

## LXXXV.

At length she said, that in a slumber sound  
She dream'd a dream, of walking in a wood —  
A "wood obscure," like that where Dante found<sup>1</sup>  
Himself in at the age when all grow good;  
Life's half-way house, where dames with virtue crown'd  
Run much less risk of lovers turning rude;  
And that this wood was full of pleasant fruits,  
And trees of goodly growth and spreading roots;

## LXXXVI.

And in the midst a golden apple grew, —  
A most prodigious pippin — but it hung  
Rather too high and distant; that she threw  
Her glances on it, and then, longing, flung  
Stones and whatever she could pick up, to  
Bring down the fruit, which still perversely clung  
To its own bough, and dangled yet in sight,  
But always at a most provoking height; —

## LXXXVII.

That on a sudden, when she least had hope,  
It fell down of its own accord before  
Her feet; that her first movement was to stoop  
And pick it up, and bite it to the core;  
That just as her young lip began to ope  
Upon the golden fruit the vision bore,  
A bee flew out, and stung her to the heart,  
And so — she awoke with a great scream and start.

## LXXXVIII.

All this she told with some confusion and  
Dismay, the usual consequence of dreams  
Of the unpleasant kind, with none at hand  
To expound their vain and visionary gleams.  
I've known some odd ones which seem'd really plann'd  
Prophetically, or that which one deems  
A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase  
By which such things are settled now-a-days.<sup>2</sup>

## LXXXIX.

The damsels, who had thoughts of some great harm,  
Began, as is the consequence of fear,  
To scold a little at the false alarm  
That broke for nothing on their sleeping ear.  
The matron, too, was wroth to leave her warm  
Bed for the dream she had been obliged to hear,  
And chafed at poor Dudù, who only sigh'd,  
And said, that she was sorry she had cried.

## LXXX.

"I've heard of stories of a cock and bull;  
But visions of an apple and a bee,  
To take us from our natural rest, and pull  
The whole Oda from their beds at half-past three,  
Would make us think the moon is at its full.  
You surely are unwell, child! we must see,  
To-morrow, what his Highness's physician  
Will say to this hysteric of a vision.

## LXXXI.

"And poor Juanna, too, the child's first night  
Within these walls, to be broke in upon  
With such a clamour — I had thought it right  
That the young stranger should not lie alone,  
And, as the quietest of all, she might  
With you, Dudù, a good night's rest have known;  
But now I must transfer her to the charge  
Of Lolah — though her couch is not so large."

<sup>1</sup> "Nell' mezzo del cammin' di nostra vita  
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura," &c. — *Inferno*.

<sup>2</sup> [One of the advocates employed for Queen Caroline in

## LXXXII.

Lolah's eyes sparkled at the proposition;  
But poor Dudù, with large drops in her own,  
Resulting from the scolding or the vision,  
Implored that present pardon might be shown  
For this first fault, and that on no condition  
(She added in a soft and piteous tone)  
Juanna should be taken from her, and  
Her future dreams should all be kept in hand.

## LXXXIII.

She promised never more to have a dream,  
At least to dream so loudly as just now;  
She wonder'd at herself how she could scream —  
'T was foolish, nervous, as she must allow,  
A fond hallucination, and a theme  
For laughter — but she felt her spirits low,  
And begg'd they would excuse her; she'd get over  
This weakness in a few hours, and recover.

## LXXXIV.

And here Juanna kindly interposed,  
And said she felt herself extremely well  
Where she then was, as her sound sleep disclosed,  
When all around rang like a tocsin bell;  
She did not find herself the least disposed  
To quit her gentle partner, and to dwell  
Apart from one who had no sin to show,  
Save that of dreaming once "mal-à-propos."

## LXXXV.

As thus Juanna spoke, Dudù turn'd round  
And hid her face within Juanna's breast;  
Her neck alone was seen, but that was found  
The colour of a budding rose's crest.  
I can't tell why she blush'd, nor can expound  
The mystery of this rapture of their rest;  
All that I know is, that the facts I state  
Are true as truth has ever been of late.

## LXXXVI.

And so good night to them, — or, if you will,  
Good morrow — for the cock had crown, and light  
Began to clothe each Asiatic hill,  
And the mosque crescent struggled into sight  
Of the long caravan, which in the chill  
Of dewy dawn wound slowly round each height,  
That stretches to the stony belt, which girds  
Asia, where Kaff looks down upon the Kurds.

## LXXXVII.

With the first ray, or rather grey of morn,  
Gulbeyaz rose from restlessness; and pale  
As Passion rises, with its bosom worn,  
Array'd herself with mantle, gem, and veil.  
The nightingale that sings with the deep thorn,  
Which fable places in her breast of wail,  
Is lighter far of heart and voice than those  
Whose headlong passions form their proper woes.

## LXXXVIII.

And that's the moral of this composition,  
If people would but see its real drift; —  
But *that* they will not do without suspicion,  
Because all gentle readers have the gift  
Of closing 'gainst the light their orbs of vision;  
While gentle writers also love to lift  
Their voices 'gainst each other, which is natural,  
The numbers are too great for them to flatter all.

the House of Lords spoke of some of the most puzzling passages in the history of her intercourse with Bergami, as amounting to "odd instances of strange coincidence."

## LXXXIX.

Rose the sultana from a bed of splendour,  
Softer than the soft Sybarite's, who cried  
Aloud because his feelings were too tender  
To brook a ruffled rose-leaf by his side, —  
So beautiful that art could little mend her,  
Though pale with conflicts between love and  
So agitated was she with her error, [pride; —  
She did not even look into the mirror.

## XC.

Also arose about the self-same time,  
Perhaps a little later, her great lord,  
Master of thirty kingdoms so sublime,  
And of a wife by whom he was abhorr'd;  
A thing of much less import in that clime —  
At least to those of incomes which afford  
The filling up their whole connubial cargo —  
Than where two wives are under an embargo.

## XCI.

He did not think much on the matter, nor  
Indeed on any other: as a man  
He liked to have a handsome paramour  
At hand, as one may like to have a fan,  
And therefore of Circassians had good store,  
As an amusement after the Divan;  
Though an unusual fit of love, or duty,  
Had made him lately bask in his bride's beauty.

## XCII.

And now he rose; and after due ablutions  
Exacted by the customs of the East,  
And prayers and other pious evolutions,  
He drank six cups of coffee at the least,  
And then withdrew to hear about the Russians,  
Whose victories had recently increased  
In Catherine's reign, whom glory still adores,  
As greatest of all sovereigns and w——s.

## XCIII.

But oh, thou grand legitimate Alexander!  
Her son's son, let not this last phrase offend  
Thine ear, if it should reach — and now rhymes wander  
Almost as far as Petersburg, and lend  
A dreadful impulse to each loud meander  
Of murmuring Liberty's wide waves, which blend  
Their roar even with the Baltic's — so you be  
Your father's son, 't is quite enough for me.

## XCIV.

To call men love-begotten, or proclaim  
Their mothers as the antipodes of Timon,  
That haer of mankind, would be a shame,  
A libel, or whate'er you please to rhyme on:  
But people's ancestors are history's game;  
And if one lady's slip could leave a crime on  
All generations, I should like to know  
What pedigree the best would have to show?

## XCV.

Had Catherine and the sultan understood  
Their own true interests, which kings rarely know,  
Until 't is taught by lessons rather rude,  
There was a way to end their strife, although

<sup>1</sup> [Motraye, in describing the interior of the Grand Signior's palace, into which he gained admission as the assistant of a watchmaker, who was employed to regulate the clocks, says that the eunuch who received them at the entrance of the harem, conducted them into a hall, which appeared to be the most agreeable apartment in the edifice: "Cette salle est incrustée de porcelaine fine; et le lambris doré et azuré qui orne le fond d'une coupole qui règne au-dessus, est des plus

Perhaps precarious, had they but thought good,  
Without the aid of prince or plenipo:  
She to dismiss her guards and he his harem,  
And for their other matters, meet and share 'em.

## XCVI.

But as it was, his Highness had to hold  
His daily council upon ways and means  
How to encounter with this martial scold,  
This modern Amazon and queen of queans;  
And the perplexity could not be told  
Of all the pillars of the state, which leans  
Sometimes a little heavy on the backs  
Of those who cannot lay on a new tax.

## XCVII.

Meantime Gulbeyaz, when her king was gone,  
Retired into her boudoir, a sweet place  
For love or breakfast; private, pleasing, lone,  
And rich with all contrivances which grace  
Those gay recesses: — many a precious stone  
Sparkled along its roof, and many a vase  
Of porcelain held in the fetter'd flowers,  
Those captive soothers of a captive's hours.

## XCVIII.

Mother of pearl, and porphyry, and marble,  
Vied with each other on this costly spot;  
And singing birds without were heard to warble;  
And the stain'd glass which lighted this fair grot  
Varied each ray; — but all descriptions garble  
The true effect<sup>1</sup>, and so we had better not  
Be too minute; an outline is the best, —  
A lively reader's fancy does the rest.

## XCIX.

And here she summon'd Baba, and required  
Don Juan at his hands, and information  
Of what had pass'd since all the slaves retired,  
And whether he had occupied their station;  
If matters had been managed as desired,  
And his disguise with due consideration  
Kept up; and above all, the where and how  
He had pass'd the night, was what she wish'd to know.

## C.

Baba, with some embarrassment, replied  
To this long catechism of questions, ask'd  
More easily than answer'd, — that he had tried  
His best to obey in what he had been task'd;  
But there seem'd something that he wish'd to hide,  
Which hesitation more betray'd than mask'd;  
He scratch'd his ear, the infallible resource  
To which embarrass'd people have recourse.

## CI.

Gulbeyaz was no model of true patience,  
Nor much disposed to wait in word or deed;  
She liked quick answers in all conversations;  
And when she saw him stumbling like a steed  
In his replies, she puzzled him for fresh ones;  
And as his speech grew still more broken-kneed,  
Her cheek began to flush, her eyes to sparkle,  
And her proud brow's blue veins to swell and darkle.

riches. Une fontaine artificielle et jaillissante, dont le bassin est d'un précieux marbre vert qui m'a paru serpentín ou jaspé, s'élevait directement au milieu, sous le dôme. Je me trouvai la tête si pleine de sophas, de précieux plafonds, de meubles superbes, en un mot, d'une si grande confusion de matériaux magnifiques, qu'il seroit difficile d'en donner un idée claire." — *Voyages*, tom. I. p. 220.]

## CII.

When Baba saw these symptoms, which he knew  
To bode him no great good, he deprecated  
Her anger, and beseech'd she'd hear him through—  
He could not help the thing which he related:  
Then out it came at length, that to Dudù  
Juan was given in charge, as hath been stated;  
But not by Baba's fault, he said, and swore on  
The holy camel's hump, besides the Koran.

## CIII.

The chief dame of the Oda, upon whom  
The discipline of the whole harem bore,  
As soon as they re-enter'd their own room,  
For Baba's function stopt short at the door,  
Had settled all; nor could he then presume  
(The aforesaid Baba) just then to do more,  
Without exciting such suspicion as  
Might make the matter still worse than it was.

## CIV.

He hoped, indeed he thought, he could be sure  
Juan had not betray'd himself; in fact  
'T was certain that his conduct had been pure,  
Because a foolish or imprudent act  
Would not alone have made him insecure,  
But ended in his being found out and *sack'd*,  
And thrown into the sea.—Thus Baba spoke  
Of all save Dudù's dream, which was no joke.

## CV.

This he discreetly kept in the back ground,  
And talk'd away—and might have talk'd till now,  
For any further answer that he found,  
So deep an anguish wrung Gulbeyaz' brow:  
Her cheek turn'd ashes, ears rung, brain whirl'd round,  
As if she had received a sudden blow,  
And the heart's dew of pain sprang fast and chilly  
O'er her fair front, like Morning's on a lily.

## CVI.

Although she was not of the fainting sort,  
Baba thought she would faint, but there he err'd—  
It was but a convulsion, which though short  
Can never be described; we all have heard,  
And some of us have felt thus "*all amort*,"<sup>1</sup>  
When things beyond the common have occur'd;—  
Gulbeyaz proved in that brief agony  
What she could ne'er express—then how should I?

## CVII.

She stood a moment as a Pythoness  
Stands on her tripod, agonised, and full  
Of inspiration gather'd from distress,  
When all the heart-strings like wild horses pull  
The heart asunder;—then, as more or less  
Their speed abated or their strength grew dull,  
She sunk down on her seat by slow degrees,  
And bow'd her throbbing head o'er trembling knees.

## CVIII.

Her face declined and was unseen; her hair  
Fell in long tresses like the weeping willow,  
Sweeping the marble underneath her chair,  
Or rather sofa, (for it was all pillow,  
A low, soft ottoman,) and black despair  
Stirr'd up and down her bosom like a billow,  
Which rushes to some shore whose shingles check  
Its farther course, but must receive its wreck.

<sup>1</sup> ["How fares my Kate? What! sweeting, all amort?"]  
—*Taming of the Shrew*.]

<sup>2</sup> ["His guilty soul, at enmity with gods and men, could find no rest; so violently was his mind torn and distracted

## CIX.

Her head hung down, and her long hair in stooping  
Conceal'd her features better than a veil;  
And one hand o'er the ottoman lay drooping,  
White, waxen, and as alabaster pale:  
Would that I were a painter! to be grouping  
All that a poet drags into detail!  
Oh that my words were colours! but their tints  
May serve perhaps as outlines or slight hints.

## CX.

Baba, who knew by experience when to talk  
And when to hold his tongue, now held it till  
This passion might blow o'er, nor dared to balk  
Gulbeyaz' taciturn or speaking will;  
At length she rose up, and began to walk  
Slowly along the room, but silent still,  
And her brow clear'd, but not her troubled eye;  
The wind was down, but still the sea ran high.

## CXI.

She stopt'd, and raised her head to speak—but paused,  
And then moved on again with rapid pace;  
Then slacken'd it, which is the march most caused  
By deep emotion:—you may sometimes trace  
A feeling in each footstep, as disclosed  
By Sallust in his *Catiline*, who, chased  
By all the demons of all passions, show'd  
Their work even by the way in which he trode.<sup>2</sup>

## CXII.

Gulbeyaz stopt'd and beckon'd Baba:—"Slave!  
Bring the two slaves!" she said in a low tone,  
But one which Baba did not like to brave,  
And yet he shudder'd, and seem'd rather prone  
To prove reluctant, and begg'd leave to crave  
(Though he well knew the meaning) to be shown  
What slaves her highness wish'd to indicate,  
For fear of any error, like the late.

## CXIII.

"The Georgian and her paramour," replied  
The imperial bride—and added, "Let the boat  
Be ready by the secret portal's side:  
You know the rest." The words stuck in her throat,  
Despite her injured love and fiery pride;  
And of this Baba willingly took note,  
And begg'd by every hair of Mahomet's beard,  
She would revoke the order he had heard.

## CXIV.

"To hear is to obey," he said; "but still,  
Sultana, think upon the consequence:  
It is not that I shall not all fulfil  
Your orders, even in their severest sense;  
But such precipitation may end ill,  
Even at your own imperative expense:  
I do not mean destruction and exposure,  
In case of any premature disclosure;

## CXV.

"But your own feelings. Even should all the rest  
Be hidden by the rolling waves, which hide  
Already many a once love-beaten breast  
Deep in the caverns of the deadly tide—  
You love this boyish, new, seraglio guest,  
And if this violent remedy be tried—  
Excuse my freedom, when I here assure you,  
That killing him is not the way to cure you."

by a consciousness of guilt. Accordingly his countenance was pale, his eyes ghastly, his pace one while quick, another slow; indeed, in all his looks there was an air of distraction."—SALLUST.]

## CXVI.

"What dost thou know of love or feeling?—Wretch!  
Begone!" she cried, with kindling eyes—"and do  
My bidding!" Baba vanish'd, for to stretch  
His own remonstrance further he well knew  
Might end in acting as his own "Jack Ketch;"  
And though he wish'd extremely to get through  
This awkward business without harm to others,  
He still prefer'd his own neck to another's.

## CXVII.

Away he went then upon his commission,  
Growling and grumbling in good Turkish phrase  
Against all women of whate'er condition,  
Especially sultanas and their ways;  
Their obstinacy, pride, and indecision,  
Their never knowing their own mind two days,  
The trouble that they gave, their immorality,  
Which made him daily bless his own neutrality.

## CXVIII.

And then he call'd his brethren to his aid,  
And sent one on a summons to the pair,  
That they must instantly be well array'd,  
And above all be comb'd even to a hair,  
And brought before the empress, who had made  
Inquiries after them with kindest care:  
At which Dudù look'd strange, and Juan silly;  
But go they must at once, and will I—nill I.

## CXIX.

And here I leave them at their preparation  
For the imperial presence, wherein whether  
Gulbeyaz show'd them both commiseration,  
Or got rid of the parties altogether,  
Like other angry ladies of her nation,—  
Are things the turning of a hair or feather  
May settle; but far be 't from me to anticipate  
In what way feminine caprice may dissipate.

## CXX.

I leave them for the present with good wishes,  
Though doubts of their well doing, to arrange  
Another part of history; for the dishes  
Of this our banquet we must sometimes change;  
And trusting Juan may escape the fishes,  
Although his situation now seems strange,  
And scarce secure, as such digressions are fair,  
The Muse will take a little touch at warfare.

## Don Juan.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.<sup>1</sup>

## I.

O LOVE! O GLORY! what are ye who fly  
Around us ever, rarely to alight?

<sup>1</sup> ["The seventh and eighth Cantos contain a full detail (like the storm in Canto second) of the siege and assault of Ismail, with much of sarcasm on those butchers in large business, your mercenary soldiers. With these things and these fellows it is necessary, in the present clash of philosophy and tyranny, to throw away the scabbard. I know it is against fearful odds; but the battle must be fought; and it will be eventually for the good of mankind, whatever it may be for the individual who risks himself."—*Byron Letters*, Aug. 8. 1822.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Scrawled this additional page of life's log-book. One day more is over of it, and of me;—but, 'which is best, life or death, the gods only know,' as Socrates said to his judges, on the breaking up of the tribunal. Two thousand years

There's not a meteor in the polar sky  
Of such transcendent and more fleeting flight.  
Chill, and chain'd to cold earth, we lift on high  
Our eyes in search of either lovely light;  
A thousand and a thousand colours they  
Assume, then leave us on our freezing way.

## II.

And such as they are, such my present tale is,  
A non-descript and ever-varying rhyme,  
A versified Aurora Borealis,  
Which flashes o'er a waste and icy clime.  
When we know what all are, we must bewail us,  
But ne'ertheless I hope it is no crime  
To laugh at all things—for I wish to know  
What, after all, are all things—but a show?

## III.

They accuse me—*Me*—the present writer of  
The present poem—of—I know not what—  
A tendency to under-rate and scoff  
At human power and virtue, and all that;  
And this they say in language rather rough.  
Good God! I wonder what they would be at!  
I say no more than hath been said in Danté's  
Verse, and by Solomon and by Cervantes;

## IV.

By Swift, by Machiavel, by Rochefoucault,  
By Fénelon, by Luther, and by Plato;  
By Tillotson, and Wesley, and Rousseau,  
Who knew this life was not worth a potato.  
'T is not their fault, nor mine, if this be so—  
For my part, I pretend not to be Cato,  
Nor even Diogenes.—We live and die,  
But which is best, you know no more than I.

## V.

Socrates said, our only knowledge was<sup>2</sup>  
"To know that nothing could be known;" a  
pleasant  
Science enough, which levels to an ass  
Each man of wisdom, future, past, or present.  
Newton (that proverb of the mind), alas!  
Declared, with all his grand discoveries recent,  
That he himself felt only "like a youth  
Picking up shells by the great ocean—Truth."<sup>3</sup>

## VI.

Ecclesiastes said, "that all is vanity"—  
Most modern preachers say the same, or show it  
By their examples of true Christianity:  
In short, all know, or very soon may know it;  
And in this scene of all-confess'd inanity,  
By saint, by sage, by preacher, and by poet,  
Must I restrain me, through the fear of strife,  
From holding up the nothingness of life?

since that sage's declaration of ignorance have not enlightened us more upon this important point."—*Byron Diary*, 1821.]

<sup>3</sup> [A short time before his death, Newton uttered this memorable sentiment:—"I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."—What a lesson to the vanity and presumption of philosophers; to those, especially, who have never even found the smoother pebble or the prettier shell! What a preparation for the latest inquiries, and the last views, of the decaying spirit,—for those inspired doctrines which alone can throw a light over the dark ocean of undiscovered truth!  
—SIR DAVID BREWSTER.]

## VII.

Dogs, or men!—for I flatter you<sup>1</sup> in saying  
That ye are dogs—your betters far—ye may  
Read, or read not, what I am now essaying  
To show ye what ye are in every way.  
As little as the moon stops for the baying  
Of wolves, will the bright muse withdraw one ray  
From out her skies—then howl your idle wrath!  
While she still silvers o'er your gloomy path.

## VIII.

"Fierce loves and faithless wars"—I am not sure  
If this be the right reading—'tis no matter;  
The fact's about the same, I am secure;  
I sing them both, and am about to batter  
A town which did a famous siege endure,  
And was beleaguere'd both by land and water<sup>2</sup>  
By Souvaroff, or Anglicè Suwarrow,  
Who loved blood as an alderman loves marrow.

## IX.

The fortress is call'd Ismail, and is placed  
Upon the Danube's left branch and left bank,<sup>3</sup>  
With buildings in the Oriental taste,  
But still a fortress of the foremost rank,  
Or was at least, unless 'tis since defaced,  
Which with your conquerors is a common prank:  
It stands some eighty versts from the high sea,  
And measures round of toises thousands three.<sup>4</sup>

## X.

Within the extent of this fortification  
A borough is comprised along the height  
Upon the left, which from its loftier station  
Commands the city, and upon its site  
A Greek had raised around this elevation  
A quantity of palisades upright,  
So placed as to impede the fire of those  
Who held the place, and to assist the foe's.<sup>5</sup>

## XI.

This circumstance may serve to give a notion  
Of the high talents of this new Vauban:  
But the town ditch below was deep as ocean,  
The rampart higher than you'd wish to hang:  
But then there was a great want of precaution  
(Prithee, excuse this engineering slang),  
Nor work advanced, nor cover'd way was there,<sup>6</sup>  
To hint at least "Here is no thoroughfare."

<sup>1</sup> [See "Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog," *antè*, p. 539.]

<sup>2</sup> ["An. 1790. Le 30 de Novembre on s'approcha de la place; les troupes de terres formaient un total de vingt mille hommes, indépendamment de sept à huit mille Kozaks."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, tom. ii. p. 201.]

<sup>3</sup> ["Ismaël est situé sur la rive gauche du bras gauche du Danube."—*Ibid.*]

<sup>4</sup> ["à peu près à quatre-vingts verstes de la mer: elle a près de trois milles toises de tour."—*Ibid.*]

<sup>5</sup> ["On a compris dans ces fortifications un faubourg Moldave, situé à la gauche de la ville, sur une hauteur qui la domine: l'ouvrage a été terminé par un Grec. Pour donner une idée des talens de cet ingénieur; il suffira de dire qu'il fit placer les palisades perpendiculairement sur le parapet, de manière qu'elles favorisaient les assiégeans, et arrêtaient le feu des assiégés."—*Ibid.* p. 202.]

<sup>6</sup> ["Le rempart en terre est prodigieusement élevé à cause de l'immense profondeur du fosse; il est cependant absolument rasant; il n'y a ni ouvrage avancé, ni chemin couvert."—*Ibid.* p. 202.]

<sup>7</sup> [Casemate is a work made under the rampart, like a

## XII.

But a stone bastion, with a narrow gorge,  
And walls as thick as most skulls born as yet;  
Two batteries, cap-à-pie, as our St. George,  
Case-mated<sup>7</sup> one, and t'other "a barbette,"<sup>8</sup>  
Of Danube's bank took formidable charge;  
While two and twenty cannon duly set  
Rose over the town's right side, in bristling tier,  
Forty feet high, upon a cavalier.<sup>9</sup>

## XIII.

But from the river the town's open quite,  
Because the Turks could never be persuaded  
A Russian vessel e'er would heave in sight;<sup>10</sup>  
And such their creed was, till they were invaded,  
When it grew rather late to set things right.  
But as the Danube could not well be waded,  
They look'd upon the Muscovite flotilla,  
And only shouted, "Allah!" and "Bis Millah!"

## XIV.

The Russians now were ready to attack;  
But oh, ye goddesses of war and glory!  
How shall I spell the name of each Cossacque  
Who were immortal, could one tell their story?  
Alas! what to their memory can lack?  
Achilles' self was not more grim and gory  
Than thousands of this new and polish'd nation,  
Whose names want nothing but—pronunciation.

## XV.

Still I'll record a few, if but to increase  
Our euphony: there was Strongenoff, and Strokonoff,  
Meknop, Serge Low, Arsnew of modern Greece,  
And Tschitshshakoff, and Roguenoff, and Chokenoff,  
And others of twelve consonants apiece;  
And more might be found out, if I could poke enough  
Into gazettes; but Fame (capricious strumpet),  
It seems, has got an ear as well as trumpet,

## XVI.

And cannot tune those discords of narration,  
Which may be names at Moscow, into rhyme;  
Yet there were several worth commemoration,  
As e'er was virgin of a nuptial chime;  
Soft words, too, fitted for the peroration  
Of Londonderry drawing against time,  
Ending in "ischskin," "ousskin," "iffskchy," "ouski,"  
Of whom we can insert but Rousamowski,<sup>11</sup>

cellar or cave, with loopholes to place guns in it, and is bomb proof.—*Milit. Dict.*]

<sup>8</sup> [When the breastwork of a battery is only of such height that the guns may fire over it without being obliged to make embrasures, the guns are said to fire in barbet.—*Ibid.*]

<sup>9</sup> ["Un bastion de pierres, ouvert par une gorge très-étroite, et dont les murailles son fort épaisses, a un batterie casematée et une à barbette; il défend la rive du Danube. Du côté droit de la ville est un cavalier de quarante pieds d'élevation à pic, garni de vingt-deux pièces de canon, et qui défend la partie gauche."—*Hist. de la N. R.* p. 202.]

<sup>10</sup> ["Du côté du fleuve, la ville est absolument ouverte; les Turcs ne croyaient pas que les Russes pussent jamais avoir une flotille dans le Danube."—*Ibid.* p. 203.]

<sup>11</sup> ["La première attaque était composée de trois colonnes, commandées par les lieutenans-généraux Paul Potiemkin, Serge Lwow, les généraux-majors Lasey, Théodore Meknop. Trois autres colonnes avaient pour chefs le Comte Samoilow, les généraux Elie de Bezborodko, Michel Koutousow; les brigadiers Orlow, Platow, Ribaupierre. La troisième attaque par eau n'avait que deux colonnes, sous les ordres des généraux-majors Ribas et Arséniew, des brigadiers Markoff et Tchépéga," &c.—*Ibid.* p. 207.]

## XVII.

Scherematoff and Chrematoff, Koklophiti,  
Koclobski, Kourakin, and Mouskin Pouskin,  
All proper men of weapons, as e'er scoff'd high  
Against a foe, or ran a sabre through skin:  
Little cared they for Mahomet or Mufti,  
Unless to make their kettle-drums a new skin  
Out of their hides, if parchment had grown dear,  
And no more handy substitute been near.

## XVIII.

Then there were foreigners of much renown,  
Of various nations, and all volunteers;  
Not fighting for their country or its crown,  
But wishing to be one day brigadiers:  
Also to have the sacking of a town;  
A pleasant thing to young men at their years.  
'Mongst them were several Englishmen of pith,  
Sixteen call'd Thomson, and nineteen named Smith.

## XIX.

Jack Thomson and Bill Thomson;—all the rest  
Had been call'd "Jemmy," after the great bard;  
I don't know whether they had arms or crest,  
But such a godfather's as good a card.  
Three of the Smiths were Peters; but the best  
Amongst them all, hard blows to inflict or ward,  
Was he, since so renown'd "in country quarters  
At Halifax;"<sup>1</sup> but now he served the Tartars.

## XX.

The rest were Jacks and Gills and Wills and Bills,  
But when I've added that the elder Jack Smith  
Was born in Cumberland among the hills,  
And that his father was an honest blacksmith,  
I've said all I know of a name that fills [smith,"  
Three lines of the despatch in taking "Schmack-  
A village of Moldavia's waste, wherein  
He fell, immortal in a bulletin.

## XXI.

I wonder (although Mars no doubt's a god I  
Praise) if a man's name in a *bulletin*  
May make up for a *bullet* in his body?  
I hope this little question is no sin,  
Because, though I am but a simple noddie,  
I think one Shakspeare puts the same thought in  
The mouth of some one in his plays so doting,  
Which many people pass for wits by quoting.

## XXII.

Then there were Frenchmen, gallant, young, and gay:  
But I'm too great a patriot to record  
Their Gallic names upon a glorious day;  
I'd rather tell ten lies than say a word  
Of truth;—such truths are treason; they betray  
Their country; and as traitors are abhor'd  
Who name the French in English, save to show  
How Peace should make John Bull the Frenchroan's foe.

<sup>1</sup> [See the farce of "Love Laughs at Locksmiths."]

<sup>2</sup> ["On s'était proposé deux buts également avantageux, par la construction de deux batteries sur l'île qui avoisine Ismaël: le premier, de bombarder la place, d'en abattre les principaux édifices avec du canon de quarante-huit, effet d'autant plus probable, que la ville étant bâtie en amphithéâtre, presque aucun coup ne serait perdu."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, p. 203.]

<sup>3</sup> ["Le second objet était de profiter de ce moment d'alarme pour que la flotille, agissant en même temps, pût détruire celle des Turcs. Un troisième motif, et vraisemblablement le plus plausible, était de jeter la consternation parmi les Turcs, et de les engager à capituler."—*Ibid.* p. 203.]

## XXIII.

The Russians, having built two batteries on  
An isle near Ismail, had two ends in view;  
The first was to bombard it, and knock down  
The public buildings and the private too,  
No matter what poor souls might be undone.  
The city's shape suggested this, 'tis true;  
Form'd like an amphitheatre, each dwelling  
Presented a fine mark to throw a shell in.<sup>2</sup>

## XXIV.

The second object was to profit by  
The moment of the general consternation,  
To attack the Turks' flotilla, which lay nigh  
Extremely tranquil, anchor'd at its station:  
But a third motive was as probably  
To frighten them into capitulation;<sup>3</sup>  
A phantasy which sometimes seizes warriors,  
Unless they are game as bull-dogs and fox-terriers.

## XXV.

A habit rather blameable, which is  
That of despising those we combat with,  
Common in many cases, was in this  
The cause<sup>4</sup> of killing Tchitchitzkoff and Smith;  
One of the valorous "Smiths" whom we shall miss  
Out of those nineteen who late rhymed to "pith;"  
But 'tis a name so spread o'er "Sir" and "Madam,"  
That one would think the first who bore it "Adam."

## XXVI.

The Russian batteries were incomplete,  
Because they were constructed in a hurry;<sup>5</sup>  
Thus the same cause which makes a verse want feet,  
And throws a cloud o'er Longman and John Murray,  
When the sale of new books is not so fleet  
As they who print them think is necessary,  
May likewise put off for a time what story  
Sometimes calls "murder," and at others "glory."

## XXVII.

Whether it was their engineer's stupidity,  
Their haste or waste, I neither know nor care,  
Or some contractor's personal cupidity,  
Saving his soul by cheating in the ware  
Of homicide, but there was no solidity  
In the new batteries erected there;  
They either miss'd, or they were never miss'd,  
And added greatly to the missing list.

## XXVIII.

A sad miscalculation about distance  
Made all their naval matters incorrect;  
Three fireships lost their amiable existence  
Before they reach'd a spot to take effect:  
The match was lit too soon, and no assistance  
Could remedy this lubberly defect;  
They blew up in the middle of the river,  
While, though 't was dawn, the Turks slept fast as ever.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ["Un habitude blâmable, celle de mépriser son ennemi, fut la cause."—*Hist. de la N. R.* p. 203.]

<sup>5</sup> [". . . du défaut de perfection dans la construction des batteries; on voulait agir promptement, et on négligea de donner aux ouvrages la solidité qu'ils exigeaient."—*Ibid.* p. 203.]

<sup>6</sup> ["On calcula mal la distance; la même esprit fit manquer l'effet de trois brûlots; on se pressa d'allumer la mèche, ils brûlèrent au milieu du fleuve, et quoiqu'il fût six heures du matin, les Turcs, encore couchés, n'en prirent aucun ombrage."—*Ibid.* p. 203.]

## XXIX.

At seven they rose, however, and survey'd  
The Russ flotilla getting under way;  
'T was nine, when still advancing undismay'd,  
Within a cable's length their vessels lay  
Off Ismail, and commenced a cannonade,  
Which was return'd with interest, I may say,  
And by a fire of musketry and grape,  
And shells and shot of every size and shape.<sup>1</sup>

## XXX.

For six hours bore they without intermission  
The Turkish fire, and, aided by their own  
Land batteries, work'd their guns with great precision:  
At length they found mere cannonade alone  
By no means would produce the town's submission,  
And made a signal to retreat at one.  
One bark blew up, a second near the works  
Running aground, was taken by the Turks.<sup>2</sup>

## XXXI.

The Moslem, too, had lost both ships and men;  
But when they saw the enemy retire,  
Their Delhis<sup>3</sup> mann'd some boats, and sail'd again,  
And gall'd the Russians with a heavy fire,  
And tried to make a landing on the main;  
But here the effect fell short of their desire:  
Count Damas drove them back into the water  
Pell-mell, and with a whole gazette of slaughter.<sup>4</sup>

## XXXII.

"If" (says the historian here) "I could report  
All that the Russians did upon this day,  
I think that several volumes would fall short,  
And I should still have many things to say;"<sup>5</sup>  
And so he says no more—but pays his court  
To some distinguish'd strangers in that fray;  
The Prince de Ligne, and Langeron, and Damas,  
Names great as any that the roll of Fame has.<sup>6</sup>

## XXXIII.

This being the case, may show us what Fame is:  
For out of these three "*preux Chevaliers*," how  
Many of common readers give a guess  
That such existed? (and they may live now

<sup>1</sup> ["1<sup>er</sup> Dec. 1790. La flotille Russe s'avance vers les sept heures; il en était neuf lorsqu'elle se trouva à cinquante toises de la ville d'Ismail: elle souffrit, avec une constance calme, un feu de mitraille et de mousqueterie. . . ."—*Hist. de la N. R.* p. 204.]

<sup>2</sup> [". . . près de six heures: les batteries de terre secondaient la flotille; mais on reconnût alors que les canonades ne suffisaient pas pour réduire la place, on fit la retraite à une heure. Un lançon sauta pendant l'action, un autre dérivait par la force du courant, et fut pris par les Turcs."—*Ibid.* p. 204.]

<sup>3</sup> ["Properly madmen: a species of troops who, in the Turkish army, act as the forlorn hope."—D'HERBELOT.]

<sup>4</sup> ["Les Turcs perdirent beaucoup de monde et plusieurs vaisseaux; à peine la retraite des Russes fut-elle remarquée, que les plus braves d'entre les ennemis se jetèrent dans de petites barques et essayèrent une descente: le Comte de Damas les mit en fuite, et leur tua plusieurs officiers et grand nombre de soldats."—*Hist. de la N. R.* p. 204.]

<sup>5</sup> ["On ne tarirait pas si on voulait rapporter tout ce que les Russes firent de mémorable dans cette journée; pour conter les hauts faits d'armes, pour particulariser toutes les actions d'éclat, il faudrait composer des volumes."—*Ibid.* p. 204.]

<sup>6</sup> ["Parmi les étrangers, le Prince de Ligne se distingua de manière à mériter l'estime générale; de vrais chevaliers Français, attirés par l'amour de la gloire, se montrèrent dignes d'elle: les plus marquans étaient le jeune Duc de Richelieu, les Comtes de Langeron et Damas."—*Ibid.* p. 204.]

<sup>7</sup> ["Letters and Reflections of the Austrian Field-Marshal, Charles Joseph, Prince de Ligné, edited by the Baroness de Staël-Holstein," 2 vols. 1809.]

For aught we know.) Renown's all hit or miss;  
There's fortune even in fame, we must allow.  
'T is true, the Memoirs<sup>7</sup> of the Prince de Ligne<sup>8</sup>  
Have half withdrawn from *him* oblivion's screen.

## XXXIV.

But here are men who fought in gallant actions  
As gallantly as ever heroes fought,  
But buried in the heap of such transactions  
Their names are rarely found, nor often sought.  
Thus even good fame may suffer sad contractions,  
And is extinguish'd sooner than she ought:  
Of all our modern battles, I will bet  
You can't repeat nine names from each Gazette.

## XXXV.

In short, this last attack, though rich in glory,  
Show'd that *somewhere, somehow*, there was a fault,  
And Admiral Ribas (known in Russian story)  
Most strongly recommended an assault;  
In which he was opposed by young and hoary,<sup>9</sup>  
Which made a long debate; but I must halt,  
For if I wrote down every warrior's speech,  
I doubt few readers e'er would mount the breach.

## XXXVI.

There was a man, if that he was a man,  
Not that his manhood could be call'd in question,  
For had he not been Hercules, his span  
Had been as short in youth as indigestion  
Made his last illness, when, all worn and wan,  
He died beneath a tree, as much unblest on  
The soil of the green province he had wasted,  
As e'er was locust on the land it blasted.

## XXXVII.

This was Potemkin<sup>10</sup>—a great thing in days  
When homicide and harlotry made great;  
If stars and titles could entail long praise,  
His glory might half equal his estate.  
This fellow, being six foot high, could raise  
A kind of phantasy proportionate  
In the then sovereignty of the Russian people,  
Who measured men as you would do a steeple.

<sup>8</sup> [Charles Joseph, Comte de Ligne, was born at Brussels. Being, in 1782, sent by the Emperor Joseph II. on a mission to Catherine, he became a great favourite with her. She appointed him field-marshal, and gave him an estate in the Crimea. In 1788, he was sent to assist Potemkin at the siege of Oczakoff. He died in 1814.]

<sup>9</sup> ["L'Amiral Ribas déclara, en plein conseil, que ce n'était qu'en donnant l'assaut qu'on obtiendrait la place: cet avis parut hardi; on lui opposa mille raisons, auxquelles il répondit par de meilleures."—*Hist. de la N. R.* p. 205.]

<sup>10</sup> [The following character of Prince Potemkin is from the pen of Count Ségur, who lived in habits of intimacy with him:—"In his person were collected the most opposite defects and advantages of every kind. He was avaricious and ostentatious, despotic and obliging, politic and confiding, licentious and superstitious, bold and timid, ambitious and indiscreet; lavish of his bounties to his relations, his mistresses, and his favourites, yet frequently paying neither his household nor his creditors. His consequence always depended on a woman, and he was always unfaithful to her. Nothing could equal the activity of his mind, nor the indolence of his body. No dangers could appal his courage; no difficulties force him to abandon his projects. But the success of an enterprise always brought on disgust. Every thing with him was desultory; business, pleasure, temper, courage. His presence was a restraint on every company. He was morose to all that stood in awe of him, and caressed all such as accosted him with familiarity. None had read less than he; few people were better informed. One while he formed the project of becoming Duke of Courland; at another he thought of bestowing on himself the crown of Poland. He frequently gave intimation of an intention to make himself a bishop, or even a simple monk. He built a superb palace,

## XXXVIII.

While things were in abeyance, Ribas sent  
A courier to the prince, and he succeeded  
In ordering matters after his own bent;  
I cannot tell the way in which he pleaded,  
But shortly he had cause to be content.  
In the mean time, the batteries proceeded,  
And fourscore cannon on the Danube's border  
Were briskly fired and answer'd in due order.<sup>1</sup>

## XXXIX.

But on the thirteenth, when already part  
Of the troops were embark'd, the siege to raise,  
A courier on the spur inspired new heart  
Into all panthers for newspaper praise,  
As well as diletanti in war's art,  
By his despatches couch'd in pithy phrase;  
Announcing the appointment of that lover of  
Battles to the command, Field-Marshal Souwaroff.<sup>2</sup>

## XL.

The letter of the prince to the same marshal  
Was worthy of a Spartan, had the cause  
Been one to which a good heart could be partial—  
Defence of freedom, country, or of laws;  
But as it was mere lust of power to o'er-arch all  
With its proud brow, it merits slight applause,  
Save for its style, which said, all in a trice,  
"You will take Ismail at whatever price."<sup>3</sup>

## XLI.

"Let there be light! said God, and there was light!"  
"Let there be blood!" says man, and there's a sea!  
The fiat of this spoil'd child of the Night  
(For Day ne'er saw his merits) could decree  
More evil in an hour, than thirty bright  
Summers could renovate, though they should be  
Lovely as those which ripen'd Eden's fruit;  
For war cuts up not only branch, but root.

## XLII.

Our friends the Turks, who with loud "Allahs" now  
Began to signalise the Russ retreat,<sup>4</sup>  
Were damnably mistaken; few are slow  
In thinking that their enemy is beat,  
(Or *beaten*, if you insist on grammar, though  
I never think about it in a heat.)  
But here I say the Turks were much mistaken,  
Who hating hogs, yet wish'd to save their bacon.

## XLIII.

For, on the sixteenth, at full gallop, drew  
In sight two horsemen, who were deem'd Cossackues  
For some time, till they came in nearer view.  
They had but little baggage at their backs,

and wanted to sell it before it was finished. In his youth he had pleased Catherine by the ardour of his passion, by his valour, and by his masculine beauty. Become the rival of Orloff, he performed for his sovereign whatever the most romantic passion could inspire. He put out an eye, to free it from a blemish which diminished his beauty. Banished by his rival, he ran to meet death in battle, and returned with glory. He died in 1791, at the age of fifty-two."

<sup>1</sup> ["Ce projet, remis à un autre jour, éprouva encore les plus grandes difficultés; le courage de Ribas les surmonta: il ne s'agissait que de déterminer le Prince Potemkin; il y réussit. Tandis qu'il se démenait pour l'exécution de projet agréé, on construisait de nouvelles batteries; on comptait, le 12 Décembre, quatre-vingts pièces de canon sur le bord du Danube, et cette journée se passa en vives canonades."—*Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie*, tom. ii. p. 205.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Mais le 13<sup>e</sup>, une partie des troupes était embarquée; on allait lever le siège: un courrier arrive; ce courrier annonce, de la part du Prince, que le Maréchal Souwarow va prendre le commandement des forces réunies sous Ismaël."—*Ibid.* p. 205.]

For there were but *three* shirts between the two;  
But on they rode upon two Ukraine hacks,  
Till, in approaching, were at length descried  
In this plain pair, Suwarrow and his guide.<sup>5</sup>

## XLIV.

"Great joy to London now!" says some great fool,  
When London had a grand illumination,  
Which to that bottle-conjuror, John Bull,  
Is of all dreams the first hallucination;  
So that the streets of colour'd lamps are full,  
That Sage (*said* John) surrenders at discretion  
His purse, his soul, his sense, and even his nonsense,  
To gratify, like a huge moth, this *one* sense.

## XLV.

'T is strange that he should farther "damn his eyes,"  
For they are damn'd; that once all-famous oath  
Is to the devil now no farther prize,  
Since John has lately lost the use of both.  
Debt he calls wealth, and taxes Paradise;  
And Famine, with her gaunt and bony growth,  
Which stare him in the face, he won't examine,  
Or swears that Ceres hath begotten Famine.

## XLVI.

But to the tale;—great joy unto the camp!  
To Russian, Tartar, English, French, Cossackue,  
O'er whom Suwarrow shone like a gas lamp,  
Presaging a most luminous attack;  
Or like a wisp along the marsh so damp,  
Which leads beholders on a boggy walk,  
He flitted to and fro a dancing light,  
Which all who saw it follow'd, wrong or right.

## XLVII.

But certes matters took a different face;  
There was enthusiasm and much applause,  
The fleet and camp saluted with great grace,  
And all presaged good fortune to their cause.  
Within a cannon-shot length of the place  
They drew, constructed ladders, repair'd flaws  
In former works, made new, prepared fascines,<sup>6</sup>  
And all kinds of benevolent machines.

## XLVIII.

'T is thus the spirit of a single mind  
Makes that of multitudes take one direction,  
As roll the waters to the breathing wind,  
Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection;  
Or as a little dog will lead the blind,  
Or a bell-wether form the flock's connection  
By tinkling sounds, when they go forth to victual;  
Such is the sway of your great men o'er little.

<sup>3</sup> ["La lettre du Prince Potemkin à Souwarow est très-courte; elle peint le caractère de ces deux personnages. La voici dans toute sa teneur: 'Vous prendrez Ismaël à quel prix que ce soit!'"—*Hist. de la N. R.* p. 205.]

<sup>4</sup> ["Le courrier est témoin des cris de joie (Allahs) du Turc, qui se croyait à la fin de ses maux."—*Ibid.* p. 205.]

<sup>5</sup> ["Le 16<sup>e</sup>, on voit venir de loin deux hommes courant à toute bride: on les prit pour des Kosaks; l'un était Souwarow, et l'autre son guide, portant un paquet gros comme le poing, et renfermant le bagage du général."—*Ibid.* p. 205.]

<sup>6</sup> ["Les succès multipliés de Souwarow, sa bravoure à toute épreuve, la confiance que le soldat avait en lui, produisirent un enthousiasme général: une salve des batteries du camp et de la flotte célébrèrent son arrivée, et l'espoir du succès ranima les esprits. Les choses prennent le même jour une autre tournure; le camp se rapproche et s'établit à la portée du canon de la place; on prépare des fascines on construit des échelles, on établit des batteries nouvelles."—*Ibid.* p. 206.]