. One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden a "wrench from all we know, from all we love." [See *anté*, pp. 62, 76.]

XCVI.

The lady rising up with such an air
As Venus rose with from the wave, on them
Bent like an antelope a Paphian pair¹
Of eyes, which put out each surrounding gem;
And raising up an arm as moonlight fair,
She sign'd to Baba, who first kiss'd the hem
Of her deep purple robe, and speaking low,
Pointed to Juan, who remain'd below.

XCVII.

Her presence was as lofty as her state;
Her beauty of that overpowering kind,
Whose force description only would abate:
I'd rather leave it much to your own mind,
Than lessen it by what I could relate
Of forms and features; it would strike you blind
Could I do justice to the full detail;
So, luckily for both, my phrases fail.

XCVIII.

Thus much however I may add,—her years
Were ripe, they might make six-and-twenty springs,
But there are forms which Time to touch forbears,
And turns aside his scythe to vulgar things,²
Such as was Mary's Queen of Scots³; true—tears
And love destroy; and sapping sorrow wrings
Charms from the charmer, yet some never grow
Ugly; for instance—Ninon de l'Enclos.⁴

XCIX.

She spake some words to her attendants, who
Composed a choir of girls, ten or a dozen,
And were all clad alike; like Juan, too,
Who wore their uniform, by Baba chosen;
They form'd a very nymph-like looking crew,⁵
Which might have call'd Diana's chorus "cousin,"
As far as outward show may correspond;
I won't be bail for any thing beyond.

C.

They bow'd obeisance and withdrew, retiring,
But not by the same door through which came in
Baba and Juan, which last stood admiring,
At some small distance, all he saw within

¹ ["As Venus rose from ocean—bent on them
With a far-reaching glance, a Paphian pair."—MS.]

² ["But there are forms which Time adorns, not wears,
And to which beauty obstinately clings."—MS.]

³ ["With regard to the queen's person, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance, and elegance of shape, of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black; her eyes were a dark grey; her complexion was exquisitely fine; and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sang and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow."—ROBERTSON.]

⁴ [Mademoiselle de l'Enclos, celebrated for her beauty, her wit, her gallantry, and, above all, for the extraordinary length of time during which she preserved her attractions. She intrigued with the young gentlemen of three generations, and is said to have had a grandson of her own among her lovers. See the works of Madame de Sévigné, Voltaire, &c. &c. for copious particulars of her life. The *Biographie Universelle* says—"In her old age, her house was the rendezvous of the most distinguished persons. Scarron consulted her on his romances, St. Evremont on his poems, Molière on his comedies, Fontenelle on his dialogues, and La Rochefoucault on his maxims. Coligny, Sévigné, &c. were her lovers and friends. At her death, in 1705, and in her ninetieth year, she bequeathed to Voltaire a considerable sum, to expend in books."]

This strange saloon, much fitted for inspiring
Marvel and praise; for both or none things win;
And I must say, I ne'er could see the very
Great happiness of the "Nil Admirari."⁶

CI.

"Not to admire is all the art I know
(Plain truth, dear Murray⁷, needs few flowers of
speech)
To make men happy, or to keep them so;"
(So take it in the very words of Creech).
Thus Horace wrote we all know long ago;
And thus Pope⁸ quotes the precept to re-teach
From his translation; but had *none admired*,
Would Pope have sung, or Horace been inspired?⁹

CII.

Baba, when all the damsels were withdrawn,
Motion'd to Juan to approach, and then
A second time desired him to kneel down,
And kiss the lady's foot; which maxim when
He heard repeated, Juan with a frown
Drew himself up to his full height again,
And said, "It grieved him, but he could not stoop
To any shoe, unless it shod the Pope."

CIII.

Baba, indignant at this ill-timed pride,
Made fierce remonstrances, and then a threat
He mutter'd (but the last was given aside)
About a bow-string—quite in vain; not yet
Would Juan bend, though 'twere to Mahomet's bride:
There's nothing in the world like *etiquette*
In kingly chambers or imperial halls,
As also at the race and county balls.

CIV.

He stood like Atlas, with a world of words
About his ears, and pathless would not bend;
The blood of all his line's Castilian lords
Boil'd in his veins, and rather than descend
To stain his pedigree a thousand swords
A thousand times of him had made an end;
At length perceiving the "foot" could not stand,
Baba proposed that he should kiss the hand.

⁵ ["Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa, and, to the number of twenty, were all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. They put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty," &c.—LADY M. W. MONTAGU.]

⁶ ["Nil admirari, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum."—HOR.
lib. i. epist. vi.]

⁷ [The "Murray" of Pope was the great Earl Mansfield.]

⁸ ["Not to admire, is all the art I know
To make men happy, and to keep them so,
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.")]

⁹ ["I maintained that Horace was wrong in placing happiness in *nil admirari*, for that I thought admiration one of the most agreeable of all our feelings; and I regretted that I had lost much of my disposition to admire, which people generally do as they advance in life. "Sir," said Johnson, "as a man advances in life, he gets what is better than admiration—*judgment*, to estimate things at their true value." I still insisted that admiration was more pleasing than judgment, as love is more pleasing than friendship. The feeling of friendship is like that of being comfortably filled with roast beef; love, like being enlivened with champagne. JOHNSON, "No, Sir; admiration and love are like being intoxicated with champagne; judgment and friendship like being enlivened. Waller has hit upon the same thought with you; but I don't believe you have borrowed from Waller."—BOSWELL, vol. v. p. 366. edit. 1835.]

CV.

Here was an honourable compromise,
A half-way house of diplomatic rest,
Where they might meet in much more peaceful guise;
And Juan now his willingness exprest,
To use all fit and proper courtesies,
Adding, that this was commonest and best,
For through the South, the custom still commands
The gentleman to kiss the lady's hands.

CVI.

And he advanced, though with but a bad grace,
Though on more *thorough-bred*¹ or fairer fingers
No lips e'er left their transitory trace:
On such as these the lip too fondly lingers,
And for one kiss would fain imprint a brace,
As you will see, if she you love shall bring hers
In contact; and sometimes even a fair stranger's
An almost twelvemonth's constancy endangers.

CVII.

The lady eyed him o'er and o'er, and bade
Baba retire, which he obey'd in style,
As if well used to the retreating trade;
And taking hints in good part all the while,
He whisper'd Juan not to be afraid,
And looking on him with a sort of smile,
Took leave, with such a face of satisfaction,
As good men wear who have done a virtuous action.

CVIII.

When he was gone, there was sudden change:
I know not what might be the lady's thought,
But o'er her bright brow flash'd a tumult strange,
And into her clear cheek the blood was brought,
Blood-red as sunset summer clouds which range
The verge of Heaven; and in her large eyes wrought
A mixture of sensations, might be scann'd,
Of half voluptuousness and half command.

CIX.

Her form had all the softness of her sex,
Her features all the sweetness of the devil,
When he put on the cherub to perplex
Eve, and paved (God knows how) the road to evil;
The sun himself was scarce more free from specks
Than she from aught at which the eye could cavil;
Yet, somehow, there was something somewhere want-
As if she rather *order'd* than was *granting*. — [ing,

CX.

Something imperial, or imperious, threw
A chain o'er all she did; that is, a chain
Was thrown as 'twere about the neck of you —
And rapture's self will seem almost a pain
With aught which looks like despotism in view:
Our souls at least are free, and 'tis in vain
We would against them make the flesh obey —
The spirit in the end will have its way.

CXI.

Her very smile was haughty, though so sweet;
Her very nod was not an inclination;
There was a self-will even in her small feet,
As though they were quite conscious of her station —
They trod as upon necks; and to complete
Her state (it is the custom of her nation),
A poniard deck'd her girdle, as the sign
She was a sultan's bride, (thank Heaven, not mine!)

¹ There is nothing, perhaps, more distinctive of birth than the hand. It is almost the only sign of blood which aristocracy can generate. [See *anti*, p. 644.]

CXII.

"To hear and to obey" had been from birth
The law of all around her; to fulfil
All phantasies which yielded joy or mirth,
Had been her slaves' chief pleasure, as her will;
Her blood was high, her beauty scarce of earth:
Judge, then, if her caprices e'er stood still;
Had she but been a Christian, I've a notion
We should have found out the "perpetual motion."

CXIII.

Whate'er she saw and coveted was brought;
Whate'er she did *not* see, if she supposed
It might be seen, with diligence was sought, [closed:
And when 'twas found straightway the bargain
There was no end unto the things she bought,
Nor to the trouble which her fancies caused;
Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,
The women pardon'd all except her face.

CXIV.

Juan, the latest of her whims, had caught
Her eye in passing on his way to sale;
She order'd him directly to be bought,
And Baba, who had ne'er been known to fail
In any kind of mischief to be wrought,
At all such auctions knew how to prevail:
She had no prudence, but he had; and this
Explains the garb which Juan took amiss.

CXV.

His youth and features favour'd the disguise,
And, should you ask how she, a sultan's bride,
Could risk or compass such strange phantasies,
This I must leave sultanas to decide:
Emperors are only husbands in wives' eyes,
And kings and consorts oft are mystified,²
As we may ascertain with due precision,
Some by experience, others by tradition.

CXVI.

But to the main point, where we have been tending: —
She now conceived all difficulties past,
And deem'd herself extremely condescending
When, being made her property at last,
Without more preface, in her blue eyes blending
Passion and power, a glance on him she cast,
And merely saying, "Christian, canst thou love?"
Conceived that phrase was quite enough to move.

CXVII.

And so it was, in proper time and place;
But Juan, who had still his mind o'erflowing
With Haidée's isle and soft Ionian face,
Felt the warm blood, which in his face was glowing,
Rush back upon his heart, which fill'd apace,
And left his cheeks as pale as snowdrops blowing:
These words went through his soul like Arab-spears,
So that he spoke not, but burst into tears.

CXVIII.

She was a good deal shock'd; not shock'd at tears,
For women shed and use them at their liking;
But there is something when man's eye appears
Wet, still more disagreeable and striking:
A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,
Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in
His heart to force it out, for (to be shorter)
To them 'tis a relief, to us a torture.

² ["And husbands now and then are mystified." — MS.]

CXIX.

And she would have consoled, but knew not how:
Having no equals, nothing which had e'er
Infected her with sympathy till now,
And never having dreamt what 'twas to bear
Aught of a serious, sorrowing kind, although
There might arise some pouting petty care
To cross her brow, she wonder'd how so near
Her eye another's eyes could shed a tear.

CXX.

But nature teaches more than power can spoil,¹
And, when a *strong* although a strange sensation
Moves — female hearts are such a genial soil,
For kinder feelings, whatsoever their nation,
They naturally pour the "wine and oil,"
Samaritans in every situation;
And thus Gulbeyaz, though she knew not why,
Felt an odd glistening moisture in her eye.

CXXI.

But tears must stop like all things else; and soon
Juan, who for an instant had been moved
To such a sorrow by the intrusive tone
Of one who dared to ask if "he *had* loved,"
Call'd back the stoic to his eyes, which shone
Bright with the very weakness he reproved;
And although sensitive to beauty, he
Felt most indignant still at not being free.

CXXII.

Gulbeyaz, for the first time in her days,
Was much embarrass'd, never having met
In all her life with aught save prayers and praise;
And as she also risk'd her life to get
Him whom she meant to tutor in love's ways
Into a comfortable tête-à-tête,
To lose the hour would make her quite a martyr,
And they had wasted now almost a quarter.

CXXIII.

I also would suggest the fitting time,
To gentlemen in any such like case,
That is to say — in a meridian clime,
With us there is more law given to the chase,
But here a small delay forms a great crime:
So recollect that the extremest grace
Is just two minutes for your declaration —
A moment more would hurt your reputation.

CXXIV.

Juan's was good; and might have been still better,
But he had got Haidée into his head:
However strange, he could not yet forget her,
Which made him seem exceedingly ill-bred.
Gulbeyaz, who look'd on him as her debtor
For having had him to her palace led,
Began to blush up to the eyes, and then
Grow deadly pale, and then blush back again.

CXXV.

At length, in an imperial way, she laid
Her hand on his, and bending on him eyes,
Which needed not an empire to persuade,
Look'd into his for love, where none replies:

¹ ["But nature teaches what power cannot spoil, And, though it was a new and strange sensation, Young female hearts are such a genial soil For kinder feelings, she forgot her station." — MS.]

² [In Fielding's novel of Joseph Andrews.]

³ ["But if my boy with virtue be endued, What harm will beauty do him? Nay, what good?"

Her brow grew black, but she would not upbraid,
That being the last thing a proud woman tries;
She rose, and pausing one chaste moment, threw
Herself upon his breast, and there she grew.

CXXVI.

This was an awkward test, as Juan found,
But he was steel'd by sorrow, wrath, and pride:
With gentle force her white arms he unwound,
And seated her all drooping by his side,
Then rising haughtily he glanced around,
And looking coldly in her face, he cried,
"The prison'd eagle will not pair, nor I
Serve a sultana's sensual phantasy."

CXXVII.

"Thou ask'st, if I can love? be this the proof
How much I *have* loved — that I love not *thee*!
In this vile garb, the distaff, web, and woof,
Were fitter for me: Love is for the free!
I am not dazzled by this splendid roof;
Whate'er thy power, and great it seems to be;
Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a throne,
And hands obey — our hearts are still our own."

CXXVIII.

This was a truth to us extremely trite;
Not so to her, who ne'er had heard such things:
She deem'd her least command must yield delight,
Earth being only made for queens and kings.
If hearts lay on the left side or the right
She hardly knew, to such perfection brings
Legitimacy its born votaries, when
Aware of their due royal rights o'er men.

CXXIX.

Besides, as has been said, she was so fair
As even in a much humbler lot had made
A kingdom or confusion any where,
And also, as may be presumed, she laid
Some stress on charms, which seldom are, if e'er,
By their possessors thrown into the shade:
She thought hers gave a double "right divine";
And half of that opinion's also mine.

CXXX.

Remember, or (if you can not) imagine,
Ye who have kept your chastity when young,
While some more desperate dowager has been waging
Love with you, and been in the dog-days stung
By your refusal, recollect her raging!
Or recollect all that was said or sung
On such subject; then suppose the face
Of a young downright beauty in this case.

CXXXI.

Suppose, — but you already have supposed,
The spouse of Potiphar, the Lady Booby,²
Phædra³, and all which story has disclosed
Of good examples; pity that so few by
Poets and private tutors are exposed,
To educate — ye youth of Europe — you by!
But when you have supposed the few we know,
You can't suppose Gulbeyaz' angry brow.

Say, what avail'd, of old, to Theseus' son,
The stern resolve? what to Bellerophon? —
O, then did Phædra redden, then her pride
Took fire to be so steadfastly denied!
Then, too, did Sthenobæa glow with shame,
And both burst forth with unextinguish'd flame!" — Juv.
The adventures of Hippolitus, the son of Theseus, and Bellerophon are well known. They were accused of incontin-

CXXXII.

A tigress robb'd of young, a lioness,
Or any interesting beast of prey,
Are smiles at hand for the distress
Of ladies who can not have their own way ;
But though my turn will not be served with less,
These don't express one half what I should say :
For what is stealing young ones, few or many,
To cutting short their hopes of having any ?

CXXXIII.

The love of offspring's nature's general law,
From tigresses and cubs to ducks and ducklings ;
There's nothing whets the beak, or arms the claw
Like an invasion of their babes and sucklings ;
And all who have seen a human nursery, saw [lings ;
How mothers love their children's squalls and chuck-
This strong extreme effect (to tire no longer
Your patience) shows the cause must still be stronger.

CXXXIV.

If I said fire flash'd from Gulbeyaz' eyes,
'T were nothing — for her eyes flash'd always fire ;
Or said her cheeks assumed the deepest dyes,
I should but bring disgrace upon the dyer,
So supernatural was her passion's rise ;
For ne'er till now she knew a check'd desire :
Even ye who know what a check'd woman is
(Enough, God knows !) would much fall short of this.

CXXXV.

Her rage was but a minute's, and 't was well —
A moment's more had slain her ; but the while
It lasted 't was like a short glimpse of hell :
Nought's more sublime than energetic bile,
Though horrible to see yet grand to tell,
Like ocean warring 'gainst a rocky isle ;
And the deep passions flashing through her form
Made her a beautiful embodied storm.

CXXXVI.

A vulgar tempest 't were to a typhoon
To match a common fury with her rage,
And yet she did not want to reach the moon,¹
Like moderate Hotspur on the immortal page ;²
Her anger pitch'd into a lower tune,
Perhaps the fault of her soft sex and age —
Her wish was but to "kill, kill, kill," like Lear's,³
And then her thirst of blood was quench'd in tears.

CXXXVII.

A storm it raged, and like the storm it pass'd,
Pass'd without words — in fact she could not speak ;
And then her sex's shame⁴ broke in at last,
A sentiment till then in her but weak,
But now it flow'd in natural and fast,
As water through an unexpected leak,
For she felt humbled — and humiliation
Is sometimes good for people in her station.

nence, by the women whose inordinate passions they had refused to gratify at the expense of their duty, and sacrificed to the fatal credulity of the husbands of the disappointed fair ones. It is very probable that both the stories are founded on the Scripture account of Joseph and Potiphar's wife.— GIFFORD.]

¹ ["By heaven ! methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon." —
Henry IV.]

² ["Like natural Shakspeare on the immortal page." —
MS.]

CXXXVIII.

It teaches them that they are flesh and blood,
It also gently hints to them that others,
Although of clay, are yet not quite of mud ;
That urns and pipkins are but fragile brothers,
And works of the same pottery, bad or good,
Though not all born of the same sires and mothers :
It teaches — Heaven knows only what it teaches,
But sometimes it may mend, and often reaches.

CXXXIX.

Her first thought was to cut off Juan's head ;
Her second, to cut only his — acquaintance ;
Her third, to ask him where he had been bred ;
Her fourth, to rally him into repentance ;
Her fifth, to call her maids and go to bed ;
Her sixth, to stab herself ; her seventh, to sentence
The lash to Baba : — but her grand resource
Was to sit down again, and cry of course.

CXL.

She thought to stab herself, but then she had
The dagger close at hand, which made it awkward ;
For Eastern stays are little made to pad,
So that a poniard pierces if 't is stuck hard :
She thought of killing Juan — but, poor lad !
Though he deserved it well for being so backward,
The cutting off his head was not the art
Most likely to attain her aim — his heart.

CXXI.

Juan was moved : he had made up his mind
To be impaled, or quarter'd as a dish
For dogs, or to be slain with pangs refined,
Or thrown to lions, or made baits for fish,
And thus heroically stood resign'd,
Rather than sin — except to his own wish :
But all his great preparatives for dying
Dissolved like snow before a woman crying.

CXLII.

As through his palms Bob Acres' valour oozed,⁵
So Juan's virtue ebb'd, I know not how ;
And first he wonder'd why he had refused ;
And then, if matters could be made up now ;
And next his savage virtue he accused,
Just as a friar may accuse his vow,
Or as a dame repents her of her oath,
Which mostly ends in some small breach of both.

CXLIII.

So he began to stammer some excuses ;
But words are not enough in such a matter,
Although you borrow'd all that e'er the muses
Have sung, or even a Dandy's dandiest chatter,
Or all the figures Castlereagh abuses ;⁶
Just as a languid smile began to flatter
His peace was making, but before he ventured
Further, old Baba rather briskly enter'd.

³ ["And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill." — Lear.]

⁴ ["A woman scorn'd is pitiless as fate,
For, there, the dread of shame adds stings to hate." —
GIFFORD'S Juvenal.]

⁵ ["Yes, my valour is certainly going ! it is sneaking off !
I feel it oozing, as it were, at the palms of my hands !" —
SHERIDAN'S Rivals.]

⁶ ["Or all the stuff which utter'd by the 'Blues' is." —
MS.]

CXLIV.

"Bride of the Sun ! and Sister of the Moon !"
('T was thus he spake,) "and Empress of the Earth !
Whose frown would put the spheres all out of tune,
Whose smile makes all the planets dance with mirth,
Your slave brings tidings — he hopes not too soon —
Which your sublime attention may be worth :
The Sun himself has sent me like a ray,
To hint that he is coming up this way."

CXLV.

"Is it," exclaim'd Gulbeyaz, "as you say ?
I wish to heaven he would not shine till morning !
But bid my women form the milky way. [ing—¹
Hence, my old comet ! give the stars due warn-
And, Christian ! mingle with them as you may,
And as you 'd have me pardon your past scorn-
ing—"

Here they were interrupted by a humming
Sound, and then by a cry, "The Sultan's coming !"

CXLVI.

First came her damsels, a decorous file,
And then his Highness' eunuchs, black and white ;
The train might reach a quarter of a mile :
His majesty was always so polite
As to announce his visits a long while
Before he came, especially at night ;
For being the last wife of the Emperour,
She was of course the favourite of the four.

CXLVII.

His Highness was a man of solemn port,
Shawl'd to the nose, and bearded to the eyes,
Snatch'd from a prison to preside at court,
His lately bowstrung brother caused his rise ;
He was as good a sovereign of the sort
As any mention'd in the histories
Of Cantemir, or Knöllés, where few shine
Save Solymán, the glory of their line.²

CXLVIII.

He went to mosque in state, and said his prayers
With more than "Oriental scrupulosity ;"³
He left to his vizier all state affairs,
And show'd but little royal curiosity ;
I know not if he had domestic cares —
No process proved connubial animosity ;
Four wives and twice five hundred maids, unseen,
Were ruled as calmly as a Christian queen.⁴

CXLIX.

If now and then there happen'd a slight slip,
Little was heard of criminal or crime ;
The story scarcely pass'd a single lip —
The sack and sea had settled all in time,

¹ ["But prithee — get my women in the way,
That all the stars may gleam with due adorning." —
MS.]

² It may not be unworthy of remark, that Bacon, in his essay on "Empire," hints that Solymán was the last of his line ; on what authority, I know not. These are his words :—"The destruction of Mustapha was so fatal to Solymán's line ; as the succession of the Turks from Solymán until this day is suspected to be untrue, and of strange blood ; for that Selymus the second was thought to be supposititious." But Bacon, in his historical authorities, is often inaccurate. I could give half a dozen instances from his Apophthegms only. [See APPENDIX : Don Juan, canto v.]

³ [Gibbon.]

⁴ ["Because he kept them wrapt up in his closet, he Ruled four wives and twelve hundred whores, unseen, More easily than Christian kings one queen." — MS.]

⁵ ["There ended many a fair Sultana's trip :
The Public knew no more than does this rhyme ;
No printed scandals flew, — the fish, of course,
Were better — while the morals were no worse." — MS.]

From which the secret nobody could rip :
The Public knew no more than does this rhyme ;
No scandals made the daily press a curse —
Morals were better, and the fish no worse.⁵

CL.

He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,
Was also certain that the earth was square,
Because he had journey'd fifty miles, and found
No sign that it was circular any where ;
His empire also was without a bound :
'T is true, a little troubled here and there,
By rebel pachas, and encroaching gjaours,
But then they never came to "the Seven Towers ;"⁶

CLL.

Except in shape of envoys, who were sent
To lodge there when a war broke out, according
To the true law of nations, which ne'er meant
Those scoundrels, who have never had a sword in
Their dirty diplomatic hands, to vent
Their spleen in making strife, and safely wording
Their lies, yclep'd despatches, without risk or
The singeing of a single inky whisker.

CLLII.

He had fifty daughters and four dozen sons,
Of whom all such as came of age were stow'd,
The former in a palace, where like nuns
They lived till some Bashaw was sent abroad,
When she, whose turn it was, was wed at once,
Sometimes at six years old⁷ — though this seems
odd,

'T is true ; the reason is, that the Bashaw
Must make a present to his sire in law.

CLLIII.

His sons were kept in prison, till they grew
Of years to fill a bowstring or the throne,
One or the other, but which of the two
Could yet be known unto the fates alone ;
Meantime the education they went through
Was princely, as the proofs have always shown :
So that the heir apparent still was found
No less deserving to be hang'd than crown'd.

CLLIV.

His Majesty saluted his fourth spouse
With all the ceremonies of his rank,
Who clear'd her sparkling eyes and smooth'd her brows,
As suits a matron who has play'd a prank ;
These must seem doubly mindful of their vows,
To save the credit of their breaking bank :
To no men are such cordial greetings given,
As those whose wives have made them fit for heaven.

⁶ [The state prison of Constantinople, in which the Porte shuts up the ministers of hostile powers who are dilatory in taking their departure, under pretence of protecting them from the insults of the mob. — HOPK.]

We attempted to visit the Seven Towers, but were stopped at the entrance, and informed that without a firman it was inaccessible to strangers. It was supposed that Count Bulukoff, the Russian minister, would be the last of the *Mous-safirs*, or imperial hostages, confined in this fortress ; but since the year 1784, M. Ruffin and many of the French have been imprisoned in the same place ; and the dungeons were gaping, it seems, for the sacred persons of the gentlemen composing his Britannic Majesty's mission, previous to the rupture between Great Britain and the Porte in 1809. — HOBHOUSE.]

⁷ ["The princess" (Sulta Asma, daughter of Achmet III.) "exclaimed against the barbarity of the institution which, at six years old, had put her in the power of a decrepit old man, who, by treating her like a child, had only inspired disgust." — DE TORR.]