

XXXVII.

"The last time was——" "I pray," said Adeline—
(Who watch'd the changes of Don Juan's brow,
And from its context thought she could divine
Connections stronger than he chose to avow
With this same legend)—"if you but design
To jest, you'll choose some other theme just now,
Because the present tale has oft been told,
And is not much improved by growing old."

XXXVIII.

"Jest!" quoth Milor; "why, Adeline, you know
That we ourselves—'t was in the honey moon—
Saw——" "Well, no matter, 't was so long ago;
But, come, I'll set your story to a tune."
Graceful as Dian, when she draws her bow,
She seized her harp, whose strings were kindled soon
As touch'd, and plaintively began to play
The air of "T was a Friar of Orders Gray."

XXXIX.

"But add the words," cried Henry, "which you made;
For Adeline is half a poetess,"
Turning round to the rest, he smiling said.
Of course the others could not but express
In courtesy their wish to see display'd
By one *three* talents, for there were no less—
The voice, the words, the harper's skill, at once
Could hardly be united by a dunce.

XL.

After some fascinating hesitation,—
The charming of these charmers, who seem bound,
I can't tell why, to this dissimulation,—
Fair Adeline, with eyes fix'd on the ground
At first, then kindling into animation,
Added her sweet voice to the lyric sound,
And sang with much simplicity,—a merit
Not the less precious, that we seldom hear it.

1.

Beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
Who sitteth by Norman stone,
For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,
And his mass of the days that are gone.
When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville,
Made Norman Church his prey,
And expell'd the friars, one friar still
Would not be driven away.

2.

Though he came in his might, with King Henry's right,
To turn church lands to lay,
With sword in hand, and torch to light
Their walls, if they said nay;
A monk remain'd, unchased, unchain'd,
And he did not seem form'd of clay,
For he's seen in the porch, and he's seen in the church,
Though he is not seen by day.

3.

And whether for good, or whether for ill,
It is not mine to say;
But still with the house of Amundeville
He abideth night and day.

¹ [Of the leading superstitions, one of the most beautiful is the Irish fiction, which assigns to certain families of ancient descent and distinguished rank, the privilege of a Banshie, whose office it is to appear, seemingly mourning, while she announces the approaching death of some one of the destined race. The subject has been lately, and beautifully, investigated by Mr. Crofton Croker, in his *Fairy Legends*.—SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1829.]

By the marriage-bed of their lords, 'tis said,
He flits on the bridal eve;
And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death
He comes—but not to grieve.

4.

When an heir is born, he's heard to mourn,
And when aught is to befall
That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
He walks from hall to hall.¹
His form you may trace, but not his face,
'Tis shadow'd by his cowl:
But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,
And they seem of a parted soul.

5.

But beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
He still retains his sway,
For he is yet the church's heir
Whoever may be the lay.
Amundeville is lord by day,
But the monk is lord by night;
Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
To question that friar's right.

6.

Say nought to him as he walks the hall,
And he'll say nought to you;
He sweeps along in his dusky pall,
As o'er the grass the dew.
Then grammarcy! for the Black Friar;
Heaven sain him! fair or foul,
And whatso'er may be his prayer,
Let ours be for his soul.

XLI.

The lady's voice ceased, and the thrilling wires
Died from the touch that kindled them to sound;
And the pause follow'd, which when song expires
Pervades a moment those who listen round;
And then of course the circle much admires,
Nor less applauds, as in politeness bound,
The tones, the feeling, and the execution,
To the performer's diffident confusion.

XLII.

Fair Adeline, though in a careless way,
As if she rated such accomplishment
As the mere pastime of an idle day,
Pursued an instant for her own content,
Would now and then as 'twere *without* display,
Yet *with* display in fact, at times relent
To such performances with haughty smile,
To show she *could*, if it were worth her while.

XLIII.

Now this (but we will whisper it aside)
Was—pardon the pedantic illustration—
Trampling on Plato's pride with greater pride,
As did the Cynic on some like occasion;
Deeming the sage would be much mortified,
Or thrown into a philosophic passion,
For a spoil carpet—but the "Attic Bee"
Was much consoled by his own repartee.²

² I think that it *was* a carpet on which Diogenes trod, with—"Thus I trample on the pride of Plato!"—"With greater pride," as the other replied. But as *carpets* are meant to be trodden upon, my memory probably misgives me, and it might be a robe, or tapestry, or a table-cloth, or some other expensive and uncynical piece of furniture.

XLIV.

Thus Adeline would throw into the shade
(By doing easily, whene'er she chose,
What dilettanti do with vast parade)
Their sort of *half profession*; for it grows
To something like this when too oft display'd;
And that it is so, every body knows,
Who have heard Miss That or This, or Lady T'other,
Show off—to please their company or mother.

XLV.

Oh! the long evenings of duets and trios!
The admirations and the speculations;
The "Mamma Mia's!" and the "Amor Mio's!"
The "Tanti palpiti's" on such occasions:
The "Lasciami's," and quavering "Addio's!"
Amongst our own most musical of nations:
With "Tu mi chamas's" from Portingale,¹
To soothe our ears, lest Italy should fail.²

XLVI.

In Babylon's bravuras—as the home
Heart-ballads of Green Erin or Gray Highlands,
That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam
O'er far Atlantic continents or islands,
The calentures of music which o'ercome [lands,
All mountaineers with dreams that they are nigh
No more to be beheld but in such visions—
Was Adeline well versed, as compositions.

XLVII.

She also had a twilight tinge of "*Blue*,"
Could write rhymes, and compose more than she
wrote,
Made epigrams occasionally too
Upon her friends, as every body ought.
But still from that sublimer azure hue,
So much the present dye, she was remote;
Was weak enough to deem Pope a great poet,
And what was worse, was not ashamed to show it.

XLVIII.

Aurora—since we are touching upon taste,
Which now-a-days is the thermometer
By whose degrees all characters are class'd—
Was more Shakspearian, if I do not err.
The worlds beyond this world's perplexing waste
Had more of her existence, for in her
There was a depth of feeling to embrace
Thoughts, boundless, deep, but silent too as Space.

XLIX.

Not so her gracious, graceful, graceless Grace,
The full-grown Hebe of Fitz-Fulke, whose mind,
If she had any, was upon her face,
And that was of a fascinating kind.
A little turn for mischief you might trace
Also thereon,—but that's not much; we find
Few females without some such gentle leaven,
For fear we should suppose us quite in heaven.

¹ [For two translations of this Portuguese song, see p. 557.]

² I remember that the mayoress of a provincial town, somewhat surfeited with a similar display from foreign parts, did rather indecorously break through the applauses of an intelligent audience—intelligent, I mean, as to music—for the words, besides being in recondite languages (it was some years before the peace, ere all the world had travelled, and while I was a collegian), were sorely disguised by the performers:—this mayoress, I say, broke out with, "Rot your Italianos! for my part, I loves a simple ballat!" Rossini well

L.

I have not heard she was at all poetic,
Though once she was seen reading the "Bath
Guide,"
And "Hayley's Triumphs," which she deem'd pathetic,
Because she said *her temper* had been tried
So much, the bard had really been prophetic
Of what she had gone through with—since a bride.
But of all verse, what most ensured her praise
Were sonnets to herself, or "bouts rimés."³

LI.

'T were difficult to say what was the object
Of Adeline, in bringing this same lay
To bear on what appear'd to her the subject
Of Juan's nervous feelings on that day.
Perhaps she merely had the simple project
To laugh him out of his supposed dismay;
Perhaps she might wish to confirm him in it,
Though why I cannot say—at least this minute.

LII.

But so far the immediate effect
Was to restore him to his self-propriety,
A thing quite necessary to the elect,
Who wish to take the tone of their society:
In which you cannot be too circumspect,
Whether the mode be persiflage or piety,
But wear the newest mantle of hypocrisy,
On pain of much displeasing the gynocracy.⁴

LIII.

And therefore Juan now began to rally
His spirits, and without more explanation
To jest upon such themes in many a sally.
Her Grace too, also seized the same occasion,
With various similar remarks to tally,
But wish'd for a still more detail'd narration
Of this same mystic friar's curious doings,
About the present family's deaths and woollings.

LIV.

Of these few could say more than has been said;
They pass'd as such things do, for superstition
With some, while others, who had more in dread
The theme, half credited the strange tradition;
And much was talk'd on all sides on that head:
But Juan, when cross-question'd on the vision,
Which some supposed (though he had not avow'd it)
Had stirr'd him, answer'd in a way to cloud it.

LV.

And then, the mid-day having worn to one,
The company prepared to separate;
Some to their several pastimes, or to none,
Some wondering 't was so early, some so late
There was a goodly match too, to be run
Between some greyhounds on my lord's estate,
And a young race-horse of old pedigree,
Match'd for the spring, whom several went to see.

go a good way to bring most people to the same opinion some day. Who would imagine that he was to be the successor of Mozart? However, I state this with diffidence, as a liege and loyal admirer of Italian music in general, and of much of Rossini's; but we may say, as the connoisseur did of painting in "The Vicar of Wakefield," that "the picture would be better painted if the painter had taken more pains."

³ [The last words or rhymes of a number of verses given to a poet to be filled up.—TODD.]

⁴ [Petticoat government—female power.—*Id.*]

LVI.

There was a picture-dealer who had brought
A special Titian, warranted original,
So precious that it was not to be bought,
Though princes the possessor were besieging all
The king himself had cheapen'd it, but thought
The civil list he deigns to accept (obliging all
His subjects by his gracious acceptance) —
Too scanty, in these times of low taxation.

LVII.

But as Lord Henry was a connoisseur, —
The friend of artists, if not arts, — the owner,
With motives the most classical and pure,
So that he would have been the very donor,
Rather than seller, had his wants been fewer,
So much he deem'd his patronage an honour,
Had brought the capo d'opera¹, not for sale,
But for his judgment — never known to fail.

LVIII.

There was a modern Goth, I mean a Gothic
Bricklayer of Babel, call'd an architect, [thick,
Brought to survey these grey walls, which though so
Might have from time acquired some slight defect;
Who after rummaging the Abbey through thick
And thin, produced a plan whereby to erect
New buildings of correctest conformation,
And throw down old, which he call'd *restoration*.

LIX.

The cost would be a trifle — an "old song,"
Set to some thousands ('tis the usual burden
Of that same tune, when people hum it long) —
The price would speedily repay its worth in
An edifice no less sublime than strong,
By which Lord Henry's good taste would go forth in
Its glory, through all ages shining sunny,
For Gothic daring shown in English money.²

LX.

There were two lawyers busy on a mortgage
Lord Henry wish'd to raise for a new purchase;
Also a lawsuit upon tenures burgage,
And one on tithes, which sure are Discord's torches,
Kindling Religion till she throws down *her* gage,
"Untying" squires "to fight against the churches;"³
There was a prize ox, a prize pig, and ploughman,
For Henry was a sort of Sabine showman.

LXI.

There were two poachers caught in a steel trap,
Ready for gaol, their place of convalescence;
There was a country girl in a close cap
And scarlet cloak (I hate the sight to see, since —
Since — since — in youth, I had the sad mishap —
But luckily I have paid few parish fees since):
That scarlet cloak, alas! unclosed with rigour,
Presents the problem of a double figure.

LXII.

A reel within a bottle is a mystery,
One can't tell how it e'er got in or out;
Therefore the present piece of natural history
I leave to those who are fond of solving doubt;

¹ [Capo d'opera — chef-d'œuvre — master-piece.]

² "Asu Romano, ære Veneto" is the inscription (and well inscribed in this instance) on the sea walls between the Adriatic and Venice. The walls were a republican work of the Venetians; the inscription, I believe, Imperial; and inscribed by Napoleon the First. It is time to continue to him that title — there will be a second by and by, "Spes altera mundi," *if he live*; let him not defeat it like his father. But

And merely state, though not for the consistory,
Lord Henry was a justice, and that Scout
The constable, beneath a warrant's banner,
Had bagg'd this poacher upon Nature's manor.

LXIII.

Now justices of peace must judge all pieces
Of mischief of all kinds, and keep the game
And morals of the country from caprices
Of those who have not a licence for the same;
And of all things, excepting tithes and leases,
Perhaps these are most difficult to tame:
Preserving partridges and pretty wenches
Are puzzles to the most precautionous benches.

LXIV.

The present culprit was extremely pale,
Pale as if painted so; her cheek being red
By nature, as in higher dames less hale
'Tis white, at least when they just rise from bed.
Perhaps she was ashamed of seeming frail,
Poor soul! for she was country born and bred,
And knew no better in her immorality
Than to wax white — for blushes are for quality.

LXV.

Her black, bright, downcast, yet espiègle eye,
Had gather'd a large tear into its corner,
Which the poor thing at times essay'd to dry,
For she was not a sentimental mourner
Parading all her sensibility,
Nor insolent enough to scorn the scorner,
But stood in trembling, patient tribulation,
To be call'd up for her examination.

LXVI.

Of course these groups were scatter'd here and there,
Not nigh the gay saloon of ladies gent.
The lawyers in the study; and in air
The prize pig, ploughman, poachers; the men sent
From town, viz. architect and dealer, were
Both busy (as a general in his tent
Writing despatches) in their several stations,
Exulting in their brilliant lucubrations.

LXVII.

But this poor girl was left in the great hall,
While Scout, the parish guardian of the frail,
Discuss'd (he hated beer yclept the "small")
A mighty mug of *moral* double ale.
She waited until Justice could recall
Its kind attentions to their proper pale,
To name a thing in nomenclature rather
Perplexing for most virgins — a child's father.

LXVIII.

You see here was enough of occupation
For the Lord Henry, link'd with dogs and horses.
There was much bustle too, and preparation
Below stairs on the score of second courses;
Because, as suits their rank and situation,
Those who in counties have great land resources
Have "public days," when all men may carouse,
Though not exactly what's call'd "open house."

in any case, he will be preferable to Imbeciles. There is a glorious field for him, if he know how to cultivate it. — [Napoleon, Duke of Reichstadt, died at Vienna in 1832 — to the disappointment of many prophets.]

³ "I conjure you, by that which you profess, (How'er you come to know it) answer me: Though ye untie the winds, and let them fight Against the churches." — *Macbeth*.

LXIX.

But once a week or fortnight, *uninvited*
(Thus we translate a *general invitation*)
All country gentlemen, esquired or knighted,
May drop in without cards, and take their station
At the full board, and sit alike delighted
With fashionable wines and conversation;
And, as the isthmus of the grand connection,
Talk o'er themselves the past and next election.

LXX.

Lord Henry was a great electioneerer,
Burrowing for boroughs like a rat or rabbit.
But county contests cost him rather dearer,
Because the neighbouring Scotch Earl of Giftgabbit
Had English influence, in the self-same sphere here;
His son, the Honourable Dick Dicedrabbitt,
Was member for the "other interest" (meaning
The same self-interest, with a different leaning).

LXXI.

Courteous and cautious therefore in his county,
He was all things to all men, and dispensed
To some civility, to others bounty,
And promises to all — which last commenced
To gather to a somewhat large amount, he
Not calculating how much they condensed;
But what with keeping some, and breaking others,
His word had the same value as another's.

LXXII.

A friend to freedom and freeholders — yet
No less a friend to government — he held,
That he exactly the just medium hit
'Twixt place and patriotism — albeit compell'd,
Such was his sovereign's pleasure, (though unfit,
He added modestly, when rebels rail'd,)
To hold some sinecures he wish'd abolish'd,
But that with them all law would be demolish'd.

LXXIII.

He was "free to confess" — (whence comes this phrase?
Is't English? No — 'tis only parliamentary)
That innovation's spirit now-a-days
Had made more progress than for the last century.
He would not tread a factious path to praise,
Though for the public weal disposed to venture high;
As for his place, he could but say this of it,
That the fatigue was greater than the profit.

LXXIV.

Heaven, and his friends, knew that a private life
Had ever been his sole and whole ambition;
But could he quit his king in times of strife,
Which threaten'd the whole country with perdition?
When demagogues would with a butcher's knife
Cut through and through (oh! damnable incision!)
The Gordian or the Geordi-an knot, whose strings
Have tied together commons, lords, and kings.

LXXV.

Sooner "come place into the civil list" [keep it,
And champion him to the utmost¹ —] he would
Till duly disappointed or dismiss'd:
Profit he cared not for, let others reap it;
But should the day come when place ceased to exist,
The country would have far more cause to weep it:
For how could it go on? Explain who can!
He gloried in the name of Englishman.

¹ "Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance." — *Macbeth*.

LXXXVI.

He was as independent — ay, much more —
Than those who were not paid for independence,
As common soldiers, or a common — shore,
Have in their several arts or parts ascendance
O'er the irregulars in lust or gore,
Who do not give professional attendance.
Thus on the mob all statesmen are as eager
To prove their pride, as footmen to a beggar.

LXXXVII.

All this (save the last stanza) Henry said,
And thought. I say no more — I've said too much;
For all of us have either heard or read —
Off — or upon the hustings — some slight such
Hints from the independent heart or head
Of the official candidate. I'll touch
No more on this — the dinner-bell hath rung,
And grace is said; the grace I *should* have sung —

LXXXVIII.

But I'm too late, and therefore must make play.
'Twas a great banquet, such as Albion old
Was wont to boast — as if a glutton's tray
Were something very glorious to behold.
But 't was a public feast and public day, —
Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes cold,
Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,
And every body out of their own sphere.

LXXXIX.

The squires familiarly formal, and
My lords and ladies proudly condescending;
The very servants puzzling how to hand
Their plates — without it might be too much bending
From their high places by the sideboard's stand —
Yet, like their masters, fearful of offending.
For any deviation from the graces
Might cost both man and master too — their *places*.

LXXXX.

There were some hunters bold, and coursers keen,
Whose hounds ne'er err'd, nor greyhounds deign'd
to lurch;
Some deadly shots too, Septembrizers, seen
Earliest to rise, and last to quit the search
Of the poor partridge through his stubble screen.
There were some massy members of the church,
Takers of tithes, and makers of good matches,
And several who sung fewer psalms than catches.

LXXXXI.

There were some country wags too — and, alas!
Some exiles from the town, who had been driven
To gaze, instead of pavement, upon grass,
And rise at nine in lieu of long eleven.
And lo! upon that day it came to pass,
I sate next that o'erwhelming son of heaven,
The very powerful parson, Peter Pith,²
The loudest wit I e'er was deafen'd with.

LXXXXII.

I knew him in his livelier London days,
A brilliant diner out, though but a curate;
And not a joke he cut but earn'd its praise,
Until preferment, coming at a sure rate,
(O Providence! how wondrous are thy ways!)
Who would suppose thy gifts sometimes obdurate?
Gave him, to lay the devil who looks o'er Lincoln,
A fat fen vicarage, and nought to think on.

² [Query, *Sidney Smith*, author of *Peter Plimley's Letters*? — Printer's Devil.]

LXXXIII.

His jokes were sermons, and his sermons jokes ;
But both were thrown away amongst the fens ;
For wit hath no great friend in aguish folks.
No longer ready ears and short-hand pens
Imbided the gay bon-mot, or happy hoax :
The poor priest was reduced to common sense,
Or to coarse efforts very loud and long,
To hammer a hoarse laugh from the thick throng.

LXXXIV.

There *is* a difference, says the song, " between
A beggar and a queen ¹," or *was* (of late
The latter worse used of the two we've seen —
But we'll say nothing of affairs of state)
A difference "twixt a bishop and a dean,"
A difference between crockery ware and plate,
As between English beef and Spartan broth —
And yet great heroes have been bred by both.

LXXXV.

But of all nature's discrepancies, none
Upon the whole is greater than the difference
Beheld between the country and the town,
Of which the latter merits every preference
From those who have few resources of their own,
And only think, or act, or feel, with reference
To some small plan of interest or ambition —
Both which are limited to no condition.

LXXXVI.

But "en avant!" The light loves languish o'er
Long banquets and too many guests, although
A slight repast makes people love much more,
Bacchus and Ceres being, as we know,
Even from our grammar upwards, friends of yore
With vivifying Venus ², who doth owe
To these the invention of champagne and truffles :
Temperance delights her, but long fasting ruffles.

LXXXVII.

Dully past o'er the dinner of the day ;
And Juan took his place, he knew not where,
Confused, in the confusion, and distraight,
And sitting as if nail'd upon his chair :
Though knives and forks clank'd round as in a fray,
He seem'd unconscious of all passing there,
Till some one, with a groan, exprest a wish
(Unheeded twice) to have a fin of fish.

LXXXVIII.

On which, at the *third* asking of the bans,
He started; and perceiving smiles around
Broadening to grins, he colour'd more than once,
And hastily — as nothing can confound
A wise man more than laughter from a dunce —
Inflicted on the dish a deadly wound,
And with such hurry, that ere he could curb it,
He had paid his neighbour's prayer with half a turbot.

LXXXIX.

This was no bad mistake, as it occur'd,
The supplicator being an amateur ;
But others, who were left with scarce a third,
Were angry — as they well might, to be sure,
They wonder'd how a young man so absurd
Lord Henry at his table should endure ;
And this, and his not knowing how much oats
Had fallen last market, cost his host three votes.

¹ ["There's a difference between a beggar and a queen ;
And I'll tell you the reason why ;

XC.

They little knew, or might have sympathised,
That he the night before had seen a ghost,
A prologue which but slightly harmonised
With the substantial company engross'd
By matter, and so much materialised,
That one scarce knew at what to marvel most
Of two things — how (the question rather odd is)
Such bodies could have souls, or souls such bodies.

XCI.

But what confused him more than smile or stare,
From all the 'squires and 'squiresses around,
Who wonder'd at the abstraction of his air,
Especially as he had been renown'd
For some vivacity among the fair,
Even in the country circle's narrow bound —
(For little things upon my lord's estate
Were good small talk for others still less great) —

XCII.

Was, that he caught Aurora's eye on his,
And something like a smile upon her cheek.
Now this he really rather took amiss :
In those who rarely smile, their smile bespeaks
A strong external motive ; and in this
Smile of Aurora's there was nought to pique
Or hope, or love, with any of the wiles
Which some pretend to trace in ladies' smiles.

XCIII.

'Twas a mere quiet smile of contemplation,
Indicative of some surprise and pity ;
And Juan grew carnation with vexation,
Which was not very wise, and still less witty,
Since he had gain'd at least her observation,
A most important outwork of the city —
As Juan should have known, had not his senses
By last night's ghost been driven from their defences.

XCIV.

But what was bad, she did not blush in turn,
Nor seem embarrass'd — quite the contrary ;
Her aspect was as usual, still — *not* stern —
And she withdrew, but cast not down, her eye,
Yet grew a little pale — with what ? concern ?
I know not ; but her colour ne'er was high —
Though sometimes faintly flush'd — and always clear,
As deep seas in a sunny atmosphere.

XCV.

But Adeline was occupied by fame
This day ; and watching, witching, condescending
To the consumers of fish, fowl, and game,
And dignity with courtesy so blending,
As all must blend whose part it is to aim
(Especially as the sixth year is ending)
At their lord's, son's, or similar connection's
Safe conduct through the rocks of re-elections.

XCVI.

Though this was most expedient on the whole,
And usual — Juan, when he cast a glance
On Adeline while playing her grand rôle,
Which she went through as though it were a dance,
Betraying only now and then her soul
By a look scarce perceptibly askance
(Of weariness or scorn), began to feel
Some doubt how much of Adeline was *real* ;

A queen does not swagger, nor get drunk like a beggar,
Nor be half so merry as I," &c.]

² [Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus. — ADAG.]

XCVII.

So well she acted all and every part
By turns — with that vivacious versatility,
Which many people take for want of heart.
They err — 't is merely what is call'd mobility,¹
A thing of temperament and not of art,
Though seeming so, from its supposed facility ;
And false — though true ; for surely they're sincerest,
Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.

XCVIII.

This makes your actors, artists, and romancers,
Heroes sometimes, though seldom — sages never :
But speakers, bards, diplomatists, and dancers,
Little that's great, but much of what is clever ;
Most orators, but very few financiers,
Though all Exchequer chancellors endeavour,
Of late years, to dispense with Cocker's rigours,
And grow quite figurative with their figures.

XCIX.

The poets of arithmetic are they
Who, though they prove not two and two to be
Five, as they might do in a modest way,
Have plainly made it out that four are three,
Judging by what they take, and what they pay.
The Sinking Fund's unfathomable sea,
That most unliquidating liquid, leaves
The debt unsunk, yet sinks all it receives.

C.

While Adeline dispensed her airs and graces,
The fair Fitz-Fulke seem'd very much at ease ;
Though too well bred to quiz men to their faces,
Her laughing blue eyes with a glance could seize
The ridicules of people in all places —
That honey of your fashionable bees —
And store it up for mischievous enjoyment ;
And this at present was her kind employment.

CI.

However, the day closed, as days must close ;
The evening also waned — and coffee came.
Each carriage was announced, and ladies rose,
And curtsying off, as curtsies country dame,
Retired : with most unfashionable bows
Their docile esquires also did the same,
Delighted with their dinner and their host,
But with the Lady Adeline the most.

CII.

Some praised her beauty : others her great grace ;
The warmth of her politeness, whose sincerity
Was obvious in each feature of her face,
Whose traits were radiant with the rays of verity,
Yes ; she was truly worthy *her* high place !
No one could envy her deserved prosperity.
And then her dress — what beautiful simplicity
Draped her form with curious felicity !²

CIII.

Meanwhile sweet Adeline deserved their praises,
By an impartial indemnification
For all her past exertion and soft phrases,
In a most edifying conversation,

¹ In French "*mobilité*." I am not sure that mobility is English ; but it is expressive of a quality which rather belongs to other climates, though it is sometimes seen to a great extent in our own. It may be defined as an excessive susceptibility of immediate impressions — at the same time without losing the past : and is, though sometimes apparently useful to the possessor, a most painful and unhappy attribute. — [That Lord Byron was fully aware not only of the abundance of this quality in his own nature, but of the danger in which it placed consistency and singleness of character, did not require this note to assure you. The consciousness, indeed, of his own

Which turn'd upon their late guests' miens and faces,
And families, even to the last relation ;
Their hideous wives, their horrid selves and dresses,
And truculent distortion of their tresses.

CIV.

True, *she* said little — 't was the rest that broke
Forth into universal epigram ;
But then 'twas to the purpose what she spoke :
Like Addison's "faint praise³," so wont to damn,
Her own but served to set off every joke,
As music chimes in with a melodrame.
How sweet the task to shield an absent friend !
I ask but this of mine, to — *not* defend.

CV.

There were but two exceptions to this keen
Skirmish of wits o'er the departed ; one
Aurora, with her pure and placid mien ;
And Juan, too, in general behind none
In gay remark on what he had heard or seen,
Sate silent now, his usual spirits gone :
In vain he heard the others rail or rally,
He would not join them in a single sally.

CVI.

'T is true he saw Aurora look as though
She approved his silence ; she perhaps mistook
Its motive for that charity we owe
But seldom pay the absent, nor would look
Farther ; it might or it might not be so.
But Juan, sitting silent in his nook,
Observing little in his reverie,
Yet saw this much, which he was glad to see.

CVII.

The ghost at least had done him this much good,
In making him as silent as a ghost,
If in the circumstances which ensued
He gain'd esteem where it was worth the most.
And certainly Aurora had renew'd
In him some feelings he had lately lost,
Or harden'd ; feelings which, perhaps ideal,
Are so divine, that I must deem them real : —

CVIII.

The love of higher things and better days ;
The unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance
Of what is call'd the world, and the world's ways ;
The moments when we gather from a glance
More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er entrance
The heart in an existence of its own,
Of which another's bosom is the zone.

CIX.

Who would not sigh *Αι αι ταν Κυβερειαν*
That *hath* a memory, or that *had* a heart ?
Alas ! *her* star must fade like that of Dian :
Ray fades on ray, as years on years depart.
Anacreon only had the soul to tie an
Unwithering myrtle round the unblunted dart
Of Eros : but though thou hast play'd us many tricks,
Still we respect thee, "Alma Venus Genetrix!"⁴

natural tendency to yield thus to every chance impression, and change with every passing impulse, was not only for ever present in his mind, but had the effect of keeping him in that general line of consistency, on certain great subjects, which he continued to preserve throughout life. — MOORE.]

² "Curiosa felicitas." — PETRONIUS ARBITER.

³ ["Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer."] — POPE on Addison.]

⁴ ["genetrix hominum, divomque voluptas,
Alma Venus!" — LUCRET. lib. I.]

CX.

And full of sentiments, sublime as billows
Heaving between this world and worlds beyond,
Don Juan, when the midnight hour of pillows
Arrived, retired to his; but to despond
Rather than rest. Instead of poppies, willows
Waved o'er his couch; he meditated, fond
Of those sweet bitter thoughts which banish sleep,
And make the worldling sneer, the youngling weep.

CXI.

The night was as before: he was undrest,
Saving his night-gown, which is an undress;
Completely "sans culotte," and without vest;
In short, he hardly could be clothed with less:
But apprehensive of his spectral guest,
He sate with feelings awkward to express
(By those who have not had such visitations),
Expectant of the ghost's fresh operations.

CXII.

And not in vain he listen'd; — Hush! what's that?
I see — I see — Ah, no! — 'tis not — yet 'tis —
Ye powers! it is the — the — the — Pooh! the cat!
The devil may take that stealthy pace of his!
So like a spiritual pit-a-pat,
Or tiptoe of an amatory Miss,
Gliding the first time to a rendezvous,
And dreading the chaste echoes of her shoe.

CXIII.

Again — what is 't? The wind? No, no, — this time
It is the sable friar as before,
With awful footsteps regular as rhyme,
Or (as rhymes may be in these days) much more.
Again through shadows of the night sublime,
When deep sleep fell on men, and the world wore
The starry darkness round her like a girdle
Spangled with gems — the monk made his blood curdle.

CXIV.

A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass,¹
Which sets the teeth on edge; and a slight clatter,
Like showers which on the midnight gusts will pass,
Sounding like very supernatural water,
Came over Juan's ear, which throbb'd, alas!
For immaterialism's a serious matter;
So that even those whose faith is the most great
In souls immortal, shun them tête-à-tête.

CXV.

Were his eyes open? — Yes! and his mouth too.
Surprise has this effect — to make one dumb,
Yet leave the gate which eloquence slips through
As wide as if a long speech were to come.
Nigh and more nigh the awful echoes drew,
Tremendous to a mortal tympanum:
His eyes were open, and (as was before
Stated) his mouth. What open'd next? — the door.

CXVI.

It open'd with a most infernal creak,
Like that of hell. "Lasciate ogni speranza
Voi che entrate!" The hinge seemed to speak,
Dreadful as Dante's rhima, or this stanza;
Or — but all words upon such themes are weak:
A single shade's sufficient to entrance a
Hero — for what is substance to a spirit?
Or how is 't matter trembles to come near it?

¹ See the account of the ghost of the uncle of Prince Charles of Saxony, raised by Schroepfer — "Karl — Karl — was wollst du mit mich?"

CXVII.

The door flew wide, not swiftly, — but, as fly
The sea-gulls, with a steady, sober flight —
And then swung back; nor close — but stood awry,
Half letting in long shadows on the light,
Which still in Juan's candlesticks burn'd high,
For he had two, both tolerably bright,
And in the door-way, darkening darkness, stood
The sable friar in his solemn hood.

CXVIII.

Don Juan shook, as erst he had been shaken
The night before; but being sick of shaking,
He first inclined to think he had been mistaken;
And then to be ashamed of such mistaking;
His own internal ghost began to awaken
Within him, and to quell his corporal quaking —
Hinting that soul and body on the whole
Were odds against a disembodied soul.

CXIX.

And then his dread grew wrath, and his wrath fierce,
And he arose, advanced — the shade retreated;
But Juan, eager now the truth to pierce,
Follow'd, his veins no longer cold, but heated,
Resolved to thrust the mystery carte and tierce,
At whatsoever risk of being defeated:
The ghost stopp'd, menaced, then retired, until
He reach'd the ancient wall, then stood stone still.

CXX.

Juan put forth one arm — Eternal powers!
It touch'd no soul, no body, but the wall,
On which the moonbeams fell in silvery showers,
Chequer'd with all the tracery of the hall;
He shudder'd, as no doubt the bravest covers
When he can't tell what 't is that doth appal.
How odd, a single hobgoblin's non-entity
Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity.

CXXI.

But still the shade remain'd: the blue eyes glared,
And rather variably for stony death;
Yet one thing rather good the grave had spared,
The ghost had a remarkably sweet breath:
A straggling curl show'd he had been fair-hair'd;
A red lip, with two rows of pearls beneath,
Gleam'd forth, as through the casement's ivy shroud
The moon peep'd, just escaped from a grey cloud.

CXXII.

And Juan, puzzled, but still curious, thrust
His other arm forth — Wonder upon wonder!
It press'd upon a hard but glowing bust,
Which beat as if there was a warm heart under.
He found, as people on most trials must,
That he had made at first a silly blunder,
And that in his confusion he had caught
Only the wall, instead of what he sought.

CXXIII.

The ghost, if ghost it were, seem'd a sweet soul
As ever lurk'd beneath a holy hood:
A dimpled chin, a neck of ivory, stole
Forth into something much like flesh and blood;
Back fell the sable frock and dreary cowl,
And they reveal'd — alas! that e'er they should!
In full, voluptuous, but not o'ergrown bulk,
The phantom of her frolic Grace — Fitz-Fulke!

Appendix.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

Note [A]. — BATTLE OF TALAVERA. See p. 9.

"To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain."

Stanza xlii.

We think it right to restore here a note which Lord Byron himself suppressed with reluctance, at the urgent request of a friend. It alludes, *inter alia*, to the then recent publication of Sir Walter Scott's "Vision of Don Roderick," of which work the profits had been handsomely given to the cause of Portuguese patriotism:—"We have heard wonders of the Portuguese lately, and their gallantry. Pray Heaven it continue! yet 'would it were bed-time, Hal, and all were well!' They must fight a great many hours, by 'Shrewsbury clock,' before the number of their slain equals that of our countrymen butchered by these kind creatures, now metamorphosed into 'caçadores,' and what not. I merely state a fact, not confined to Portugal; for in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished! The neglect of protection is disgraceful to our government and governors; for the murders are as notorious as the moon that shines upon them, and the apathy that overlooks them. The Portuguese, it is to be hoped, are complimented with the 'Forlorn Hope,'—if the cowards are become brave (like the rest of their kind, in a corner), pray let them display it. But there is a subscription for these 'ἄραστον-δύλοι,' (they need not be ashamed of the epithet once applied to the Spartans); and all the charitable patronymics, from ostentatious A. to diffident Z., and *ll. is. Oz.* from 'An admirer of Valour,' are in requisition for the lists at Lloyd's, and the honour of British benevolence. Well! we have fought, and subscribed, and bestowed peerages, and buried the killed by our friends and foes; and, lo! all this is to be done over again! Like Lien Chi (in Goldsmith's Citizen of the World) as we 'grow older, we grow never the better.' It would be pleasant to learn who will subscribe for us, in or about the year 1815, and what nation will send fifty thousand men, first to be decimated in the capital, and then decimated again (in the Irish fashion, *nine out of ten*) in the 'bed of honour;' which, as Serjeant Kite says, is considerably larger and more commodious than 'the bed of Ware.' Then they must have a poet to write the 'Vision of Don Perceval,' and generously bestow the profits of the well and widely printed quarto, to rebuild the 'Backwynd' and the 'Canongate,' or furnish new kilts for the half-roasted Highlanders. Lord Wellington, however, has enacted marvels; and so did his oriental brother, whom I saw charioting over the French flag, and heard clipping bad Spanish, after listening to the speech of a patriotic cobbler of Cadiz, on the event of his own entry into that city, and the exit of some five thousand bold Britons out of this 'best of all possible worlds.' Sorely were we puzzled how to dispose of that same victory of Talavera; and a victory it surely was somewhere, for everybody claimed it. The Spanish despatch and mob called it Cuesta's, and made no great mention of the Viscount; the French called it theirs (to my great discomfiture, — for a French consul stopped my mouth in Greece

with a pestilent Paris Gazette, just as I had killed Sebastiana 'in buckram,' and King Joseph 'in Kendal green') — and we have not yet determined *what* to call it, or *whose*; for, certes, it was none of our own. Howbeit, Massena's retreat is a great comfort; and as we have not been in the habit of pursuing for some years past, no wonder we are a little awkward at first. No doubt we shall improve; or, if not, we have only to take to our old way of retrograding, and there we are at home."

CANTO THE SECOND.

Note [A]. — REMOVAL OF THE WORKS OF ART FROM ATHENS. See p. 17.

"But most the modern Pic's ignoble boast,
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared."
Stanza xlii.

At this moment (January 3. 1810), besides what has been already deposited in London, an Hydriot vessel is in the Pyraus to receive every portable relic. Thus, as I heard a young Greek observe, in common with many of his countrymen — for, lost as they are, they yet feel on this occasion — thus may Lord Elgin boast of having ruined Athens. An Italian painter of the first eminence, named Lusieri, is the agent of devastation; and like the Greek *finder* of Verres in Sicily, who followed the same profession, he has proved the able instrument of plunder. Between this artist and the French Consul Fauvel, who wishes to rescue the remains for his own government, there is now a violent dispute concerning a car employed in their conveyance, the wheel of which — I wish they were both broken upon it! — has been locked up by the Consul, and Lusieri has laid his complaint before the Waywode. Lord Elgin has been extremely happy in his choice of Signor Lusieri. During a residence of ten years in Athens, he never had the curiosity to proceed as far as Sunium (now Cape Colonna), till he accompanied us in our second excursion. However, his works, as far as they go, are most beautiful: but they are almost all unfinished. While he and his patrons confine themselves to tasting medals, appreciating cameos, sketching columns, and cheapening gems, their little absurdities are as harmless as insect or fox-hunting, maiden speechifying, barouche-driving, or any such pastime; but when they carry away three or four shiploads of the most valuable and massy relics that time and barbarism have left to the most injured and most celebrated of cities; when they destroy, in a vain attempt to tear down those works which have been the admiration of ages, I know no motive which can excuse, no name which can designate the perpetrators of this dastardly devastation. It was not the least of the crimes laid to the charge of Verres, that he had plundered Sicily, in the manner since imitated at Athens. The most unblushing impudence could hardly go farther than to affix the name of its plunderer to the walls of the Acropolis; while the wanton and useless defacement of the whole range of the basso-relievos, in one compartment of the temple, will never permit that name to be pronounced by an observer without execration.

On this occasion I speak impartially: I am not a collector or admirer of collections, consequently no rival; but I have some early prepossession in favour of Greece, and do not think the honour of England advanced by plunder, whether of India or Attica.