DON JUAN
Canto 1

Written: Venice, July 3rd-September 6th 1818

Fair-copied by Byron, September 16th-November 1st 1819

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Fair copy by Byron: private collection
I want a Hero: an uncommon Want,
When every Year and Month sends forth a new one,
Till, after cloying the Gazettes with Cant,
The Age discovers he is not the true one;
Of such as these I should not care to vaunt – 5
I’ll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan;
We all have seen him in the Pantomime,
Sent to the Devil, somewhat ere his time.

1: For the rejection of war as a poetic theme, in favour of love, see Moore’s Anacreon, Ode XXIII.
2: Don Juan: he originates in a Spanish play first staged in 1630 and called El Burlador de Sevilla y convidado de piedra (The Joker of Seville and the Stone Guest) by a monk called Gámbriel Tellez, better known as Tirso de Molina. The protagonist rapidly became an universal figure: as the type is not uncommon, it is surprising no-one had invented him earlier. He is normally an unscrupulous and blasphemous aristocratic seducer who meets his deserts when invited to a banquet by the ghostly statue of a man whom he has killed in the course of seducing his daughter. The banquet concluded with his being carried off to hell. Mozart’s Don Giovanni is the most famous theatrical version; but two other plays – Dom Juan ou le Festin de Pierre (1665) by Molière and The Libertine by Thomas Shadwell (1676: its music was by Purcell) – are also very important. B. never mentions any of them.
3: Pantomime: There were numerous stage versions, for straight actors, for harlequin troupes, and even for puppets. In late 1817 six versions had been running in London: Don Giovanni at the King’s, The Libertine at Covent Garden, Don Giovanni, or a Spectre on Horseback! at the Surrey, and Don Juan; or The Libertine Destroyed at the Lyceum. In early 1818 they were joined by Giovanni in London at the Olympic and Harlequin’s Vision at Drury Lane. The line thus implies every theatre-goer’s familiarity with the subject. These are the facts: but to compare B.’s Don Juan with any other version before or since is at once to see that his hero stands outside the main tradition and that his poem derives few if any ideas from it. B.’s Don Juan is aristocratic; he was born in Seville; and that is all. He is no jaded voluptuary, and he seduces no-one, being instead defenceless before women who are initially in positions of greater power than he. His first two affairs are, in moral terms, as innocent or as damnable as any other adolescent passion, and although both his loves, Julia and Haidee, suffer subsequently, Juan deserts neither and remains passionately in love with each. His has few subsequent liaisons, and although at the end of Canto XVI he does appear to have three new ones in prospect simultaneously, he is still a passive victim of female predatoriness, and of circumstance. B. may be inverting the legend, as he inverts several other of his received themes; or he may be expressing his own experienced and subversive view of sexual relationships and responsibilities. He wrote to Murray, on February 16th 1821: “I meant to take him [Juan] on the tour of Europe – with a proper mixture of siege – battle – and adventure – and to make him finish as Anacharsis Cloots – in the French Revolution. – To how many Cantos this may extend – I know not – nor whether even if I live I shall complete it – but this was my notion. – I meant to have made him a Cavalier Servente in Italy, and a cause for a divorce in England – and a Sentimental ‘Werther-faced man’ in Germany – so as to show the different ridicules of the society in each of those countries – – and to have displayed him gradually gâté and blasé as he grew older – as is natural. But I had not quite fixed whether to make him end in Hell – or in an unhappy marriage – not knowing which would be the severest – The Spanish tradition says Hell – but it is probably only an Allegory of the other state. You are now in possession of my notions on the subject” (BLJ VIII 78).
2.

Vernon, the Butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,¹
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,⁵
Evil and Good, have had their tithe of talk,
And filled their Sign-posts then, like Wellesley now;⁶
Each in their turn like Banquo’s Monarchs stalk,
Followers of Fame, “nine Farrow” of that Sow;⁷
France, too, had Buonaparte and Dumourier⁸
Recorded in the Moniteur and Courier. —⁹

4: B. lists, in order to reject as protagonists, British heroes of the Seven Years’ War, the ’45 rebellion, and the Napoleonic Wars. Edward Vernon was an admiral who in 1745 blockaded the French in their ports while William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, defeated the Scots at Culloden, earning the titles Butcher and Stinking Billy. James Wolfe also fought at Culloden, but is best known for his attack on Quebec in 1759, driving the French from Canada. Admiral Edward Hawke was victorious over the French at Quiberon Bay, also in 1759.

5: Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, defeated the French at Minden, also in 1759. B. celebrates the death of his son on the eve of Waterloo in CHP III st.23. The Marquess of Granby was commissioned at the time of Culloden, but became most popular for his 1760 victory over the Austrians at Warburg. John Burgoyne, conversely, was defeated by the Americans at Saratoga in 1777. Admiral Viscount Keppel fought at Quiberon Bay, and captured Havana in 1762. The Earl of Howe defeated the French at Ushant in 1794, and quelled the mutiny at Spithead in 1797. He was known to the Fleet as Black Dick.

6: Signposts ... Wellesley: Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, bombarded Copenhagen, helped Spain win the Peninsular War, and defeated Napoleon at Waterloo in 1815. Many places were named after his exploits (Signposts) including Wellington Place and Waterloo Bridge; but B. disliked him. See Don Juan IX sts.1-12, which were first intended to go into Canto III.

7: Banquo’s Monarchs ... “nine Farrow”: the comparison of the rejected admirals and generals to the kings Banquo shows Macbeth in IV i, or that of Fame to the sow whom the witches refer to as having eaten her nine farrow in the same scene, followed by grease that’s sweaten from the murderer’s gibbet, is uncomplimentary.

One definition of an epic poem says that it should celebrate a national hero. B. finds no recent ones worth celebrating, perhaps because those available furthered the cause of English hegemony in Britain (the ’45) of British hegemony worldwide (the Seven Years’ War) or of monarchical absolutism throughout Europe (the Napoleonic Wars). As a Scot he would object to the first, as a post-Vienna radical to the third, and as one born for opposition to all three. He now lists some French heroes as possible alternatives.

8: Buonaparte and Dumourier: French revolutionary generals, the former becoming First Consul, then Emperor, and conquering most of Europe. Afforded a minor place here, he was of course the determining factor in the whole history of the period, and little can be understood if he is left out of account. Dumourier should really be spelled Dumouriez.

9: Moniteur and Courier: French revolutionary newspapers; although the Courier was also an English Tory newspaper. Southey wrote to it.
3.
Barnave, Brissot, Condorcet, Mirabeau, 
Petion, Clootz, Danton, Marat, La Fayette, 
Were French, and famous people, as we know; 
And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,  
Joubert, Hoche, Marceau, Lannes, Dessaix, Moreau,
With many of the military set, 
Exceedingly remarkable at times, 
But not at all adapted to my rhymes. –

4.
Nelson was once Britannia’s God of War, 
And still should be so, but the tide is turned; 
There’s no more to be said of Trafalgar, 
‘Tis with our Hero quietly inurned.
Because the Army’s grown more popular, 
At which the Naval people are concerned; 
Besides, the Prince is all for the Land-Service, 
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.

10: The French protagonists B. lists first are almost all defeated idealists. Antoine Barnave was a moderate French revolutionist, guillotined in 1793; Jacques Pierre Brissot de Warville was the leader of the moderate Girondins, and was also guillotined in 1793. The Marquis de Condorcet was a brilliant mathematician and writer, murdered by the Jacobins in 1794; the Comte de Mirabeau, another great revolutionary writer and politician, died naturally in 1791. Petion de Villeneuve was first President of the National Convention; another moderate, he died mysteriously in 1794. Anacharsis Clootz was a passionately anti-Christian revolutionist; Robespierre guillotined him in 1794, and B. said at one stage (BLJ VIII 78) that he intended Don Juan “to finish as Anacharsis Cloots – in the French revolution” (see below). Georges Danton was the greatest man the French revolution produced; Robespierre guillotined him in 1794, too. Jean Paul Marat was murdered in his bath by Charlotte Corday in 1793: though an idealist of sorts, he is the least agreeable of B.’s rejected French heroes. The Marquis de la Fayette fought in the American as well as the French Revolution; alone of all those B. lists, he survived to be fêted after the war, and died in 1834. The second batch of Frenchmen are mostly revolutionary generals. Joseph Joubert was a writer who survived the revolution. Lazare Hoche and Francois Marceau were early republican generals; Jean Lannes, Louis Desaix (correct spelling) and Jean Moreau were three of Napoleon’s successful army colleagues; Moreau incurred his jealousy and died fighting for the Russians. Thomas Medwin reports B. as saying: “You see I am true to Nature in making the advances come from the females. I shall next draw a town and country life at home, which will give me room for life, manners, scenery, &c. I will make him neither a dandy in town, nor a fox-hunter in the country. He shall get into all sorts of scrapes, and at length end his career in France. Poor Juan shall be guillotined in the French Revolution! What do you think of my plot? It shall have twenty-four books too, the legitimate number. Episodes it has, and will have, out of number; and my spirits good or bad, will serve for the machinery. If that be not an epic, if it be not strictly according to Aristotle, I don’t know what an epic poem means” (Conversations of Lord Byron, ed. Lovell, p.165.) Such an ending would have involved a partial contradiction of the lines here. B.’s cheerful assumption that epic poets need only follow the rules of epic construction to write epics makes it look as if he is humming Medwin; but the tone accords well with his flippancy elsewhere – see below, I 183-7.

11: Nelson: Horatio Nelson, admiral, victor in 1805 of the Battle of Trafalgar (27). Normally regarded as a cut above the others by whom he is here surrounded. B. blames the press for his reputation’s decline; but he was a friend of the Neapolitan tyranny, and his life had been written by Southey.

12: Quietly inurned: Hamlet, I, iv, 49 : Wherefore the sepulchre, wherein we saw thee quietly inurned …

13: the Prince: the Prince Regent preferred soldiering to sailoring, though his skill was great at neither.

14: Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis: famous British admirals. Duncan beat the Dutch at Camperdown in 1797; Howe fought in the Seven Years’ War; Jervis was Nelson’s commander at Cape St Vincent (also 1797) and cleaned up some of the abuses which had led to the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore.
5.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon *
   And since, exceeding various and Sage,
   A good deal like him too, though quite the same none;
   But then they shone not on the Poet’s page,
   And so have been forgotten: – I condemn none,
   But can’t find any in the present age
   Fit for my poem (that is, for my New One)
   So, as I said, I’ll take my friend Don Juan. –

* “Vixere fortess ante Agamemnona, &c.” – Horace.\(^15\)

6.

Most epic poets plunge “in Medias res”
   (Horace makes this the Heroic turnpike road)\(^16\)
   And then your Hero tells, whene’er you please,
   What went before – by way of Episode,
   While seated after dinner at his ease,
   Beside his Mistress in some soft abode,
   Palace, or Garden, Paradise or Cavern,
   Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

7.

That is the usual method, but not mine –
   My way is to begin with the beginning;
   The Regularity of my design
   Forbids all wandering as the worst of Sinning,\(^17\)
   And therefore I shall open with a line
   (Although it cost me half an hour in Spinning)
   Narrating somewhat of Don Juan’s father,
   And also of his Mother, if you’d rather.\(^18\)

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15: [Many] brave men were living before Agamemnon: Hor. Od. IV 9, 25-6. A dry borrowing, implying that other perspectives about heroism must be entertained besides those either received or propagated by the media (see above, lines 3 and 16). B. also intends an anti-Homeric reference – see below, IV sts.101-2. The quotation sums up everything that he has been saying about heroes in the previous stanzas. The age had produced no hero that he could celebrate without numerous reservations, fatal to epic: perhaps the simple age of epics was past: perhaps B. is advertising the fact that his “New One” is written in a style that he knows in advance will make traditional epic pretensions insupportable.

16: “in Medias res,” / (Horace makes this the Heroic turnpike road): in the \textit{Ars Poetica} (148-9) Horace praises the epic habit (as in the \textit{Odyssey} and \textit{Aeneid}) of starting a story in the middle: “semper ad eventum festinat et in medias res / non secus ac notas auditorem rapit ...” (“he always hurries to the main issue, and ushers the hearer into the midst of the story, as if it were already known ...”) As with the lists of rejected heroes in sts.2-3, the refusal to follow Horace’s recommendation – or Homer’s or Virgil’s examples (B. could claim to be following the \textit{Iliad}, which has a chronologically simple narrative) perhaps shows his sense that the time of “real” epics is over. Yet see his apparent contempt, ten years previous, for Southey’s rejection of \textit{the degraded title of epic} in his preface to \textit{Madoc} (EBSR 225n).

17: the worst of Sinning: B. spends much of the poem digressing – the line makes it clear that it was his intention to do so from the outset.

18: Narrating somewhat of Don Juan’s father, / And also of his Mother, if you’d rather: the story of Juan’s parents and childhood was perhaps to be a revealing prelude to the tale of the standard satanic seducer. B.’s poem may have changed the traditional figure into something less culpable and more attractive, independent of his conscious will.
8.
In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,¹⁹
Famous for oranges and women; He
Who has not seen it will be much to pity,
So says the Proverb – and I quite agree;²⁰
Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,
Cadiz perhaps²¹ – but that you soon may see: –
Don Juan’s parents lived beside the river,
A noble Stream, and called the Guadalquivir. –²²

9.
His father’s name was José – Don, of course;²³
A true Hidalgo,²⁴ free from every stain
Of Moor or Hebrew blood, he traced his source
Through the most Gothic Gentlemen of Spain;
A better Cavalier ne’er mounted horse,
Or, being mounted, e’er got down again,
Than José, who begot our hero, who
Begot – but that’s to come – Well, to renew:²⁵

¹⁹: Seville: B. had visited Seville from July 25 to 29 1809.
²⁰: the Proverb: Quien no ha visto Sevilla / No ha visto maravilla (He who has not seen Seville has not seen a wonder.)
²¹: Cadiz: also visited by B., from July 29 to August 2 1809. See CHP I st.65: B. here reverses the opinion he expresses there:
Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days;
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.
B. seems (CHP I sts.65-71) to associate Cadiz with sexual licence. See BLJ II 216-18 and below, Canto III st.82.
²²: the Guadalquivir: the river which flows into the Atlantic at Cadiz.
²³: Don, of course: Spanish titles were very common.
²⁴: A true Hidalgo: one of pure Spanish blood. Those of either North African or of Jewish extraction, no matter how remote, were regarded as Hispanically inauthentic. The joke is perhaps at the expense of Southey’s epic Roderick, Last of the Goths. Published in 1814, this work made an immediate impact on B., who wove John Murray up in the middle of the night to say that he thought it was one of the finest poems he had ever read (LJ II 496). He subsequently compared it to Paradise Lost. In it, Moors are anarchic degenerates, and Goths noble, Christian, chaste, and upholders of order. B. never wrote or spoke of his change of mind, which may have happened shortly after his marriage. Compare BLJ IV 235 with BLJ IV 256. See also below, I, 441-4 and n, and I, 1515 and n.
²⁵: begot ... begot: compare, for example, Matthew Chapter I: if in doubt, see covert jokes analysed at I, 384n and sts.51-2 below.
10.
His Mother was a learned Lady, famed
For every branch of Science known –
In every Christian language ever named,
With Virtues equalled by her wit alone,
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
And even the Good with inward Envy groan,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded
In their own way by all the things that She did. – – –

11.
Her Memory was a Mine: She knew by heart
All Calderon and greater part of Lopé,
So that if any Actor missed his part
She could have served him for the Prompter’s copy;
For her Feinagle’s were an useless art,
And he himself obliged to shut up shop – he
Could never make a memory so fine as
That which adorned the brain of Donna Inez.

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26: a Learned Lady: despite B.’s disclaimers (“tell me if you think there could or could not have been any intention of depicting that woman” – BLJ VII 239) no-one believes that Inez is not based on “the bitch my wife” (BLJ VI 95). See altercations in proof, below, received sts.27, 28 and 61. However, Don Juan is not just thinly-disguised autobiography. As Juan’s mother and educator, Inez bears responsibility for his initial ignorance about the facts of life, and thus for the escapade which sets him off on his travels. That the hero’s fall should be occasioned by his own mother, and that she should be one considered morally perfect, is all part of the irony. That she is also a version of the poet’s wife, and an embodiment of the English tendency to cant, merely adds to the complexity of the effect. Here is Annabella’s reaction to Don Juan I and II: “I have read those parts of Don Juan which contain personal allusions, and the impression was not so disagreeable as I expected. In the first place, I am very much relieved to find that there is not any thing which I can be expected to notice, and I am thankful that none for whom I am interested can be pained or injured. As for myself, I do not think that my sins are in the pharasaical or pedantic line, and I am very sure that he does not think they are, but avails himself of the prejudices which some may entertain against me, to give a plausible colouring to his accusations. I must however confess that the quizzing in one or two passages was so good as to make me smile at myself – therefore others are heartily welcome to laugh. What may have been omitted à mon sujet I know not – certainly more annoying things might have been said – though the malice of intention is sufficiently evident. I do not feel inclined to continue the perusal. It is always a task to me now to read his works, in which, through all the levity, I discern enough to awaken very painful feelings”.

27: Calderon ... Lopé: Calderon de la Barca (1600-81) and Lopé de Vega (1562-1625) are the two greatest Spanish dramatists, although Tirso de Molina – author of the first Don Juan play – is another important star in their galaxy. As Lopé and Calderon between them wrote over 2,200 plays, Donna Inez’s memory was considerable.

28: Feinagle: Gregor von Feinagle (1765??-1819) a contemporary expert in the art of memory.
Her favourite Science was the mathematical,\textsuperscript{29}
Her noblest Virtue was her Magnanimity,
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,\textsuperscript{30}
Her serious Sayings darkened to Sublimity;
In short, in all things She was fairly what I call
A Prodigy – her Morning dress was Dimity,\textsuperscript{31}
Her Evening Silk, or, in Summer, Muslin,
And other Stuffs, with Which I won’t stay puzzling.

She knew the Latin – that is, “the Lord’s prayer,”
And Greek – the Alphabet – I’m nearly sure;
She read some French romances here and there,
Although her mode of speaking was not pure;
For native Spanish she had no great care,
At least her Conversation was obscure;
Her thoughts were theorems, her words a problem,
As if She deemed that Mystery would ennoble ‘em.

She liked the English and the Hebrew tongue,
And said there was Analogy between ‘em;
She proved it somehow out of Sacred song,*
But this I heard her say, and can’t be wrong.
“‘Tis strange – the Hebrew Noun which means ‘I am,’\textsuperscript{32}
The English always use to govern d—n.”

\textbf{PROOF}: Vertically in the right-hand margin, Hobhouse square-brackets 111-12 and writes \textit{pray dont} against 112, underlining \textit{d—n} three times. Byron scores through the request once.

\begin{itemize}
\item \textsuperscript{29} \textit{mathematical}: Lady Byron was very good at mathematics, and their daughter, Augusta Ada, was to be an outstanding mathematician. When the engagement was in progress B. referred to his fiancée as the \textit{“Princess of Parallelograms”} (BLJ IV 48). But then see \textit{Beppo} (1817) 623–8:
\begin{quote}
\textit{They stare not on the Stars from out their Attics,}
\textit{Nor deal (thank God for that!) in Mathematics.}
\end{quote}
Why \textit{I thank God for that is no great matter;}
\textit{I have my reasons, you no doubt suppose,}
\textit{And as perhaps they would not highly flatter,}
\textit{I’ll keep them for my life (to come) in prose ...}
\end{quote}
B. did not keep them for his Memoirs, which were burnt anyway: he put them, lightly disguised, into \textit{Don Juan} Canto I.
\item \textsuperscript{30} \textit{Attic}: pure classical Greek. The word implies elevation.
\item \textsuperscript{31} \textit{Dimity}: cotton with raised decorations. Annabella was fond of the material. See below, XIV, 26, 8.
\item \textsuperscript{32} \textit{Hebrew Noun which means “I am,”}: Yahweh. See God’s words to Moses at \textit{Exodus} III, 13-14. The joke refers to \textit{I’m damned}, \textit{Well I’ll be damned}, \textit{Goddam}, \textit{Goddammit}, and so on. See below, Canto XI 1.90, where \textit{God damn!} is described as the English \textit{shibboleth}.\end{itemize}
15.
Some women use their tongues – She looked a lecture,
   Each eye a Sermon, and her brow a homily,
An all-in-all-sufficient self-director, 115
   Like the lamented late Sir Samuel Romilly,33
The law’s expounder, and the State’s Corrector,
   Whose Suicide was almost an Anomaly –
One sad example more, that “All is Vanity”34
(The Jury brought their verdict in, “Insanity”).35 120

16.
In short, She was a walking Calculation;36
   Miss Edgeworth’s Novels stepping from their Covers,37
Or Mrs Trimmer’s books on Education,38
   Or Cœleb’s Wife set out in search of Lovers,39
Morality’s prim Personification, 125
   In which not Envy’s self a flaw discovers;
To others share let “female Errors fall”40
For She had not even One, – the worst of all. –

33: Sir Samuel Romilly (1757-1818) was a politician and lawyer whom B. disliked because he had, in error, reneged on a commitment to represent B. in the separation proceedings between himself and Lady B., representing Lady Byron instead. A liberal reformer and anti-slavery campaigner, Romilly committed suicide in 1818 on the death of his wife, and only the inquest verdict allowed him Christian burial; a fact here mocked. For B.’s rhetorically gleeful prose reaction, see letter to Murray, June 7 1819: “I have at least seen Romilly shivered – who was one of the assassins [of Agamemnon / Byron], – – When that felon, or Lunatic – (take your choice – he must be one and might be both) was doing his worst to uproot my whole family tree, branch, and blossoms; when after taking my retainer he went over to them – when he was bringing desolation on my hearth – and destruction on my household Gods – did he think that in three years a natural event – a severe domestic – but an expected and common domestic Calamity would lay his Carcase in a Cross road or stamp his name in a Verdict of Lunacy? Did he (who in his drivelling sexagenary dotage had not the courage to survive his Nurse – for what else was a wife to him at this time of life?–) reflect or consider what my feelings must have been ...” and so on (BLJ VI 150).
34: “All is Vanity”: Ecclesiastes, I, 2. Title of one of the Hebrew Melodies that Annabella had copied.
35: For other jury jokes, see below, V, 61, 8, and XV, 84, 4.
36: She was a walking Calculation: (a) refers to mathematics (b) implies instinctive, non-stop hypocrisy.
37: Miss Edgeworth: Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849) was a popular educationalist and novelist of the day, authoress of Castle Rackrent.
38: Mrs. Trimmer: Sarah Trimmer (1741-1810) wrote conservative educational pamphlets.
39: Cœleb’s Wife: a novel by Hannah More (1745-1833). All three writers aimed at moral improvement, and would have earned Inez’s approval, a fact which should give us pause. See below, IV 915n.
40: “female Errors fall”: from the description of Belinda in Pope’s The Rape of the Lock, II 15-18:
Yet graceful Ease, and Sweetness void of Pride,
   Might hide her Faults, if Belles had Faults to hide:
If to her share some Female Errors fall,
Look in her face, and you’ll forget ‘em all.

Bell was one of Annabella’s nicknames. Compare Beppo, 612: Unknown as bells within a Turkish steeple.
17.
Oh! She was perfect beyond all parallel,
Of every modern female Saint’s comparison,
So far beyond the cunning powers of hell,\(^{41}\)
Her Guardian Angel had given up his Garrison,\(^{42}\)
Even her minutest motions went as well
As those of the best Time-piece made by Harrison;\(^{43}\)
In Virtues nothing earthly could surpass her --
Save thine “incomparable Oil”, Macassar!\(^{44}\)

Note. “Description des *Vertus incomparables* de l’Huile de Macassar.” See the Advertisement.

18.
Perfect she was, but as Perfection is
Insipid in this naughty World of ours,
Where our first Parents never learned to kiss
Till they were exiled from their earlier bowers,\(^{45}\)
Where all was Peace, and Innocence and Bliss
(\(I\) wonder how they got through the twelve hours)
Don José,\(^{46}\) like a lineal Son of Eve,\(^{47}\)
Went plucking various fruit without her leave.

19.
He was a Mortal of the careless kind,
With no great love for Learning, or the Learned,
Who chose to go where’er he had a mind,
And never dreamed his Lady was concerned;
The World, as usual, wickedly inclined
To see a Kingdom or a house o’erturned,\(^{48}\)
Whispered he had a Mistress; Some said *two*,
But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

\(^{41}\): *So far beyond the cunning powers of hell*: carries on the satire from 111-12 above. Inez / Annabella has no intuitive understanding of things either brute English, or diabolical.

\(^{42}\): *Her Guardian Angel had given up his Garrison*: though B. seems not to have known Blake, compare Blake’s *The Angel*.

\(^{43}\): *Harrison*: John Harrison (1693-1776) was a famous chronologist, who invented a device, long sought after, which could determine a ship’s longitude.

\(^{44}\): B.’s note: *thine “incomparable Oil,” Macassar!* B. himself used Rowland’s Macassar hair oil: “pray bring me some ‘Macassar’ or ‘Russia Oil’, as I begin to get venerable” (BLJ VI 138). Anti-Macassars were in the nineteenth century covers put over sofa- and chair-covers, and designed to keep hair-oil from furniture fabric.

\(^{45}\): B. has got it wrong here – it was in part as a consequence of learning to kiss lustfully that Adam and Eve were exiled – see *Paradise Lost* X 994-1066. B.’s Eden is always as much Miltonic as Biblical.

\(^{46}\): The name Don Jose is often found in Le Sage’s *Gil Blas*; Everybody read *Gil Blas*. Byron sells a “fine paper” set in 1816 (CMP 234), but later buys another four-volume 1818 one (CMP 250): just in time for the writing of the two opening cantos of *Don Juan*, with their Spanish ambience. All the Spanish names in Canto 1 – Don Alfonso, Donna Julia, Don Juan, Antonia, and so on – are to be found in the novel.

\(^{47}\): *our first Parents ... lineal Son of Eve*: the references to *Genesis* here are only partly comic. See below at I 1011 and II 1512. José, like Alfonso and Lambro after him and Adam and B. before him, is doomed to ruin his own Eden. B. distributes the blame in complex ways which shames the misogynist *Genesis*, however. José is the guilty party first, Inez merely suspected of intrigue, and provoking by her faultlessness; Julia is indubitably guilty; and Lambro is only claiming his own – even though in doing so he destroys it.

\(^{48}\): *The World, as usual, wickedly inclined / To see a Kingdom or a house o’erturned*: an autobiographical reference to the public rumours which surrounded B.’s separation from Annabella.
20.
Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
A great opinion of her own good qualities;
Neglect, indeed, requires a Saint to bear it,
And so indeed She was in her Moralities;
But then She had a Devil of a Spirit,
And sometimes mixed up fancies with realities,
Of getting her liege lord into a Scrape.

21.
This was an easy matter with a man
Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard;\(^{49}\)
And even the wisest, do the best they can,
That you might “brain them with their Lady’s fan,”\(^{50}\)
And sometimes Ladies hit exceeding hard,
And Fans turn into falchions in fair hands,\(^{51}\)
And why and wherefore No one understands. \(^{52}\)

22.
’Tis pity learned Virgins ever wed
With persons of no sort of education,
Or Gentlemen who, though well-born and bred,
Grow tired of Scientific conversation;
I don’t choose to say much upon this head;
I’m a plain man, and in a single station,
But – Oh! ye Lords of Ladies intellectual,\(^{53}\)
Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck’d you all?\(^{54}\)

\(^{49}\): \textit{Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard}: a Byronic self-description.

\(^{50}\): \textit{“brain them with their Lad’s fan”}: see \textit{Henry IV} I ii iii 25-6. Hotspur is expressing contempt for the manhood of one who will not support his plot.

\(^{51}\): \textit{falchions}: swords.

\(^{52}\): The joke at 165-8 echoes Pope, \textit{Rape of the Lock}, V 39 et. seq:  
\begin{verbatim}
All side in Parties, and begin th’Attack;  
Fans clap, Silks russle, and tough Whalebones crack;  
Heroes’ and Heroines’ Shouts confus’dly rise,  
And base, and treble Voices strike the Skies.  
No common Weapons in their Hands are found,  
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal Wound.
\end{verbatim}

\(^{53}\): \textit{Ladies intellectual}: B. affected disdain for intellectual women; see his comment on Mme de Staël, below, III 686n: also IV 871-96. However, it did not prevent him from having affairs with several, and of course marrying one.

\(^{54}\): \textit{hen-peck’d}: a rare manuscript example of B. inserting an apostrophe into a past participle. He clearly intends a comic effect. See also \textit{learn’id}, below, I 1392.
23.

Don José and his lady quarrelled – why,
   Not any of the many could divine,
    Though several thousand people chose to try,
   ’Twas surely no concern of theirs nor mine;  180
I loathe that low Vice, Curiosity,
    But if there’s any thing in which I shine55
   ’Tis in arranging all my friends’ affairs,
    Not having, of my own, domestic cares.

PROOF: at 182 the printer has And if there’s anything ... Byron scores And through once, and replaces his manuscript But.

24.

And so I interfered, and with the best  185
   Intentions, but their treatment was not kind;
I think the foolish people were possessed,
    For Neither of them could I ever find,
Although their Porter afterwards confessed –
    But that’s no matter, and the worst’s behind –
For little Juan o’er me threw, down stairs,
   A Pail of housemaid’s water, unawares. ...56

25.

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,
   And mischief-making Monkey from his birth,
His parents ne’er agreed except in doting  195
   Upon the most unquiet Imp on earth;57
Instead of quarrelling, had they been but both in
   Their senses, they’d have sent young Master forth –
To School, or had him soundly whipped at home,
   To teach him manners for the time to come.58  200

55: In which I shine: B. suddenly and unexpectedly speaks as the poem’s supposed Spanish narrator.
56: a pail of housemaid’s water: a potty.
57: unquiet Imp: implies Juan’s damnable already.
58: ... had him soundly whipped at home, / To teach him manners for the time to come: recalls the following, from a letter to Squire Allworthy from the mean and uncharitable Parson Thwackum in Tom Jones, Book XVIII Chapter 4: “Had not my Hand been withheld from due Correction, I had scourged much of this diabolical Spirit out of a Boy, of whom from his Infancy I discovered the Devil had taken such entire Possession; but Reflections of this Kind now come too late.” For B. on Thwackum, see BLJ VI 80, 82, VII 132, and X 52.
26.
Don José and the Donna Inez led
For some time an unhappy sort of life,
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead;
They lived respectably as man and wife,
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred
And gave not outward signs of inward strife,
Until at length the smothered fire broke out,
And put the business past all kind of doubt.

27.
For Inez called some druggists and physicians,
And tried to prove her loving lord was mad,\(^\text{59}\)
But as he had some lucid intermissions,
She next decided he was only bad:
Yet when they asked her for her depositions,
No sort of Explanation could be had,
Save that her duty both to man and God\(^\text{60}\)
Required this conduct – which seemed very odd. –

**PROOF:** Against lines 209-12, Hobhouse writes in the right-hand margin, *This is so very pointed*[..] Byron crosses it though twice, writing in the left-hand margin, *If people make application it is there own fault.*

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\(^{59}\): to prove her loving lord was mad: during the 1816 separation, B. claimed, Lady B. tried to have him declared insane: “I was surprised one day by a Doctor and a Lawyer almost forcing themselves at the same time into my room. I did not know till afterwards the real object of their visit. I thought their questions singular, frivolous, and somewhat importunate, if not impertinent: but what should I have thought, if I had known that they were sent to provide proofs of my insanity?” (Medwin, ed. Lovell, pp.44-5). Lady Byron denied this; but the evidence indicates that she did see his irrationality, his contradictoriness, and even his more extreme flights of humour, as signs of madness. That she should feel such a course necessary or appropriate is normally taken as a sign of her humourlessness, and of their real incompatibility. But B. was certainly a sore trial to her, and the episode shows above all the desire for a solution to a problem, namely being married to him, with which she could not intuitively cope. The fact, which erupts rather unexpectedly into the poem, is a sign that at this point B.’s fictional pretence is thinner than it is elsewhere.

\(^{60}\): her duty ... to man and God: Now, independent of any advice whatever, I deem it my duty to God to act as I am acting (Annabella to Augusta, February 14 1816).
28.
She kept a journal where his faults were noted,
   And opened certain trunks of books and letters,\textsuperscript{61}
All which might – if occasion served – be quoted;
   And then she had all Seville for abettors,
Besides her good old Grandmother (who doted);
   The hearers of her case became repeaters,
Then Advocates, Inquisitors, and Judges,
   Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

\textbf{PROOF:} Hobhouse underlines 218, and writes in the right-hand margin against 219-22, \textit{There is some doubt about this.} Byron crosses through three times, and writes, in the opposite margin, \textit{What has the "doubt" to do with the poem? – it is at least poetically true – why apply every thing to that absurd woman? I have no reference to living characters. –}

29.
And then this best and meekest woman bore 225
   With such serenity her husband’s woes,
Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore\textsuperscript{62}
   Who saw their Spouses killed, and nobly chose
Never to say a word about them more;
   Calmly she heard each Calumny that rose
And saw his agonies with such Sublimity,
   That all the World exclaimed, “What Magnanimity!”\textsuperscript{63}

30.
No doubt this patience, when the World is damning us,
   Is philosophic in our former friends;
‘Tis also pleasant to be deemed Magnanimous, 235
   The more so in obtaining our own ends;
And what the Lawyers call a “Malus animus”,\textsuperscript{64}
   Conduct like this by no means comprehends;
Revenge in person’s certainly no Virtue,
   But then ’tis not my fault, if others hurt you. 240

\textsuperscript{61:} \textit{And opened certain trunks of books and letters:} see BLJ V 93, letter to Augusta September 14 1816: \textit{“You know I suppose that Lady B secretly opened my letter trunks before she left Town …”} B.’s protest at Hobhouse’s objection is disingenuous.

\textsuperscript{62:} \textit{Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore:} Plutarch speaks in his \textit{Life of Lycurgus} about the constraints placed on mourning for Spartan women. B.’s gloss, that their Stoic decision not to mourn was inspired either by calculation or glee, is not in Plutarch – and is probably unfair to Lady Byron.

\textsuperscript{63:}“\textit{What Magnanimity!}:” see BLJ V 231-2: \textit{“I can’t make out whether … it is you [Augusta] that have been ill or the children – or what your melancholy – & mysterious apprehensions tend to – or refer to – whether to Caroline Lamb’s novels – Mrs Claremont’s evidence – Lady Byron’s magnanimity – or any other piece of imposture …”} See also Letter to John Murray: “I hate the word ‘Magnanimity’ because I have sometimes seen it applied to the grossest of impostors, by the greatest of fools” (CMP 123).

\textsuperscript{64:} “\textit{Malus animus”:} a heart inclined to ill. A quotation from the Roman comic dramatist Terence (\textit{The Girl from Andros}) rather than from any book of law. Compare below, XIII, 12, 8.
31.
And if our quarrels should rip up old stories,
    And help them with a lie or two additional,
I’m not to blame – as you well know – no more is
    Any one else; they were become traditional;
Besides, their Resurrection aids our glories
    By contrast, which is what we just were wishing all;
And Science profits by this Resurrection –
Dead Scandals form good Subjects for dissection.

32. 66
Their friends had tried at reconciliation,
    Then their relations, who made matters worse
(‘Tweren’t hard to say upon a like occasion
    To whom it may be best to have recourse –
I can’t say much for friend or yet relation)
The Lawyers did their utmost for divorce,
    But scarce a fee was paid on either side,
Before, unluckily, Don José died.

33.
He died: and most unluckily, because
According to all hints I could collect
From Counsel learned in those kinds of laws
    (Although their talk’s obscure and circumspect)
His death contrived to spoil a charming cause;
    A thousand pities also with respect
To Public feeling, which on this occasion
Was manifested in a great Sensation.

65: *And Science profits by this Resurrection:* refers to Resurrection-men such as Burke and Hare, who provided surgeons with illicit cadavers for experimentation.
66: Sts.32–6 form a series of covert comments on B.’s own separation proceedings, in which, plagued by relations, lawyers, bailiffs, and well-meaning friends, his life was reduced to a misery: see the prose fragment *Donna Josepha* (CMP 77-78). The trauma was lasting, and the theme of wrecked home and lost family was one to which he returned at intervals in his work from now on. See below, I 286 and n, and quotation from BLJ below, III sts.49-51n. Alfonso and Lambro are two examples in these Cantos of men who, aiming to recover home and family, destroy them.
67: *The Lawyers did their utmost for divorce:* divorce was virtually unheard-of in eighteenth-century Spain. B. is playing tricks with his English story against a Spanish background.
68: *His death contrived to spoil a charming cause:* continues the satire on *schadenfreude* and human parasites started at 150-1 above.
34.
But ah! he died; and buried with him lay
The Public feeling, and the Lawyers’ fees;
His house was sold, his servants sent away,
A Jew took one of his two mistresses,
A Priest the other – at least so they say;
I asked the Doctors after his disease:
He died of the slow fever called the tertian,69
And left his Widow to her own aversion.

35.
Yet José was an honourable man,70
That I must say, who knew him very well;
Therefore his frailties I’ll no further scan,
Indeed there were not many more to tell;
And if his passions now and then outran
Discretion, and were not so peaceable
As Numa’s (who was also named Pompilius)71
He had been ill brought up, and was born bilious. 280

36.
Whate’er might be his worthlessness or worth,
Poor fellow! he had many things to wound him –
Let’s own, since it can do no good on earth –
It was a trying moment that which found him72
Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,
Where all his household Gods lay shivered round him;73
No Choice was left his feelings or his pride,
Save death or Doctors’ Commons – so he died.74

69: tertian: a fever which recurred every other day.
70: José was an honourable man: echoes Mark Antony to the crowd at Julius Caesar III ii 82, 83, 87, 94, 99, 124, 127, 151, 153, 212 and 214; but without Antony’s increasing sarcasm.
71: Numa Pompilius: mythical second King of Rome, whose reign was very peaceful and culturally productive.
72: a trying moment: B. does not dramatise any specific moment, and as the divorce proceedings are only ambiguously under way at José’s death, it is hard to see when it occurs. B. is again writing autobiographically.
73: his household Gods lay shivered: an important phrase for B., who echoes it in a letter to Moore (BLJ VI 69) describing his own misery during the separation: “I could have forgiven the dagger or the bowl, any thing, but the deliberate desolation piled upon me, when I stood alone upon my hearth, with my household gods shivered around me.” See below, III sts.51-2, for the similar feelings of Lambro; CMP 97: and Marino Faliero, III ii 361-4: My pure household gods / Were shiver’d on my heart h, and o’er their shrine / Sate grinning Ribaldry and sneering Scorn. The figure of King Priam in Book II of Virgil’s Aeneid, is sometimes quoted as an antecedent, when Pyrrhus slaughters first his son, and then him, before his household altar: but see this speech from Scott’s The Antiquary (1816) a novel much read by B. (see BLJ V 109, 112, VIII 88) in which Monkbars, the protagonist, describes his ancestor, a German printer: “He was, indeed, a man who would have stood firm, had his whole printing-house, presses, fonts, forms, great and small pica, been shivered to pieces round him …” (Vol.I p.142). The sacredness of home is a central theme in epic. Odysseus must return there, Aeneas has to establish a new one; but Juan has to leave his, as B. had to, and wanders for the entire poem.
74: Doctor’s Commons: the (English) divorce courts.
37.
Dying intestate, Juan was sole heir\(^{75}\)
To a Chancery Suit, and messuages, and lands,\(^{26}\) 290
Which, with a long minority and care,
Promised to turn out well in proper hands;
Inez became sole Guardian, which was fair,
And answered but to Nature’s just demands;
An only Son left with an only Mother 295
Is brought up much more wisely than another. –

38.
Sagest of women, even of widows, She
Resolved\(^{77}\) that Juan should be quite a paragon,
And worthy of the noblest pedigree
(His Sire was of Castile, his Dam from Arragon);\(^{78}\) 300
Then for accomplishments of Chivalry,
In case our Lord the King should go to war again,
He learned the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,
And how to scale a fortress – or a Nunnery.\(^{79}\)

39.
But that which Donna Inez most desired, 305
And saw into herself each day before all
The learned tutors whom for him she hired,
Was, that his breeding should be strictly moral;\(^{80}\)
Much into all his Studies she enquired,
And so they were submitted first to her, all, 310
Arts, sciences, no branch was made a Mystery
To Juan’s eyes, excepting natural History.

\(^{75}\): *Dying intestate* a misrelated participle.
\(^{76}\): *messuages*: building property with adjacent land. Another English term.
\(^{77}\): B. always regarded women’s resolution ironically. Compare this canto, 75, 2; or below, XIV, 61, 1.
\(^{78}\): *Castile ... Aragon*: the two ancient Iberian kingdoms united by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1469. From this time Spain’s unity and the start of her imperial power are dated. See also above, I 66-8 and n; and V 827-8.
\(^{79}\): *or a Nunnery*: evidence that B. may still be envisaging a traditionally depraved career for his protagonist – see above, I 56n. Shadwell’s *The Libertine*, I i, has the following exchange:

**Jacomo:** How often have you scal’d the Walls of Monasteries? Two Nuns, I know, you ravished, and a third you dangerously wounded for her violent resistence.

**Don John:** The perverse Jades were uncivil, and deserv’d such usage.

\(^{80}\): *his breeding should be strictly moral*: from this moment the malign influence of Inez’s blinkered ethic makes itself felt on the entire structure of the tale, the moral focus of which (see previous note) starts to alter.
40. The languages, especially the dead,  
The Sciences, and most of all the abstruse,  
The arts, at least all such as could be said  
To be the most remote from common use,  
In all these he was much and deeply read;  
But not a Page of anything that’s loose,  
Or hints continuation of the Species,  
Was ever suffered, lest he should grow vicious.  

41. His Classic Studies made a little puzzle,  
Because of filthy loves of Gods and Goddesses,  
Who in the earlier ages made a bustle,  
But never put on pantaloons or boddices;  
His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,  
And for their Aeneids, Iliads, and Odysseys,  
Were forced to make an odd sort of apology,  
For Donna Inez dreaded the Mythology.

81: Sts.41-3: B.’s mock-indignant list of almost every major Greek and Latin poet (apart from the dramatists, he pointedly excludes Horace, the one who influenced him most, plus Pindar and Propertius) is one of his ways of asserting Don Juan’s centrality in the European tradition, and of answering those critics who accused him of impiety and immorality.

82: Because of filthy loves of Gods and Goddesses: see, for instances, Iliad XIV 153-351, or Odyssey VIII 266-366.

83: Aeneids, Iliads, and Odysseys: epic poems by Virgil and Homer, of which Don Juan is a mock version, involving a complex series of critical jokes.
42.
Ovid’s a rake, as half his verses show him,\textsuperscript{84} 
Anacreon’s morals are a still worse sample,\textsuperscript{85}  
Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,\textsuperscript{86}  
I don’t think Sappho’s Ode a good example,\textsuperscript{87}  
Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn\textsuperscript{88}  
Where the Sublime soars forth on wings more ample; *  
But Virgil’s Songs\textsuperscript{89} are pure – except that horrid one\textsuperscript{90}  
Beginning with “Formosum Pastor Corydon”.\textsuperscript{90}

* See Longinus Section 10\textsuperscript{88}. “Τινα μη εν τι παθος φαινηται, παθων δε Συνοδος.”\textsuperscript{91}

PROOF: In the notes section to Canto I, Hobhouse writes, next to Byron’s Longinus quotation: \begin{quotation} Τινα μη εν περι αυτην παθος φαινηται, παθων δε Συνοδος I do not think you are quite held out by the quotation – Longinus says the circumstantial assemblage of the passions makes the sublime. he does not talk of This sublime as being soaring & ample Byron answers, opposite: I do not care for that – it must stand – /NB/
\end{quotation}

43.
Lucretius’ irreligion is too strong\textsuperscript{92}  
For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food;  
I can’t help thinking Juvenal was wrong.\textsuperscript{93}  
Although no doubt his real intent was good,  
For speaking out so plainly in his song,  
So much indeed as to be downright rude;  
And then what proper person could be partial  
To all those nauseous Epigrams of Martial?\textsuperscript{94}

\textsuperscript{84}: Ovid: erotic and mythological Roman poet.  
\textsuperscript{85}: Anacreon: Greek lyric poet of love and intoxication. The Isles of Greece (see below, Canto III) is in imitation of him.  
\textsuperscript{86}: Catullus: Roman erotic poet. Some of his poems are so obscene as to defy translation.  
\textsuperscript{87}: Sappho’s Ode: the Ode to Aphrodite by the Greek Lesbian poet Sappho, quoted by  
\textsuperscript{88}: Longinus: late Greek critic, author of an influential Treatise on the Sublime.  
\textsuperscript{89}: Virgil’s songs: his pastoral poems or Eclogues.  
\textsuperscript{90}: that horrid one / Beginning with “Formosum Pastor Corydon”: the second Eclogue concerns the love of one shepherd, Corydon, for another, Alexis.  
\textsuperscript{91}: B.’s note: “She (Sappho) wants to display, not a single emotion, but a whole congress of emotions” (Hobhouse is pedantically accurate in his re-quotation and translation of the line, but short-sighted and alarmingly humourless in his perception of both B. and of Longinus).  
\textsuperscript{92}: Lucretius: philosophical and materialist Roman poet.  
\textsuperscript{93}: Juvenal: Roman satirist, an influence on B. in such works as EBSR and AoB.  
\textsuperscript{94}: Martial: Roman epigrammatist, much translated by B.
44.
Juan was taught from out the best Edition, 345
Expurgated by learned men, who place,
Judiciously, from out the Schoolboy’s vision,
The grosser parts; but fearful to deface
Too much their modest bard by this omission,
And pitying sore his mutilated case,
They only add them all in an Appendix,
Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an Index. *

* Fact. There is or was such an edition, with all the obnoxious Epigrams of Martial placed by
temselves at the end. – – – 95

45.
For there we have them all in one fell swoop96
Instead of being scattered through the pages;
They stand forth marshalled in a handsome troop 355
To meet the ingenuous Youth of future ages,
Till some less rigid Editor shall stoop
To call them back into their separate cages,
Instead of standing staring altogether,
Like Garden Gods, and not so decent either. – 360

95: B.’S NOTE: An edition of Martial published in Amsterdam in 1701, dedicated to the French Dauphin, has been adduced as an example of such thoughtful editing; also the “Delphini” (“bowdlerised for a dauphin”) edition of Vincent Collesso (1680). An example of Martalian humour might illustrate B.’s point:
Cum dicis “Propero, fac si facis,” Hedyle, languet
protinus et cessat debilitata Venus.
expectare ube: velocius ibo retentus,
Hedyle, si properas, dic mihi, ne properem. (Book I, xlvi)
(When, Hedylus, you say, “Hurry, I’m going to come,” I lose all interest and Venus makes me go limp. But if you tell me to slow down, I get much more excited. So if, Hedylus, you want it to go more quickly, tell me to go more slowly).

96: one fell swoop: Macbeth, IV iii 219. Macduff is bewailing the deaths of his wife and children. A quotation often removed from its context.
46.
The Missal too (it was the family Missal)\textsuperscript{97}
Was ornamented in a sort of way
Which antient Mass-books often are, and this all
Kinds of Grotesques illumined; and how they,
Who saw those figures on the margin kiss all,
Could turn their optics to the text and pray,
Is more than I know; but Don Juan’s Mother
Kept this herself, and gave her Son another.

47.
Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,
And homilies, and lives of all the Saints;
To Jerome and to Chrysostom inured\textsuperscript{98}
He did not take such studies for restraints;
But how Faith is acquired, and then ensured,
So well not one of the aforesaid paints
As Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions\textsuperscript{99}
Which make the reader envy his trangressions. –

48.
This, too, was a sealed book to little Juan –
I can’t but say that his Mamma was right,
If such an Education was the true one:
She scarcely trusted him from out her sight;
Her maids were old, and if She took a new one
You might be sure she was a perfect fright;\textsuperscript{100}
She did this during even her husband’s life –
I recommend as much to every Wife. –

\textsuperscript{97} Missal: prayer-book.
\textsuperscript{98} To Jerome and to Chrysostom: early church fathers, the former translator of the Bible into Latin. Both lived for part of their lives in deserts, and were famous for their ascetic rigour. Chrysostom (c.347-407) was brought up successfully by a very strict mother; but inured implies that Inez will not fare as well with Juan.
\textsuperscript{99} Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions: St Augustine of Hippo (354-430) lived an indulgent life before he turned to religion. He describes in his Confessions – though in no great detail – how he stole pears, harboured lustful feelings and worldly ambitions, frequented the theatre, and hung around with bad people of one kind or another. He tells us with shame that he lived with one woman to whom he was not married, but to whom he was faithful. As Chrysostom was, but as Juan will not be, he was saved by the prayers and example of his mother.
\textsuperscript{100} You might be sure she was a perfect fright: recalls nineteenth-century rules governing recruitment of female bedders in Cambridge colleges.
Young Juan waxed in goodliness and grace;\textsuperscript{101}
\begin{itemize}
\item At Six a charming child, and at eleven
\item With all the promise of as fine a face
\item As e’er to Man’s maturer growth was given;
\item He studied steadily, and grew apace,
\item And seemed, at least, in the right road to heaven,
\item For half his days were passed at Church, the other
\item Between his tutors, Confessor, and Mother. –
\end{itemize}

At six, I said, he was a charming child,
\begin{itemize}
\item At twelve he was a fine, but quiet boy,
\item Although in Infancy a little wild,
\item They tamed him down amongst them; to destroy
\item His natural Spirit not in vain they toiled,
\item At least it seemed so; and his mother’s joy
\item Was to declare how sage, and still, and steady,
\item Her young Philosopher was grown already.
\end{itemize}

I had my doubts, perhaps I have them still,
\begin{itemize}
\item But what I say is neither here nor there;
\item I knew his father well, and have some skill
\item In character – but it would not be fair
\item From Sire to Son to augur good, or ill;
\item He and his wife were an ill-sorted pair –
\item But Scandal’s my aversion – I protest
\item Against all evil speaking, even in jest.
\end{itemize}

\textsuperscript{101} Young Juan waxed in goodliness and grace: echoes Luke 2, 40: ... the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him; B.’s fair copy alteration shows the effect to be deliberate. See also Luke 2 51: ... And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man. See notes to sts.51-53 below.
52.
For my part I say nothing – nothing – but
   This I will say – my reasons are my own – 102
That if I had an only Son to put
   To School (as God be praised that I have none)
'Tis not with Donna Inez I would shut
   Him up to learn his Catechism alone,
No – No – I’d send him out betimes to College,
For there it was I picked up my own knowledge. 103

53.
For there one learns – ’tis not for me to boast,
   Though I acquired – but I pass over that,
As well as all the Greek I since have lost –
   I say that there’s the place – but “Verbum Sat;” 104
I think I picked up, too, as well as most,
   Knowledge of matters – but no matter what –
I never married – but, I think, I know
That Sons should not be educated so. –

102: For my part I say nothing – nothing – but / This I will say: echoes Mrs Slipslop in Fielding’s Joseph Andrews, Book II Chapter 3: “... for my part I say nothing, but that it is wondrous how some People can carry all things with a grave Face.” It is later adapted in Sheridan’s The Critic, one of B.’s favourite plays: ... the best farce – (the Critic – it is only too good for a farce) ... (BLJ III 239). The line is said by the paranoiacally insecure and insincere Sir Fretful Plagiary in I i: “I say nothing – I take away from no man’s merit – am hurt at no man’s good fortune – I say nothing – But this I will say – through all my knowledge of life, I have observed – that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy!” See BLJ III 94 and V 198 for B.’s use of the line in letters; also Beppo line 765. Slipslop is a palpable hypocrite; Plagiary a man mocked and ostracised on account of his fraudulence and easily-bruised vanity. B. twice quotes another of his lines in letters: “… if there is anything to one’s praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it, and if it is abuse, – why one is sure to hear of it from one damn’d good-natur’d friend or another!” See BLJ IV 78 and 313.

103: For there it was I picked up my own knowledge: has overtone of Genesis. B. lived riotously and got heavily into debt at Cambridge. Both joke and rhyme are echoed below, at II, 1087-8. The theme of education is important in the first canto-and-a-half of the poem: stressed at intervals throughout Canto I (see above, st.16) and reinforced strongly at the start of Canto II, it ceases when Juan refuses to eat his tutor Pedrillo at II sts.77-8, an event subtextually theological as well as gastronomic (see notes). The lawyers of John Murray, in attempting successfully to obtain an injunction against pirates of the first two Cantos, persuaded the court that the poem was moral in its emphasis in that One great tendency of the book ... was to show in Don Juan’s ultimate character the ill effect of that injudicious maternal education which Don Juan is represented as having received, and which had operated injuriously upon his mind (Smiles I 405-8, quoted DJV I 32). B. was doubtless pleased, insisting as he always did that the poem was moral in its intention; but whether the forensically-cunning Murray lawyers enjoyed reading and re-reading it in researching their brief, we cannot know. The main establishment motive behind their action was to keep Don Juan expensive, and thus out of the hands of ordinary people.

104: “Verbum Sat”: a word is enough to the wise (Latin).
54.
Young Juan now was Sixteen years of age,
   Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit; he seemed
Active, though not so sprightly, as a Page;
   And every body but his mother deemed
Him almost man; but She flew into a rage,
   And bit her lips (for else She might have screamed)
If any said so, for to be precocious
Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.

55.
Amongst her numerous acquaintance – all
   Selected for their discretion and devotion –
There was the Donna Julia, whom to call
   Pretty were but to give a feeble notion
Of many charms in her as natural
   As sweetness to the flower, or salt to Ocean,
Her Zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid
   (But this last Simile is trite and stupid). –

56.
The darkness of her Oriental eye
   Accorded with her Moorish origin;
(Her blood was not all Spanish, by the bye –
   In Spain, you know, this is a sort of Sin),
When proud Grenada fell, and, forced to fly,
   Boabdil wept, of Donna Julia’s kin
Some went to Africa, Some staid in Spain,
   Her great great Grandmamma chose to remain.

105: the Donna Julia: B.’s choice for the name of Juan’s first love is perhaps a covert tribute to the early influence on him of Thomas Moore’s book The Poetical Works of Thomas Little (1801) which he claimed to have known by heart at the age of fifteen. Many of the poems in it are called To Julia. See BLJ VII 117: also below, I, 828-9n. Rousseau’s Julie is another source: see below, VIII, 422-3. The name occurs at Le Sage’s Gil Blas, X 12.

106: In Spain, you know, this is a sort of Sin: the satire about Julia’s fine Moorish blood may in part be directed at the anti-Islamic tendencies of Southey’s epics Thalaba and Roderick, Last of the Goths. Francis Jeffrey pointed out the vulgarity of Southey’s prejudices in his review of Roderick; writing of the excessive horror and abuse with which the Mahometans are uniformly spoken of on account of their religion alone (Edinburgh Review, June 1815 p. 3). B., who, unlike Southey, had travelled among Moslems, felt strongly on the subject (both men had travelled in Spain, and Southey was an Hispanic specialist) and probably made Juan’s first two loves part-Moorish by way of riposte. See below, III Stanzas 62-76 and notes; and IV Stanzas 54-7 and notes.

107: Boabdil: Mohammed XI, last Moorish King of Granada, defeated and dethroned in 1491, when after a siege he handed the keys of the city to Ferdinand (see above, I 330n). The spot where this occurred is called el último suspiro del Moro, “The last sigh of the Moor”.

108: Some went to Africa, some staid in Spain: on the final defeat of the Moors in the fifteenth century.
57.

She married (I forget the pedigree)
   With an Hidalgo, [109] who transmitted down
His blood less noble than such blood should be;
   At such alliances his Sires would frown,
In that point so precise in each degree
   That they bred in and in, as might be shown –
Marrying their cousins – nay, their aunts and nieces,
Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.

58.

This Heathenish Cross restored the breed again,
   Ruined its blood, but much improved its flesh;
For, from a root the ugliest in Old Spain
   Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh;
The Sons no more were short, the daughters plain,
   But there’s a rumour which I fain would hush,
’Tis said that Donna Julia’s Grandmamma
Produced her Don more heirs at love than law. –

59.

However this might be, the race went on
   Improving still through every generation
Until it centered on an only Son,
   Who left an only daughter; my Narration
May have suggested that this Single One [110]
   Could be but Julia (whom on this occasion
I shall have much to speak about) and She
Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty three.

60.

Her Eye (I’m very fond of handsome eyes)
   Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until She spoke, then through its soft disguise
   Flashed an expression more of pride than ire,
And love than either; and there would arise
   A Something in them which was not desire,
But would have been, perhaps, but for the Soul
Which struggled through and chastened down the whole. [111]480

[109]: Hidalgo: of authentic Spanish extraction: see above, I 66-7n.
[110]: this Single One: the bloodline expires with Julia.
[111]: But would have been, perhaps, but for the Soul / Which struggled through and chastened down the whole: The lines But would have been, save for the Soul, / Which gently chastened down the whole appear, erased, at lines 217-18 of the rough draft of Mazeppa, which B. may have been writing at the same time as Don Juan. They describe the beauty of Teresa, for the love of whom Mazeppa suffers as Juan does for that of Julia.
61.
Her Glossy hair was clustered o’er a brow
   Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth,
Her eyebrow’s shape was like the aerial bow,
   Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,
   As if her Veins ran lightning; She, in sooth,
Possessed an air and grace by no means common;
Her Stature tall – I hate a dumpy woman.112

PROOF: At 488 Hobhouse underlines dumpy woman, then writes Oh myledi Byron erases his underlining with four obliques, and crosses the phrase through twice.

62.113
Wedded She was some years, and to a Man
   Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty;
And yet, I think, instead of such a ONE
   ’Twere better to have TWO of five and twenty,
Especially in countries near the Sun;
   And now I think on’t, “mi vien in mente”,114
Ladies even of the most uneasy Virtue
   Prefer a Spouse whose age is short of thirty.115 –

63.
’Tis a sad thing, I cannot choose but say,
   And all the fault of that indecent Sun,
Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay,
   But will keep baking, broiling, burning on,
That howsoever people fast and pray
   The flesh is frail, and so the Soul undone;
What men call gallantry, and Gods Adultery,
   Is much more common where the Climate’s sultry.

112: I hate a dumpy woman: yet both Lady Byron and Teresa Guiccioli were short. See BLJ V 103: “I hate short women – for more reasons than one.” At the time of writing B. had not met Teresa Guiccioli.
113: SOURCE: Peter Vassallo, in Byron: The Italian Literary Influence (pp. 67-74) adduces, as a possible source for the story of adultery which now follows, Il Ritorno Inaspettato (The Unexpected Return) one of the ottava rima Novelle Galanti by Giambattista Casti (first published 1790, enlarged 1804). In it Climene, married at first happily to Lindoro, but deserted by him in favour of the army, has an affair with the thirteen-year-old Rosmin, and extricates herself wittily on her husband’s return. Vassallo sees the portrayal of Julia’s comically inexorable defeat by temptation (below, Stanzas 75-85) as especially indebted to Casti. Il Ritorno Inaspettato is also a subtext for Beppo. B. had first read the Novelle in 1816: see BLJ V 80.
114: “mi vien in mente”: “it occurs to me” (Italian).
115: Virtue … thirty is a rhyme, “Varty … tharty”. See below, XIV, 53, 1 / 3.
64.

Happy the Nations of the moral North!116
Where all is Virtue, and the Winter Season
Sends Sin without a rag on shivering forth
("Twas Snow that brought S'. Francis back to reason)117
Where Juries cast up what a wife is worth
By laying what'er sum in Mulct118 they please on119
The lover, who must pay a handsome price,
Because it is a marketable Vice.

PROOF: At 508, Byron underlines St. Anthony, and writes, in the right-hand margin, I am not sure that it was not Saint Francis who had the “wife of Snow” in that case. The line must run [“]St. Francis back to reason.”

65.

Alfonso120 was the name of Julia’s lord,
A man well looking for his years, and who
Was neither much beloved, nor yet abhorred; 515
They lived together as most people do,
Suffering each other’s foibles by accord,
And not exactly either one nor two,
Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,
For Jealousy dislikes the world to know it. – 520

116: Happy the Nations of the moral North!: in B.’s earlier idiom (The Giaour, 1099-1102) this goes:

“The cold in clime are cold in blood, 
Their love can scarce deserve the name; 
But mine is like the lava flood 
That boils in Ætna’s breast of flame.

117: St. Francis: B. was correct in remembering that it was St. Francis of Assisi rather than St. Anthony of Padua about whom he was thinking. See Alban Butler, Lives of the Fathers, Martyrs and other Principal Saints (1814 edition, Vol. X p. 81): The care with which he [St. Francis] watch’d over himself to preserve the virtue of purity, ought not to be passed over. In the beginning of his conversion, finding himself assailed with violent temptations of concupiscence, he often cast himself into ditches full of snow. Once, under a more grievous assault than ordinary, he presently began to discipline himself sharply: then with great fervour of spirit he went out of his cell, and rolled himself in the snow; after this, having made seven great heaps of snow, he said to himself, “Imagine these were thy wife and children ready to die of cold, thou must then take great pains to maintain them.” Whereupon he set himself again to labour in the cold. By the vigour and fervour with which he on that occasion subdued his domestic enemy, he obtained so complete a victory, that he never felt any more assaults. Yet he continued always most wary in shunning every occasion of danger; and, in treating with women, kept so strict a watch over his eyes, that he scarce knew any woman by sight. B.’s idea of reason in relation to women is amusingly exemplified here. See also below, Canto VI 133-4, and BLJ IV 28, where Marchand adduces Hudibras, II, i, 374 as a possible source: ‘Twas he [Love] that made Saint Francis do / More than the devil could tempt him to, / In cold and frosty weather grow / Enamoured of a wife of snow; / And though she were of rigid temper, / With melting flames accost and tempt her. If Marchand is correct, the suspicion dawns that B. thought St. Francis to have been energetic enough to melt his snow-wife. It would have been a thought to tantalise him.

118: in Mulct: by way of fine.

119: a marketable Vice: refers to damages for enticement, emblem of the way in England even love is valued materially. See BLJ VIII 140 and n for the example of a husband being awarded £1,000. Compare Beppo, 295-6: But Heaven perserve Old England from such courses / Or What becomes of damage, and divorces?

120: The name Don Alfonso is often found in Le Sage’s Gil Blas.
66. Julia was — yet I never could see why —
   With Donna Inez quite a favourite friend;
   Between their tastes there was small Sympathy,
   For not a line had Julia ever penned;
   Some people whisper (but, no doubt, they lie,
   For Malice still imputes some private end)
   That Inez had, ere Don Alfonso's marriage,
   Forgot with him her very prudent carriage.

67. And that still keeping up the old connection,
   Which Time had lately rendered much more chaste,
   She took his lady also in affection,
   And certainly this Course was much the best —
   She flattered Julia with her sage protection,
   And complimented Don Alfonso's taste —
   And if she could not (who can?) silence scandal,
   At least she left it a more slender handle.

68. I can't tell whether Julia saw the affair
   With other people's eyes, or if her own
   Discoveries made, but none could be aware
   Of this, at least no Symptom e'er was shown —
   Perhaps she did not know, or did not care —
   Indifferent from the first, or callous grown;
   I'm really puzzled what to think or say,
   She kept her Counsel in so close a way.

69. Juan She saw, and, as a pretty child,
   Caressed him often; such a thing might be
   Quite innocently done, and harmless styled,
   When she had twenty years, and thirteen he;
   But I am not so sure I should have smiled
   When he was Sixteen, Julia twenty three,
   These few short years make wondrous alterations,
   Particularly amongst Sun-burnt Nations. — — —

121: B. recollects the supposed affair below at I, St.176, enlarging it to the extent where Alfonso's loves with Inez were well known.
70.
Whate’er the cause might be, they had become
Changed; for the dame grew distant, the youth shy,
Their looks cast down, their greetings almost dumb,
And much Embarrassment in either eye;
There surely will be little doubt with some
That Donna Julia knew the reason why,
But as for Juan, he had no more notion
Than he who never saw the Sea of Ocean.\(^{122}\)

71.
Yet Julia’s very Coldness still was kind,
And tremulously gentle her small hand
Withdrew itself from his, but left behind
A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland
And slight, so very slight, that to the Mind
’Twas but a doubt; but ne’er Magician’s wand
Wrought change with all Armida’s fairy art\(^{123}\)
Like what this light touch left on Juan’s heart.

72.
And if She met him, though she smiled no more,
She looked a Sadness sweeter than her smile,
As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store
She must not own, but cherished more the while,
For that compression in its burning core;
Even Innocence itself has many a wile,
And will not dare to trust itself with truth,
And Love is taught hypocrisy from youth.

73.
But Passion most dissembles yet betrays
Even by its darkness; as the blackest Sky
Foretells the heaviest tempest, it displays
Its workings through the vainly guarded eye,
And in whatever aspect it arrays
Itself, ’tis still the same Hypocrisy;
Coldness or Anger, even Disdain or Hate,
Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

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\(^{122}\): for notion / ocean, see Dedication stanza 5.
\(^{123}\): Armida’s fairy art: Armida is a sorceress in Tasso’s *Gerusalemme Liberata*, and seduces the crusading hero Rinaldo. She is related to the similar figures of Circe in the *Odyssey*, Dido in the *Aeneid*, and to later figures such as Kundry in Wagner’s *Parsifal*. However, where the victims of Armida, Circe, Dido and Kundry all resist heroically, Juan succumbs to Julia without reservation, and only discovery terminates their relationship. Julia is a new model Byronic heroine, designed for ottava rima, like Laura in *Beppo*. The sexual appetites of such earlier female figures, Zuleika, Medora or Gulnare are rarely emphasised, and certainly not satirised.
74.
Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,  
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,  
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,  
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left;  
All these are little preludes to possession,  
Of which young Passion cannot be bereft,  
And merely tend to show how greatly Love is  
Embarrassed at first starting with a Novice.

75.
Poor Julia’s heart was in an awkward state;  
She felt it going, and resolved to make  
The noblest efforts for herself and mate,  
For honour’s, pride’s, religion’s, virtue’s sake;  
Her resolutions were most truly great,  
And almost might have made a Tarquin quake;  
She prayed the Virgin Mary for her grace,  
As being the best Judge of a Lady’s case.

76.
She vowed she never would see Juan more,  
And next day paid a visit to his mother,  
And looked extremely at the opening door,  
Which, by the Virgin’s Grace, let in another;  
Grateful She was, and yet a little sore –  
Again it opens, it can be no other,  
’Tis surely Juan now – No. – I’m afraid  
That night the Virgin was no further prayed.

77.
She now determined that a virtuous woman  
Should rather face and overcome temptation,  
That flight was base and dastardly, and no man  
Should ever give her heart the least sensation,  
That is to say, a thought beyond the common  
Preference that we must feel upon occasion,  
For people who are pleasanter than others,  
But then they only seem so many brothers. –

124: B. always regarded women’s resolution ironically. Compare this canto, 38, 2; or below, XIV, 61, 1.  
125: a Tarquin: legendary Etruscan kings of Rome. One of them, Tarquinius Superbus, ravished Lucretia.  
See Shakespeare’s poem The Rape of Lucrece.
78.
And even if by chance – and who can tell?
    The Devil’s so very sly – She should discover
    That all within was not so very well –
        And if still free – that such or such a lover
Might please perhaps – a virtuous wife can quell
    Such thoughts, and be the better when they’re over,
And if the Man should ask, 'tis but denial;
I recommend young ladies to make trial. –

79.
And then there are things such as Love divine –
    Bright, and immaculate, unmixed and pure,
Such as the Angels think so very fine,
    And Matrons, who would be no less secure,
Platonic,\textsuperscript{126} perfect, “just such love as mine:”
    Thus Julia said – and thought so, to be sure,
And so I’d have her think, were I the man
On whom her reveries celestial ran.

80.
Such Love is innocent and may exist
    Between young persons without any danger;
A hand may first, and then a lip be kist –
    For my part to such doings I’m a stranger,
But hear these freedoms form the utmost list
    Of all o’er which such Love may be a ranger;
If people go beyond, 'tis quite a Crime –
    But not my fault – I tell them all in time.

81.
Love, then, but Love within its proper limits,
    Was Julia’s innocent determination
In young Don Juan’s favour, and to him its
    Exertion might be useful on occasion,
And, lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its
Ætherial lustre, with what sweet persuasion
He might be taught, by Love and her together –
I really don’t know what, nor Julia either.

\textsuperscript{126} Platonic: non-physical; ideal; spiritual: for further thoughts about Platonic love see below, I St.116 and V St.1. Lady Adeline experiences the same delusion relating to Juan below, in Canto XV, st.28.
Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenced
     In mail of proof – her purity of Soul, 650
She, for the future of her Strength convinced,
     And that her Honour was a rock, or mole,
Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed
     With any kind of troublesome controul;
But whether Julia to the task was equal 655
Is that which must be mentioned in the Sequel.

Her plan she deemed both innocent and feasible,
     And, surely, with a stripling of Sixteen
Not Scandal’s fangs could fix on much that’s seizable,
     Or if they did so, satisfied to mean,
Nothing but what was good, her breast was peaceable –
     A quiet Conscience makes one so serene!
Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.

And if in the mean time her husband died, 665
     But Heaven forbid! that such a thought should cross
Her brain, though in a dream! (and then She sighed)
     Never could she survive that common loss;
But just suppose that moment should betide,
     I only say suppose it – “inter Nos”128 670
(This should be “entre Nous”, for Julia thought
In French, but then the rhyme would go for nought.)

I only say suppose this supposition; 675
     Juan being then grown up to Man’s Estate129
Would fully suit a Widow of Condition;
     Even Seven years hence it would not be too late;
And in the interim (to pursue this vision)
     The Mischief, after all, could not be great,
For he would learn the Rudiments of Love,
I mean the Seraph way of those Above. – 680

So much for Julia. Now we’ll turn to Juan,

127: A distant model for Julia’s dilemma may be that of Lady Booby in Fielding’s Joseph Andrews, I, 7:
     “Whither doth this violent Passion hurry us? What Meaness do we submit to from its Impulse? Wisely we resist its first and least Approaches: for it is then only we can assure ourselves the Victory. No Woman could ever safely say, so far only will I go. Have I not exposed myself to the Refusal of my Footman? I cannot bear the Reflection.” Another may be Mirrha, Biblys, or Medea, whose forbidden loves are the subjects of Ovid, Metamorphoses VII, IX, and X, and who, the more they argue unanswerably with their instincts, the closer they get to yielding to them.

128: “inter nos” ... “entre Nous”: between ourselves (respectively Latin and French). It is hard to imagine why Julia would say the words at all in the context given, or why she would not say so intimate a thing in Spanish (in which it would be entre nosotros).

129: Man’s Estate: see Twelfth Night, concluding song to V i.
Poor little fellow! he had no idea
Of his own Case, and never hit the true one;
He puzzled over what he found a new one,
But not as yet imagine it could be a
Thing quite in course, and not at all alarming,
Which, with a little patience, might grow charming.

87.
Silent, and pensive, idle, restless, slow,
His home deserted for the lonely wood,
Tormented with a wound he could not know,
His, like all deep Grief, plunged in Solitude;
I’m fond myself of Solitude or so,
But then, I beg it may be understood,
By Solitude I mean a Sultan’s, not
A Hermit’s, with a Haram for a Grot.

130: Miss Medea: at the beginning of Ovid’s Metamorphoses VII, she falls in love with Jason very suddenly and dramatically. See B.’s translation of the opening chorus of Euripides’ play (CPW I 284) supposedly composed while he was sitting on one of the Symplegades at the mouth of the Bosphorus:

O how I wish that an embargo
Had kept in port the good ship Argo!
Who, still unlaunc’ d from Grecian docks,
Had never pass’ d the Azure rocks;
But now I fear her trip will be a
Damn’d business for my Miss Medea, &c. &c.

131: Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow / His home deserted for the lonely wood: recalls Romeo in I i. For his depiction of such adolescent angst, B. had his own memories of Mary Chaworth to remember – but see also Rousseau’s Confessions, and the emotion the protagonist describes himself as feeling for Madame Basile in Book II.
88.

“Oh Love! in such a Wilderness as this
   Where Transport and Security entwine,
“Here is the Empire of thy perfect bliss,
   “And here thou art a God indeed divine.”

The Bard I quote from\textsuperscript{132} does not sing amiss,
   With the exception of the second line,
For that same twining “Transport and Security”
Are twisted to a phrase of some Obscurity.

89.

The Poet meant, no doubt, and thus appeals
   To the good sense and senses of mankind,
The very thing which every body feels,
   As all have found on trial, or may find,
That No one likes to be disturbed at meals
   Or love. I won’t say more about “Entwined”
Or “Transport”, as we knew all that before,
   But beg “Security” will bolt the door. –

\textsuperscript{132}: the Bard: Thomas Campbell (1777-1844); the lines are from his \textit{Gertrude of Wyoming} (1809: Canto III, 1-4), and introduce a pastoral idyll in which the heroine and her newly-rediscovered lover Henry wander the dales of Pennsylvania (the poem is not set in Wyoming Territory, which was unexplored in 1809). The stanza concludes:

\textit{Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine,}
   \textit{The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!}
\textit{Roll on, ye days of raptured influence, shine!}
   \textit{Nor, blind with ecstasy’s celestial fire,}
\textit{Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.}

Gertrude retains her moral purity throughout the poem, finally being killed by Indians during the American Revolution. Hazlitt wrote, “The love scenes in Gertrude of Wyoming breathe a balmy voluptuousness of sentiment; but they are generally broken off in the middle; they are like the scent of a bank of violets, faint and rich, which the gale suddenly carries in a different direction” – \textit{Lectures on the English Poets} (1818) p.297. B. became friendly with Campbell in 1811, though he had briefly praised him in \textit{EBSR} (801-2). In his 1813-1814 Journal he laments him as one who could have been an “agent ... and leader” (BLJ III 217) though he still rates him only below Scott and Rogers (BLJ III 220). In 1817 he jumps him with himself, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth and Moore as writers who “are upon a wrong revolutionary poetical system” (BLJ V 265). Later, however (BLJ VI 47) he makes distinction between Wordsworth and the rest, and earlier in \textit{Don Juan} (Dedication, line 55) he is still referring to Campbell respectfully. However, \textit{Gertrude of Wyoming} is not a poem B. would have read with any great admiration: it offended not only his understanding of the moral and social contexts of love – the point at issue in these lines – but also his passion for topographical and historical credibility. In his Ravenna Journal (BLJ VIII 22) B. writes, “The secret of Tom Campbell’s defence of inaccuracy in costume and description is, that his Gertrude, &c., has no more locality in common with Pennsylvania than with Penmanmaur. It is notoriously full of grossly false scenery, as all Americans declare, though they praise parts of the Poem. It is thus that self-love for ever creeps out, like a snake, to sting anything which happens, even accidentally, to stumble on it.” Compare below, XIII st.13.
90.

Young Juan wandered by the glassy brooks
Thinking unutterable things; he threw
Himself at length within the leafy nooks
Where the wild branch of the cork forest grew;
There poets find materials for their books,
And every now and then we read them through,
So that their plan and prosody are eligible,
Unless, like Wordsworth, they prove unintelligible. 133

91.

He, Juan (and not Wordsworth) so pursued
His Self–Communion with his own high Soul
Until his mighty heart, in its great mood,
Had mitigated part, though not the whole
Of its disease; he did the best he could
With things not very subject to Controul,
And turned, without perceiving his condition,
Like Coleridge, into a Metaphysician.

133: like Wordsworth ... like Coleridge: continues the satire in the Dedication, with distantly jesting connections between adolescent metaphysics and adolescent self-abuse, or in the cases of Wordsworth and Coleridge, middle-aged metaphysics (see Beppo 618) and self-abuse. Neither "rival poet" wrote any overtly erotic poems – though Coleridge may be thinking in part vaginally at Kubla Khan 11-23. Wordsworth references in these stanzas may be, at 723, to Sonnet: On Westminster Bridge (And all that mighty heart is lying still) and, passim, to The Excursion (see above, Dedication line 25) Book I lines 280-300 (he is The Wanderer):

... He asked repose; and, failing oft to win
The peace required, he scanned the laws of light
Amid the roar of torrents, where they send
From hollow clefts up to the clearer air
A cloud of mists, that smitten by the sun
Varies its rainbow hues. But vainly thus,
And vainly by all other means, he strove
To mitigate the fever of his heart.
Full often wished he that the winds might rage
When they were silent: far more fondly now
Than in his earlier season did he love
Tempestuous nights – the conflict and the sounds
That live in darkness. From his intellect
And from the stillness of abstracted thought
And thus before his eighteenth year was told,
Accumulated feelings pressed his heart
With still increasing weight; he was o'erpowed
By Nature; by the turbulence subdued
Of his own mind; by mystery and hope,
And the first virgin passion of a soul
Communing with the glorious universe.

For similar lines about Medea (above, 684) and balloons (below, 734) see below, III sts.93-100.
92.

He thought about himself, and the whole earth,
    Of man the wonderful, and of the Stars,
    And how the deuce they ever could have birth;
    And then he thought of Earthquakes, and of Wars,
    How many miles the Moon might have in girth,
    Of Air-balloons, and of the many bars 
    To perfect knowledge of the boundless Skies;
    And then he thought of Donna Julia’s eyes.


93.

In thoughts like these true Wisdom may discern
    Longings Sublime, and aspirations high,
    Which Some are born with, but the most part learn
    To plague themselves withal, they know not why;
    ’Twas strange that one so young should thus concern
    His brain about the action of the Sky;
    If you think ’twas Philosophy that this did,
    I can’t help thinking Puberty assisted. – – –

94.

He pored upon the leaves and on the flowers,
    And heard a voice in all the winds, and then
    He thought of wood nymphs and immortal bowers,
    And how the Goddesses came down to men,
    He missed the pathway, he forgot the hours,
    And when he looked upon his watch again;
    He found how much old Time had been a winner –
    He also found that he had lost his dinner.

---

134: heard a voice in all the Winds: echoes Gray, On a Distant Prospect of Eton College 4, 89: They [young Etonians] hear a voice in every wind, / And snatch a fearful joy. B. was a Harrovian: see the opening of Childhood Recollections. The line also echoes the words of Chérubin to Suzanne at the passage in Act I of Beaumarchais’ Le Mariage de Figaro, which da Ponte adapted into Cherubino’s No so piú.

135: B. is uncertain, in fair copy, at 756, as to whether or not to use “Poesy,” indicating that Keats has replaced Wordsworth in the firing-line of the satire. B. had used the archaic word as a simple synonym for poetry in his earlier work: it occurs five times in EBSR, for instance (62, 105, 500, 789 and 809): but Keats uses it nine times in Sleep and Poetry (1817) and four times in Endymion, which had been published in May 1818. B. had read Sleep and Poetry, and had disliked it, ostensibly, for its attack on Pope (BLJ VIII 104 and n); and it could be that he felt Keats had devalued “poesy” somewhat. Starting with Don Juan (Dedication, above, line 38) he only uses the word ironically from now on. See below, II 982, or IV 2. The distaste would fit well (a) with Juan’s adolescent self-communings and (b) with B.’s well-attested contempt for “Johnny Keats’s p–ss a bed poetry” (BLJ VII 200) “Onanism of Poetry” (BLJ VII 217) and so on. The phrase “immortal bowers” (747) is to be found at Endymion II 448.
95.
Sometimes he turned to gaze upon his book –
Boscan or Garcilasso,\(^{136}\) by the Wind
Even as the page is rustled while we look,
So by the Poesy of his own Mind
Over the mystic leaf his Soul was shook,
As if ‘twere one wherein Magicians bind
Their Spells and give them to the passing Gale,
According to some good old woman’s tale. –

96.
Thus would he while his lonely hours away
Dissatisfied, nor knowing what he wanted;
Nor glowing Reverie, nor poet’s lay,
Could yield his Spirit that for which it panted –
A Bosom whereon he his head might lay
And hear the heart beat with the love it granted –
With – several other things which I forget,
Or which at least I need not mention yet.

97.
Those lonely walks, and lengthening reveries,
Could not escape the gentle Julia’s eyes;
She saw that Juan was not at his ease;
But that which chiefly may, and must surprize,
Is, that the Donna Inez did not teaze
Her only Son with question or surmise;
Whether it was She did not see, or would not,
Or, like all very clever people, could not. –

98.
This may seem strange, but yet ’tis very common,
For instance, Gentlemen whose Ladies take
Leave to o’erstep the written rights of Woman,
And break the – Which Commandment is’t they break?\(^{137}\)
(I have forgot the number, and think No Man
Should rashly quote, for fear of a mistake)
I say, when these same Gentlemen are jealous,
They make some blunder which their Ladies tell us.

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136: **Boscan or Garcilasso**: Juan Boscán Almogáver (c. 1495-1542) and Garcilaso de la Vega (1503-36); poets who introduced Petrarchanism to Spain. B. mentions the latter in a letter to Moore (BLJ IX 84) as a “brother warbler” whose life was cut short (Garcilaso died in battle).
137: **Which commandment is’t they break?**: It is the seventh. B. knew his Bible extremely well, and plays games with us here.
99.\(^{138}\)

A real husband always is suspicious,
But still no less suspects in the wrong place,
Jealous of some one who had no such wishes,
Or pandering blindly to his own disgrace
By harbouring some dear friend extremely vicious;
The last indeed’s infallibly the Case,
And when the Spouse and Friend are gone off wholly
He wonders at their Vice, and not his Folly. –

100.

Thus parents also are at times shortsighted –
Though watchful as the Lynx, they ne’er discover
The while the wicked World beholds delighted
Young Hopeful’s mistress, or Miss Fanny’s lover –\(^{139}\)
Till some confounded Escapade has blighted
The plan of twenty years, and all is over;
And then the Mother cries, the Father swears,
And wonders why the Devil he got heirs. \(^{140}\) –

101.\(^{141}\)

But Inez was so anxious, and so Clear
Of sight, that I must think, on this occasion,
She had some other motive much more near
For leaving Juan to this new temptation;
But what that motive was I shan’t say here;
Perhaps to finish Juan’s education;
Perhaps to open Don Alfonso’s eyes,
In case he thought his wife too great a prize.

\(^{138}\) Stanza 99: the insight shown here is in part from *Othello*, in part, perhaps, from B.’s own experience with James Wedderburn Webster and his wife Frances – even though no adultery took place. See BLJ II 126: “*His* [Webster’s] *wife is very pretty, & I am much mistaken if five years hence, she don’t give him reason to think so. – Knowing the man, one is apt to fancy these things, but I really thought, she treated him already with a due proportion of conjugal contempt, but I daresay this is only the megrim of a Misogynist. – – –* At present he is the happiest of men, & has asked me to go with them to a tragedy to see his wife *cry!*” At BLJ III 117 B. writes, still more pertinently, “... *I shall have some comic Iagoism with our little Othello [i.e., Webster] – I should have no chance with his Desdemona myself – but a more lively & better dressed & formed personage might in an innocent way.*” At BLJ III 135 Webster enters the room while B. is writing (to Lady Melbourne) about the progress of his intrigue; and at III 171 B. writes of Frances Webster as if he is already (November 1813) contemplating her as a model for Donna Julia: “*Is not all this a comedy? ... it has enlivened my ethical studies on the human mind beyond 50 volumes – how admirably we accommodate our reasons to our wishes!*”

\(^{139}\) *Young Hopeful ... Miss Fanny*: cliché characters from eighteenth-century fiction.

\(^{140}\) Compare below, XII, 33, 8.

\(^{141}\) The portrait of Inez as hypocrite, established in the earlier stanzas of the Canto, is further enhanced here.
102.

It was upon a day, a Summer’s day:—¹⁴²
Summer’s indeed a very dangerous season,
And so is Spring about the end of May;
The Sun, no doubt, is the prevailing reason;¹⁴³
But whatso’er the cause is, One may say,
And stand convicted of more truth than treason,
That there are Months which Nature grows more merry in, ⁸¹⁵
March has its hares, and May must have its heroine.

103.

’Twas on a Summer’s day – the Sixth of June –
I like to be particular in dates,
Not only of the age, and year, but Moon;
They are a sort of posthouse, where the Fates
Change horses, making History change its tune,
Then spur away o’er empires and o’er states,
Leaving at last not much much besides Chronology,
Excepting the Post-Obits of Theology.¹⁴⁴

104.

’Twas on the Sixth of June, about the hour
Of half–past six – perhaps Still nearer Seven,
When Julia sate within as pretty a bower
As e’er held Houri in that Heathenish heaven
Described by Mahomet, and Anacreon Moore,¹⁴⁵
To whom the Lyre and Laurels have been given,
With all the trophies of triumphant Song –
He won them well, and may he wear them long! –

¹⁴²: *It was upon a day*: B. sets up a cliché romantic expectation, but the reader (i) knows the intention is comic and (ii) B. does not reach his climax for 124 lines.

¹⁴³: *The Sun*: a Byronic cliché itself: see Stanzas 63-4 above.

¹⁴⁴: *Post-Obits*: bonds to be paid after death: here, divine retribution for carnal sin. The phrase is soon used again, below at line 1000 of this Canto.

¹⁴⁵: *Houri ... Heathenish heaven / ... Mahomet, and Anacreon Moore*: a houri is a maiden whose job is to minister to men in the Islamic paradise; the reference relies in part on Julia as a Moorish Armida (see above, 443n and 567n). Thomas Moore (see above, Dedication, 55n) was a poet whom B., at least publicly, admired. He had in 1800 translated the Odes of Anacreon (see above, 330n) and wrote of Moghul-Islamic and Zoroastrian love in *Lalla Rookh* (written by 1814, but published in 1817, the year before B. wrote these stanzas). B. claimed to have been especially influenced by the mild eroticism of Moore’s *The Poetical Works of the Late Thomas Little* (1801): “I knew it by heart in 1803, being then in my fifteenth summer. Heigho! I believe all the mischief I have ever done, or sung, has been owing to that confounded book of yours” (BLJ VII 117). B. could not wait for *Lalla Rookh* to be published (see BLJ V 186, 227) but although he congratulated Moore on its success (BLJ V 249-50, VI 11) his real estimate of it is hard to fathom (see letter to Murray at BLJ V 265). He said that he would not let his own daughters read it (BLJ VIII 140) firstly because he thought it “more dangerous” (morally) than *Don Juan* (see BLJ VI 232, 140); secondly (he wrote to Moore – BLJ VIII 140) “that they mayn’t discover that there was a better poet than papa.” As *Lalla Rookh* preaches nothing but chaste monogamy (Moore was a Catholic) and as it has been as completely forgotten as *Gertrude of Wyoming*, we may suspect B.’s critical sincerity on both scores. The scene about to played here has no parallel in Moore.
105.
She sate, but not alone; I know not well
   How this same interview had taken place,
And even if I knew, I should not tell –  835
   People should hold their tongues in any case;
No matter how or why the thing befell,
   But there were She and Juan, face to face –
When two such faces are so, ’twould be wise,
But very difficult, to shut their Eyes. – – – –  840

106.
How beautiful She looked! her conscious heart
   Glowed in her cheek, and yet She felt no wrong;
Oh Love! how perfect is thy mystic Art,
   Strengthening the weak, and trampling on the strong –
How Self-deceitful is the sagest part  845
   Of Mortals whom thy Lure hath led along –
The Precipice She stood on was immense;
So was her Creed in her own Innocence. –

107.
She thought of her own Strength, and Juan’s Youth,
   And of the folly of all prudish fears,  850
Victorious Virtue, and domestic Truth,
   And then of Don Alfonso’s fifty years;
I wish that these last had not occurred, in sooth,
   Because that Number rarely much endears,
And through all climes, the snowy and the Sunny,
Sounds ill in Love, whate’er it may in Money. – –

108.
When people say, “I’ve told you fifty times”,
   They mean to scold, and very often do;
When Poets say, “I’ve written fifty rhymes”,
   They make you dread that they’ll recite them too;  860
In gangs of fifty – thieves commit their crimes;
   At fifty Love for Love is rare, ’tis true;146
But then, no doubt, it equally as true is,
A good deal may be bought for fifty Louis. –147

146: **Love for Love**: title of a comedy by William Congreve, first produced 1695; although it is not clear that B. is referring to the play.
147: **fifty Louis**: a Louis d’or was a French coin, either pre-revolutionary or modern. In Book VIII of his *Confessions*, Rousseau tells of how he spent “fifty louis” on catheters to ease his bladder trouble.
Julia had honour, virtue, truth, and love,
For Don Alfonso; and She inly swore,
By all the vows below to powers above,
She never would disgrace the ring She wore
Nor leave a wish which Wisdom might reprove;
And while She pondered this, besides much more,
One hand on Juan’s carelessly was thrown,
Quite by Mistake – She thought it was her own;

Unconsciously She leaned upon the other,
Which played within the tangles of her hair;
And to contend with thoughts She could not smother,
She seemed by the distraction of her air;
’Twas surely very wrong in Juan’s mother
To leave together this imprudent pair,
She who for many years had watched her son so –
I’m very certain Mine would not have done so. –

The hand which still held Juan’s, by degrees
Gently, but palpably confirmed its grasp,
As if it said, “Detain me, if you please”;
Yet there’s no doubt She only meant to clasp
His fingers with a pure Platonic Squeeze;
She would have shrunk as from a toad, or Asp,
Had She imagined such a thing could rouse
A feeling dangerous to a prudent Spouse.

I cannot know what Juan thought of this,
But what he did, is much what you would do;
His young lip thanked it with a grateful kiss,
And then, abashed at its own joy, withdrew
In deep despair, lest he had done amiss,
Love is so very timid when ’tis new:
She blushed, and frowned not, but She strove to speak,
And held her tongue, her Voice was grown so weak.

148: The repeated “she”s which refer indiscriminately to Julia and Inez, plus the reference to the narrator’s own mother, increase the Oedipal excitement of the passage.
149: And to contend with thoughts she could not smother, / She seemed by the distraction of her air: The syntax is revealed by inverting the lines: She seemed, by the distraction of her air, to contend with thoughts she could not smother.
150: Platonic squeeze: a contradiction in terms. See above, 629n.
113.
The Sun set, and up rose the yellow Moon:
The Devil’s in the Moon for mischief; they
Who called her CHASTE, methinks, began too soon
Their Nomenclature; there is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way
On which three single hours of Moonshine smile –
And then She looks so modest all the while. –

114.
There is a dangerous Silence in that hour,
A stillness, which leaves room for the full Soul
To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its Self controul;
The Silver Light which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep Softness o’er the whole,
Breathes also to the Heart, and o’er it throws
A loving languor, which is not repose. –

115.
And Julia sate with Juan, half embraced
And half retiring from the glowing arm,
Which trembled like the bosom where ’twas placed;
Yet still She must have thought there was no harm,
Or else ’twere easy to withdraw her waist;
But then the Situation had its charm,
And then – God knows what next – I can’t go on;
I’m almost sorry that I e’er begun.

151: they / Who called her CHASTE: the moon is conventionally a chaste goddess. See A Midsummer Night’s Dream II i 162, or III i, final speech.
152: the twenty-first of June: Midsummer Night. Shakespeare’s comedy is a distant subtext here: see below, this Canto, 994-6 and n.
153: that hour: see also below, Canto III Sts.101 - 108.
154: I’m almost sorry that I e’er begun: the facetiousness implicates both B. and the reader in the erotic game he, they, Juan and Julia are all playing.
116.

Oh! Plato! Plato! You have paved the way,
With your confounded phantasies, to more
Immoral conduct by the fancied Sway
Your System feigns o’er the controllless Core
Of human hearts, than all the long Array
Of poets and romancers: – You’re a Bore,
A Charlatan, a Coxcomb – and have been,
At best, no better than a Go-between. –

117.

And Julia’s Voice was lost, except in Sighs,
Until too late for useful conversation;
The tears were gushing from her gentle eyes –
I wish indeed they had not had occasion –
But who, Alas! can love, and then be wise?
Not that Remorse did not oppose temptation,
A little still She strove, and much repented,
And whispering “I will ne’er consent” – consented. –

155: *Plato!*: the implication that conventionally Platonic love (see above, 629 and n) is the summation of all that Plato said, and that Plato is thus the universal canting pimp of posterity, may quickly be refuted by reading the *Symposium*. It seems B. read very little Plato. However, the conjunction of the high-minded book and the sin may echo the famous passage in Dante’s *Inferno*, Canto V 127-38, where Francesca of Rimini relates how she and her lover Paolo (now bound together in Hell) first committed adultery after reading the tale of Lancelot and Guinevere:

Noi leggiavamo un giorno per diletto
di Lancialotto come amor lo strinse:
soli eravamo e sanza alcun sospetto.
Per più fiatte li occhi ci sospinse
quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso;
ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.
Quando leggemmo il disïato riso
esser baciato da cotanto amante,
questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,
là bocca mi baciò tutto tremante.
Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse:
quel giorno non vi leggemmo avante.

[“One day we were reading, for pleasure, of Lancelot, and of how Love constrained him. We were alone, and had no misgiving. Many times, as we read, our eyes met, and our faces changed colour: but one point only defeated us. When we read how the longed-for smile was kissed by so great a lover, he, who now shall never be separated from me, kissed my mouth all trembling, The book was a Galeotto, and so was he that wrote it. That day we read no further.”] A *Galeotto* is a pander. The linking of carnal trangression and the torments of hell is one B. would want us to have in mind here, even as he entertains and tempts us at the same time with his serio-comic-erotico-verse. Both Campbell and Moore (see above, sts.89 and 104) are being implicitly rebuked for their sentimentality and lack of moral realism. See for further examples, above, I 196n; and below, st.119, marginal comment.

156: Notice the poetic cunning whereby Julia is allowed to remain chaste until the very last word.
118. 'Tis said that Xerxes offered a reward\footnote{Xerxes: King of Persia (519–465 BC) slowed by the Spartans at Thermopylae and defeated by the Athenians at Salamis and Plataea, and thus a prominent member of B.'s historical bestiary, is said to have offered a reward to anyone who could invent him a new pleasure. See also below, II 1435 and III 707–12. Montaigne (Essais) Cicero (Tusculan Disputations) and Valerius Maximus (Factorum Dictorumque Memorabilium) are variously cited as sources by DJP, although there’s presumably no reason why B. could not have heard the legend in conversation.} to those who could invent him a new pleasure; Methinks the Requisition’s rather hard, And must have cost his Majesty a treasure; For my part, I’m a moderate-minded Bard, Fond of a little love (which I call leisure) I care not for new pleasures, as the old Are quite enough for me, so they but hold.

119. Oh! Pleasure! you’re indeed a pleasant thing,\footnote{Echoes line 921 above.} Although one must be damned for you, no doubt; I make a resolution every Spring\footnote{I make a resolution every Spring: compare below, II 291–2. The line is inspired perhaps by Bob Southey’s annual epic (see below, III 867–8). On every birthday in his diary (on June 27) Hobhouse made a vow of self-improvement similar to the lines here.} Of reformation, ere the Year run out, But – somehow – this my Vestal vow takes wing,\footnote{Vestal: virginal.} Yet still I trust it may be kept throughout; I’m very sorry, very much ashamed – And mean, next winter, to be quite reclaimed.\footnote{Compare below, XV, 94, 4: … I’ll begin a thorough reformation …}

\textbf{PROOF:} Hobhouse writes in the right-hand margin next to Stanza 119 (referring to line 946) you certainly will be damned for all this scene[.] Byron erases with two diagonal strokes.

120. Here my chaste Muse a liberty must take – Start not! still chaster Reader – She’ll be nice hence-forward, and there is no great cause to quake; This Liberty is a poetic licence, Which some irregularity may make In the design, and as I have a high sense Of Aristotle and the Rules,\footnote{Aristotle and the Rules: in the Poetics (see also below, III 984) Aristotle sums up the best practise of epic poets. B. in fact habitually transgresses some of the rules; an objection he defies us to make. Here is Aristotle, for instance: The [epic] poet should speak as little as possible in his own person, for it is not in that way that he represents actions (Poetics, 24). At other points, for example in Juan’s shipwreck in Canto II, where he makes the impossible seem probable (see again Poetics, 24) B. may seem to adhere to the rules: but we should view neither his adherence to them as deliberate nor his avoidance of them as wilful. As with the reference to Horace at 41–2 above, his nod here in the direction of classical precedent is largely humbug (although this does not make Don Juan any less of an epic.)} To beg his pardon when I err a bit. –

\footnotesize
\text{\textsuperscript{157}: Xerxes: King of Persia (519–465 BC) slowed by the Spartans at Thermopylae and defeated by the Athenians at Salamis and Plataea, and thus a prominent member of B.’s historical bestiary, is said to have offered a reward to anyone who could invent him a new pleasure. See also below, II 1435 and III 707–12. Montaigne (Essais) Cicero (Tusculan Disputations) and Valerius Maximus (Factorum Dictorumque Memorabilium) are variously cited as sources by DJP, although there’s presumably no reason why B. could not have heard the legend in conversation.}\
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121.
This licence is to hope the reader will
Suppose from June the Sixth (the fatal day,
Without whose Epoch my poetic Skill
For want of facts would all be thrown away)
But keeping Julia and Don Juan still
In sight, that several months have passed; we’ll say
'Twas in November, but I’m not so sure
About the day – the Æra’s more obscure. — — — 163

122. 164
We’ll talk of that anon. 'Tis sweet to hear
At Midnight on the blue and Moonlit deep
The Song and oar of Adria’s Gondolier, 165
By distance mellowed, o’er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the Evening Star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the Nightwinds Creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The Rainbow, based on Ocean, span the Sky. 166

123.
'Tis sweet to hear the Watchdog’s honest bark 167
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the Lark,
Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the Hum
Of Bees, the voice of Girls, the song of Birds,
The Lisp of Children, and their earliest words.

124. 168
Sweet is the Vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to Earth
Purple and Gushing: — Sweet are our escapes
From Civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the Miser are his glittering heaps,
Sweet to the father is his first-born’s birth,
Sweet is revenge – especially to women,
Pillage to Soldiers, prize-money to Seamen.

125.
Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet

163: I’m not so sure / About the day - the Æra’s more obscure: B. aims always in the poem at a pernickety accuracy in dating his events.
164: Stanzas 122-7 are a virtuoso list of comparisons, the first of many such in the poem, used here to illustrate the experience of first love. For a more economical example see below, II st.6 (also n) II sts.91-2, II st.148, II st.196 and III st.66. Only II st.196 is entirely without bathos.
165: Adria’s Gondolier: on the Adriatic, at Venice, where B. wrote this Canto. See Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage, IV st.3, for a lament for their silence and Beppo, st.19-20, for an analysis of their usefulness.
166: The Rainbow: but see below, II sts.91-3.
167: the Watchdog’s honest bark: a deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance appears at The Vicar of Wakefield, 22 (just before the protagonist’s house burns down): see also below, III 184 and n.
168: Compare Beppo, sts.42-3.
The unexpected death of some old Lady
Or Gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who've made “us youth”¹⁶⁹ wait too – too long already
For a estate, or cash, or country-seat,
Still breaking, but with Stamina so steady,
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its¹⁷⁰
Next owner for their double-damned Post-Obits. —¹⁷¹

126.
'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one’s laurels
By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an end
To Strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend;
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the World, and dear the Schoolboy Spot¹⁷²
We ne’er forget, though there we are forgot.

127.
But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate Love¹⁷³ – it stands alone,
Like Adam’s recollection of his fall;¹⁷⁴
The tree of Knowledge has been plucked – all’s known –
And Life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this Ambrosial Sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire, which Prometheus filched for us from heaven.¹⁷⁵

¹⁶⁹: Who’ve made “us youth” wait too – too long already: a double recollection: “us youth” is B.’s favourite Shakespearean quotation; it occurs more often in his letters than any other (see BLJ III 15, 160, 161, 250, IV 115, VI 60, 200, VII 231) and is part of Falstaff’s cry (They hate us youth!) as he ambushes the travellers on Gad’s Hill, at Henry IV i ii 85. The irony is (i) against Falstaff, who is no youth, and (ii) against B., who is no youth either. A doomed, Byronic version of Falstaff can be sensed subtextually beneath much of the poem. The quotation is here combined with a covert quotation from A Midsummer Night’s Dream, I i 5-6: like to a stepdame or a dowager, / Long withering out a young man’s revenue. The autobiographical reference is to B.’s eagerness to see off his mother-in-law, Lady Noel, half of whose estate he was awarded at her death in 1822.
¹⁷⁰: Israelites: Jewish moneylenders.
¹⁷¹: Post-Obits: see above, 824n.
¹⁷²: the helpless creature ... the Schoolboy spot: B.’s schoolfriends William Harness and the Earl of Clare, and such spots as Byron’s Pool on the Cam, may be the autobiographical references here.
¹⁷³: first and passionate love: B.’s first loves were for Mary Chaworth and Margaret Parker. He suffered especially on account of the first. See below, Canto V st.4.
¹⁷⁴: Adam’s ... fall: Juan has now fallen too, though see above, 196 and n.
¹⁷⁵: Prometheus: he stole fire from heaven to give to man, and was punished by the gods, as Adam and Eve were for their similarly primal transgression. The two references at once bring Juan’s more commonplace experience up to the epic level of Adam and Prometheus, and level their experience down to the mundanity of his.
Man’s a strange Animal, and makes strange use
Of his own Nature, and the various arts,
And likes particularly to produce
Some new experiment to show his parts;
This is the age of Oddities let loose;
Where different talents find their different Marts,
You’d best begin with truth, and when you’ve lost your
Labour, there’s a sure market for Imposture. –

What opposite discoveries we have seen!
(Signs of true Genius, and of Empty pockets);
One makes new noses, One a guillotine,
One breaks your bones, one sets them in their sockets;
But Vaccination certainly has been
A kind Antithesis to Congreve’s Rockets,
With which the Doctor paid off an old pox
By borrowing a new One from an Ox. –

PROOF: At 1031 Hobhouse underlines old pox and writes in the right-hand margin, Mon cher ne touchez pas à la petite Verole (My dear, don’t refer to the smallpox). Byron erases with three vertical lines and one diagonal.

176: Sts.128-32 are a series of jokes about Thomas Malthus’ Essay on the Principle of Population (1798, several subsequent editions) which suggested, among much else, that disease keeps the population down. The following passage (Essay, ed. Flew, p.130-1) is “versified” in the two present stanzas: ... a candid investigation of these subjects [human perfectibility and even immortality] accompanied by a perfect readiness to adopt any theory warranted by sound philosophy, may have a tendency to convince them [“ingenious and able men” – Malthus’ polemic is against William Godwin] that in forming improbable and unfounded hypotheses, so far from enlarging the bounds of human science, they are contracting it, so far from promoting the improvement of the human mind, they are obstructing it; they are throwing us back again almost into the infancy of knowledge and weakening the foundations of that mode of philosophising, under the auspices of which science has of late made such rapid advances. The present rage for wide and unrestrained speculation seems to be a kind of mental intoxication, arising, perhaps, from the great and unexpected discoveries which have been made of late years, in various branches of science. To men elate and giddy with such success, every thing appeared to be within the grasp of human powers; and, under this illusion, they confounded subjects where no real progress could be proved with those where the progress had been marked, certain, and acknowledged. Could they be persuaded to sober themselves with a little severe and chastised thinking, they would see, that the cause of truth, and of sound philosophy, cannot but suffer by substituting wild flights and unsupported assertions for patient investigation, and well authenticated proofs. B. is concerned to “show” that so far from progressing, science (see Malthus) merely counters each advance with another invention designed to neutralise its effect. He is thus “with” Malthus and “against” such utopians as Godwin (whose work influenced, among others, Shelley and Southey). For more references to Malthus, see below, XI 239, XII 108 and 160; or XV sts.37-8.

177: one makes new noses: an American doctor called Benjamin Perkins claimed to be able to refurbish noses which had become reddened – or had sunken in. See Gillray’s 1801 cartoon Metallic Tractors.

178: Congreve’s Rockets: bright, noisy ones, used to great psychological effect at the Battle of Leipzig in 1813.

179: the Doctor: Dr Edward Jenner introduced smallpox inoculation in 1796.
130.
Bread has been made (indifferent) from potatoes, \(^{180}\)
And Galvanism has set some Corpses grinning, \(^{181}\)
But has not answered like the Apparatus \(^{1035}\)
Of the Humane Society’s beginning, \(^{182}\)
By which Men are unsuffocated Gratis; \(^{183}\)
What wondrous new Machines have late been Spinning!
I said the Small pox has gone out of late –
Perhaps it may be followed by the Great. \(^{184}\)

PROOF: In the right-hand margin next to 1039-40, Hobhouse underlines great, and puts four verticals next to it. He writes, Put out these but keep the other lines[.] Byron erases with two verticals and two diagonals. Then, next to 1047-8, Hobhouse writes, oh, did I ever no I never!! \(^{185}\) Byron erases with five verticals and two diagonals.

131.
'Tis said the Great came from America, \(^{186}\)
Perhaps it may set out in its return;
The Population there so spreads, they say,
'Tis grown high time to thin it in its turn
With War, or Plague, or Famine, Any Way, \(^{187}\)
So that Civilization they may learn,
And Which in ravage the more loathsome Evil is –
Their real Lues, or our Pseudo–Syphilis. — — — — \(^{188}\)

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\(^{180}\): Bread has been made (indifferent) from potatoes: the use of the potato ... did, in fact, enable the workers to survive on the lowest possible wage. It may be that in this way the potato prolonged and encouraged, for another hundred years, the impoverishment and degradation of the English masses; but what was the alternative, surely nothing but bloody revolution. That England escaped such a violent upheaval in the early decades of the nineteenth century ... must in large measure be placed to the credit of the potato. (Salaman, The History and Social Influence of the Potato, quoted E.P.Thompson, The Making of the English Working Class, p. 348.) Compare below, XV, 37, 7.

\(^{181}\): Galvanism: passing electric currents through corpses to produce movement was a sensational scientific concept in B.’s time. Mary Shelley’s Frankenstei n relies on the idea in part.

\(^{182}\): the Humane Society: The Royal Humane Society, for the rescue of drowning persons, was founded in 1774.

\(^{183}\): desuffocated Gratis: revived from drowning for no fee.

\(^{184}\): the Great: syphilis. B. had caught gonorrhea at Venice in 1817; Hobhouse in Cadiz in 1809.

\(^{185}\): Hobhouse’s comment: this exclamation seems to have been a Byron / Hobhouse in-joke, signifying exaggerated moral outrage. See BLJ V 198, where B. places it after Plagiary’s line quoted above, 409-10. He underlines Did, ever, and never. See also Beppo, 735.

\(^{186}\): from America: syphilis was said to have come to Europe in 1492. See Malthus, Essay ed. Flew, p.74: In the United States of America, where the means of subsistence are more ample, the manners of the people more pure [see Gertrude of Wyoming, passim] and consequently the checks to early marriages fewer, than in any of the modern states of Europe, the population has been found to double itself in twenty-five years.

\(^{187}\): B. to Augusta: “... Malthus tells us that were it not for Battle, Murder, and Sudden death, we should be overstocked ...” (BLJ II 74).

\(^{188}\): real Lues ... Pseudo-Syphilis: syphilis (lues venerea) and smallpox. Hobhouse’s diary code for signalling infection was “luem minmem ... lues pergavis.”
132.
This is the patent-Age of new Inventions,
For killing bodies, and for saving Souls,
All propagated with the best intentions;
Sir Humphrey Davy’s lanthorn, by which Coals are safely mined for in the mode he mentions;
Tombuctoo travels, Voyages to the Poles, are ways to benefit Mankind as true,
Perhaps, as shooting them at Waterloo. –

133.  
Man’s a phenomenon, one knows not what,
And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure;
’Tis pity though, in this Sublime world, that Pleasure’s a Sin, and sometimes Sin’s a pleasure;
Few Mortals know what end they would be at,
But whether Glory, Power, or Love, or Treasure, The path is through perplexing ways, and when The Goal is gained, we die, you know, and then –

189: Sir Humphrey Davy’s lanthorn: he invented his safety lamp for miners in 1815. The implication may be that the miners worked in such appalling conditions that they died prematurely anyway, and Davy’s invention merely prolonged the agony. The context does not invite an unambiguously positive reading. B. was involved for much of his life in a lawsuit relating to the ownership of collieries near Rochdale.
190: Tombuctoo travels, Voyages to the Poles: the African interior and the North Polar regions were beginning to be explored at this time, and B. would have read about them in John Murray’s Quarterly Review. In the number for January 1816 an article on “Tombuctoo” appeared (pp.453-73) between reviews of Hobhouse’s Letters from Paris and Hunt’s Rimini. In October 1816 was another (pp.1-27) on Africa, and in the same number – just before Scott’s review of CHP III and PoC – yet another on Polar exploration. In the January 1817 number (pp 287-321) was a second “Tombuctoo” article; in April 1817 (pp.1-39) there was another Polar account. In July 1817 – the volume which reviewed Malthus’ Essay – was another African article (pp.299-338); and the October 1817 number carried (pp.199-223) another review of a Polar book. The January 1818 number sandwiched (pp.335-79) an African account between reviews of Hunt’s Foliage, and Frankenstein; and the April 1818 had a Polar account between reviews of Keats’ Endymion and CHP IV.
191: for similar thoughts, but in a different idiom, compare CHP IV st.125 (written 1817):
Few – none – find what they love or could have loved,
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have removed
Antipathies – but to recur, ere long,
Envenom’d with irrevocable wrong:
And Circumstance, that unspiritual god
And miscreator, makes and helps along
Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,
Whose touch turns Hope to dust, - the dust we all have trod.

In ottava rima B. can speak both positively and pessimistically at once.
134.

What then? – I do not know, no more do you –
And so Good Night. – Return we to our story.

’Twas in November, when fine days are few,
And the far Mountains wax a little hoary,
And clap a white cape on their Mantles blue,
And the Sea dashes round the promontory,
And the loud breaker boils against the Rock,
And sober Suns must set at five o’clock. —

135.

’Twas as the watchmen say, a cloudy Night;
No moon, no stars, the Wind was low or loud
By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth was bright
With the piled wood, round which the family crowd:
There’s something cheerful in that sort of light,
Even as a Summer’s Sky’s without a Cloud;
I’m fond of fire, and Crickets, and all that,
A Lobster–Sallad, and Champaigne, and Chat.

PROOF: At 1080 the printer has lobster, salad. Byron inks a double hyphen over the comma, and writes, Lobster=sallad – not a lobster, salad – – have you been at a London ball? and not know a lobster=sallad[?] In a letter of November 6th 1820 (BB 302) Hobhouse writes “Lobsters – Champagne” and underlines the first word three times.

192: What then? – I do not know, no more do you - / And so Good Night. – Return we to our story: compare below, XI 153: But Tom’s no more – and so no more of Tom.
193: Mantles blue: echoes Milton’s Lycidas, penultimate line: At last he rose, and twitch’d his mantle blew. B.’s re-writing indicates a deliberate choice of phrase.
194: ... all that, / ... and Chat. B. borrows his rhymes here from Pope, The Rape of the Lock, III 17-18: Snuff, or the Fan, supply each Pause of Chat, / With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that. In a letter to Lady Melbourne of 25 September 1812 he writes “... a woman should never be seen eating or drinking, unless it be lobster sallad & Champagne, the only truly feminine & becoming viands” (BLJ II 208). In March 1813 Lady Melbourne writes to him, I wish’d for you at Supper - tho’ we had neither Lobster Sallad nor Champaign ... (Gross 138). See also The Blues, II 158.
BYRON ON PAGE 59 OF HIS GALIGNANI COPY: Venice / 1819. Nov. 8th. – The Countess G[uiccioli]. – this evening asked me [by mere chance] to translate this stanza – I told her that <it was only the exclamation of a servant who said> {the whole meant only} “<the> your husband <is/is coming” as I <translated> [said this] with some emphasis – She started up {frightened} and said “oh my God is he come?” thinking it was her own – who then was or ought to have been at the theatre. – Byron Nov. 8th – – Venice 1819 – – –

136.196
'Twas Midnight – Donna Julia was in bed,
Sleeping, most probably, when at her door
Arose a clatter might awake the dead,
If they had never been awoke before,
And that they have been so we all have read, 1085
And are to be so, at the least, once more –
The door was fastened, but with voice and fist
First knocks were heard, then “Madam – Madam – hist! —

137.
“For Godsake, Madam – Madam – here’s my Master,
“With more than half the City at his back – 1090
“Was ever heard of such a curst disaster!
“Tis not my fault – I kept good watch – Alack!
“Do, pray, undo the bolt a little faster –
“They’re on the stair just now, and in a crack
“Will all be here; perhaps he yet may fly – 1095
“Surely the Window’s not so very high!” —

195 MARGINALIUM: see also B. to Murray, November 8 1819 (BLJ VI 239): “Tonight as Countess G[uiccioli], observed me poring over ‘Don Juan’ she stumbled by mere chance on the 138th. Stanza of the first Canto – and asked me what it meant – I told her – nothing but “your husband is coming” as I said this in Italian with some emphasis – she started up in a fright and said – “Oh my God – is he coming?” thinking it was her own who either was or ought to have been at the theatre. – – You will be amused as I was – it happened not three hours ago.” For more of B.’s comments in his Galignani edition, see below, Canto II sts.49 and 208.

196: Sts.136-87: B. may have known Mozart’s Le Nozze di Figaro, in which a scene similar to this one occurs in Act II, where Cherubino (a page, but sung by a female mezzo) hides from the Count in the Countess’s cupboard. And he certainly knew The Merry Wives of Windsor, where, in III iii, the pathologically jealous Ford ransacks his wife’s room, with a gang of his friends. Here are some speeches from Shakespeare’s comedy (III iii 92-104) which are echoed in Stanza 137: Mrs Page: Your husband’s coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. Mrs Ford: ’Tis not so, I hope. Mrs Page: Pray Heaven it be not so that you have such a man here; but ’tis most certain your husband’s coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever. However, B.’s joke lies in changing the ethics of the scene: Mrs Page, unlike Antonia, is acting a pre-arranged part, and both Mrs Ford and the Countess (in Figaro) are innocent. Compare below, XIII, 12, 1.

B. had already treated love-triangles, featuring two young persons and a jealous older man, in The Bride of Abydos (1813) The Corsair (1814) Parisina (1816) and Mazeppa (1818 – for which see also below, commentary to Canto II st.112). The nexus features in Don Juan several times again: Juan / Haidee / Lambro; Juan / Gulbeyaz / the Sultan; and the unresolved Juan / Lady Adeline / Lord Henry Amundeville. See notes below to Canto IV, l.280, Canto V, ll.1244-5, and Canto XIII l.112.
138. By this time Don Alfonso was arrived,
With torches, friends, and servants in great number;
The major part of them had long been wived, And therefore paused not to disturb the Slumber Of any wicked woman, who contrived
By stealth her husband’s temples to encumber; Examples of this kind are so contagious,
Were One not punished, all would be outrageous. –

139. I can’t tell how, or why, or what Suspicion Could enter into Don Alfonso’s head;
But for a Cavalier of his condition
It surely was exceedingly ill-bred
Without a word of previous admonition,
To hold a Levee round his Lady’s bed,
And summon Lackeys, armed with fire and sword,
To prove himself the thing he most abhorred. –

140. Poor Donna Julia, starting as from sleep,
(Mind – that I do not say – She had not slept)
Began at once to scream, and yawn, and weep,
Her Maid Antonia, who was an adept,
Contrived to fling the bed-clothes in a heap,
As if she had just now from out them crept;
I can’t tell why She should take all this trouble
To prove her Mistress had been sleeping double. –

197: torches, friends, and servants in great number; / The major part of them had long been wived: a further echo of The Merry Wives III iii, where Ford brings along to assist him Master Page, whose wife is also an object of Falstaff’s lust (although the less pathological Page doesn’t know it) as well as Sir Hugh Evans and Dr. Caius, as assistants, and, more importantly, witnesses to his humiliation. See 1112n.
198: her husband’s temples to encumber: with a cuckold’s horns. Compare below, III 271-2.
199: Levee: daily ceremony at a monarch’s awakening - normally, however, in the morning.
200: To prove himself the thing he most abhorred: the strange masochistic desire to know oneself cuckolded is a Shakespearean commonplace; B. draws on the tradition not only of Ford but of Othello, Posthumus Leonatus, and Leontes. Behind them all is Thorello / Kitely in Ben Jonson’s Every Man in his Humour.
201 SOURCES: For a further discussion of the numerous fictional antecedents to this scene, see Elizabeth Boyd, Byron’s Don Juan: a Critical Study pp.114-15, and Peter Vassallo, Byron: The Italian Literary Influence pp.77-81. The theme of the cuckold’s unexpected return is in both books adduced ultimately as being from Apuleius, The Golden Ass (second century A.D.) though B. inherited it from the Roman work via Boccaccio (for examples, Decameron, seventh day, second, sixth and eighth stories) and most pertinently, from La Brache di San Griffone, another of Giambattista Casti’s Novelle Galanti – see above, stanza 62n: also below, 1440n.
202: The name “Antonia” occurs at Le Sage’s Gil Blas, X 8.
141.
But Julia Mistress, and Antonia Maid,
Appeared like two poor harmless women, who
Of Goblins, but still more of men afraid,
Had thought one man might be deterred by two,
And therefore side by side were gently laid,
Until the hours of absence should run through,
And truant husband should return, and say,
“My dear, I was the first who came away.” –

1125

142.
Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,
“In heaven’s name, Don Alfonso, what d’ye mean?”
“Has Madness seized you? would that I had died
“Ere such a monster’s victim I had been!
“What might this midnight violence betide,
“A sudden fit of drunkenness or Spleen?
“Dare you suspect me, whom the thought would kill?
“Search, then, the room!” – Alfonso said, “I will.” –

1130

143.
He searched, they searched, and rummaged every where,
Closet and cloathes-press, Chest and window-seat,
And found much linen, lace, and several pair203
Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete,
With other articles of ladies fair,
To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat;
Arras they pricked and curtains with their swords,
And wounded several shutters, and some boards.

1140

144.
Under the bed they searched, and there they found –
No matter what, it was not that they sought;204
They opened windows, gazing if the Ground
Had signs or footmarks, but the earth said nought;205
And then they stared each others’ faces round:
’Tis odd, not one of all these Seekers thought,
And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,
Of looking in the bed as well as under. –

1145

203: They searched ... / Closet and cloathes-press, chest and window-seat, / And found much linen ... compare The Merry Wives, III iii, where Falstaff escapes in a basket of dirty washing.
204: No matter what, it was not what they sought: the second potty in the epic. See above, Canto I lines 191-2, and Hobhouse’s reaction.
205: gazing if the Ground / Had signs or footmarks, but the earth said nought: not a detail from The Merry Wives, but perhaps from Le Nozze di Figaro, Act II, where Cherubino jumps from the window: see the entrance of Antonio with the broken flower-pot. However, B. again reverses the detail.
During this Inquisition Julia’s tongue
Was not asleep – “Yes, search and search”, she cried,
“Insult on Insult heap, and wrong on wrong!
“It was for this that I became a bride!
“For this in silence I have suffered long
“A husband like Alfonso at my side;
“But now I’ll bear no more, nor here remain,
“If there be law, or lawyers, in all Spain.

“Yes, Don Alfonso! husband now no more,
“If ever you indeed deserved the name,
“Is’t worthy of your years? – you have threescore,
“Fifty, or Sixty – it is all the same –
“Is’t wise or fitting causeless to explore
“For facts against a virtuous woman’s fame?
“Ungrateful, perjured – barbarous Don Alfonso,
“How dare you think your Lady would go on so?

“Is it for this I have disdained to hold
“The common privileges of my Sex?
“That I have chosen a Confessor so old
“And deaf that any other it would vex –
“And never once he has had cause to scold,
“But found my very Innocence perplex
“So much, he always doubted I was married?
“How sorry you will be when I’ve miscarried!

206: Sts.146-57: compare the words of Fielding’s Molly Seagrim to Tom Jones, Book V Chapter 5: ‘And this is your Love for me, to forsake me in this Manner, now you have ruined me? How often, when I have told you that all Men are false and Perjury alike, and grow tired of us all as soon as ever they have had their wicked Wills of us, how often have you sworn you would never forsake me? And can you be such a perjury Man after all? What signifies all the Riches in the World to me without you, now you have gained my Heart so you have --you have----? Why do you mention another Man to me? I can never love any other Man as long as I live. All other Men are nothing to me. If the greatest Squire in all the Country would come a suiting to me to-morrow, I would not give my Company to him. No, I shall always hate and despise the whole Sex for your Sake’ – whereupon the rug against the wall falls, revealing her new lover, Mr. Square, to have been present throughout.
“Was it for this that no Cortejo e’er\textsuperscript{207} 
“I, yet have chosen from out the Youth of Seville –”
“Is it for this I scarce went any where,
“Except to bullfights, mass, play, rout, and revel? 1180
“Is it for this, whate’er my Suitors were,
“I favoured none – nay, was almost uncivil?
“Is it for this that General Count O’Reilly,
“Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely? – *

* Note: Donna Julia here made a mistake - Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers - but Algiers very nearly took him - he and his army & fleet retreated with great loss & not much credit before that city in the year 17 = = - - &c. &c. -\textsuperscript{208}

“Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani\textsuperscript{209} 1185
“Sing at my heart Six months at least in vain?
“Did not his Countryman Count Corniani,\textsuperscript{210}
“Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?
“Were there not also Russians, English, many?
“The Count Strongstroganoff I put in pain,\textsuperscript{211} 1190
“And Lord MountCoffeehouse, the Irish Peer,\textsuperscript{212}
“Who killed himself for love (with wine) last year? –

“Have I not had two Bishops at my feet?
“The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan Nunez,\textsuperscript{213} 1195
“And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?
“I wonder in what quarter now the Moon is;\textsuperscript{214}
“I praise your vast forbearance not to beat
“Me also, since the time so opportune is!
“Oh, Valiant man! with sword drawn and cocked trigger,
“Now tell me, don’t you cut a pretty figure? – 1200

\textsuperscript{207}: Cortejo: socially tolerated lover of a married woman. Compare Cavaliere Servente, the Italian phrase which for a time defined B.’s relationship with Teresa Guiccioli. See Beppo, St.40.
\textsuperscript{208}: Byron’s note: General Count O’Reilly, / Who took Algiers: his failure occurred in 1775; he was the Hispanic-Irish governor of Madrid.
\textsuperscript{209}: Cazzani: means roughly “silly little prick”.
\textsuperscript{210}: Corniani: means roughly, “cuckold”.
\textsuperscript{211}: Strongstroganoff: compare below, Canto VIII sts.15-17.
\textsuperscript{212}: Lord MountCoffeehouse, the Irish Peer: Many new Irish peers were created in the 1801 Act of Union, and were regarded distastefully both by conservative Englishmen and patriotic Irishmen. Castlereagh was one such. Mount Coffee House was in Mount Street, London, run by Shelley’s first father-in-law.
\textsuperscript{213}: The name “Nunez” occurs at Le Sage’s Gil Blas, II 4 and XI 14.
\textsuperscript{214}: I wonder in what quarter now the Moon is: she implies Alfonso’s lunacy. The phases of the moon were, and are still, said to affect the stability of minds prone to instability.
151.
“Was it for this you took your sudden Journey
“Under pretence of business indispensable,
“With that Sublime of rascals your Attorney?215
    “Whom I see standing there and looking sensible
“Of having played the fool? Though both I spurn, he
    “Deserves the worst – his conduct’s less defensible,
    “Because, no doubt ’twas for his dirty fee
    “And not from any love to you nor me. – – – –

152.
“If he comes here to take a deposition,
    “By all means let the Gentleman proceed;
“You’ve made the apartment in a fit condition;
    “There’s pen and ink for you, Sir, when you need _216
    “Let every thing be noted with precision!
    “I would not you for nothing should be fee’d,
    “But, as my Maid’s undrest – pray turn your Spies out!”  1215
    “Oh!” sobbed Antonia, “I could tear their eyes out.”

153.
“There is the closet, there the toilet, there
    “The Antichamber – search them under, over;
“There is the Sopha, there the great Arm–chair,
    “The Chimney – which would really hold a lover;
“Wish to sleep, and beg you will take care
    “And make no further noise, till you discover
    “The secret cavern of this lurking treasure –
    “And when ’tis found, let me, too, have that pleasure.

154.
“And now, Hidalgo! now that you have thrown217
    “Doubt upon me, confusion over all,
    “Pray have the courtesy to make it known
    “Who is the man you search for? how d’ye call
    “Him? what’s his lineage? let him but be shown!
    “I hope he’s young and handsome – is he tall?
    “Tell me and be assured, that since you stain
    “My honour thus – it shall not be in vain.

155.
“At least – perhaps, he has not Sixty years,
    “At that age he would be too old for slaughter,
    “Or for so young a husband’s jealous fears
    “(Antonia! let me have a glass of water)
“I am ashamed of having shed these tears,
    “They are unworthy of my father’s daughter;
    “My Mother dreamed not in my natal hour

216: “There’s pen and ink for you, Sir, when you need ...”: this and the next two lines, at least, are addressed to the Attorney.
“That I should fall into a Monster’s power. –

156.
“Perhaps ’tis of Antonia you are jealous,
“You saw that She was sleeping by my Side,
“When you broke in upon us with your fellows;⁵¹⁸
“Look where you please — we’ve nothing, Sir, to hide;
“Only another time, I trust, you’ll tell us,
“Oh for the sake of decency abide
“A moment at the door, that we may be
“Drest to receive so much good company.

157.
“And now, Sir, I have done, and say no more,
“The little I have said may serve to show
“The guileless heart in silence may grieve o’er
“The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow:
“I leave you to your Conscience as before,
“‘Twill one day ask you why you used me so?
“God grant you may not feel the bitterest grief! –
“Antonia! where’s my pocket Handkerchief?” –

158.
She ceased, and turned upon her pillow; pale
She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears,
Like Skies that rain and lighten; as a Veil,
Waved and o’ershading her wan cheek, appears
Her streaming hair; the black Curls strive, but fail,
To hide the glossy Shoulder, which uprears
Its snow through all; her soft lips lie apart,
And louder than her breathing beats her heart.

159.
The Señor Don Alfonso stood confused;
Antonia bustled round the ransacked room,
And, turning up her Nose, with looks abused
Her master, and his Myrmidons, of whom⁵¹⁹
Not One, save the Attorney, was amused;
He, like Achates, faithful to the tomb,⁵²⁰
So there were quarrels, cared not for the cause,
Knowing they must be settled by the Laws. — — —

160.
With prying Snub-nose and small eyes, he stood,
Following Antonia’s motions here and there,
With much suspicion in his attitude;
For reputations he had little care;

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²¹⁸: jealous / fellows duplicates rhymes at Beppo sts.18 and 55.
²¹⁹: Myrmidons: in Homer’s Iliad, the personal bodyguard of the hero Achilles; thus, any group of subordinates.
²²⁰: Achates: companion of Aeneas in Virgil’s Aeneid; a byword for fidelity. Both jokes lightly stress the difference between B.’s epic and its predecessors.
So that a Suit or Action were made good,
   Small pity had he for the young and fair,
And ne’er believed in Negatives, till these
Were proved by competent false witnesses.
But Don Alfonso stood with downcast looks,
   And, truth to say, he made a foolish figure;
When, after searching in five hundred nooks,
   And treating a young wife with so much rigour,  
He gained no point, except some self–rebukes,
   Added to those his lady with such vigour
Had poured upon him for the last half-hour,
Quick, thick, and heavy – as a thunder-Shower. –

At first he tried to hammer an excuse,
   To which the sole reply were tears, and sobs,
And Indications of Hysterics, whose
   Prologue is always certain throes, and throbs,
Gasps, and whatever else the Owners choose:
   Alfonso saw his wife, and thought of Job’s;  
He saw, too, in perspective, her Relations,
And then he tried to muster all his patience. –

He stood in act to speak, or rather stammer,
   But sage Antonia cut him short before
The Anvil of his Speech received the hammer,
   With “Pray Sir, leave the room, and say no more,
“Or Madam dies.” – Alfonso muttered “d—n her”,
   But nothing else, the time of words was o’er;
He cast a rueful look or two, and did,
He knew not wherefore, that which he was bid. –

PROOF: At 1301, Hobhouse underlines D—n her, and writes, cant be read aloud[.] Byron erases this with five strokes.

221: Alfonso saw his wife, and thought of Job’s; see Job 2, 6-10: So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. And he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal; and he sat down among the ashes. Then said his wife to him, “Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God, and die.” But he said unto her, “Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What? shall we not receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?” In all this did not Job sin with his lips. Presumably Alfonso is not only groaning under his wife’s tirade, but also measuring his own emotion-prone state by Job’s standards of stoic patience (1296).

222: He stood in act: this odd phrase also occurs at TVOJ, lines 290-1: ... he stood / In act to assert his right or wrong ...
164.
With him retired his “Posse Comitatus,” 223
The Attorney last, who lingered near the door,
Reluctantly, still tarrying there as late as
Antonia let him – not a little sore
At this most strange and unexplained “hiatus”,
In Don Alfonso’s facts, which just now wore
An awkward look; as he revolved the case
The Door was fastened in his legal face. –

165.
No sooner was it bolted, than – Oh Shame!
Oh Sin! Oh Sorrow! and Oh Womankind!
How can you do such things and keep your fame?
Unless this World, and t’other too, be blind?
Nothing so dear as an unfilched good Name! 224
But to proceed – for there is more behind;
With much heart-felt reluctance be it said,
Young Juan slipped, half-smothered, from the bed. 225

166.
He had been hid – I don’t pretend to say
How, nor can I indeed describe the where –
Young, slender, and packed easily, he lay,
No doubt in little compass, round or Square; 226
But pity him I neither must nor may
His suffocation by that pretty pair;
’Twere better, sure, to die so, than be shut 227
With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey Butt. 228

223: “Posse Comitatus”: “the power of the county”; a body of men raised by the sheriff to enforce the law.
224: Nothing so dear as an unfilched good Name: echoes Iago at Othello, III iii 155: ... He that filches from me my good name / Robs me of that which not enriches him / And makes me poor indeed.
225: Juan ... half-smothered ... young, slender, and packed easily: like Falstaff in III iii of The Merry Wives (see above, st.136n) Juan is smothered in linen; although otherwise their sizes and achievements differ, the physically gross and erotically unsatisfied Falstaff being hidden with difficulty in a basket of dirty washing and dunked in the Thames. (Another character in The Merry Wives is called Master Slender.)
226: Square: see note on Tom Jones, above, stanza 146n.
227: ... to die so ...: has sexual connotation.
228: With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey Butt: see Richard III, I iv, where George, Duke of Clarence, is drowned in a butt of wine after having been stabbed. Maudlin refers to the self-dramatising account of his dream earlier in the scene.
167. And secondly, I pity not, because,  
He had no business to commit a Sin, 
Forbid by Heavenly, fined by human laws,229  
At least ’twas rather early to begin;  
But at Sixteen the Conscience rarely gnaws  
So much as when we call our old debts in 
At sixty years, and draw the accompts of Evil,  
And find a deuced balance with the Devil. –  

168. Of his position I can give no Notion:230  
’Tis written in the Hebrew Chronicle,231  
How the Physicians, leaving pill and potion,  
Prescribed, by way of Blister, a young Belle, 
When old King David’s blood grew dull in motion,  
And that the Medicine answered very well;  
Perhaps ’twas in a different way applied, 
For David lived, but Juan nearly died. –  

169. What’s to be done? Alfonso will come back  
The moment he has sent his fools away;  
Antonia’s Skill was put upon the rack,  
But no device could be brought into play –  
And how to parry the renewed attack?  
Besides, it wanted but few hours of day; 
Antonia puzzled; Julia did not speak, 
But pressed her bloodless lip to Juan’s cheek.  

170. He turned his lip to hers, and with his hand  
Called back the tangles of her wandering hair;  
Even then their love they could not all command,  
And half forgot their danger and despair;  
Antonia’s patience now was at a stand –  
“Come, Come, ’tis no time now for fooling there”,  
She whispered, in great wrath – “I must deposit  
“This pretty gentleman within the Closet. –   

229: ... fined by human laws: the contrast is between the righteous laws of God and the mercenary laws of man. Compare above, 512n.  
230: ... his position: ambiguously, either that of the Devil on reckoning-up the accompt of sin (previous line) or that of Juan in the bed, which amounts metaphorically to the same thing.  
231: ’Tis written in the Hebrew Chronicle: the Medicine (1342) did not actually answer at all. See I Kings i: Now King David was old and stricken in years; and they covered him with clothes, but he got no heat. Wherefore his servants said unto him, Let there be sought for my lord the king a young virgin; and let her stand before the king, and cherish him, and let her lie in thy bosom, that my lord the king may get heat. So they sought for a fair damsel throughout all the coasts of Israel, and found Abishag a Shunammite, and brought her to the king. And the damsel was very fair, and cherished the king, and ministered to him: but the King knew her not.
171.

“Pray, keep your Nonsense for some luckier Night –
“Who can have put my Master in this mood?
“What will become on’t? – I’m in such a fright,
“The Devil’s in the Urchin, and no Good –

“Is this a time for giggling? this a plight?
“Why, don’t you know that it may end in blood?
“You’ll lose your life, and I shall lose my place,
“My Mistress all, for that half-Girlish face.”

172.

“Had it but been for a stout Cavalier
“Of twenty five or thirty (Come, make haste)  
“But for a Child, what piece of work is here!
“I really, Madam, wonder at your taste
“(Come, Sir, get in) my Master must be near!
“There, for the present, at the least he’s fast,
“And, if we can but till the morning keep
“Our Counsel (Juan – Mind, you must not sleep).”

232: The Devil’s in the Urchin: compare above, I 196.
233: a plight: refers to engagements. Juan and Julia are behaving as though they are Gertrude and Henry in Pennsylvania (see above, st.88 and n).
234: that half-Girlish face: the concealment of Juan in the closet, and the references to his androgyneity, again recall Act II of Mozart’s Le Nozze di Figaro, in which the page Cherubino (a youth, but sung by a woman) is hidden in the cupboard of the Countess’s dressing-room by the maid Susanna. Cherubino is often spoken of as an adolescent version of Don Giovanni.
173.
Now, Don Alfonso entering, but alone,
   Closed the oration of the trusty Maid;
She loitered, and he told her to be gone,
   An order somewhat sullenly obeyed;  
However, present remedy was none,
   And no great Good seemed answered if she staid;
Regarding both with slow and sidelong view,
She snuffed the candle, curtsied, and withdrew.

PROOF: The following dialogue occurs curved in the margins around received Stanzas 172 and 173. Hobhouse: carissimo! do review this whole scene & think what you would say of it, if written by another. – Byron: I would say read “the Miracle” in Hobhouse’s poems, and “January and May” and “Paulo Purgante” and “Hans Carvel” and the Bath Guide” and “Joconde” if these are laughable it is the Serious – Little’s poems and Lalla Rookh that affect seriously. now Lust is a serious passion and cannot be excited by the ludicrous.

174.
Alfonso paused a minute – then begun
   Some strange excuses for his late proceeding;
He would not justify what he had done,
   To say the best, it was extreme ill-breeding;
But there were ample reasons for it, none
   Of which he specified in this his pleading;
His Speech was a fine Sample, on the whole,
Of Rhet’ric, which the learn’d call “Rigmarole.”

235: PROOF ALTERCATION: B. refers to works much ruder than Don Juan. They are by Hobhouse himself (The Miracle, his version of Boccaccio, Day Three Story One, from Imitations and Translations, 1809: the one concerning the “dumb man” in the nunnery) by Chaucer (January and May is Pope’s version of Chaucer’s The Merchant’s Tale) by Matthew Prior (Paolo [sic] Purgante and Hans Carvel – and by Christopher Anstey – his verse-novel of 1766 The New Bath Guide (see below, notes 5 and 7 to B.’s own note on Campbell at the end of Canto V). “Joconde” is a version by La Fontaine of Ariosto’s tale of Jocondo, Astolfo and Fiammetta in Orlando Furioso Canto XXVIII (La Fontaine, Contes et Nouvelles 1664, I: Joconde, ou L’Infidélité des femmes). Little is Thomas Moore: for him, and for his Lalla Rookh, see above, 828-32. For more thoughts about the supposed pornography of Don Juan, to add to B.’s riposte in proof to Hobhouse, see this extract from a letter to Murray, written on Christmas Day 1822: “Don Juan will be known by and by for what it is intended a satire on abuses of the present states of Society – and not an eulogy of vice; – it may be now and then voluptuous – I can’t help that – Ariosto is worse – Smollett (see Lord Stratwell in vol 2nd. of Roderick) R[andom] ten times worse – and Fielding no better. – No Girl will ever be seduced by reading Don Juan – no – no – she will go to Little’s poems – & Rousseau’s Romans – for that – or even to the immaculate De Stael – – they will encourage her – and not the Don – who laughs at that – and – and – most other things. – But never mind – ‘Ca ira!’” (BLJ X 68). On the grounds of his Boccaccio version alone, Hobhouse’s double standards condemn themselves, although he had rapidly become ashamed of the rude poem, which the Devil the father of all damnation must have prompted me to insert (Byron’s Bulldog ed. Graham, p.58).
175.
Julia said nought; though all the while there rose
A ready answer, which at once enables
A Matron, who her husband’s foible knows,
By a few timely words to turn the tables,
Which if it does not silence still must pose,
Even if it should comprize a pack of fables;
’Tis to retort with firmness, and when he
Suspects with One, do you reproach with three.

176.
Julia, in fact, had tolerable grounds,
Alfonso’s loves with Inez were well known;
But whether ’twas that One’s own Guilt confounds,
But that can’t be, as has been often shown,
A Lady with apologies abounds;
It might be that her Silence sprang alone
From delicacy to Don Juan’s ear,
To whom She knew his Mother’s fame was dear.

177.
There might be one more motive, which makes two;
Alfonso ne’er to Juan had alluded,
Mentioned his jealousy, but never who
Had been the happy lover he concluded
Concealed amongst his premises; ’tis true,
His Mind the more o’er this its mystery brooded;
To speak of Inez now were, one may say,
Like throwing Juan in Don Alfonso’s way. –

178.
A hint in tender cases is enough;
Silence is best, besides there is a Tact
(That modern phrase appears to me sad stuff,
But it will serve to keep my verse compact)
Which keeps, when pushed by questions rather rough,
A Lady always distant from the fact –
The charming Creatures lie with such a Grace,
There’s nothing so becoming to the face.

236: Alfonso’s loves with Inez were well known: see above, 525-8, where they are only whispered.
237: his Mother’s fame was dear: see above, analysis of sts.110-11.
238: tact / (That modern phrase appears to me sad stuff: the Oxford English Dictionary gives 1804 as the first use of tact to mean, roughly, a sense of what is fitting and polite. See also below, XII, 66, 8 and n; and XIV, 41, 6.
179.
They blush, and we believe them; at least I
Have always done so; ’tis of no great use,
In any case attempting a reply,
   For then their Eloquence grows quite profuse;
And when at length they’re out of breath, they sigh,
   And cast their languid eyes down, and let loose
A tear or two, and then we make it up;
And then – and then – and then – sit down and sup. –

180.
Alfonso closed his Speech, and begged her pardon,
   Which Julia half withheld, and then half granted,
And laid conditions, he thought, very hard on,
   Denying several little things he wanted;
He stood like Adam lingering near his Garden,
   With useless penitence perplexed and haunted,
Beseeching She no further would refuse,
When lo! he stumbled o’er a pair of Shoes. –

181.
A pair of shoes! – what then? not much, if they
   Are such as fit with Lady’s feet, but these
(No one can tell how much I grieve to say)
   Were Masculine; to see them, and to seize,
Was but a moment’s act. – Ah! Well-a-day!
   My teeth begin to chatter, my Veins freeze –
Alfonso first examined well their fashion,
And then flew out into another passion.

239: St.180 gives another example of B.’s skill in leaving the full resolution of the stanza incomplete until the last word. See above, st.117.
240: like Adam lingering near his Garden: the reference is to Paradise Lost, XII 638, and implies Alfonso’s own part in the ruin of his marriage and household peace. The theme is recurrent in the poem, although the degree of male responsibility varies. See above, 284-8 and n, about Juan’s father, Don José; and below, Cantos III and IV, where Lambro tragically and finally destroys all the life on his own island.
241: a pair of Shoes: the finally incriminating object of attire differs in each version of the story. In The Golden Ass (Chapter XIII – the incident is part of a tale of adultery within a tale of adultery) it is a pair of sandals, which the cunning lover reclains, saying they have been stolen from him; in Casti’s La Brache di San Griffone it is a male undergarment; in the more innovative examples, for instance, Casti’s I Calzoni Ricamati, the husband himself dons the item by mistake (it is a pair of breeches with English money in the pockets) and does not discover it till he is in a public place; he then shames his wife by forgiving her.
242: Well-a-day!: self-conscious and facetious archaism. Compare Romeo and Juliet, IV v 15, or Keats, The Eve of St. Agnes, 111.
182.
He left the room for his relinquished Sword,
    And Julia instant to the Closet flew, 1450
"Fly – Juan – Fly! for heaven’s sake – not a word –
    "The door is open – you may yet slip through
"The passage you so often have explored";
    "Here is the Garden key – fly – fly – Adieu!
"Haste! – haste! – I hear Alfonso’s hurrying feet –
    "Day has not broke – there’s No One in the Street.” –

183.
None can say that this was not good Advice,
    The only Mischief was, it came too late;
Of all experience ’tis the usual price,
    A Sort of Income-tax laid on by Fate; 1460
Juan had reached the room-door in a trice,
    And might have done so by the Garden-Gate,
But met Alfonso in his dressing-gown,
    Who threatened Death – so Juan knocked him down.

184.
Dire was the Scuffle, and out went the Light,
    Antonia cried out “Rape!” and Julia “Fire!”
But not a Servant stirred to aid the fight;
    Alfonso, pommelled to his heart’s desire; 1470
Swore lustily he’d be revenged this night;
    And Juan, too, blasphemed an Octave higher;
His blood was up; though young, he was a Tartar,
    And not at all disposed to prove a Martyr. –

185.
Alfonso’s sword had dropped ere he could draw it,
    And they continued battling hand to hand,
For Juan very luckily ne’er saw it; 1475
    His temper not being under great command,
If at that moment he had chanced to claw it,
    Alfonso’s days had not been in the land
Much longer: think of husbands’, Lovers’ lives!
    And how Ye may be doubly Widows – Wives! 1480

186.

243: "...you may yet slip through/The passage you so often have explored": double-entendre.
244: Income-tax: this was first introduced as a war measure in 1799; B. uses a modern joke by way of reference to Nemesis, The doom which oft avenges (see below, III 637).
245: Alfonso, pommelled to his heart’s desire: implies the cuckold’s masochistic desire for punishment. See note on Alfonso’s Shakespearean precedents, above, 1112n.
246: And Juan, too, blasphemed an Octave higher: the phrase is from Vathek (p.28 in the Lonsdale edition): ... the mothers repeated their exclamations an octave higher at the disappearance of the fifty children sacrificed by the protagonist.
247: Alfonso’s days had not been in the land / Much longer: B. is perhaps thinking of the very different Don Giovanni of Mozart, who kills the father of his intended sexual victim. But the character in question returns from the dead for his revenge, and B. seems now to be writing a different Don Juan: certainly one without supernatural machinery.
Alfonso grappled to detain the foe,
    And Juan throttled him to get away,
And blood (’twas from the Nose) began to flow;
    At last, as they more faintly wrestling lay,
Juan contrived to give an awkward blow,
    And then his only Garment quite gave way;
He fled, like Joseph, leaving it; but there,248
I doubt, all Likeness ends between the pair. –

187.

Lights came at length, and Men, and Maids, who found
    An awkward Spectacle their eyes before;
Antonia in hystericis, Julia swooned,
    Alfonso leaning, breathless, by the door;
Some half-torn drapery scattered on the Ground,
    Some blood, and several footsteps, but no more;
Juan the gate gained, turned the key about,
    And liking not the inside, locked the Out. –

188.

Here ends this Canto: – Need I Sing, or Say?
    How Juan, naked, favoured by the Night,
Who favours what She should not, found his way,
    And reached his home in an unseemly plight?
The pleasant Scandal which arose next day,
    The Nine days’ wonder which was brought to light,
And how Alfonso sued for a divorce,
    Were in the English Newspapers, of course.249

248: *like Joseph*: at Genesis 39 11-19, Joseph flies from Potiphar’s wife, who is trying unsuccessfully to seduce him: And it came to pass about this time, that Joseph went into the house to do his business; and there was none of the men of the house there within. And she [Potiphar’s wife] caught him by his garment, saying, Lie with me: and he left his garment in her hand, and fled, and got him out. And it came to pass, when she saw that he had left his garment in her hand, and was fled forth, that she called unto the men of her house, and spake unto them, saying, See, he hath brought an Hebrew in unto us to mock us; he came in unto me to lie with me, and I cried with a loud voice: and it came to pass, when he heard that I lifted up my voice and cried, that he left his garment with me, and fled, and got him out. B. as usual plays games with his original. See above, notes to sts.136-87, and ll.1294 and 1338.

249: *... the English Newspapers*: the story is unlikely to have been told there. B.’s satire is often directed against the press, only partly because of the unfair and inaccurate way in which they treated him during the separation. He uses them as emblems of the age’s inadequate self-image. See jokes above, ll.3-4, and 16, and below, VII 248, 272, 636, VIII sts.18-19, or 993-4. He intends his poem to be a finer record than they.
189.
If you would like to see the whole proceedings,
The depositions, and the Cause at full,
The names of all the Witnesses, the pleadings
Of Counsel to Nonsuit, or to Annul,
There’s more than one Edition, and the readings
Are various, but they none of them are dull;
The Best is that in Shorthand made by Gurney,
Who to Madrid on purpose made a Journey.

190.
But Donna Inez, to divert the train
Of one of the most circulating Scandals
That had for Centuries been known in Spain,
Since Roderic’s Goths, or older Genseric’s Vandals,
First vowed (and never yet she vowed in vain)
To Virgin Mary several pounds of Candles;
And then, by the advice of some old ladies,
She sent her Son to be embarked at Cadiz.

191.
She had resolved that he should travel through
All European Climes, by land or Sea,
To mend his former morals, or get new,
Especially in France and Italy
(At least this is the thing most people do)
Julia was sent into a Nunnery,
And there, perhaps, her feelings may be better
Shown in the following Copy of her letter: –

250: ... Nonsuit, or to Annul: two ways of ending the case (in English law). The first occurs either when the plaintiff withdraws, or when the judge orders him to withdraw because of the inadequacy of his evidence: the second when the judge for any reason declares the case void and the trial cancelled.

251: Gurney: William Gurney was shorthand writer to the Houses of Parliament: he never went to Spain. Compare W.S.Rose’s Court and Parliament of Beasts, V, I, 4: There’s no short hand, for travel, writ by Gurney.

252: Roderic’s Goths ... Genseric’s Vandals: Roderick was the last Gothic King of Spain; Southey had written an epic about him – Roderick, Last of the Goths (1814). Genseric, King of the Vandals, sacked Rome in 455. For Roderick and the Goths, see above, 443n, 828-9n. B. habitually scorned Southey’s epics (see EBSR 127, 142 and 189-239 and 915-16; Hints from Horace 195-6 and 611-22; plus numerous notes). But in correspondence with his future wife (BLJ IV 235) he offered a partial retraction in the case of Roderick. Then, within three weeks of the wedding, he criticised the poem in a letter to Moore (BLJ IV 256 – quoted below, III 184n). It is intriguiging to think that the disillusion with Roderick – a tale of carnal transgression atoned for – with Southey, with Annabella (see above, I 66n, and B.’s own comments on I 210 and 218) and with marriage, may all have occurred simultaneously. Part of his motive for writing Don Juan, of which the first two words are Bob Southey!, which features a portrait of Annabella as the hero’s misguided mother, and which constitutes a criticism of epics in general, is clearly reaction to all these experiences.

253: ladies / Cadiz: a favourite rhyme with B.. See below, II 33-7, and 647-8 and n, for subsequent games, reflecting this usage. See also Song: The Girl of Cadiz (1809).

254: Julia was sent into a Nunnery: adulteresses were not normally received into Spanish convents. B. plays with our cliché view of Catholic attitudes to sexual transgression.
They tell me ’tis decided; You depart;   1530
’Tis wise – ’tis well, but not the less a pain;
I have no further claim on your young heart,
“My was the victim, and would be again;
To love too much has been the only Art
I used; I write in haste, and if a Stain
Be on this Sheet, ’tis not what it appears,
“My Eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.–  1535

I loved, I love you, for that love have lost
“State, Station, Heaven, Mankind’s, my own Esteem,
“And yet can not regret what it hath cost,
“So dear is still the Memory of that dream;  1540
“Yet, if I name my Guilt, ’tis not to boast,
“None can deem harshlier of me than I deem:
“I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest –
“I’ve nothing to reproach, nor to request.

Man’s love is of his life a thing apart,  1545
’Tis Woman’s whole Existence; Man may range *
The Court, Camp, Church, the Vessel, and the Mart,
“Sword, Gown, Gain, Glory, offer in exchange
“Pride, Fame, Ambition, to fill up his heart,
“And few there are whom these can not estrange;  1550
Man has all these resources, we but one,
To love again, and be again undone.

My Breast has been all weakness, is so yet,
“I struggle, but cannot collect my Mind;
“My blood still rushes where my Spirit’s set,  1555
“As roll the waves before the settled Wind;
“My brain is feminine, nor can forget –
“To all, except your Image, madly blind;
“As turns the Needle trembling to the Pole
“It ne’er can reach, so turns to you my Soul.  1560

PROOF: Against 1545 - 1546, Hobhouse writes, in the left margin: Coppet to wit – Byron erases the comment with four verticals.

255: her letter: there may be here much of B.’s feelings about his half-sister Augusta. See below, Appendix 1.
196.
“You will proceed in beauty, and in pride,
“Beloved and loving many; all is o’er
“For me on Earth, except some years to hide
“My Shame and Sorrow deep in my heart’s Core;
“These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
“The Passion which still rends it as before,
“And so farewell – forgive me, love me – No,
“The word is idle now, – but let it go.

197.
“I have no more to say, but linger still,
“And dare not set my Seal upon this Sheet,
“And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
“My Misery can scarce be more complete;
“I had not lived till now, could Sorrow kill;
“Death flies the wretch who fain the blow would meet,
“And I must even survive this last Adieu,
“And bear with Life, to love and pray for You.”

198.
This note was written upon Gilt-edged paper
With a neat Crow-quill, rather hard, but new;
Her small white fingers scarce could reach the taper,
But trembled as Magnetic Needles do,
And yet She did not let one tear escape her;
The Seal a Sunflower; “Elle vous suit partout”,
The motto; cut upon a white Cornelian,
The Wax was superfine, its hue Vermilion.

199.
This was Don Juan’s earliest Scrape; but whether
I shall proceed with his adventures is
Dependent on the Public altogether;
We’ll see, however, what they say to this;
Their favour in an author’s cap’s a feather,
And no great Mischief’s done by their Caprice;
And if their approbation we experience,
Perhaps they’ll have some more about a year hence.

256: ... this note: the note’s fate is extremely sick. ... Gilt-edged paper: in Confessions Book IX, Rousseau describes writing the first two parts of Julie ou La Nouvelle Héloïse on gilt-edged paper.
257: ... as Magnetic Needles: echoes 1559 above.
258: The Seal ... Cornelian: B. had such a seal, given him by John Edleston, the Trinity College chorister with whom he was in love. The French motto means “She follows you everywhere”. See B.’s 1806 poem, The Cornelian, the poem As by the fix’d decrees of Heaven (1807) and verse seven of The Adieu (1807).
200. My Poem’s Epic, and is meant to be  
Divided in twelve books; each book containing,  
With Love, and War, a heavy Gale at Sea,  
A list of Ships, and Captains, and Kings reigning,\(^{259}\)  
New Characters; the Episodes are three;  
A Panorama View of Hell’s in training,\(^{260}\)  
After the Style of Virgil and of Homer,  
So that my Name of Epic’s no Misnomer. — — —  

201. All these things will be specified in time,  
With strict regard to Aristotle’s rules,  
The “Vade Mecum” of the true Sublime,\(^{261}\)  
Which makes so many poets, and some fools;  
Prose poets like blank-verse, I’m fond of rhyme,\(^{262}\)  
Good workmen never quarrel with their tools;  
I’ve got new Mythological machinery,  
And very handsome Supernatural Scenery.  

202. There’s only one slight difference between  
Me and my Epic brethren gone before,\(^{263}\)  
And here the advantage is my own, I ween  
(Not that I have several merits more,  
But this will more peculiarly be seen)  
They so embellish, that ’tis quite a bore  
Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,\(^{264}\)  
Whereas this Story’s actually true.  

\(^{259}\): A list of Ships, and Captains, and Kings reigning: for a list of Captains and Kings, see, for instance, *Aeneid* VII, 647-817; for one of Ships, Kings and Captains, see for instance *Iliad* II 484-759. For one of B.’s equivalents, see below, VII sts.15-18.     
\(^{260}\): A Panorama View of Hell’s in training: descents into the underworld occur at *Odyssey*, Book XI and *Aeneid*, Book VI. But several episodes of *Don Juan* – the shipwreck in Canto II or the battle in Canto VIII – describe hellish scenes on earth. *Panorama* was changed to *panoramic* by John Wright for Murray’s 1832 edition. The former word dates from 1796; the latter from 1813. Perhaps in twenty years the differentiation between the adjective and the noun had become more common. Compare B.’s use of *kaleidoscope* (below, II, 744) or *phantasmagoria* (*TVOJ*, 615).     
\(^{261}\): Aristotle’s rules / The Vade Mecum of the true sublime: a vade mecum (“Go with me” – Latin) was a pocket book of useful information. Aristotle’s *Poetics* (see above, 959 and below, III 984) was one such classical “instruction manual” for poets; yet see above, I 333-4, where Longinus is the arbiter of the true sublime.  
\(^{262}\): Prose poets like blank-verse: Wordsworth’s *The Excursion* is in blank verse, as is Southey’s *Roderick*.  
\(^{263}\): Me and my Epic brethren gone before: B. may have Southey in mind here rather than Homer or Virgil. See the phrase the other epic bard in the rough daft.  
\(^{264}\): Their labyrinth of fables: Southey’s oriental epics *Thalaba the Destroyer* and *The Curse of Kehama* have notably tortuous plots.
203.
If any person doubt it, I appeal
To history, tradition, and to facts,
To Newspapers, whose truth all know and feel,
To plays in five, and Operas in three acts;
All these confirm my statement a good deal,
But that which more completely faith exacts
Is, that Myself, and several now in Seville,
Saw Juan’s last Elopement with the Devil. –

204.
If ever I should condescend to prose,
I'll write poetical commandments,\(^\text{266}\) which
Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
That went before; in these I shall enrich
My text with many things that No one knows,
And carry precept to the highest pitch –
I’ll call the work “Longinus o’er a Bottle,
Or, Every Poet his own Aristotle.” –

\(^{265}\): Saw Juan ... Devil: when B. was in Seville in 1809 – his only visit – the theatres were closed: he is here slipping back momentarily into his narrative role as a Spanish bachelor (see above, 182 and n).
\(^{266}\): commandments: the blasphemy here raised a storm of protest – see BLJ VII 196, where B. expresses worry that its publication under his name may damage his right to guardianship over Ada: “... such are the perils of a foolish jest; – I was not aware of this at the time ... now I should prefer my child to a poem any time ...”
\(^{267}\): “Longinus ... Aristotle”: parody of a D.I.Y. book-title. Longinus was a late Greek critic who wrote a treatise On the Sublime – see above, 333.
Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;268
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey;269
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope, 1635
The second drunk, the third so quaint and mothey;
With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,270
And Campbell’s Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy,271
Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor272
Commit – flirtation with the muse of Moore.273 1640

268: Thou shalt believe in Milton: continues with ideas from the Dedication (see ll.55-6). B. considered that the great tradition of English verse-writing had been corrupted by writers of his own day, not least by himself. The Dedication being unpublished, B. returns to the attack below, Canto III sts.93-100. B. may have been inspired, in writing these “poetical commandments”, by the example of William Hone, who had, in his Reformist’s Register for early 1817, published a series of parodies on the Creed, attacking government placemen. In a famous trial, Hone had been charged with blasphemous libel, defended himself, and been acquitted. On October 8th 1820, B. wrote to Murray, Recollect that if you put my name to [“Don Juan” in these canting days – – – any lawyer might oppose my Guardian right of my daughter in Chancery – on the plea of it’s containing the parody – such are the perils of a foolish jest; – I was not aware of this at the time – but you will find it correct I believe – & you may be sure that the Noels would not let it slip – Now I prefer my child to a poem at any time – and so should you as having half a dozen. – – Let me know your notions (BLJ VII 196).

269: Coleridge: only included upon revision, Coleridge was the only one of B.’s subjects who felt it appropriate to answer the poem, and he did so with suitable irony on September 4, 1819: My Lord/ That I should be selected by you to share such immortality as Time may confer upon your Don Juan demands my acknowledgement, the quality of which is enlarged by the charge of inebriety that you prefer against me. Had you adorned me with indolence and irresolution the commendation had been just, but the more elegant acquirement of intemperance it were flattery to attribute to me. This example of your Lordship’s taste and knowledge would embolden me to esteem you as among the first of our great writers if you would condescend first to avoid a too servile flattery of your contemporaries, and next to obtain correct information on the habits of those you celebrate. The sobriety of this letter is the unhappy proof of the extravagance of your praise. I am / your Lordship’s obedient sober servant, / S.T. Coleridge. (Letters ed. Griggs, IV 948). It is hard to imagine Wordsworth answering. Southey’s reaction to the jokes was very different from that of Coleridge. On July 20 1819 he wrote to his friend C.H. Townsend: ... I have not seen more of Don Juan than some extracts in a country paper, wherein my own name is coupled with a rhyme which I thought would never be used by any person but myself when kissing one of my own children in infancy, and talking nonsense to it, which, whatever you may think of it at present as an exercise for the intellect, I hope you will have one day occasion to practise, and you will then find out its many and various excellencies. I do not yet know whether the printed poem is introduced by a dedication to me, in a most hostile strain, which came over with it, or whether the person who has done Lord Byron the irreparable injury of sending into the world what his own publisher and his friends endeavoured, for his sake, to keep out of it, has suppressed it. This is to me a matter of perfect unconcern. Lord Byron attacked me when he ran amuck as a satirist; he found it convenient to express himself sorry for that satire, and to have such of the persons told so whom he had assailed in it as he was likely to fall in with in society; myself among the number. I met him three times or four times on courteous terms, and saw enough of him to feel that he was rather to be shunned than sought. Attack me as he will, I shall not go out of my course to break a spear with him; but if it comes in my way to give him a passing touch, it will be one that will leave a scar (Life and Letters, ed. Cuthbert Southey, V p. 353).

270: Crabbe: for B. on Crabbe, see EBSR, 858: Though Nature’s sternest Painter, yet the best.
271: Campbell’s Hippocrene: at EBSR 800-1, Campbell is a Neglected Genius; but see above, 697-700. Hippocrene was the poetic stream on Mount Helicon.
272: Rogers: see Dedication, l.55: it is not clear whether it is bad to steal from Rogers because theft is bad, or because of the poor quality of the property.
273: the muse of Moore: Thomas Moore (see Dedication 55 and above, 829) wrote mildly erotic poetry.
206.
Thou shalt not covet M'. Sotheby's Muse, 274
His Pegasus, nor any thing that's his;
Thou shalt not bear false witness like "the Blues," 275
(There's One, at least, is very fond of this)
Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose;
This is true Criticism, and you may kiss,
Exactly as you please, or not, the Rod,
But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—d! –

207.
If any person should presume to assert
This story is not moral, first, I pray,
That they will not cry out before they're hurt,
Then that they'll read it o'er again, and say
(But, doubtless, Nobody will be so pert)
That this is not a moral tale, though gay;
Besides, in Canto twelfth, I mean to show
The very place where wicked people go. 276

208.
If, after all, there should be some So blind
To their own Good this warning to despise,
Led by some tortuosity of Mind,
Not to believe my verse and their own eyes,
And cry that they "the moral can not find",
I tell him, if a Clergyman, he lies;
Should Captains the remark or Critics make,
They also lie too – under a Mistake.

209.
The public approbation I expect,
And beg they'll take my word about the Moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect,
(And Children cutting teeth receive a Coral)
Meantime, they'll doubtless please to recollect
My Epical pretensions to the Laurel:
For fear Some prudish readers should grow skittish,
I've bribed my Grandmother's Review – the British. 277

274: Mr Sotheby: William Sotheby is praised in EBSR 815-18; B. subsequently changed his mind; see Beppo 575.
275: "the Blues": bluestockings; see below, IV 871-96.
276: ... in Canto twelfth, I mean to show / The very place where wicked people go: the canto actually introduces Juan into London society, including St. James's Palace and St. James's "Hells" (below, XI, 232) 277: my Grandmother's review ... the British ... a letter to the Editor: the editor of The British Review, a conservative journal very critical of Don Juan, solemnly denied having been bribed by B. in the way described, and took the untruth as evidence that no peer of the British realm could surely be capable of so calumnious a falsehood. See BLJ VI 213-14 and n. B.'s answer, "Letter to the Editor of My Grandmother's Review", appeared in the first number of The Liberal, along with The Vision of Judgement.
210.
I sent it in a letter to the Editor
Who thanked me duly by return of post;
I’m for a handsome Article his Creditor,
Yet if my gentle Muse he please to roast,
And break a promise after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with Gall instead of Honey,
All I can say is – that he had the money.

211.
I think that with this Holy new Alliance\textsuperscript{278}
I may ensure the Public and defy
All other Magazines of Art or Science
Daily, or Monthly, or three Monthly; I
Have not assayed to multiply their Clients,
Because they tell me ’twere in vain to try –
And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly
Treat a dissenting Author very Martyrly.\textsuperscript{279}

212.
“Non Ego hoc ferrem calida Juventâ”
“Consule Planco”, Horace said,\textsuperscript{280} and so *
Say I; by which quotation there is meant a
Hint that some six or seven good years ago
(Long ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta)\textsuperscript{281}
I was most ready to return a blow,
And would not brook at all this sort of thing
In my hot Youth – when George the third was King.\textsuperscript{282}

* Me jam nec femina, \textemdash
Nec Spes animi credula mutui
Nec certare juvat mero, \textemdash

**PROOF:** In both proofs, Byron erases dyeing it at 1699 and carets-in a peruke. Received Stanzas 214 and 215 are written on to the first proof, in the right-hand margin, 214 over 215. The second proof reads, Insert Stanzas CCXIV, and CCXV.

\textsuperscript{278} this Holy new alliance: The Holy Alliance, so styled by Tsar Alexander I, was formed between Russia, Prussia and Austria in 1815. It was autocratically pretentious, and Britain was not a member. B. puns on “wholly.”

\textsuperscript{279} Martyrly: the line disappoints our expectation of the rhyme “naughtily”. See Who Killed John Keats?, where B. rhymes Quarterly with Tartarly.

\textsuperscript{280} Horace said: in Odes, III 14, last verse: I should not have born such things in the heat of my youth when Plancus was Consul. A general reference to the way age mellows temper.

\textsuperscript{281} ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta: Since coming to Venice. In 1817 B. rented a villa on the River Brenta, near Venice. In Voltaire’s Candide, the jaded Venetian dilettante Pococurante has a palace sur la Brenta (Chapter 25). Pococurante is an admirer of some (not all) of the poems of Horace.

\textsuperscript{282} The couplet drolly modernises the earlier lines from Horace; George III was still king when the lines were written, though he had been mentally incapable for the best part of a decade.
213.
But now at thirty years my hair is gray
   (I wonder what it will be like at forty?
I thought about a wig the other day)\textsuperscript{283}
   My heart is not much greener, and, in short, I
Have squandered my whole Summer while 'twas May,
   And feel no more the Spirit to retort – I
Have spent my life, both interest and principal,\textsuperscript{284}
And deem not, what I deemed, my Soul Invincible.

214.
No more – no more – Oh! never more on me
   The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
   Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the Bag o’the Bee:
   Think’st thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! ’twas not in them, but in thy power
To double even the Sweetness of a flower.

215.
No more – no more – Oh! never more, my heart!
   Canst thou be my sole World, my Universe!
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
   Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse;
The illusion’s gone for ever, and thou art
   Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,
And in thy stead I’ve got a deal of Judgement,\textsuperscript{285}
Though Heaven knows how it ever found a lodgement.

PROOF: Hobhouse writes, in the Notes section to Canto I, Better add the whole or scratch out all after femina. Byron erases with three verticals and two crossed obliques, and answers, Quote the whole then it was only in compliance with your Settentrionale notions that I left out the remnant of the line. –

\textsuperscript{283}: I thought about a wig the other day: both rough draft and fair copy have I thought of dyeing it the other day; the proof has a peruke; B. finally decided on a wig in a letter to Hobhouse of May 17 1819 (BLJ VI 131): “– I have looked over the proofs – and not acquiesced in the Suggestions – by the way there is one line we will alter towards the close of Canto I’s, instead of ‘I thought of dying it the other day’ (i.e. hair) put – ‘I thought about a Wig the other day’.”
\textsuperscript{284}: both interest and principal: has simultaneous financial, emotional and moral meaning.
\textsuperscript{285}: Judgement: in proof, the first “e” here is blocked out. The two-e version of Judgement was always B.’s preferred spelling.
216.
My days of Love are over; me no more
    The Charms of Maid, wife, and still less of Widow,
Can make the fool of which they made before; *
    In short, I must not lead the life I did do;
The credulous Hope of mutual Minds is o’er – 1725
    The copious use of Claret is forbid too –
So, for a good Old-gentlemanly Vice,
I think I must take up with Avarice.

217.
Ambition was my Idol, which was broken
    Before the Shrines of Sorrow and of Pleasure, 1730
And the two last have left me many a token 287
    O’er which Reflection may be made at leisure,
Now, like Friar Bacon’s brazen Head, I’ve spoken, 288
“Time is, Time was, Time’s past”; a chymic treasure
Is glittering Youth which I have spent betimes, 1735
My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

PROOF: Hobhouse writes against 1744, don’t swear again the third damn[,] Byron erases with three verticals: but he also erases d—d, and carets-in wretched below. (It would actually have been the fourth damn, or damned: the other three are at I 112, 946 and 1301).

218.
What is the end of Fame? ‘tis but to fill
    A certain portion of uncertain paper;
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
    Whose Summit, like all hills’, is lost in vapour; 1740
For this Men write, speak, preach, and Heroes kill;
    And Bards burn what they call their “Midnight taper,”
To have, when the Original is dust,
A Name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.289

286: Compare below, XIII, 2, 6.
287: many a token: refers, among other things, to infections.
288: Friar Bacon’s brazen head: Robert Greene’s Friar Bacon and Friar Friar Bungay (1594) features a brass head which speaks by accident while the protagonist is asleep, giving its banal secrets (Time is ... Time was ... Time is past) to his foolish servant, before being mystically destroyed. The reference is not heroic, and is in keeping with the apparently self-parodic style in which B. is writing. He probably knew the story from Felice Romani’s opera La Testa di Bronzo Ossia la Capannina Solitaria, which was showing at Milan late in 1816.
289: worse bust: B. had been disappointed by the bust made of him in 1817 by Bertel Thorwalsden, saying it looked insufficiently unhappy.
What are the hopes of Man? Old Ægypt’s King Cheops erected the first Pyramid, And largest, thinking it was just the thing To keep his Memory whole, and Mummy hid, But Somebody or Other rummaging Burglariously broke his Coffin’s lid; Let not a Monument give you or me hopes, Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

But I being fond of true philosophy Say very often to myself, “Alas! “All things that have been born were born to die, “And flesh (which Death mows down to Hay) is Grass; “You’ve passed your youth not so unpleasantly, “And if you had it o’er again, ’twould pass — “So thank your Stars that matters are no worse, “And read your Bible, Sir, and mind your purse.”

PROOF: After Stanza 220, Byron writes, Where are the remaining stanzas of this Canto? — this was not the concluding one. (The proof was incomplete).

290: Stanza 219 echoes Shelley’s Ozymandias (1817):
I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said - “Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desart.... Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal, these words appear:
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings,
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.”

However, where Shelley would have us look down with cold indifference upon Ozymandias (a Hellenisation of Ramses II, Moses’ great foe) B. allows no such complacency about Cheops. Perhaps he identified with tyrants more than did Shelley. He would have read about the discovery of Cheops’ tomb in the Quarterly Review of April 1817.

291: Cheops: a Hellenised version of his real name, which was Khu fu. He was King of Egypt in 3000 BC and built the largest of the Pyramids.

292: Stanza 220 echoes Horace, Epistles II ii, final lines. See Pope, Imitations of Horace:
Learn to live well, or fairly make your Will;
You’ve play’d, and lov’d, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier Age
Comes titt’ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

293: flesh (which Death mows down to Hay) is Grass: see Isaiah 40, 6-8: The grass withereth, the flower fadeth / Because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it / Surely the people is as grass / But the word of our Lord shall stand forever.
221.
But for the present, Gentle Reader! and
Still gentler Purchaser! the Bard – that’s I –
Must, with permission, shake you by the hand,
And so your humble Servant, and Good Bye!
We meet again, if we should understand
Each other, and if not, I shall not try
Your patience further than by this short Sample –
’Twere well if Others followed my example.

222.
“Go, little book, from this my Solitude!”
“I cast thee on the waters, Go thy ways!
“And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
“The World will find thee after many days.”
When Southey’s read, and Wordsworth understood,
“I can’t help putting in my claim to praise –
The four first rhymes are Southey’s every line:
For Godsake – Reader! – take them not for mine.

Sept. 6th 1818 (rough draft) November 1st 1818 (fair copy)

294: Go, little book: to add an Envoy was a conventional way of dismissing one’s book into the world upon completing it.

295: Southey’s: they are from the last verse of his 1816 poem The Lay of the Laureate, or Carmen Nuptiale (Wedding Song) a piece of gross, unctuous and imperialistic sycophancy which he wrote to celebrate the wedding of George IV’s daughter Charlotte with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. The two concluding stanzas go:

“Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown;”
Thus said the Bard who spake of kingly cares:
But calmly may the Sovereign then lie down
When grateful Nations guard him with their prayers:
How sweet a sleep awaits the Royal head,
When these keep watch and ward around the bed!

L’ENVOY

Go, little Book, from this my solitude,
I cast thee on the waters:..go thy ways!
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
The World will find thee after many days.
Be it with thee according to thy worth:..
Go, little Book! in faith I send thee forth.

296: For Godsake – Reader! – take them not for mine: not entirely ironical. Despite the political and poetical unlikelihood of our assuming him to have written The Lay of the Laureate, B. is still anxious to dissociate himself from Southey; it is as if he cannot shake off a subliminal sense of identity with him. See Dedication, 136n.
APPENDIX 1: JULIA’S LETTER

Hobhouse’s proof comment at 1545-6, “Coppet to wit,” implies that stanza 194 is an idea borrowed from Madame de Staël – Coppet was her Swiss home, where Byron and later Hobhouse were often visitors in 1816. The source may be something unrecorded which de Staël said then, or it may be this, from *Corinne, ou l’Italie*, Book XVII chapter v:

<<Que les hommes sont heureux d’aller à la guerre, d’exposer leur vie, de se livrer à l’enthousiasme de l’honneur et du danger! Mais il n’y a rien au dehors qui soulage les femmes; leur existence, immobile en présence du malheur, est un bien long supplice!

[“How fortunate men are to go to war, to risk their lives, to give themselves up to the passion for honour and danger! But there is nothing outside themselves which relieves women. Their lives, unchanged in the presence of misfortune, are a very long torture.”]

In the copy owned by Teresa Guiccioli, Byron writes in the margin next to this paragraph, “No. – No.” (CMP 223). The marginalia were written on August 23rd 1819 – within eight months of Julia’s letter.

Given Corinne’s own creative gifts, it is a strange thing for her to say, and a sign of how seriously depressed and disturbed she is by this stage in the novel. The chapter continues:

<<Quelquefois, quand j’entends la musique, elle me retrace les talents que j’avais; le chant, la danse et la poésie; il me prend alors envie de me dégager du malheur, de rependre à la joie: mais tout à coup un sentiment intérieur me fait frissonner; on dirait que je suis une ombre qui veut encore rester sur la terre, quand les rayons du jour, quand l’approche des vivants, la force à disparaître.

[“Sometimes, when I hear music, it reminds me of the talents I used to have, song, dance, and poetry. Then I have a desire to free myself from happiness, to be happy again. But suddenly a feeling within me makes me shudder. It is as if I were a ghost who still wants to remain on earth when the sun’s rays, when the approach of the living, force her to disappear” - tr. Sylvia Raphael.]

In Teresa’s copy, Byron writes in the margin next to this paragraph, “Oimè!” (CMP 223). de Staël may be writing independently of Ovid, who puts the following words into the mouth of Hero, near the start of *Heroides* XIX (*Hero Leandro*, “Hero and Leander”):

\begin{quote}
Vos modo venando, modo rus geniale colendo
pontis in varia tempora longa mora.
aut fora vos retinent aut unctae dona palaestrae,
flectitis aut freno colla sequacis equi;
nunc volucrem laqueo, nunc piscem ducitis hamo;
diluitur posito serior hora mero.
his mihi summotae, vel si minus acriter urar,
quod faciam, superest praeter amare nihil. (*Heroides* XIX, 9 -16)
\end{quote}

[“You men, now in the chase, now in the genial acres of the country, consume longs hours in the varied tasks that keep you. Either the market-place holds you, or the sports of the supple wrestling-ground, or you turn with bit the neck of the responsive steed; and now you take the bird with the snare, now the fish with the hook; and the later hours you while away with the wine before you. For me who am denied these things, even were I less fiercely aflame, there is nothing left to do but love.” - Loeb translation.]

However see also Jane Austen’s *Persuasion*, Chapter 23 (Anne Elliott is speaking to Captain Wentworth, whom she loves):

Man is more robust than woman, but he is not longer-lived; which exactly explains my view of the nature of their attachments. Nay, it would be too hard upon you, if it were otherwise. You have
difficulties, privations, and dangers enough to struggle with. You are always labouring and toiling, exposed to every risk and hardship. Your home, country, friends, all quitted. Neither time, nor health, nor life, to be called your own. It would be too hard indeed" (with a faltering voice) “if woman’s feelings were to be added to all this.

Notice that the selfless Anne Elliott expresses no envy of the man’s lot, but contrariwise is arguing that because their lives are so full, a wife would only add to their burden. Her “faltering voice”, however, betrays her. She too is jealous of man’s capacity for activity, and would wish, by marrying Wentworth, to share it.

Although there is no mention of Jane Austen anywhere in Byron’s writing, *Persuasion* was published by Murray in 1818. For Jane Austen’s implicit opinion of Byron, see the conversation between Anne and Captain Benwick (who has undergone the death of his fiancée):

... having talked of poetry, the richness of the present age, and gone through a brief comparison of opinion as to the first-rate poets, trying to ascertain whether Marmion or *The Lady of the Lake* were to be preferred, and how ranked the Giaour and The Bride of Abydos; and moreover, how the Giaour was to be pronounced, he shewed himself so intimately acquainted with all the tenderest songs of the one poet, and all the impassioned descriptions of hopeless agony of the other; he repeated, with such tremulous feeling, the various lines which imaged a broken heart, or a mind destroyed by wretchedness, and looked so entirely as if he meant to be understood, that she [Anne] ventured to hope he did not always read only poetry; and to say, that it was the misfortune of poetry, to be seldom safely enjoyed by those who enjoyed it completely; and that the strong feelings which alone could estimate it truly, were the very feelings which ought to taste it but sparingly.

His looks shewing him not pained, but pleased with this allusion to his situation, she was emboldened to go on; and feeling in herself the right superiority of mind, she ventured to recommend a larger allowance of prose in his daily study; and on being requested to particularize, mentioned such works of our best moralists, such collections of the finest letters, such memoirs of characters of worth and suffering, as occurred to her at the moment to rouse and fortify the mind by the highest precepts, and thestrongest examples of moral and religious endurance. (*Persuasion*, Vol I Chapter 11).

If we take Byron’s *Corinne* marginalia to be ironical, we may guess that he shares Anne Elliott’s attitude to his own emotional early verse. And by the end of *Persuasion*, Captain Benwick has forgotten his fiancée and fallen in love with someone else.

**APPENDIX 2: JULIA’S LETTER, AND THE BROUGHAM STANZAS**

At line 1513, Byron gives us five texts to follow.  
(A) the rough draft of the seven stanzas named after Henry Brougham, like Romilly a lawyer and politician whom Byron hated (see note on next page). Byron, who wrote six of them, it is assumed, in 1818, intended them to have been inserted after line 1512 above, as a reading will show; but he rejected them in favour of the section including Julia's letter. 
(B) The fair copy of the Brougham Stanzas, which presents a slight problem. Col., the first edition to print the stanzas, has the following sequence:

(i) 'Twas a fine cause for those in law delighting ...  
(ii) Bully in Senates, Skulker in the field ...  
(iii) Tory by nurture, Whig by Circumstance ...  
(iv) The House of Commons Damocles of words ...  
(v) How noble is his language, never pert ...  
(vi) Panting for power, as harts for cooling streams ...  
(vii) A strange example of the force of law ...

(v) is at the mercy of editors. Its rough draft is separate, and Byron tells Murray in a covering letter (BLJ VII 188) that it was written two years after the rest. In fair-copy it is written vertically
in the left-hand margin of the second side of the sheet. Col. places it fifth, and DJV follows suit, as naturally does DJP. CPW prints it last. As there is no development to the portrait (its gist being that Brougham cannot develop) the exact internal sequence is irrelevant beyond the first two lines of the first stanza, and the late stanza could as well go fifth, or second, or fourth, or third; but the final lines of (vii) are a more suitable conclusion (see note below). I am with Col., DJV and DJP in putting the late stanza fifth.

The rough draft is on three sheets, two in the John Murray Archive, and one (containing the later verse) in the Houghton Library at Harvard: the complete fair copy is at Murray’s.

(C) the rough draft of the section which has always been the standard text at this point (Stanzas 190-8) featuring Julia’s letter to Juan.

(D) and (E) The two fair-copies of the “Julia’s letter” section, which Byron sent to Murray on December 7th 1818 (“M1°” - see BLJ VI 85) and on May 6th 1819, after the first had got lost (“M2°” - see BLJ VI 122). Here I do follow CPW, the first edition to use the earlier sequence. The main difference is in the positioning of Stanzas 195 and 196, which in “M1°” go

My Breast has been all weakness, is so yet ...
You will proceed in beauty, and in pride ...

while “M2°” has

You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride ...
My breast has been all Weakness, is so yet ...

It is striking that Byron should at different times have felt either the stanzas abusing Brougham (at which he obviously worked extremely hard, as the drafts show) or Julia’s tragic letter (which gave him fractionally less creative bother) to be fit continuation of the epic.

The Brougham Stanzas were sent in fair copy to Murray late in 1820, with the following note (BLJ VII 188 - 189):

I enclose you the stanzas which were intended for 1st Canto, after the line,

“Who to Madrid on purpose made a journey:”

but I do not mean them for present publication, because I will not, at this distance, publish that of a Man, for which he has a claim upon another too remote to give him redress.

With regard to the Miscreant Brougham, however, it was only long after the fact, and I was made acquainted with the language he had held of me on my leaving England (with regard to the D[uchess] of D[evonshire]’s house, and his letter to M[adam]e. de Staël, and various matters of which the first time he and I foregather - be it in England, be it on earth - he shall account, and one of the two be carried home.

As I have no wish to have mysteries, I merely prohibit the publication of these stanzas in print, for the reasons of fairness mentioned; but I by no means wish him not to know their existence or their tenor, nor my intentions as to himself: he has shown no forbearance, and he shall find none. You may show them to him and to all whom it may concern, with the explanation that the only reason that I have not had satisfaction of this man has been, that I have never had an opportunity [...] I send you the stanzas, which (except the last) have been written nearly two years, merely because I have lately been copying out most of the MSS which were in my drawers.

Henry Brougham (pronounced Broom: 1778-1868) was a brilliant and eccentric Whig lawyer and politician who had incurred Byron’s anger by slanders – similar to those Byron asserted Southey to have propagated – spoken at London, Rome and elsewhere. On February 18th 1817, Murray had written to Byron of “B.”, “as your incessant persecutor - the source of all affected public opinion respecting you” (quoted LJ VI, 67n). Byron also suspected Brougham – correctly – of having written a bad review of Hours of Idleness in 1809. He challenged him to a duel two years after having written the stanzas (see BLJ VII 95-6) just as he challenged Southey (BLJ IX 102).
but Douglas Kinnaird forwarded neither challenge. Brougham subsequently defended Queen Caroline in her “trial” for adultery, was a founder of London University, and (1830-1835) Lord Chancellor. Byron is concerned to deny Brougham any capacity for either successful political change, morally meaningful change, or solid, changeless integrity.

The portrait proceeds by a series of spiralling, self-invalidating antitheses which finally deprive their subject of any humanity at all. It is a satirical theme learnt in part from Shakespeare and Jonson (see notes to 31-2) in part from Dryden’s portrait of Zimri in Absalom and Achitophel (who, *Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong; / Was every thing by starts, and nothing long*) and in part from Sheridan’s deeply uneasy portrait of Sir Fretful Plagiary in *The Critic*: one which Byron was to develop further in the Dedication to this poem, and bring finally to fruition in *The Vision of Judgement*. Yet underlying and fuelling the derision is a fear that the endless see-sawing and rotting by perpetual motion, between one kind of static inadequacy and another, is a psychological and social problem faced by the poet himself.

’Twas a fine cause for those in law delighting
Tis pity that they had no Brougham in Spain -
Famous for always talking, and ne’er fighting
For calling names and taking them again,
For blustering, bungling, trimming, wrangling, writing, 5
Groping all paths to power, and all in vain,
Losing elections, character, and temper,
A foolish clever fellow, “Idem semper”! –

Bully in Senates, Skulker in the field,
The Adulterer’s advocate when duly feed,
The libeller’s gratis Counsel, dirty Shield
Which Law affords to many a dirty deed,
A wondrous Warrior against those who yield,
A Rod to weakness, to the brave a reed,
The People’s Sycophant, the Prince’s foe 15
And serving him the more by being so.

Tory by nurture, Whig by Circumstance,
A Democrat some once or twice a year
Where’er it suits his purpose to advance
His vain ambition in it’s vague career, 20
A Sort of Orator by sufferance
Less for the comprehension than the ear
With all the arrogance of endless power,
Without the Sense to keep it for an hour, -

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297: “Idem semper!”: always the same. See *Don Juan* XVII 11, where B. applies the phrase to himself; and note about Southey, this Canto, last line.
298: *the Adulterer’s advocate*: B. refers, unfairly, to Brougham’s public championship of Queen Caroline, the estranged wife of George IV: at the subsequent process to determine whether or not she had been adulterous (it took place in 1821) Brougham defended her, and she was exonerated.
299: *the libeller’s gratis Counsel*: in 1812 Brougham had unsuccessfully defended John and Leigh Hunt against a charge of libelling the Prince Regent. The Hunts were subsequently associates of B., John publishing *Don Juan* Cantos VI to XVI. At the time of Hunt's trial on another charge, B. had written to Hunt, “I should feel highly honoured in Mr. Brougham’s permission to make his acquaintance” (BLJ III 203); but his feelings subsequently changed. See also *Don Juan* X St.15: “A legal broom’s a moral chimney-sweeper.”
The House of Commons Damocles of words

Above him hanging by a single hair
On each harangue depend some hostile Swords,
And deems he that we always will forbear?
Although defiance oft declined affords
A blotted shield no Shire’s true knight would wear,
Tbersites of the House, Parolles of Law,
The double Bobadil takes scorn for awe. –

How noble is his language, never pert,
How grand his Sentiments which never run riot,
As when he swore “By G—d he’d sell his shirt
To head the poll.” I wonder who would buy it?
The Skin has passed through such a deal of dirt
In grovelling on to power, such stains now dye it,
So black the long worn Lion’s hide in hue
You’d swear his very heart had sweated through.

Panting for power, as harts for cooling streams
Yet half afraid to venture for the draught,
A Go-between, yet blundering in extremes,
And tossed along the vessel fore and aft,
Now shrinking back, now midst the first he seems,
Patriot by force, and Courtisan by craft,
Quick without wit, and violent without strength,
A disappointed Lawyer at full length.

A strange example of the force of law
And hasty temper on a kindling mind,
Are these the dreams his young Ambition saw?
Poor fellow! he had better far been blind,
I’m sorry thus to probe a wound so raw,
But then as Bard my duty to mankind
For warning to the rest, compels these raps
As Geographers lay down a Shoal in Maps.

300: Damocles of words: Damocles flattered King Dionysius of Syracuse, who, in an attempt to convince him of how precarious good fortune was, sat him at a banquet beneath a sword suspended by a single hair. Brougham thus constantly tempts fate by his ill manners in Parliament.

301: Thersites ... Parolles ... Bobadil: scurrilous and braggart wretches in, respectively, the Iliad and Troilus and Cressida (Thersites) All’s Well That Ends Well (Parolles) and Ben Jonson’s Every Man In His Humour (Bobadil). Bobadil is a corruption of Boabdil (see above, 446 and n). At below, XIII 84, Brougham figures as Parolles ... the legal bully.

302: Panting for power, as harts for cooling streams: see Psalm 42: As the hart panteth for the water brooks, so panteth my soul for thee, O God!

303: Courtesan: often means prostitute: in this case primarily an archaic word for courtier.
APPENDIX 3: CANCELLED STANZA: Hock and Soda Water!

I would to Heaven that I were so much Clay –
As I am blood – bone – marrow passion – feeling –
Because at least the past were past away –
And for the future (but I write this reeling,
Having got drunk exceedingly today, 5
So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling)
I say – the future is a serious matter –
And so – for Godsake – Hock and Soda water!

The cancelled stanza was used by John Wright, on no Byronic authority, as the epigraph to Don Juan in the 1833 edition. It was perhaps intended as the original stanza 219, as its position on the reverse of received 218 would indicate. Wright was (understandably) unwilling to leave it out.