

DON JUAN

Canto 2

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DON JUAN
CANTO SECOND
edited by Peter Cochran

Two appendices are to be found at the end of this document:

Appendix 1: the Juliet stanzas

Appendix 2: Byron's letter to Murray, written on the Canto II fair copy

December 13th. 1818 (*rough draft*)

1.¹

Oh ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of Nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals, never mind the pain;
The best of Mothers and of educations 5
In Juan's case were but employed in vain,
Since in a way that's rather of the oddest, he
Became divested of his native Modesty.² –

2.

Had he but been placed at a public school,
In the third form, or even in the fourth,³ 10
His daily task⁴ had kept his fancy cool,
At least, had he been nurtured in the North,⁵
Spain may prove an Exception to the rule,
But then exceptions always prove its worth -
A lad of Sixteen causing a divorce 15
Puzzled his tutors very much, of course. –

3.

I can't say that it puzzles me at all,
If all things be considered; first, there was
His lady-mother, mathematical,
A – never mind; his tutor, an old ass; 20
A pretty woman (that's quite natural,
Or else the thing had hardly come to pass)
A husband rather old, not much in unity
With his young wife – a time, and opportunity. –

1: Continues the theme of education started above at I, sts.38-48 (and 53). B.'s treatment of the theme may be said to conclude below, at II sts.76-77.

2: *his native Modesty*: his virginity.

3: *In the third form, or even in the fourth*: that is, at an English public school of the kind B. went to. But see above, I st.53.

4: *task*: a piece of work set by a tutor.

5: *nurtured in the North*: see above, I 505, and B.'s comment on Hobhouse's *Settentrionale notions* at I st.197, in proof.

4.⁶

Well – Well, the World must turn upon its Axis, 25
And all Mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
And as the veering Wind shifts, shift our sails;
The King commands us, and the Doctor quacks us,
The Priest instructs, and so our Life exhales, 30
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust – perhaps a Name. –

5.

I said, that Juan had been sent to Cadiz -
A pretty town, I recollect it well⁷ –
'Tis there the Mart of the Colonial trade is 35
(Or was, before Peru learnt to rebel)⁸
And such sweet Girls – I mean, such graceful ladies,
Their very walk would make your bosom swell;⁹
I can't describe it, though so much it strike,¹⁰
Nor liken it – I never saw the like: 40

6.¹¹

An Arab horse, a stately Stag, a Barb¹²
New broke, a Cameleopard, a Gazelle,¹³
No – none of these will do; and then their Garb!
Their veil and petticoat – Alas! to dwell
Upon such things would very near absorb 45
A Canto, then their feet and ancles – well -
Thank Heaven I've got no metaphor quite ready
(And so, my sober Muse – come – let's be steady,

6: Stanza 4 recollects I sts.218-19 above.

7: *I recollect it well*: see above, I 62n.

8: *before Peru learnt to rebel*: Peruvian rebellion against Spain began in 1813 and succeeded in 1821. B. named his yacht after Bolivar, the country's liberator.

9: ... *your bosom*: "bosom" is not meant.

10: *strike*: see below, II 646-8.

11: For comparable simile-accumulations, see above, I sts.122-127, and below, II sts.91-92, II st.148, II st.196 and III st.66. Only II st.196 is entirely without bathos.

12: *Barb*: thoroughbred horse from the Barbary Coast of North Africa.

13: *Cameleopard*: antique name for giraffe.

7.

Chaste Muse! – well, if you must, you must) the Veil
 Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand, 50
 While the o'erpowering eye that turns you pale
 Flashes into the heart; All Sunny Land
 Of Love! when I forget you, may I fail
 To – say my prayers¹⁴ – but never was there planned
 A dress through which the eyes give such a volley, 55
 Excepting the Venetian Fazzioli.¹⁵ –

8.

But to our tale: the Donna Inez sent
 Her Son to Cadiz only to embark;
 To stay there had not answered her intent,
 But why? – we leave the reader in the dark¹⁶ – 60
 'Twas for a voyage that the young man was meant,
 As if a Spanish Ship were Noah's Ark,
 To wean him from the wickedness of Earth,
 And send him like a Dove of promise forth.¹⁷ –

9.

Don Juan bade his Valet pack his things 65
 According to direction, then received
 A lecture and some money;¹⁸ for four Springs
 He was to travel; and though Inez grieved,
 (As every kind of parting has its stings)
 She hoped he would improve – perhaps believed: 70
 A letter, too, She gave (he never read it)
 Of good advice – and two or three of Credit.¹⁹

14: *When I forget you ...:* travesties Psalm 137: *If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning.*

15: *Venetian Fazzioli:* headscarves worn by Venetian women; see BLJ VI 17. The lines were written in Venice, where B. caught gonorrhoea: “... a Girl (whom you [Hobhouse] don't know – Elena da Mosta – a Gentil Donna) was clapt – & she has clapt me – to be sure it was gratis, the first Gonorrhoea I have not paid for” (BLJ VI 14: the infection was apparently caught early in 1818).

16: *we leave the reader in the dark:* implies that the reader has not got the jokes in the previous two stanzas.

17: *Dove of promise:* see the doves in the story of Noah, *Genesis* 7 6-13; but also below, II 525-6 and II 757-60.

18: *A lecture and some money:* recalls Polonius' advice to Laertes in *Hamlet*, I iii.

19: *two or three of Credit:* compare the materialistic way in which Lambro expresses his paternal love, below, III 132-6.

10.

In the mean time, to pass her hours away,
Brave Inez now set up a Sunday School²⁰
For naughty children, who would rather play 75
(Like truant rogues) the devil, or the fool;
Infants of three years old were taught that day;
Dunces were whipt or set upon a Stool;
Their manners mending and their morals curing
She taught them to suppress their vice and urine.²¹ – 80

PROOF: At 77 Byron carets-in **were taught over spelt on**. Then, at 80, Hobhouse underlines **urine** three times, and writes a comment in the right margin, which Byron erases and adds an answer, so vigorously erased in turn as to go through the paper. Hobhouse's comment may read in part ... **Disgusting Gross indelicacy – staring out ... recalling Carvel²²** -- and part of Byron's answer may be ... **read Swift if you want coarseness – and if you want real indelicacy read Moore – but don't attempt to saddle my "Scherzos" with that imputation /NB/**. Then Byron scores the couplet through twice horizontally, and writes in the left margin,

**The great Success of Juan's Education,
Spurred her to try {or / teach} another Generation.**

11.

Juan embarked – the Ship got under way,
The Wind was fair, the water passing rough;
A devil of a Sea rolls in that bay,
As I, who've crossed it oft, know well enough;²³
And, standing upon deck, the dashing Spray 85
Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-tough:
And there he stood to take, and take again,
His first – perhaps his last – farewell of Spain.

12.

I can't but say it is an awkward Sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters; it unmans one quite, 90
Especially when Life is rather new;
I recollect Great Britain's Coast looks white,
But almost every other Country's blue,
When gazing on them, mystified by distance, 95
We enter on our nautical Existence. –

20: *Sunday School*: for Inez's philanthropy, see below, IV 915n.

21: The *curing / urine* rhyme is borrowed from *Hudibras*, Part II, Canto III, 123-4: *To him with questions, and with urine, / They for discov'ry flock, or curing.*

22: PROOF ALTERCATION: *Carvel* is *Hans Carvel*, a bawdy poem by Matthew Prior. See above, I st.172 and altercation.

23: *As I, who've crossed it oft, know well enough*: although B. had only "crossed it" once (in 1809) this is the small-scale start to a vast number of authenticating nautical touches which culminate in the authorial note to st.105 below.

13.

So Juan stood, bewildered, on the deck,
The Wind sung, cordage strained, and Sailors swore,
And the Ship creaked, the town became a Speck,
From which away so fair and fast they bore. 100
The best of remedies is a beef-steak
Against Sea-Sickness; try it, Sir, before
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,
For I have found it answer²⁴ – so may You. – –

14.

Don Juan stood, and, gazing from the stern, 105
Beheld his native Spain receding far;
First partings form a lesson hard to learn –
Even Nations feel this when they go to war;
There is a sort of unexpressed concern,
A kind of Shock that sets one's heart ajar; 110
At leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, One keeps looking at the Steeple.²⁵ –

15.

But Juan had got many things to leave,
His mother, and a mistress, and no wife,
So that he had much better cause to grieve 115
Than many persons more advanced in life;
And if we now and then a sigh might heave
As quitting even those we quit in Strife,
No doubt we weep for those the heart endears -
That is, till deeper Griefs congeal our tears. 120

16.

So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews
By Babel's waters, still remembering Sion;²⁶
I'd weep, but mine is not a weeping Muse,²⁷
And such light Griefs are not a thing to die on;
Young men should travel, if but to amuse 125
Themselves; and the next time their Servants tie on
Behind their carriages their new portmanteau,
Perhaps it may be lined with this my Canto.²⁸ –

24: *For I have found it answer:* see note above to line 84.

25: *the Steeple:* perhaps distantly echoes the references to *the kirk* at *The Ancient Mariner*, Part I v 6 and Part VI v 14. Coleridge's poem is an important subtext for what is soon to occur.

26: *as wept the captive Jews:* see Psalm 137: *By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept.* The second quotation from the psalm within nine stanzas; see above, 53-4 and n. B. had written of the subject in *We Sate Down and Wept By the Waters of Babel* in the *Hebrew Melodies*.

27: *I'd weep, but mine is not a weeping Muse:* but see below, Canto IV st.4.

28: *lined with this my Canto:* compare below, XIV, also at 16, 7-8. A standard joke was to imagine someone's poetry being used as hat or trunk-lining, or wrapping-paper. Compare Swift, *Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift: I sent them with a Load of Books, / Last Monday, to the Pastry-cooks;* or Fielding, *Tom Jones*, Book IV Chapter I: *those idle romances ... which have been ... recommended by an eminent critic to the sole use of the pastry-cook.* All such waste-paper humour derives from, but do not surpass, Dryden's *From dusty shops neglected Authors come, / Martyrs of Pies, and Reliques of the Bum* at *Mac Fleckoe* 100-1. See, for Byronic examples, *Hints from Horace*, 619-22, CMP 106, below, IV 861, and the following *Ravenna Journal* entry at BLJ VIII 11: "I was out of spirits – read the papers – thought what fame was, on reading, in a case of murder, that "Mr. Wych, grocer, at Tunbridge, sold some bacon, flour,

17.

And Juan wept, and much he sighed and thought,
While his salt tears dropped into the Salt Sea, 130
“Sweets to the Sweet”²⁹ (I like so much to quote;
You must excuse this extract, ’tis where She,
The Queen of Denmark, for Ophelia brought
Flowers to the Grave) and sobbing often, he
Reflected on his present Situation, 135
And seriously resolved on Reformation.³⁰ - - - - -

cheese, and, it is believed, some plums, to some gypsy woman accused. He had on his counter (I quote faithfully) a *book*, the *Life of Pamela*, which he was *tearing for waste paper*, &c., &c. In the cheese was found, &c., and a *leaf of Pamela wrapt round the bacon*.” What would Richardson, the vainest and luckiest of *living* authors (i.e. when alive) – he who, with Aaron Hill, used to prophesy and chuckle over the fall of Fielding (the *prose* Homer of human nature) and of Pope (the most beautiful of poets) – what would he have said, could he have traced his pages from their place on the French prince’s toilets (see Boswell’s *Johnson*) to the grocer’s counter and gipsy-murderess’s bacon!!!”

29: “*Sweets to the sweet*”: Gertrude’s words at *Hamlet* V i 237.

30: *seriously resolved on Reformation*: compare above, I 951-2, and below, II 292.

18.

“Farewell, my Spain! a long farewell!” he cried,³¹
 “Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,
 “But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,
 “Of its own thirst to see again thy shore; 140
 “Farewell, where Guadalquivir’s waters glide!³²
 “Farewell, my Mother! and, since all is o’er,
 “Farewell, too dearest Julia! – (here he drew
 Her letter out again, and read it through.)

19.

“And Oh! if e’er I should forget, I swear - 145
 “But that’s impossible, and cannot be -
 “Sooner shall this blue Ocean melt to air,
 “Sooner shall Earth resolve itself to Sea,
 “Than I resign thine image, Oh! my fair!
 “Or think of anything excepting thee; 150
 “A mind diseased no remedy can physic”³³
 (Here the Ship gave a lurch, and he grew Seasick.)

31: Here begins the section heralded originally at 88 above (*His ... farewell of Spain*): see *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage* I 118-97, and *Lines to Mr Hodgson*. B. here combines the histrionics of the first with the humour of the second.

32: *Guadalquivir’s waters*: the river in which Juan learned, most importantly, to swim. See above, I 64 and n, and below, II 833. The passage as it has now developed needs placing next to the two previous shipboard farewells mentioned at the note to 137 above. First, a fragment from *Childe Harold*, second, part of *Lines to Mr Hodgson*:

<p>“Adieu, adieu! my native shore Fades o’er the waters blue; The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar, And shrieks the wild seamew. Yon Sun that sets upon the sea We follow in his flight; Farewell awhile to him and thee, My native Land – Good Night.</p> <p>“A few short hours and He will rise To give the Morrow birth; And I shall hail the main and skies, But not my mother Earth. Deserted in my own good hall, Its hearth is desolate; Wild weeds are gathering on the wall; My dog howls at the gate.</p>	<p>Fletcher, Murray, Bob, where are you? Stretched along the deck like logs. Bear a hand – you jolly tar you! Here’s a rope’s end for the dogs. Hobhouse muttering fearful curses As the hatchway down he rolls, Now his breakfast, now his verses Vomits forth and damns our souls. Here’s a stanza On Braganza; Help! – a couplet – no, a cup Of warm water - What’s the matter? Zounds! my liver’s coming up. I shall not survive the racket Of this brutal Lisbon Packet. –</p>
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There is no room for vomit in *Childe Harold*, which has to create a world of its own, free from such embarrassments, in order to accommodate a predetermined posture. Neither is there room in the letter to Hodgson for any emotion other than amusement at the farcical disruption of routine which universal seasickness brings. It seems the triumph of *Don Juan* that we can feel for the emotional protagonist both on account of his grief and on account of his nausea. Its style functions through an inclusiveness which contextualises both posture and vomit.

33: “A mind diseased no remedy can physic”: compare Macbeth’s dialogue with the Doctor, V iii 37-47: ... *Can’st thou not minister to a mind diseased ...?* It would have been the second echo of the play in these two stanzas if B.’s first thought for 148 (*Sooner shall Earth confound itself with sea*) had stood. That would have echoed Macbeth’s words to the witches at IV i, 53-4: ... *though the yesty waves / Confound and swallow navigation up ...* For *yesty* (or *yeasty*) see also below, III 359. Though B. affected a disdain of Shakespeare, the influence of the earlier poet is pervasive in the work of the later.

20.

“Sooner shall Heaven kiss Earth” (here he fell sicker)
“Oh, Julia! what is every other woe?
“(For Godsake let me have a glass of liquor, 155
“Pedro, Battista,³⁴ help me down below)
“Julia, my Love! (you rascal, Pedro, quicker)³⁵
“Oh Julia! (this curst vessel pitches so)
“Beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching!”
(Here he grew inarticulate with reaching.) 160

21.

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,
Or rather Stomach, which, alas! attends,
Beyond the best Apothecary’s art,
The loss of love, the treachery of friends,
Or death of those we doat on, when a part 165
Of us dies with them as each fond hope ends;
No doubt he would have been much more pathetic,
But the Sea acted as a strong Emetic. - - -

22.

Love’s a capricious Power; I’ve known it hold
Out through a fever caused by its own heat, 170
But be much puzzled by a Cough and Cold,
And find a Quinsey³⁶ very hard to treat;
Against all noble maladies he’s bold
But vulgar illnesses don’t like to meet,
Nor that a Sneeze should interrupt his sigh, 175
Nor Inflammations redden his blind Eye.

23.

But worst of all is Nausea, or a Pain
About the lower region of the bowels;
Love, who heroically breathes a vein,³⁷
Shrinks from the application of hot towels, 180
And Purgatives are dangerous to his reign,
Sea Sickness death; his Love was perfect; how else
Could Juan’s Passion, while the billows roar,
Resist his stomach, ne’er at Sea before? –

34: For *Battista*, see below, 447n.

35: “*Julia, my Love! (you rascal, Pedro, quicker)*: possibly an echo of Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*, Slawkenbergius’s Tale, in which the big-nosed stranger speaks sometimes to his mule, sometimes to his absent love: *O Julia, my lovely Julia! – nay I cannot stop to let thee bite that thistle – that ever that suspected rogue of a rival should have robbed me of enjoyment when I was upon the point of tasting it. – Pugh! – ‘tis nothing but a thistle – never mind it ...* and so on.

36: a *Quinsey*: inflammation of the throat: tonsillitis.

37: *breathes a vein*: refers to lovers’ suicides.

24.³⁸

The Ship, called the most holy “Trinidadada,”³⁹ 185
 Was steering duly for the port Leghorn;
 For there the Spanish family Moncada⁴⁰
 Were settled long ere Juan’s Sire was born;
 They were relations, and for them he had a
 Letter of introduction, which the Morn 190
 Of his departure had been sent him by
 His Spanish friends for those in Italy. –

25.

His Suite consisted of three Servants and
 A Tutor, the Licentiate⁴¹ Pedrillo,⁴² 195
 Who several languages did understand,
 But now lay sick and speechless on his pillow,
 And, rocking in his hammock, longed for land,
 His headache being increased by every billow;
 And the waves oozing through the porthole made
 His birth a little damp, and him afraid.⁴³ – – – 200

38: Sts. 23-110: Nearly all technical details of the shipwreck, and several non-technical ones, are taken, often word for word, from one or other of four or five books: *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, by Sir John Dalryell (1812); *A Narrative of the Mutiny on board His Majesty’s Ship Bounty* by William Bligh (1790); *The Narrative of the Honourable John Byron*, by the poet’s grandfather (1768); the American book *Remarkable Shipwrecks* (1813: perhaps; see below, sts.70, 75, and notes, for my doubts): and accounts of the raft of the *Méduse* (see st.95n). B. was accused of plagiarism in *The Monthly Magazine* for August and September 1821, in an article signed “C.E.S.”, of Norwich. He answered in a letter to Murray of August 23 1821: “**With regard to the charges about the ‘Shipwreck’ – I think that I told both you and Mr. Hobhouse years ago – that [there] was not a single circumstance of it – not taken from fact – not indeed from any single shipwreck – but all from actual facts of different shipwrecks. – Almost all Don Juan is real life – either my own – or from people I knew ... Remember I never meant to conceal this at all – ... & have only not stated it because D[on] Juan had no preface nor name to it. – If you think it worth while to make this statement – do so – in your own way. – I laugh at such charges – convinced that no writer ever borrowed less – or made his materials more his own. – – Much is coincidence ...**” (BLJ VIII 186).

39: “Trinidadada”: the Trinity. Blasphemy, both subtle and unsubtle, is apparent throughout the sea-voyage passage.

40: The name “Moncada” occurs at Le Sage’s *Gil Blas*, III 4.

41: Licentiate: strictly, anyone with a professional qualification; but in the Presbyterian Church it is anyone who has a licence to preach, but no appointment. B. had been brought up by strict Presbyterian pastors. A licentiate Sédrillo” appears in le Sage’s *Gil Blas*, II 1-3.

42: PEDRILLO: At 196, there is a change from draft to fair copy from *gasping* to *speechless*, which is not fortuitous, for what is the polyglot Pedrillo but the Holy Spirit, travestied? See above, notes and to I, sts.49-52, and II, st.8. A version of Hobhouse may also be subtextually implicit in him. See his linguistic pedantry above at Proof comments to I, 333: and the substantive confusion between his poetry and his puking in the *Lines to Mr Hodgson*, quoted above. “**You cannot conceive what a delightful companion you are ...**” writes B. to him from Greece (BLJ II 7) “**... now you are gone.**” Fénelon’s conservative prose epic *Télémaque* (1699) includes an infallible tutor – Mentor – who twice (Books I and V) rescues the hero from sea-disaster, once (Book VI) pushes him into the sea to save him from fleshly temptation, and finally emerges as the goddess Minerva in disguise.

43: birth: correct spelling for 1819. Nowadays *berth*. There may be a pun here, for all on board are soon to undergo a radically new experience, the educator Pedrillo not least among them.

26.⁴⁴

'Twas not without some reason, for the Wind
 Increased at Night, until it blew a Gale,
 And though 'twas not much to a naval Mind,
 Some landsmen would have looked a little pale,
 For Sailors are, in fact, a different kind; 205
 At Sunset they began to take in Sail,
 For the Sky showed it would come on to blow,
 And carry away, perhaps, a mast or two. -

27.⁴⁵

At One o'clock the Wind with sudden Shift
 Threw the Ship right into the trough of the Sea, 210
 Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,
 Started the Sternpost,⁴⁶ also Shattered the
 Whole of her Stern-frame,⁴⁷ and ere She could lift
 Herself from out her present jeopardy
 The rudder tore away; 'twas time to sound 215
 The Pumps, and there were four feet water found.

44: DOCUMENTARY SOURCES: I shall note these under separate headings: DALYELL, ADMIRAL BYRON and BLIGH; give page references for all three books, and refer to *The Monthly Magazine*, John Wright, editor of Murray's 1832 text, E. H. Coleridge, editor of his 1903 text, and for DJV, Volume IV (CPW quotes no passages, but gives selected Dalyell references). **LITERARY SOURCES** include Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, Canto XLI sts.8-24, in which once the crew has left the ship, it sails on without them in safety; Erasmus' dialogue *Nafragium*; two sea-episodes in Smollett's *Roderick Random* (Chapters XXVIII and XXXVII), one in Fielding's *Amelia* (III 5), William Falconer's *The Shipwreck* (1762), which is set in the Aegean, and abounds in technical details but is otherwise solemn, and the shipwreck in Petronius' *Satyricon*, in which the poet Eumolpus prefers to stay below and polish his satirical verses rather than save his life.

45: DALYELL (for Stanza 27): *Night came on worse than the day had been, and a sudden shift of wind, about midnight, threw the ship into the trough of the sea, which struck her aft, tore away the rudder, started the stern-post, and shattered the whole of her stern frame. The pumps were immediately sounded, and, in the course of a few minutes the water had increased to four feet.* – III p.316 (*Loss of the Hercules*, 1796: *Monthly Magazine*, August 1821 p.19; Wright; Coleridge; DJV: quotation continues on next page).

46: *Started the Sternpost:* put the upright beam which, arising from the aft end of the keel, supports the rudder, violently out.

47: *Stern-frame:* the internal framework upon which the whole of the stern is hung.

28.⁴⁸

One Gang of People instantly was put
Upon the pumps, and the remainder set
To get up part of the Cargo, and what not,
But they could not come at the leak as yet;⁴⁹ 220
At last they did get at it really, but
Still their Salvation was an even bet;
The Water rushed through in a way quite puzzling,
While they thrust Sheets, Shirts, Jackets, Bales of Muslin,⁵⁰

29.

Into the Opening – but all such ingredients 225
Would have been in vain, and they must have gone down
Despite of all their efforts and expedients -
But for the pumps – I'm glad to make them known
To all the brother Tars⁵¹ who may have need hence,
For fifty tons of water were upthrown 230
By them per hour, and they had all been undone
But for their Maker, M. Mann of London.⁵² – - -

48: DALYELL (for sts.28 and 29 – continues previous Dalyell quotation): *One gang was instantly put on them, and the remainder of the people employed in getting up rice from the run of the ship, and heaving it over, to come to the leak if possible. After three or four hundred bags were thrown into the sea, we did get at it, and found the water rushing into the ship with astonishing rapidity; therefore we thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin, and everything of the like description that could be got, into the opening. Notwithstanding the pumps discharged fifty tons of water an hour, the ship must certainly have gone down had not our expedients been attended with some success. The pumps, to the excellent construction of which I owe the preservation of my life, were made by Mr. Mann of London – III pp.316-17 (Loss of the Hercules: Monthly Magazine, August 1821 pp.19-20; Wright; Coleridge; DJV).*

49: *But they could not come at the leak as yet:* echoes not only Dalyell, but also Escalus and Pompey at *Measure for Measure*, II i 114-15: ... *Come me to what was done to her. / ... Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.*

50: The *puzzling / muslin* rhyme occurs also above, at I 95-6, where it concerns Inez's favourite clothing.

51: *tars:* jovial word for sailors.

52: *But for their Maker:* both manuscripts clearly read *their*, but Gifford and / or Murray, nervous at even so slight a blasphemy, substituted *the*. In proof, they had retained *their*. B.'s innocent play with the Lord's title does not necessarily imply greater faith in Man as author of his own salvation: but, whether thanks to Mr Mann, or whether to a propitiatory offering of rice and money, tied to the mizzen mast by one of the Lascars on board, to appease their god (Dalyell III 319) nearly all the crew of the American ship *Hercules* (the vessel with Mr Mann's pumps) are saved – after the ship has run aground. The captain permits the Lascar to make the pagan offering – which obviously involves considerable risk in a storm – against his better Christian and maritime instincts. Dr Francis *Le Mann* was the doctor who attended Annabella's delivery, and one of two physicians whom she tried to persuade to ascertain that *her loving lord* was mad (see above, I 210). A distant joke may be intended, using the nautical narrative as a coincidental gift.

30.⁵³

As Day advanced the weather seemed to abate,
And then the Leak they reckoned to reduce,
And keep the Ship afloat, though three feet yet 235
Kept two hand and one Chain-pump Still in use;
The Wind blew fresh again: as it grew late
A Squall came on, and while some Guns broke loose,
A Gust – which all descriptive power transcends -
Laid with one blast the Ship on her beam Ends.⁵⁴ 240

31.⁵⁵

There She lay, motionless and seemed upset;
The Water left the hold, and washed the decks,
And made a Scene Men do not soon forget -
For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,
Or any other thing that brings regret, 245
Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads, or necks;
Thus drownings are much talked of by the Divers,
And Swimmers who may chance to be Survivors.⁵⁶ –

53: DALYELL (for st.30): *The Centaur left Jamaica rather in a leaky condition, keeping two hand-pumps going, and, when it blew fresh, sometimes a spell at the chain-pump – III p.40 (Loss of the Centaur Man-of-War, 1782: no previous edition.) As the next day advanced, the weather appeared to moderate; the men continued incessantly at the pumps, and every effort was made to keep the ship afloat – III p.317 (Loss of the Hercules: Monthly Magazine, August 1821 p.20; Wright; Coleridge; DJV).*

54: *on her beam Ends:* she lay on her side, masts horizontal.

55: DALYELL (for sts.30 and 31 – continues last-but-one Dalzell quotation): *Scarce was this done, when a gust, exceeding in violence every thing of the kind I had ever seen, or could conceive, laid the ship on her beam-ends. The water forsook the hold and appeared between decks, so as to fill the men's hammocks to leeward, the ship lay motionless, and, to all appearance, irrevocably overset – III p.41 (Loss of the Centaur: Monthly Magazine, August 1821 p.20; Wright; Coleridge; DJV: quotation continues on next page).*

56: B. and Hobhouse were themselves briefly in danger at sea, in 1809. On November 12 B. writes to his mother: “Two days ago I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war owing to the ignorance of the captain & crew though the storm was not violent. – Fletcher yelled after his wife, the Greeks called on all the Saints, the Mussulmen on Alla, the Captain burst into tears and ran below deck telling us to call on God, the sails were split, the mainyard shivered, the wind blowing fresh, the night setting in, & all our chance was to make Corfu which is in possession of the French, or (as Fletcher pathetically termed it, “a watery grave.” -- I did what I could to console Fletcher but finding him incorrigible wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak) & lay down on deck to await the worst ...” (BLJ I 229).

32.⁵⁷

Immediately the Masts were cut away
Both Main and Mizen; first the Mizen went;⁵⁸ 250
The Mainmast followed; but the Ship still lay
Like a mere log, and baffled our Intent;
Foremast and Bowsprit were cut down⁵⁹ – and they
Eased her at last, (although we never meant⁶⁰
To part with all till every hope was blighted) 255
And then with violence the old Ship righted. -

33.

It may be easily supposed, while this
Was going on, some people were unquiet,
That Passengers would find it much amiss
To lose their lives as well as spoil their diet; 260
That even the Able Seaman, deeming his
Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,
As upon such occasions tars will ask
For Grog, and sometimes drink Rum from the Cask.

57: DALYELL (for st.32 – continues previous Dalyell quotation): *The water fast increasing, forced through the cells of the ports, and scuttled the ports themselves inwards, from the pressure of the ship. Immediate directions were given to cut away the main and mizen-masts, trusting when the ship righted, to be able to wear her. On cutting one or two lanyards, the mizen-mast went first over, but without producing the smallest effect on the ship, and on cutting the lanyard of one shroud, the main mast followed. I had next the mortification to see the foremast and bowsprit also go over. On this, the ship immediately righted, with great violence – III p.41 (Loss of the Centaur: Monthly Magazine, August 1821 p.20; Wright; Coleridge; DJV). Further examples of the masts being cut away to lighten the vessel – a common, though clearly desperate, expedient – occur at Dalyell III 5, 62, 263 and 402. The cutting-down of the mizen-mast forms the climax of Canto II of Falconer's *The Shipwreck*.*

58: Mizen: mast at the rear of the boat. Normally *mizzen*.

59: Foremast and Bowsprit were cut down: perhaps shows B.'s nautical ignorance, implying as it does hacked down like a tree; *cut away* at 249 is correct, for they would have been weakened by severing the lanyards which held them (see Dalyell), and wind and gravity would have done the rest. There would in any case be no point in getting rid of the bowsprit, though it would probably have been wrenched out with the removal of the foremast.

60: our Intent ... we never meant / To part with all: Neither B. nor his narrative persona (see above, I lines 182, 185, and so on) could have been on the boat; but *our* at 252 is a deliberate second thought, replacing *their* in the , after it had been tried out once already. See also *our* at II 334 and 755, *methought* at II 890, *Methought* at IV 264, (alternative reading) *our* at VIII 371, and *I sate ... I e'er was deafened with ... I knew him ...* at XVI 694-7. B.'s intention in changing person so haphazardly is to defy and disorientate us by the wilful conflation of irreconcilable perspectives.

34.⁶¹

There's nought, no doubt, so much the Spirit calms 265
 As Rum and true Religion; thus it was,
 Some plundered, Some drank Spirits, Some sung Psalms,
 The high Wind made the treble, and as Bass
 The hoarse harsh Waves kept time; Fright cured the qualms
 Of all the luckless landmen's sea-sick Maws;⁶² 270
 Strange Sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
 Clamoured in Chorus to the roaring Ocean. –

PROOF: At 266, Hobhouse underlines **rum and true religion**, adding a monosyllabic comment (read by CPW, perhaps using infra-red and ultra violet, as **Pray**): Byron erases it completely, commenting, **Bah!**⁶³

35.

Perhaps more Mischief had been done, but for
 Our Juan, who, with Sense beyond his years,
 Got to the Spirit-room, and stood before 275
 It with a pair of pistols; and their fears,
 As if Death were more dreadful by his door
 Of Fire than Water, spite of oaths and tears,
 Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,
 Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.⁶⁴ – 280

61: St.34: For another version of this scene, see Hopkins, *The Wreck of the Deutschland*, sts.15-30. Hopkins' opinion of B. seems unrecorded, but can be guessed. A comparison may show strange affinities:

*They fought with God's cold –
 And they could not and fell to the deck
 (Crushed them) or water (and drowned them) or rolled
 With the sea-romp over the wreck.
 Night roared, with the heart-break hearing a heart-broke rabble,
 The woman's wailing, the crying of child without check –
 Till a lioness arose breasting the babble,
 A prophetess towered in the tumult, a virginal tongue told. (st.17)*

B. (perhaps unrealistically) admits neither secular women nor ecstatic nuns, and will make no ethical distinction between the various states of intoxication he describes. But he makes better use of his musical metaphor, and yields very little to Hopkins in the way of frightening alliteration.

62: Maws: stomachs. A word often associated by Shakespeare with death. See *Macbeth*, III iv 73, or *Romeo and Juliet*, V iii 44.

63: Proof confontation: see *Beppo*, 254: *Dreading the deep damnation of his Bah!* This echoes in turn *Macbeth*, I vii 20: *... the deep damnation of his taking off ...* See note to II 151.

64: DALYELL (for both stanzas): although no passages can be immediately cited, there are many incidents involving the dangerous consumption of spirits by shipwrecked mariners. See III pp.63, 209, 378 and 418. In another incident (at I 310) the captain deliberately keeps the crew drunk to avoid mutiny. For Juan's role, see note to next stanza.

36.⁶⁵

“Give us more Grog,” they cried, “for it will be
 “All one an hour hence.” Juan answered, “No,”
 “’Tis true that Death awaits both you and Me,
 “But let us die like men, not sink below
 “Like brutes!”⁶⁶ – and thus his dangerous post kept he, 285
 And None liked to anticipate the blow;
 And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,
 Was for some Rum a disappointed Suitor. –

37.

The Good old Gentleman was quite aghast,
 And made a loud and pious lamentation; 290
 Repented all his Sins, and made a last
 Irrevocable vow of reformation;⁶⁷
 Nothing should tempt him more (this peril past)
 To quit his Academic Occupation,
 In Cloisters of the Classic Salamanca,⁶⁸ 295
 To follow Juan’s wake like Sancho Panca.⁶⁹ –

65: Sts. 35-36: A midshipman was appointed to guard the spirit-room, to repress that unhappy desire of a devoted crew to die in a state of intoxication. The sailors, though, in other respects orderly in conduct, here pressed eagerly upon him. “Give us some grog,” they exclaimed, “it will be all one an hour hence.” “I know we must die,” replied the gallant officer, coolly, “but let us die like men;” armed with a brace of pistols, he kept his post, even while the ship was sinking – III p.418 (*Loss of the Earl of Abergavenny*, 1805 – the ship was commanded by John Wordsworth, brother of the poet: *Monthly Magazine*, August 1821 p.20; Wright; Coleridge; DJV). See also Smollett, *Roderick Random*, Chapter 37: *The sailors seeing things in a desperate situation, according to custom, broke up the chests belonging to the officers, dressed themselves in their cloaths, drank their liquors without ceremony; and drunkenness, tumult, and confusion ensued.* For *Random*, see above, proof dialogue at I 164.

66: “But let us die like men, not sink below / “Like brutes”: the Canto’s first echo of Dante is a clear echo of *Inferno* XXVI, 118-20, in which Ulysses recollects the words with which he urged his men on into the unknown and forbidden Atlantic:

“... Considerate la vostra semenza:
 fatti non foste a viver come bruti,
 ma per seguir virtute e canoscenza.”

(“... Consider from whose loins you come: you were not created to live as beasts, but to follow virtue and knowledge.”) Like Juan and the crew, Ulysses and his men are destined in the short run to new and unsettling experiences, in the long run to Hell.

67: a last / Irrevocable vow of reformation: compare above, I 952 and II 136.

68: *Salamanca*: Pedrillo’s university.

69: *Sancho Panca*: Normally *Panza*. Companion to Cervantes’ *Don Quixote*. B. seems slightly at a loss for a rhyme, and may be taking his cue from Sterne’s *Tristram Shandy* (see I 12, IV 15 or 32, or VII 36) where the name is spelled *Pança*. The intellectual Pedrillo is no more like the peasant Sancho than the young and sane Juan is like the ancient and distracted Quixote; but he shares with him an annoyance at having to follow his master into straitened and desperate circumstances. Sancho’s career, however, lasts much longer than Pedrillo’s. The proximate, but very different, echoes of Dante and Cervantes show the nature of B.’s ambition.

38.⁷⁰

But now there came a flash of Hope once more;
 Day broke, and the Wind lulled, the Masts were gone,
 The leak increased; Shoals round her, but no Shore,
 The Vessel swum, yet still She held her own; 300
 They tried the pumps again, and though before
 Their desperate efforts seemed all useless grown,
 A Glimpse of Sunshine set some hands to bale –
 The Stronger pumped, the Weaker thrummed a Sail.⁷¹ –

39.

Under the Vessel's keel the Sail was past, 305
 And for the moment it had some effect –
 But with a leak, and not a Stick of Mast,
 Nor Rag of Canvas, what could they expect?
 But still 'tis best to struggle to the last –
 'Tis never too late to be wholly wrecked; 310
 And though 'tis true that Man can only die once,⁷²
 'Tis not so pleasant in the Gulph of Lyons.⁷³

40.

There Winds and Waves had hurled them, and from thence
 Without their will they carried them away,
 For they were forced with Steering to dispense, 315
 And never had as yet a quiet day
 On which they might repose,⁷⁴ or even commence
 A Jurymast⁷⁵ or Rudder, or could say
 The Ship would swim an hour, which by good luck
 Still swum – though not exactly like a Duck. – 320

70: *All the officers, passengers and boys who were not seamen by profession, had been employed in thrumming a sail which was passed under the ship's bottom, and I thought had some effect ...* – III p.46 (*Loss of the Centaur*: sic: thus attributed by *Monthly Magazine*, August 1821 pp.20-1, and Coleridge: but Wright and DJV give *Loss of the Earl of Abergavenny*, 1805 – III p.418).

71: *thrummed*: they toughened a sail with rope, grease and tar.

72: *'tis true that Man can only die once*: see Hebrews 9 27: *It is appointed unto men once to die*. See also Feeble in *Henry IV 2*, III ii, 228-9: *A Man can die but once. We owe God a death*. The phrase occurs twice in Fielding: during the open-boat soliloquy of the blustering “hero” of *Jonathan Wild* (1743) Book II Chapter 11: “*D—n it, a man can die but once! what signifies it? I never was afraid of anything yet, nor I won't begin now ...*”: and in Book X Chapter 6 of *Tom Jones* (1749) where it is put into the mouth of Partridge, whom Jones has accused of cowardice: “*Every man must die once, and what signifies the matter how; besides, perhaps, I may come off with the loss only of an arm or leg.*” B. had a extremely favourable opinion of Fielding, calling him “**the prose Homer of human nature**” (BLJ VIII 12-13).

73: *Gulph of Lyons*: see BLJ IV 284, where B. speculates to Moore that Napoleon might have been wrecked there. He describes it as “**particularly tempestuous**”. In Chapter X of *Ivanhoe* – published late in 1819, after this Canto – Isaac the Jew laments having had to throw all his merchandise overboard in a storm in *the Gulf of Lyons*.

74: *And never had as yet a quiet day*: compare *Richard III*, V 3 159-60: *... that wretched Anne thy wife, / That never slept a quiet hour with thee ...*

75: *Jurymast*: one for emergency use.

41.⁷⁶

The Wind in fact perhaps was rather less –
But the Ship laboured so, they scarce could hope
To weather out much longer – the Distress
Was also great with which they had to cope
For want of water – and their solid Mess 325
Was scant enough – in vain the Telescope
Was used; nor Sail nor Shore appeared in sight,
Nought but the heavy Sea, and coming Night. – – –

42.⁷⁷

Again the weather threatened; again blew
A Gale, and in the fore and after Hold 330
Water appeared, yet though the people knew
All this, the most were patient and Some bold,
Until the Chains and leathers were worn through
Of all our pumps;⁷⁸ a Wreck complete she rolled,
At mercy of the Waves, whose Mercies are 335
Like human Beings during Civil War. –

43.⁷⁹

Then came the Carpenter at last with tears
In his rough eyes, and told the Captain he
Could do no more; he was a Man in years
And long had voyaged through many a stormy Sea, 340
And if he wept at length they were not fears
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.

76: Stanza 41: *The Centaur laboured so much, that I scarce hoped she would swim till morning; however, by great exertions of the chain-pumps and bailing, we held our own; though our sufferings for want of water were very great, and many of the people could not be restrained from drinking salt water – III p.45 (Loss of the Centaur: Monthly Magazine, August 1821 p.21, Wright; Coleridge; DJV).*

77: St.42: *The people got some rest in the night by relieving the watches, but on the morning of the 21st, we had the mortification to find the weather again threatened, and by noon it blew a storm. The ship laboured greatly; the water appeared in the fore and after-hold, and increased. I was informed by the carpenter also, that the leathers were nearly consumed, and the chains of the pumps, by constant exertion, and the friction of the coals were rendered almost useless – III p.47 (Loss of the Centaur: Monthly Magazine, August 1821 p.21; Wright; Coleridge; DJV).*

78: *our:* another first-person implication (see 252n) though CPW suggests that B. is simply quoting Dalyell.

79: Sts. 43-4: *... I perceived the ship settling by the head ... At this period, the carpenter acquainted me that the well was stove in, destroyed by the wreck of the hold, and the chain-pumps displaced and totally useless ... The people who, till this period, had laboured as determined to conquer their difficulties, without a murmur, or without a tear, seeing their efforts useless, many of them burst into tears and wept like children ... The carpenter assured me that the ship could not swim long ... – III p.49 (Loss of the Centaur: Monthly Magazine, August 1821 p.20, not included by Wright; Coleridge; DJV). At length the carpenter came up from below, and told the crew, who were working at the pumps, that he could do no more for them, and that the ship must go down. Some gave themselves up to despair, others employed their few remaining moments in recommending themselves to heaven, and some seeking the means of safety, committed themselves on pieces of wreck to the waves – III p.418, Loss of the Earl of Abergavenny: Monthly Magazine, August 1821 p.21; Wright; Coleridge; DJV). The failure of the pumps would be the commonest cause of final despair, and Dalyell's narratives also mention them at III pp.44, 47, 197 and 261. Other examples in Dalyell of carpenters bringing bad news are at III pp.317-18, and 416.*

44.

The Ship was evidently settling now 345
 Fast by the head; and, all distinction gone,
 Some went to prayers again, and made a vow
 Of Candles to their Saints – but there were none
 To pay them with;⁸⁰ and Some looked o'er the bow;
 Some hoisted out the boats; and there was One 350
 That begged Pedrillo for an Absolution,
 Who told him to be damned – in his Confusion.⁸¹

45.⁸²

Some lashed them in their hammocks, Some put on
 Their best Cloathes, as if going to a Fair;
 Some cursed the day on which they saw the Sun,⁸³ 355
 And gnashed their teeth, and, howling, tore their hair;
 And others went on as they had begun
 Getting the boats out, being well aware
 That a tight boat will live in a rough Sea,⁸⁴
 Unless with breakers close beneath her Lee. – 360

80: OTHER SOURCES: *made a vow / Of Candles to their Saints – but there were none:* in the 1832 edition, John Wright quotes an episode from Erasmus' Colloquy *Naufragium (Shipwreck)* a Christian piece, but as sceptical in some ways as *Don Juan*. In it a man offers Saint Christopher a wax taper as big as himself if he can be saved. A colleague who points out that he won't be able to afford it is told to keep quiet; see *Colloquies*, tr. Thompson (Chicago) p.142. B. had marked the passage.

81: Pedrillo ... told him to be damned: Wright also quotes from a shipwreck incident in the *Memoires* of the Cardinal de Retz (1723) in which a Spanish captain, *dressed in his embroidered coat and his red scarf*, kicks an old seaman who is asking for confession as they sink.

82: DALYELL (for St.45): *I perceived the ship settling by the head ... Some appeared perfectly resigned, went to their hammocks, and desired their messmates to lash them in; others were for securing themselves to gratings and small rafts; but the most predominant idea, was that of putting on their best and cleanest clothes –* Dalyell III pp.49-50 (*Loss of the Centaur: Monthly Magazine*, August 1821 p.21; Wright; Coleridge; DJV).

83: Some cursed the day on which they saw the Sun, / And gnashed their teeth, and, howling, tore their hair: a commonplace from classical and biblical depictions of Hell: often applied to the occupants of Charon's ferry while traversing Lethe. See Michaelangelo's *Last Judgement*, Lucian, *Kataplous*, and Dante, *Inferno* III 100-8:

*Ma quell'anime, ch'eran lasse e nude,
 cangiar colore e dibattieno i denti,
 ratto che 'nteser le parole crude:
 bestemmiavano Dio e lor parenti,
 l'umana spezie e 'l uogo e 'l tempo e 'l seme
 di lor semenza e di lor nascimenti
 Poi si raccolser tutte quante in seme,
 forte piangendo, alla riva malvagia
 ch'attende ciascun uom che Dio non teme.*

(*But the weary and naked souls changed colour and gnashed their teeth as soon as they heard his [Charon's] cruel words; they blasphemed God and their parents, humankind, the place, the time, and the seed of their begetting and birth, then bitterly weeping, they all drew together to the accursed shore which awaits every man that fears not God.*)

84: a tight boat: see *The Tempest*, V i 224.

46.

The worst of all was, that in their Condition,
 Having been several days in great distress,
 'Twas difficult to get out such provision
 As now might render their long Suffering less;
 Men, even when dying, dislike inanition; 365
 Their Stock was damaged by the Weather's Stress;
 Two Casks of Biscuit, and a Keg of Butter,
 Were all that could be thrown into the Cutter.

47.⁸⁵

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow
 Some pounds of bread, though injured by the Wet; 370
 Water, a twenty Gallon Cask or So;
 Six Flasks of Wine; and they contrived to get
 A portion of their Beef up from below,
 And with a piece of Pork, moreover, met,
 But scarce enough to serve them for a Luncheon - 375
 Then there was Rum, eight Gallons in a Puncheon.

48.⁸⁶

The other boats, the Yawl and Pinnace, had
 Been stove in the beginning of the Gale,
 And the long Boat's Condition was but bad,
 As there were but two blankets for a Sail, 380
 And one Oar for a Mast, which a young Lad
 Threw in by Good Luck over the Ship's Rail;
 And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,
 To save one half the people then on Board.

85: *Eight bags of rice, six casks of water, and a small quantity of salted beef and pork, were put into the long-boat, as provisions for the whole ...* – III p.434 (*Wreck of the Sidney, 1806: Monthly Magazine*, August 1821 p.21; Wright; Coleridge; DJV).

86: DALYELL (for st.48): ... *one of the boats, the yawl, was stove alongside and sunk* – (III p.50: *Loss of the Centaur.*) *Before the masts were cut away, the yawl and jolly-boat were hoisted out, but no sooner over the ship's side, than they were dashed to pieces* – III p.6: *Loss of the Grosvenor East Indiaman.*) (**For st.48, possibly:** ... *one oar was erected for a main-mast, and the other broke to the breadth of the blankets for a yard.* – II p.387 (*Loss of the Duke William, 1758*). Thus DJV: but as the example is from Dalyell's Volume II it may be doubted. B., either anxious to avoid unwitting anachronism, or not having read the first two volumes, elsewhere uses Volume III only. In any case, lines 381, 483, 551, 557, 849 and 877 say (with some emphasis in the case of 557) that there is only one oar.

The Monthly Magazine for August 1821, p.21, Wright, and Coleridge, give *One oar was erected for a main mast, and the other bent to the breadth of the blankets for a sail* – *Loss of the Wellington Transport* – which Coleridge says is also from Dalyell II p.387; but the three small changes and the ascription seem simple errors, for no ship called *The Wellington* appears anywhere in Dalyell. For another possible use by B. of Dalyell II, see below, source notes to sts.75 and 76.

49.⁸⁷

'Twas twilight, for the Sunless Day went down
 Over the Waste of Waters like a Veil 385
 Which if withdrawn would but disclose the frown
 Of one whose hate is masked but to assail;⁸⁸
 Thus to their hopeless eyes the Night was shown
 And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
 And the dim desolate deep; twelve days had fear 390
 Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

50.⁸⁹

Some trial had been making at a Raft,
 With little hope in such a rolling Sea,
 A Sort of thing at which One would have laughed, 395
 If any Laughter at such times could be,
 Unless with people who too much have quaffed,
 And have a kind of wild and horrid Glee,
 Half epileptical and half hysterical: –
 Their preservation would have been a Miracle. – 400

87: In both rough and fair copies, lines 386 and 387 – the third and fourth of st.49 – rhymed. Byron did not see the error until November 8 1819, when he read the Galignani edition. He corrected the fault on the page, and sent the new version to Murray (BLJ VI 238).

88: LUCRETIUS: B. was well-read in Lucretius' *De Rerum Natura*, the materialism of which interested him; and the picture here of a malign deity pursuing helpless mariners is from Book V, 1226-35:

*Summa etiam cum vis violenti per mare venti
 induperatorem classis super aequara verrit
 cum validis pariter legionibus atque elephantis,
 non divom pacem votis adit ac prece quaesit
 ventorum pavidus paces animasque secundas? –
 nequiquam, quoniam violento turbine saepe
 correptus nilo fertur minus ad vada leti.
 usque adeo res humanas vis abdita quaedam
 obterit, et pulchros fascis saevasque secures
 proculare as ludibrio sibi habere videtur.*

(“Or picture a sea-storm, the hurricane scouring the water, and the high admiral of the fleet swept before it with all his lavish complement of legionaries and battle elephants. How he importunes the gods with vows! With what terror he prays that the winds may be at peace, and favouring breezes blow! But, in his despite, the tornado does not relax its hold, and all too often he is dashed on the reefs of death. So irresistibly is human power ground by some unseen force, which seems to ridicule the fine rods and cruel axes of authority, and trample on them for its sport.”) See below, note to sts.108-9, for another Lucretius reference.

89: DALYELL (for st.50): ... as rafts had been mentioned by the carpenter, I thought it right to make the attempt, though I knew our booms could not float half the ship's company, even in fine weather; but we were in a situation to catch at a straw. – III p.50 (*Loss of the Centaur: Monthly Magazine*, August 1821 p.21; Wright; Coleridge; DJV).

51.⁹⁰

At half-past Eight o'Clock, booms, hencoops, Spars,
And All things for a Chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling Tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use;
There was no light in heaven but a few Stars, 405
The Boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a Heel, and then a lurch to Port,
And going down Head foremost, sunk, in short.⁹¹

52.⁹²

Then rose from Sea to Sky the wild farewell,
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the Brave, 410
Then Some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their Grave;
And the Sea yawned around her like a Hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling Wave,
Like One who grapples with his Enemy, 415
And strives to strangle him before he die. –

90: DALYELL (for st.51): *Spars, booms, hen-coops, and every thing buoyant, was therefore cast loose, that the men might have some chance to save themselves, for the boats were at a distance on account of the high surf that was running – III p.197 (Wreck of the Pandora, 1791: Monthly Magazine, August 1821 pp.21-2; Wright; Coleridge; DJV. The Pandora was the ship sent to catch the Bounty mutineers). We had scarce quitted the ship, when she gave a heavy lurch to port, and then went down head foremost. – III p. 378 (Loss of the Lady Hobart Packet, 1803: Monthly Magazine, August 1821 p.22; Wright; Coleridge; DJV).*

91: St.51: Another shipwreck description which B. would have known is in Fielding's *Amelia* (1751) III 4: "And now, Madam, my Eyes were shocked with a Sight, the Horror of which can scarce be imagined: for the Boat had scarce got four hundred yards from the Ship, when it was swallowed up by the merciless Waves, which now ran so high, that out of the number of Persons which were in the Boat none recovered the Ship; tho' many of them we saw miserably perish before our Eyes, some of them very near us, without any Possibility of giving them the least Assistance."

92: DALYELL (for st.52): *At this moment one of the officers told the captain that she was going down, for the anchor on the bow was under water, and, bidding him farewell, leapt overboard; the captain followed: and then the vessel, taking her last heel, while every one was scrambling to windward, sunk in an instant. The crew had just time to leap overboard, which they did, uttering a most dreadful yell ... – III pp.197-8 (Wreck of the Pandora Frigate: Monthly Magazine, August 1821 p. 22; Wright; Coleridge; DJV).*

53.⁹³

And first One universal Shriek there rushed,
 Louder than the loud Ocean, like a Crash
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
 Save the wild Wind and the remorseless dash 420
 Of Billows; but at intervals there gushed,
 Accompanied with a convulsive Splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling Cry
 Of some strong Swimmer in his Agony.⁹⁴ --

54.

The boats, as stated, had got off before, 425
 And in them crowded Several of the Crew;
 And yet their present hope was hardly more
 Than what it had been, for so strong it blew
 There was slight Chance of reaching any Shore;
 And then they were too many, though so few – 430
 Nine in the Cutter, thirty in the boat,
 Were counted in them when they got afloat.

55.

All the rest perished; near two hundred Souls
 Had left their bodies; and, what's worse, Alas!
 When over Catholics the Ocean rolls,⁹⁵ 435
 They must wait several weeks before a Mass
 Takes off one peck of Purgatorial Coals,
 Because, till People know what's come to pass,
 They won't lay out their money for the dead –
 It costs three francs for every Mass that's said. 440

93: DALYELL (for st.53): *Within a very few minutes of the time that Mr Rogers gained the rock, an universal shriek, which long vibrated in their ears, in which the voice of female distress was lamentably distinguished, announced the dreadful catastrophe. In a few moments all was hushed except the roaring of the winds and dashing of the waves; the wreck was buried in the deep, and not an atom of it was ever afterwards seen* – III p.129 (*Loss of the Halsewell East Indiaman*, 1786). DJV attributes this passage erroneously to the *Wreck of the Pandora Frigate*, from which the previous passage comes. Neither “C.E.S.” in the *Monthly Magazine*, nor Wright, nor Coleridge, mention it.

94: *some strong Swimmer in his Agony:* B. was himself an exceptionally *strong Swimmer*. See below, his note to line 840. For a possible reference here, see Cowper, *The Castaway*, 7:

*He long survives, who lives an hour
 In ocean, self-upheld;
 And so long he, with unspent pow'r,
 His destiny repell'd;
 And ever, as the minutes flew,
 Entreated help, or cried -- "Adieu!"*

Even though B. thought Cowper was “**no poet**” (BLJ III 179), he too wrote of nautical disaster movingly – if more conventionally – in *The Castaway*, and *The Loss of the Royal George*. At line 369 of *Beppo*, B. draws attention to his quotation of Cowper in rough (“*England with all thy faults I love thee still / So Cowper says ...*”) but changes it in fair-copying to (“*England with all thy faults I love thee still / I said at Calais ...*”)

95: *When over Catholics the Ocean rolls:* contrast again Hopkins, *The Wreck of the Deutschland*, st. 31.

56.

Juan got into the long boat, and there
Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place;
It seemed as if they had exchanged their Care,
For Juan wore the Magisterial face
Which Courage gives,⁹⁶ while poor Pedrillo's pair 445
Of Eyes were crying for their Owner's case;
Battista though (a name called shortly Tita)⁹⁷
Was lost by getting at some some Aqua-Vita.⁹⁸

PROOF: At 447 Byron dashes through the "p" of *Baptista*, and writes /t in the left margin.

57.

Pedro, his Valet, too, he tried to save,
But the same Cause, conducive to his loss, 450
Left him so drunk, he jumped into the Wave
As o'er the Cutter's Edge he tried to cross,
And so he found a Wine-and-watery Grave;
They could not rescue him although so close,
Because the Sea ran higher every Minute, 455
And for the boat – the Crew kept crowding in it. – – –

58.

A Small old Spaniel, – which had been Don José's,
His father's, whom he loved, as ye may think,
For on such things the Memory reposes
With tenderness, – stood howling on the brink, 460
Knowing (Dogs have such Intellectual Noses!)⁹⁹
No doubt, the Vessel was about to sink,
And Juan caught him up, and ere he stepped
Off, threw him in, then after him he leaped.¹⁰⁰

96: *Which Courage gives:* follows on from Juan's heroism at sts.35-6 above.

97: *Battista ... called shortly Tita:* the name of one of B.'s own favourite servants; see BLJ VII 39n and XI 81. The proof correction lessens the blasphemy and increases the verisimilitude.

98: *Aqua-Vita:* brandy.

99: (*Dogs have such Intellectual Noses!*): see *Childe Harold* I, 186-9, below, Canto III 184, and letters at BLJ I 176, II 105 and IV 256.

100: POSSIBLE OTHER SOURCE: Wright and DJV suggest an 1813 American book, *Remarkable Shipwrecks*, for the incident of the dog in st.58: *The boat ... was no sooner cleared ... than a dog of mine came to me running along the gunwhale. I took him in – p.175.* However, B. – a dog-lover of sorts – is building the creature up for consumption, and has probably been most impressed by the fate of his grandfather's dog. See below, st.71.

59.

He also stuffed his money where he could 465
 About his person, and Pedrillo's too,
 Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,
 Not knowing what himself to say, or do,
 As every rising Wave his dread renewed;
 But Juan, trusting they might still get through, 470
 And deeming there were remedies for any ill,
 Thus re-embarked his Tutor and his Spaniel. –

60.

'Twas a rough Night,¹⁰¹ and blew so stiffly yet,
 That the Sail was becalmed between the seas,
 Though on the wave's high top too much to set, 475
 They dared not take it in for all the breeze;
 Each Sea curled o'er the Stern, and kept them wet,
 And made them bale without a moment's ease,
 So that themselves as well as Hopes were damped,
 And the poor little Cutter quickly swamped. – 480

PROOF: Hobhouse underlines 474 and writes **qr** in the right-hand margin. It is his last proof comment, and Byron marks the moment with exuberance: **My Good Sir! When the Sea runs very high this is the case – as I know but if my authority is not enough see Bligh's account of his run to Timor – after being set adrift by the Mutineers headed by Christian /NB/.**

Then, having signed-off with his signature-symbol, he returns to the attack, as if he has just got Bligh's book down:

Bligh's words are "at eight it blew a violent storm so that between the Seas the Sail was becalmed and when on the top of the wave it was too much to have set but we could not venture to take it in for &^c. &^c." – Pray tell me who was the *Lubber* who put the Query? – surely not *you* Hobhouse. We have both of us seen too much of the Sea for that. – You may rely on my using no {nautical} word not founded on authority & no circumstance not grounded on reality. – – – – –

61.¹⁰²

**Nine Souls more went in her: the Long-boat still
 Kept above water, with an Oar for mast,
 Two blankets stitched together, answering ill
 Instead of Sail, were to the Oar made fast;
 Though every Wave rolled menacing to fill, 485
 And present Peril all before surpassed,
 They grieved for those who perished with the Cutter,
 And also for the Biscuit Casks and Butter. – – – –**

101: 'Twas a rough Night: see *Macbeth* II iii 59.

102: DALYELL (for st.61): *Before it was dark, a blanket was discovered in the boat. This was immediately bent to one of the stretchers, and under it as a sail we scudded all night in expectation of being swallowed up by every wave – III p.52 (Loss of the Centaur: Monthly Magazine, September 1821 p.105; Wright; Coleridge; DJV).* **BLIGH:** In the proof, B. adduces Bligh as his authority. At *A Narrative of the Mutiny on board his Majesty's Ship Bounty* (1790) p.23, Bligh's words are *At eight it blew a violent storm, and the sea ran very high, so that between the seas the sail was becalmed, and when on the top of the sea it was too much to have set: but I was obliged to carry to it, for we were now in very imminent danger and distress, the sea curling over the stern of the boat, which obliged us to bale with all our might. A situation more distressing has, perhaps, seldom been experienced.*

62.¹⁰³

The Sun rose red and fiery, a sure Sign
 Of the Continuance of the Gale; to run 490
 Before the Sea, until it should grow fine,
 Was all that for the present could be done;
 A few tea-Spoonfuls of their rum and wine
 Was served out to the People,¹⁰⁴ who begun
 To faint, and damaged bread wet through the Bags, 495
 And most of them had little Cloathes but Rags. –

63.

They counted thirty, crowded in a Space
 Which left scarce room for motion or exertion;
 They did their best to modify their Case,
 One Half sate up, though numbed with the Immersion, 500
 While t'other Half were laid down in their place,
 At watch and watch; thus, shivering like the Tertian
 Ague in its cold fit,¹⁰⁵ they filled their boat, *
 With nothing but the Sky for a Great-Coat.¹⁰⁶

64.

'Tis very certain the desire of Life 505
 Prolongs it; this is obvious to Physicians,
 When Patients, neither plagued with friends nor wife,
 Survive through very desperate Conditions,
 Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife
 Nor Shears of Atropos¹⁰⁷ before their visions; 510
 Despair of all Recovery spoils Longevity,
 And makes Men's miseries of alarming Brevity.

103: BLIGH (for st.62): *At day-break the gale increased; the sun rose very fiery red, a sure indication of a severe gale of wind ... Our bread was in bags, and in danger of being spoiled by the wet ... I now served out a tea-spoonful of rum to each person, (for we were very wet and cold) ... We could do nothing more than keep before the sea ... But among the hardships we were to undergo, that of being constantly wet was not the least. The nights were very cold, and at daylight our limbs were so benumbed, that we could scarce find the use of them. A this time I served a tea-spoonful of rum to each person, which we all found great benefit from.* (Bligh, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, pp.23-4: *Monthly Magazine*, September 1821 p.106; Wright; Coleridge; DJV.)

104: *A few tea-Spoonfuls of their rum and wine / Was served out to the People:* logically this should have been done by the officer in charge of the boat, as Bligh's story indicates. But B. is anxious to keep the party leaderless, and he mentions no officer.

105: *the tertian / Ague:* a fever recurring every other day.

106: DALYELL: *We were all together, twelve in number, in a leaky boat, with one of the gunwhales stove, in nearly the middle of the Western Ocean, without quadrant, compass, or sail; wanting great coat or cloak; all very thinly clothed, in a gale of wind, with a great sea running – III p.52 (Loss of the Centaur: no previous edition).*

107: *shears of Atropos:* Atropos was of the three Fates (the others were Clotho and Lachesis) the one who cut the thread of life. She is apostrophised by Ancient Pistol at *Henry IV ii*, II iv 189, and referred to familiarly by Fra Alberigo at *Inferno XXXIII* 126.

65.

'Tis said that Persons living on Annuities
 Are longer lived than others, – God knows why,
 Unless to plague the Grantors, – yet so true it is, 515
 That Some, I really think, *do* never die;
 Of any Creditor the worst a Jew it is,¹⁰⁸
 And *that's* their mode of furnishing Supply;
 In my young days they lent me Cash that way,
 Which I found very troublesome to pay. – – – * 520

66.

'Tis thus with people in an open boat,
 They live upon the love of life, and bear
 More than can be believed, or even thought,
 And stand like Rocks the Tempest's wear and tear;
 And Hardship still has been the Sailor's lot, 525
 Since Noah's Ark¹⁰⁹ went cruising here and there;¹¹⁰
 She had a curious Crew as well as Cargo,
 Like the first old Greek Privateer, the Argo.¹¹¹ –

67.

But Man is a Carnivorous Production,
 And must have Meals, at least one Meal a day; 530
 He cannot live, like Woodcocks, upon Suction,¹¹²
 But, like the Shark and Tiger, must have prey;
 Although his anatomical Construction
 Bears vegetables in a grumbling way,¹¹³
 Your labouring people think beyond all question, 535
 Beef, veal, and mutton better for digestion.

108: B. was heavily in debt to Jewish moneylenders for much of his life as a consequence of extravagant living while at Cambridge and London prior to his first Eastern expedition. On the sale of Newstead Abbey in 1817 one of his first acts was to pay £12,800 in outstanding debts. See BLJ V 278.

109: *Noah's Ark*: a recurring emblem in the canto of the ideal which invites mockery: see above, II 62-4, and below, II 738 and n, 757 and n.

110: DALYELL (for st.66, line 522): *There was no certainty that she could swim from one minute to another; and as the love of life, which I believe was never exhibited later in the approach of death, now began to level all distinctions ... the love of life prevailed ...* – III 51 (*Loss of the Centaur*).

111: *the Argo*: the ship in which Jason voyaged after the Golden Fleece. Its *curious Crew* included persons with lynx eyes, and with wings. The idea of Jason as a *Privateer* leads on to Lambro in Cantos III and IV. B. recycles the rhyme below at XIV, 76, 7-8, having borrowed it from W.S.Rose, *The Court and Parliament of Beasts*, V, VII, 5-6.

112: *He cannot live, like Woodcocks, upon suction*: woodcocks appear to suck as they feed (thus DJV, upon ornithological advice).

113: *Bears vegetables in a grumbling way*: B. was a vegetarian for much of his life, though not from humanitarian reasons. He was just afraid of putting on weight.

68.

And thus it was with this our hapless Crew,
For on the third day there came on a Calm,
And though at first their Strength it might renew,
And lying on their Weariness like Balm, 540
Lulled them like Turtles sleeping on the Blue
Of Ocean; When they woke they felt a qualm,
And fell all ravenously on their provision,
Instead of hoarding it with due precision.¹¹⁴

69.

The Consequence was easily foreseen – 545
They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,
In spite of all remonstrances, and then
On what in fact next day were they to dine?
They hoped the Wind would rise, these foolish Men,
And carry them to shore; these Hopes were fine, 550
But as they had but one Oar, and that brittle,
It would have been more wise to save their Victual. – -

70.¹¹⁵

The fourth day came, but not a breath of Air,
And Ocean slumbered like an unweaned Child;
The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there, 555
The Sea and Sky were blue, and clear, and mild –
With their One oar (I wish they'd had a pair)
What could they do? and Hunger's rage grew wild;
So Juan's Spaniel, spite of his entreating,
Was killed, and portioned out for present eating. 560

114: DALYELL gives no authority for the squandering of the provisions at 544 – B. has deliberately made the boat without effective discipline or leadership, of the kind provided, for instance, by Bligh.

115: POSSIBLE OTHER SOURCE: St.70: Wright and DJV suggest *The third day ... I ... seized my dog, and plunged the knife in his throat. We caught his blood in the hat, drinking what ran over ...* from the *American Remarkable Shipwrecks*, p.177. But see note to Stanza 58 above. B. is to make use of his own grandfather's narrative in the next stanza.

71.¹¹⁶

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
 And Juan, who had still refused, because
 The Creature was his Father's dog that died,
 Now feeling all the Vulture in his Jaws,
 With some remorse received (though first denied) 565
 As a great favour one of the fore-paws,
 Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
 Devoured it, longing for the other, too. –

72.

The Seventh day, and no wind – the burning Sun
 Blistered and scorched, and, stagnant on the Sea, 570
 They lay like Carcasses; and hope was none,¹¹⁷
 Save in the breeze that came not; savagely
 They glared upon each other – all was done,
 Water, and wine, and food, – and you might see
 The longings of the Cannibal arise 575
 (Although they spoke not) in their Wolfish Eyes. –

116: ADMIRAL BYRON (for st.71): B.'s grandfather relates the following, from the story of the *Wager* disaster (he was a seventeen-year-old midshipman at the time): *One day, when I was at home in my hut with my Indian dog, a party came to my door, and told me their necessities were such, that they must eat the creature or starve. Though their plea was urgent, I could not help using some arguments to endeavour to dissuade them from killing him, as his faithful services and fondness deserved it at my hands; but, without weighing my arguments, they took him away by force and killed him; upon which, thinking that I had at least as good a right to a share as the rest, I sat down with them, and partook of their repast. Three weeks after that I was glad to make a meal of his paws and skin, which, upon recollecting the spot where they had killed him, I found thrown aside and rotten. – The Narrative of the Honourable John Byron (1768) pp.47-8. (Monthly Magazine, September 1821 p.106; Wright; Coleridge; DJV. "C.E.S." of Norwich and Wright quote, from the third-person condensation of the Byron Narrative in Dalyell.)*

117: Compare *The Ancient Mariner*, Part II, sts.7-9:

<i>All in a hot and copper sky,</i>	<i>Water, water, every where,</i>	<i>Day after day, day after day,</i>
<i>The bloody Sun, at noon,</i>	<i>And all the boards did shrink;</i>	<i>We stuck, nor breath nor motion;</i>
<i>Right up above the mast did stand,</i>	<i>And all the boards did shrink;</i>	<i>As idle as a painted ship</i>
<i>No bigger than the Moon.</i>	<i>Nor any drop to drink.</i>	<i>Upon a painted ocean.</i>

The cannibalism episode has its principal thematic source in *The Sufferings of Six Deserters, belonging to the Artillery of the Island of St. Helena, 1799* (Dalyell III 370-1). The passage, referred to in no previous edition, is a long one: see note below to sts.77 and 78. Its implications are even more clearly eucharistic than those quoted here, and even these have been treated strangely by editors. See below.

73.¹¹⁸

At length One whispered his Companion, who
 Whispered another, and thus it went round,
 And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
 An Ominous, and Wild, and desperate Sound, 580
 And when his Comrade's thought Each Sufferer knew,
 'Twas but his own, suppressed till now, he found;
 And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
 And who should die to be his fellow's food. - - -

74.¹¹⁹

But ere they came to this, they that day shared 585
 Some leathern Caps, and what remained of Shoes;
 And then they looked around them, and despaired,
 And None to be the Sacrifice would choose;
 At length the lots were torn up, and prepared,
 But of Materials that much shock the Muse – 590
 Having no paper, for the want of better,
 They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

75.¹²⁰

The Lots were made, and marked, and mixed, and handed,
 In silent horror, and their distribution
 Lulled even the savage Hunger which demanded, 595
 Like the Promethean Vulture, this pollution;¹²¹
 None in particular had sought or planned it;
 'Twas Nature gnawed them to this resolution,
 By which None were permitted to be Neuter –
 And the lot fell on Juan's luckless Tutor. 600

118: ADMIRAL BYRON (for st.73): *That dreadful and last resource of men, in not much worse circumstances than ours, of consigning one man to death for the support of the rest, began to be mentioned in whispers; and indeed there were some among us who, by eating what they found raw, were become little better than cannibals. – The Narrative of the Honourable John Byron, p.102: DJV. In fact no cannibalism is reported from the aftermath of the Wager wreck.*

119: DALYELL (for sts.73 and 74): *... the unfortunate men were reduced to great necessity for want of food. They soaked their shoes, and two hairy caps, in water, and when sufficiently softened ate portions of the leather. All these being finished, and a protracted length of time elapsing without relief, they were compelled to resort to the horrible expedient of devouring each other. But to obviate all contention concerning who should escape, or who should be the first sacrificed, they cast lots to determine the sufferer. – III p.356 (The Sufferings of Twelve Men, the Crew of the Thomas, in an Open Boat, 1797: Monthly Magazine, September 1821 p.106; Wright; Coleridge; DJV; except that all four use text from Archibald Duncan's The Mariner's Chronicle (1804, Vol. I p.91) thereby omitting All these being finished and who should be the first sacrificed. The quotation continues on the next page but one.*

120: POSSIBLE OTHER SOURCE for st.75: *The lots were drawn: the captain, summoning all his strength, wrote upon slips of paper the name of each man, folded them up, put them into a hat, and shook them together. The crew, meanwhile, preserved an awful silence; each eye was fixed and each mouth open, while terror was strongly impressed upon every countenance. The unhappy person, with manly fortitude, resigned himself to his miserable associates. – Remarkable Shipwrecks, Hartford 1813, pp.358-9 (Wright; Coleridge; DJV). This peculiarly horrible narrative – *Famine Suffered on board the Peggy* – is also given at Dalyell II pp.446-58.*

121: the Promethean Vulture: Prometheus, who stole fire from Heaven for the use of men, was punished by the gods by being chained to a rock while a vulture repeatedly ate his liver. See above, Canto I 1016 and n.

He but requested to be bled to death;
 The Surgeon had his instruments, and bled
 Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,
 You hardly could perceive when he was dead;¹²³
 He died as born, a Catholic in faith, 605
 Like most in the belief in which they're bred,
 And first a little Crucifix he kissed,
 And then held out his Jugular and Wrist.¹²⁴ –

122: DALYELL (for st.76 – continued from previous quotation): *It is not said who was the unhappy person, but with manly fortitude he resigned his life to his miserable associates, only requesting that he might be bled to death. The surgeon of the Thomas being among those preserved, had his case of instruments in his pocket when he quitted the vessel; and his request was not denied. Yet scarce was the vein divided when the operator, applying his own parched lips, drank the stream as it flowed, and his comrades anxiously watched the last breath of the victim, that they might prey upon his flesh.* – pp.III 356-7 – *The Sufferings of Twelve Men, the Crew of the Thomas, in an Open Boat (Monthly Magazine, September 1821 p.106; Wright; Coleridge; DJV).*

123: *You hardly could perceive when he was dead:* compare below, IV 548-50.

124: POSSIBLE DALYELL SOURCE (for both stanzas): *The lot fell on one David Flat, a foremast man. But the shock which this produced was so great that the whole crew remained silent and motionless for a considerable time, and so they might have continued much longer, had not the victim, who appeared perfectly resigned to his fate, expressed himself in these words: "My dear friends, mess-mates and fellow-sufferers, all I have to beg of you, is to dispatch me as soon as you did the negro [for whom the previous lot had been rigged] and to put me to as little torture as possible."* – *Famine Suffered on board the Peggy, II p.453.* His friends agree to postpone the killing, but the wait sends him mad.

77.¹²⁵

The Surgeon, as there was no other fee,
 Had his first choice of morsels for his pains; 610
 But being thirstiest at the moment, he
 Preferred a draught from the fast-flowing veins;
 Part was divided, Part thrown in the Sea,
 And such things as the Entrails and the brains
 Regaled two Sharks, who followed o'er the billow – 615
 The Sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo. – – – – –

78.

The Sailors ate him, all save three or four,
 Who were not quite so fond of animal food;
 To these was added Juan, who, before
 Refusing his own Spaniel, hardly could 620
 Feel now his appetite increased much more;
 'Twas not to be expected that he should,
 Even in Extremity of their disaster,
 Dine with them on his Pastor and his Master.¹²⁶ –

125: DALYELL (for sts.77 and 78): *On the first of July, Parr caught a dolphin with a gaff that had been left in the boat, on which they all fell on their knees and thanked God for his goodness to them. They tore up the fish and hung it up to dry. On this they subsisted until the fourth, when, finding the whole expended, bones and all, Parr, Brown, Brighthouse and Conway, proposed to scuttle the boat and let her go down, that they might be put out of their misery. The other two objected, observing, that God, who had made man, always found him something to eat.*

McKinnon, about eleven on the fifth, expressed; [sic] that it would be better to cast lots for one of them to die, in order to save the rest, to which they consented. The lots were made; but Parr, having been sick two days with the spotted fever, was excluded. It was his province to write the numbers out and put them into a hat, from which the others, blindfolded, drew them, and put them in their pockets.

Parr then asked whose lot it was to die: none knew what number was in his pocket, but each prayed to God that it might fall on him. It was agreed that number 5 should die; and the lots being unfolded, McKinnon's was number 5.

They had previously agreed, that he on whom the lot fell should bleed himself to death, for which purpose they had provided themselves with nails from the boat, which they sharpened. McKinnon, with one of them, cut himself in three places, in the foot, hand, and wrist; and, praying God to forgive him, died in about a quarter of an hour.

Before he was quite cold, Brighthouse cut a piece of flesh off his thigh, with one of the same nails, and hung it up, leaving his body in the boat. About three hours after they all ate of it, but only a very small bit; and the piece lasted until the seventh of the month. Every two hours they dipped the body in the sea in order to preserve it. (Sufferings of Six Deserters, belonging to the Artillery of the Island of St. Helena, in an open boat, 1799 – III pp.370-1. No previous edition.)

The blasphemy whereby Pedrillo's fate is turned into the quasi-eucharistic devouring of someone's pastor and master may have been suggested by the passage quoted in the note to the previous stanza (notice how the men's religious faith contrasts with B.'s lack of it: also the fact of the nails). The death and consumption of Pedrillo terminate the theme of education which has been in and out of focus since the start of Canto I; it also reinforces the subliminal blasphemy which has been about since I 384 – see notes. For a different sort of continuation of the food theme, see below, Canto III sts.61 to 63, and Canto XV, especially sts.62 to 74.

126: his Pastor and his Master: B. was fond of this phrase. On November 19 1820 (BLJ VII 230-1) he refers to his old Trinity chum William Bankes firstly as “**my collegiate pastor, and master, and patron**”, then as **the father of all mischiefs**”. But Bankes is hardly to the forefront of B.'s mind here: a parody of the Eucharist is intended, Juan holding aloof. At BLJ V 152 (December 27 1816) Paschal Aucher, B.'s Armenian tutor, earns the title: a model for the Abbot in *Manfred*, he would be a more apt Pedrillo. The third claimant to the title is Gentleman John Jackson, B.'s boxing teacher and the heavyweight champion of England. He is styled “**my old friend and corporeal pastor and master**” below, at XI Stanza 19, authorial note.

79.¹²⁷

'Twas better that he did not; for in fact, 625
 The Consequence was awful in the Extreme;
 For they, who were most ravenous in the act,
 Went raging mad – Lord! how they did blaspheme! *
 And foam and roll, with strange convulsions racked,
 Drinking Salt-water like a mountain Stream, 630
 Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,¹²⁸
 And, with Hyæna laughter, died despairing.

80.

Their numbers were much thinned by this infliction,
 And all the rest were thin enough, Heaven knows –
 And Some of them had lost their recollection, 635
 Happier than they who still perceived their woes;
 But others pondered on a new dissection
 As if not warned sufficiently by those
 Who had already perished Suffering madly,
 For having used their appetites so sadly. 640

81.¹²⁹

And next they thought upon the Master's Mate,
 As fattest; but he saved himself – because,
 Besides being much averse from such a fate -
 There were some other reasons; the first was,
 He had been rather indisposed of late; 645
 And that which chiefly proved his saving Clause
 Was a small present made to him at Cadiz,¹³⁰
 By general Subscription of the Ladies.¹³¹ – - -

127: DALYELL (for st.79): *The Monthly Magazine*, September 1821 pp.106-7, and Wright, have, *Those who glutted themselves with human flesh and gore, and whose stomachs retained the unnatural food, soon perished with raging insanity*. Dalyell, Coleridge and DJV have, *This new source of relief, however, was productive of the most terrible consequences. Those who indulged their cannibal appetite to excess, and whose stomachs retained the unusual food, speedily perished in raging madness, teaching the survivors by an awful example their probable fate on recurring to a similar expedient* – III p.357 (*Sufferings of the Crew of the Thomas*.)

128: *Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing:* accentuates the hellish hints started above, II 355-6.

129: *The lots were made; but Parr, having been sick two days with the spotted fever, was excluded* – III pp.370, *Sufferings of Six Deserters, belonging to the Artillery of the Island of St. Helena* – no previous edition; see above, passage adduced for sts.77 and 78.

130: *a small present:* an infection. B. has already used the *Cadiz / ladies* rhyme twice. On both previous occasions it seems innocent, creating an expectation which is here undercut. It seems B.'s final verdict on Cadiz, begun with *The Girl from Cadiz* (1809), continued with *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, I st.65 (see above, note to Canto I line 62) hinted lightly at above at Canto I st.8, and very heavily at Canto II sts.5, 6 and 7, with the "involuntary emission" between the latter two.

131: Ten years before he corrected the proofs of *Don Juan* I and II, on Sunday July 23 1809, while he and B. are at Elvas, near the Spanish border with Portugal, Hobhouse records himself as having "kiss'd a saint here for 6 pence". We may doubt whether this refers to a statue, or to a relic. On August 2, while B. is in the box at the Cadiz Opera with Senorita Cordova, Hobhouse records that he leaves the building: and then writes and erases the single word "Χαμαιτυπη" – "Hamaitupe", the Greek for "whore". Three days later, when he and B. have arrived at Gibraltar, he gets up at three in the afternoon and discovers "luem minimem" – "a slight illness". On August 10 "lues minimis" has become "lues pergravis" – "very serious illness" and Hobhouse, unless he takes a treatment which he does not record, may be imagined as being diseased for much of the rest of the journey; although one gets over gonorrhoea, if one is lucky, within a couple of months.

Of poor Pedrillo Something still remained,
 But was used sparingly; Some were afraid 650
 And others still their appetites constrained,
 Or but at times a little Supper made,
 All except Juan, who throughout abstained,
 Chewing a piece of Bamboo, and some lead;
 At length they caught two Boobies, and a Noddy,¹³³ 655
 And then they left off eating the dead body.¹³⁴

In this context lines 646-8 here may have made him feel that B. had been a false friend all along. B. would claim that he had put his Cadiz humiliation into print as an in-joke, and that Cadiz was in any case notorious. Hobhouse's marginal comments in the proof have ceased long before this stanza, so that it is impossible to gauge his exact reaction to it.

The introduction of lewd farce into the tragedy at 647-8 is not achieved by B. without some trouble over phrasing. The first attempt is, *Was that he got <the> his malady at Cadiz – / A present liberally made by ladies*. This does not please, perhaps because of the scansion, so *Was that he got the his malady at Cadiz – / By liking a variety of Ladies* – substitutes, only to be rejected in favour of *Was the disease presented him at Cadiz / By liking a variety of Ladies*. On the fourth go B. gets it right, with the really funny idea of a *General Subscription*.

132: DALYELL (for st. 82): *Another expedient we had frequent recourse to, on finding it supplied our mouths with temporary moisture, which was chewing any substance we could find; generally a bit of canvas, or even lead, when we could get it.* – p.III 270 (*The Shipwreck of the Juno on the Coast of Aracan, 1795*) *Monthly Magazine*, September 1821 p.107; Wright; Coleridge; DJV). B. may not have needed Dalyell for this narrative: he had read it when a schoolboy at Dulwich. See Moore's Life, Chapter II.

133: *two Boobies, and a Noddy:* a booby is a kind of gannet; a noddy is like a tern. Noddies are confined to the tropics; both birds are commonly regarded as stupid. A particularly dense note to *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin* (p.187) says, "A NODDY, the Reader will observe, has two significations – the one a *knave at All-fours:* the other a *fool or booby*. See the transcriptions by Mr. Render of Count Benyowsky, or the Conspiracy of Kamschatka ..." etc. B. knew his *Anti-Jacobin* very well.

134: *At noon some noddies came so near to us that one of them was caught by hand. This bird is about the size of a small pigeon. I divided it, with its entrails, into 18 portions ... In the evening we saw several boobies flying so near to us, that we caught one of them by hand ...* – Bligh, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, p.41. (Wright; Coleridge; DJV.)

83.

And if Pedrillo's fate should Shocking be,
 Remember Ugolino condescends¹³⁵
 To eat the head of his Arch-Enemy
 The moment after he politely ends 660
 His tale; if foes be food in Hell, at Sea
 'Tis surely fair to dine upon our friends,¹³⁶
 When Shipwreck's short allowance grows too Scanty,
 Without being much more horrible than Dante.

84.

And the same night there fell a Shower of rain, 665
 For which their Mouths gaped, like the Cracks of Earth
 When dried to Summer dust; till taught by pain,
 Men really know not what good Water's worth;
 If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
 Or with a famished boat's-Crew had your birth, 670
 Or in the Desart heard the Camel's bell,¹³⁷
 You'd wish Yourself where truth is – in a Well.¹³⁸ –

135: *Ugolino:* in Cantos XXXII and XXXIII of Dante's *Inferno* Count Ugolino is in the Circle of the Treacherous, frozen into a hole and gnawing the neck of his enemy Archbishop Ruggieri, who had had him and his five sons locked into a tower, where they starved to death:

*Quand'ebbe detto ciò, con li occhi torti
 riprese 'l teschio misero co' denti,
 che furo all'osso, come d'un can, forti.*

(When he had finished his narration, with eyes twisted sideways he took hold of the wretched skull with his teeth, which, like a dog's, were strong on the bone.) The episode is one of the most terrible in Dante. Fathers and sons feature prominently in the next section of *Don Juan*; see the following stanzas and annotations, and text below.

136: *'Tis surely fair to dine upon our friends:* not necessarily funny. Here is Keats, reported by Joseph Severn: – *When we had passed the bay of Biscay, where we were had been in danger & in great fright from a storm of three days – Keats took up Ld Byrons Don Juan accidentally ... & singular enough he opened on the description of the Storm, which is evidently taken from the Medusa frigate & which the taste of Byron tries to make a jest of – Keats threw down the book & exclaimed, "this gives me the most horrid idea of human nature, that a man like Byron should have exhausted all the pleasures of the world so compleatly that there was nothing left for him but to laugh & gloat over the most solemn & heart rending [scenes] of human misery this storm of his is one of the most diabolical attempts ever made upon our sympathies, and I have no doubt it will fascenate thousands into extreme obduracy of heart – the tendency of Byrons poetry is based upon a paltry originality, that of being new by making solemn things gay and gay things solemn ... (The Keats Circle, ed. Rollins, Vol. II p.134.)*

137: *Or in the Desart heard the Camel's bell:* compare below, III st.55.

138: *where truth is – in a Well:* the fifth century Greek philosopher Democritus said that truth lay neglected at the bottom of a well; Bacon uses the idea in Apophthegm No 263, paraphrased: *That Truth did lie in profound pits, and when it was got, it needed much refining.* See also Slawkenbergius' Tale in *Tristram Shandy*, Book IV: ... *the bottom of the well, where TRUTH keeps her little court ...*

85.¹³⁹

It poured down torrents, but they were no richer
 Until they found a ragged piece of Sheet,
 Which served them as a Sort of spongey pitcher, 675
 And when they deemed its moisture was complete,
 They wrung it out, and though a thirsty Ditcher
 Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet
 As a full pot of porter, to their thinking
 They ne'er till now had known the joys of Drinking. 680

86.

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,¹⁴⁰
 Sucked in the moisture, which like Nectar streamed;
 Their throats were Ovens, their swol'n tongues were black,
 As the Rich Man's in hell,¹⁴¹ who vainly screamed
 To beg the beggar, who could not rain back 685
 A drop of dew, when every drop had Seemed
 To taste of Heaven – if this be true, indeed,
 Some Christians have a comfortable Creed. – – – –

139: DALYELL (for st.85): *In the evening there came on a squall, which in all probability proved fatal to them [Mr Wade and his companions, trying to escape on a raft], though to us it brought the most seasonable relief, as it was accompanied with heavy rain. This we had no means of catching but by spreading out our clothes, most of which had been so drenched by the salt water, that at first they tainted the fresh. But the rain was so heavy that it soon washed out the salt, and we afterwards reserved one part of our clothes for catching the fresh-water ... Whenever a heavy shower afforded us a few mouthfuls of fresh water, either by catching the drops as they fell or by squeezing them out of our clothes, it infused new life and vigour into us, and for a while we almost forgot our misery – III p.270 (Shipwreck of the Juno: Monthly Magazine, September 1821 p.107; Wright (attributes inaccurately to *The Loss of the Centaur*); Coleridge; DJV (also has *The Centaur*). Another passage from the story with which B. was familiar from his Dulwich schooldays; see above, source note for st.82.*

140: *their baked lips:* see *The Ancient Mariner*, III st.4: *With throats unslaked, with black lips baked, / We could not laugh or wail; / Through utter drought all numb we stood! / I bit my arm, I sucked the blood, / And cried, A sail! a sail!*

141: *the Rich Man's in hell:* Dives in the parable of Dives and Lazarus: see Luke 16, 22-4: *And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.*

87.¹⁴²

There were two fathers in this ghastly Crew,¹⁴³
 And with them their two Sons, of whom the One 690
 Was more robust and hardy to the View,
 But he died early, and when he was gone
 His nearest Messmate told his Sire, who threw
 One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!
 "I can do nothing" and he saw him thrown 695
 Into the Deep without a tear or groan.

88.

The other Father had a weaklier Child,
 Of a soft Cheek, and aspect delicate;
 But the Boy bore up long, and with a mild
 And patient Spirit held aloof his fate; 700
 Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
 As if to win a part from off the Weight
 He saw increasing on his father's heart,
 With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

89.¹⁴⁴

And o'er him bent his Sire, and never raised 705
 His eyes from off his face – but wiped the foam
 From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
 And when the wished-for Shower at length was come,
 And the boy's Eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
 Brightened and for a moment seemed to roam, 710
 He squeezed from out a Rag some drops of Rain
 Into his dying Child's Mouth – but in vain. –

142: DALYELL (for both stanzas – B. would have known this long and important passage since childhood): *Some struggled hard, and died in great agony; but it was not always those whose strength was most impaired that died the easiest, though in some cases it might be so. I particularly remember the following instances: Mr. Wade's boy, a stout healthy lad, died early, and almost without a groan; while another, of the same age, but of a less promising appearance, held out much longer. The fate of these unfortunate boys differed also in another respect highly deserving of notice. Their fathers were both in the foretop when the boys were taken ill. The father of Mr Wade's hearing of his son's illness, answered, with indifference, "that he could nothing for him," and left him to his fate. The other [father], when the accounts reached him, hurried down, and watching a favourable moment, crawled on all fours along the weather gunwale to his son, who was in the mizen rigging. By that time only three or four planks of the quarter-deck remained just over the quarter gallery, and to this spot the unhappy man led his son, making him fast to the rail, to prevent his being washed away. – III pp.273-4 (Shipwreck of the Juno: Monthly Magazine, September 1821 p.107; Wright; Coleridge; DJV. Quotation, from the Juno story popular among schoolboys at Dulwich, continues below.)*

143: *this ghastly Crew: again echoes The Rime of the Ancient Mariner; see Part V stanza 11: The helmsman steered, the ship moved on; / Yet never a breeze up-blew; / The mariners all 'gan work the ropes, / Where they were wont to do; / They raised their limbs like lifeless tools – / We were a ghastly crew.*

144: DALYELL (for st.89 – previously quoted passage continues): *Whenever the boy was seized with a fit of retching, the father lifted him up, and wiped away the foam from his lips; and if a shower came, he made him open his mouth to receive the drops, or gently squeezed them into it from a rag. – III pp.273-4 (Shipwreck of the Juno: Monthly Magazine, September 1821 p.107; Wright; Coleridge; DJV. Quotation continues later.*

The Boy expired, the father held the Clay,
 And looked upon it long, and when at last
 Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay 715
 Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope was past,
 He watched it wistfully, until away
 'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast,
 Then he himself sunk down all dumb and Shivering,
 And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.¹⁴⁶ -- 720

145: The death of starving sons as their fathers watch helplessly is again from the Ugolino passage at *Inferno*, XXXIII. B. is influenced in his depiction of the death of the second ship's boy, and of his father's reactions, by Dante as well as by Dalyell:

*“Io non piangea, sì dentro impetrai:
 piangevan elli; e Anselmuccio mio
 disse: “Tu guardi sì, padre! che hai?”
 Perciò non lacrimai nè rispuos’ io
 tutto quel giorno nè la notte appresso,
 infin che l’altro sol nel mondo uscìo.
 Come un poco di raggio si fu messo
 nel doloroso carcere, e io scorsi
 per quattro visi il mio aspetto stesso,
 ambo le man per lo dolor mi morsi;
 ed ei, pensando ch’ i’ ‘l fessi per voglia
 di manciar, di subito levorsi
 e disser: “Padre, assai ci fia men doglia
 se tu mangi di noi: tu ne vestisti
 queste misere carni, e tu le spoglia.”
 Queta’ mi allor per non farli più tristi;
 lo di e l’altro stemmo tuti muti;
 ah! dura terra, perchè non t’apristi?
 Poscia che fummo al quarto di venuti,
 Gaddo mi si gettò disteso a’ piedi,
 dicendo: “Padre mio, chè non m’aiuti?”
 Quivi morì; e come tu mi vedi,
 vid’ io cascar li tre ad uno ad uno
 tra ‘l quinto di e ‘l sesto; ond’ io mi diedi,
 già cieco, a brancolar sovra ciascuno,
 e due di li chiamai, poi che fur morti:
 poscia, più che ‘l dolor, potè ‘l digiuno.”*

(“I did not weep, I so turned to stone within. They wept, and my little Anselm said, ‘Why do you look that way, Father, what is the matter?’ At that I neither shed tears nor answered all that day, nor the night after, till another sun came forth on the world. As soon as a little ray made its way into the unhappy prison, and I saw my own look on four other faces, I bit both hands for grief; and they, thinking I did it from a desire to eat, rose up suddenly and said: ‘Father, it will much less painful for us if you eat us. You clothed us in this wretched flesh, strip it from us yourself.’ I calmed myself then, not to make them more unhappy. That day and the next we stayed all silent; ah, hard earth, why did you not open? When we had come to the fourth day Gaddo threw himself outstretched at my feet, saying, ‘My father, why do you not help me?’ There he died, and as you see me, I saw the three drop one by one during the fifth day and the sixth; therefore, now blind, I gave myself, to groping over each and for two days called upon them after they were dead. Then fasting had more power than grief.”)

B.’s narrative echoes Ugolino’s in its remorseless counting of the days. B. had treated a not dissimilar subject in *The Prisoner of Chillon* (1816). His portrayal of the protagonist’s emotions as he watches the sufferings and deaths of his two brothers derives from the Ugolino passage too. See also the death of the Tartar Khan and his five sons at Canto VIII below, sts.104-19.

146: DALYELL (for st.90 – previously quoted passage continues): *In this affecting situation both remained four or five days, till the boy expired. The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, raised the body, looked wistfully at it, and when he could no longer entertain any doubt, watched it in silence until it was carried off by the sea; then wrapping himself in a piece of canvas, sunk down, and rose no more; though he must have lived two days longer, as we judged from the quivering of his limbs when a wave broke over him ... – III pp.273-4 (Shipwreck of the Juno: Monthly Magazine, September 1821 pp.107*

91.

Now overhead a Rainbow, bursting through
 The scattering Clouds, shone spanning the dark Sea,
 Resting its bright base on the quivering Blue,
 And All within its Arch appeared to be
 Clearer than that without, and its wide Hue 725
 Waxed broad and waving like a Banner free,
 Then changed like to a Bow that's bent, and then
 Forsook the dim eyes of these Shipwrecked Men.

92.¹⁴⁷

It changed of Course; a heavenly Cameleon,¹⁴⁸
 The Airy Child of Vapour and the Sun, 730
 Brought forth in Purple, cradled in Vermilion,
 Baptized in molten Gold, and swathed in Dun,
 Glittering like Crescents o'er a Turk's Pavillion,
 And blending every Colour into One,
 Just like a black eye in a recent Scuffle¹⁴⁹ 735
 (For Sometimes we must box without the Muffle.)¹⁵⁰

– 108; Wright; Coleridge; DJV.) At the couplet he appears to steal a polysyllable from Dalyell, but is also echoing the death of Alp at *The Siege of Corinth* (1813) 834-9:

*A flash like fire within his eyes
 Blazed, as he bent no more to rise,
 And then eternal darkness sunk
 Through all the palpitating trunk;
 Nought of life left, save a quivering
 Where his limbs were slightly shivering.*

The question, why the 1818 pentameters are so much better than the 1813 tetrameters, would be a study.

147: NOTE: St.92: As a satire on epics, *Don Juan* is notable in having no clearly-identified god to persecute its hero, as Poseidon persecutes Odysseus, or as Priapus does Encolpius in the *Satyricon*: this stanza is the closest B. comes to describing the divine power which rules the poem's action. The multiple imagery in the rainbow-description depicts the face of God – or Destiny – or Nemesis (probably the last). Its essence is charismatic variability and untrustworthiness; it attracts by its beauty and by its violent birth-pangs, repels by its savagery – the Turk's pavilion (familiar-exotic) and the black eye given when the gloves are put off (flash-familiar: they are off at this point in the narrative). It is at once a remote potentate, and the bully next door; it starts like a baby which is heavenly but human, and ends by poking you in the face.

148: Cameleon: a reptile supposed able constantly to change colour to blend in with its surroundings.

149: For an echo of the multiple images describing the rainbow here, see *TVOJ*, st.61, where B. describes St Michael's blushing. For further multiple comparisons and similes see above, I sts.122-7, below, II st.148, II st.196, and III st.66.

150: without the Muffle: bare-knuckled; without gloves. B. was a keen pugilist, normally, however, preferring gloves. A pair of his may be seen today at Newstead Abbey.

93.

Our shipwrecked Seamen thought it a good Omen -
 It is as well to think so now and then¹⁵¹ –
 'Twas an old Custom of the Greek and Roman
 And may become of great advantage when 740
 Folks are discouraged, and most Surely No men
 Had greater need to nerve themselves again
 Than these – and So this Rainbow looked like Hope -
 Quite a Celestial Kaleidoscope.¹⁵² – – – –

94.¹⁵³

About this time a beautiful white bird, 745
 Webfooted, not unlike a Dove in Size
 And plumage (probably it might have erred
 Upon its course) passed oft before their eyes,
 And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
 The men within the boat; and in this Guise 750
 It came and went, and fluttered round them till
 Night fell: this seemed a better Omen still. – – – –

151: *It is as well to think so now and then:* B. was an avid Bible reader, and shows here a particular attitude to Genesis 9, 12-16: *And God said, this is the token of the Covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a Covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: and I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh.*

152: *Kaleidoscope:* invented by Sir David Brewster in 1817. Murray sent B. one on September 22 1818, a month before he started writing Canto II, describing it as ... *a newly invented Toy which if not yet seen in Venice will I trust amuse some of your female friends* (John Murray Archive / National Library of Scotland); but B. broke the glass and cut his finger assembling it (BLJ VI 77 and 109).

The subtextual nexus of relationships would, in this analysis, have B. as a shipwrecked seaman and John Murray as the playful and deceptive Nemesis, sending gifts which turn against one as soon as opened. A message of some kind is certainly being signalled between author and publisher. For the word, see above, I, 1598, n.

153: DALYELL (for st.94): *About this time a beautiful white bird, web-footed, and not unlike a dove in size and plumage, hovered over the mast-head of the cutter; and notwithstanding the pitching of the boat frequently attempted to perch on it, and continued fluttering there until dark. Trifling as such an incident may appear, we all considered it a propitious omen ...* – III p.389 (*Loss of the Lady Hobart Packet in an island of Ice – Monthly Magazine*, September 1821, p.108; Wright; Coleridge; DJV). All but one of the victims of this shipwreck survived; but for evidence that B. may also have been influenced here by his reading of the story of the *Méduse* frigate, see note on next pages.

95.¹⁵⁴

But in this case I also must remark
 'Twas well this bird of Promise did not perch
 Because the Tackle of our¹⁵⁵ shattered bark 755
 Was not so safe for roosting as a Church;
 And had it been the Dove from Noah's Ark,¹⁵⁶
 Returning there from her successful Search,
 Which in their way that moment chanced to fall, *
 They would have ate her, Olive-branch and All. 760

96.¹⁵⁷

With twilight it again came on to blow,
 But not with violence; the Stars shone out,
 The boat made Way; yet now they were so low,
 They knew not where nor what they were about;
 Some fancied they saw land, and some said "No!" 765
 The frequent Fogbanks gave them cause to doubt -
 Some swore that they heard Breakers, Others Guns,
 And All mistook about the latter Once. –

154: LA MÉDUSE: the French frigate grounded off the west coast of Africa in 1816. This detail from a survivors' account may have inspired B. to add received st.95: *All at once a white butterfly, of the species so common in France, appeared fluttering over our heads, and settled on our sail. The first idea which, as it were, inspired each of us made us consider this little animal as the harbinger, which brought us the news of a speedy approach to land, and we snatched at this hope with a kind of delirium of joy. But it was the ninth day that we passed upon the raft; the torments of hunger consumed our entrails; already some of the soldiers and sailors devoured, with haggard eyes, this wretched prey, and seemed ready to dispute it with each other. Others considered this butterfly a messenger of heaven, declared that they took the poor insect under their protection, and hindered any injury being done to it* - Savigny and Corréard, *Narrative of a Voyage to Senegal*, London 1818, p.121. This horrible event inspired the famous picture by Théodore Géricault, first exhibited in 1819, the year B. published *Don Juan* I and II.

155: our: see above, II 252n.

156: Noah's Ark: see above, II 64 and 526. The whole Biblical passage may at last be quoted: *Also he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground; but the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him in the ark, for the from off the face of the ground; but the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him in the ark, for the waters were on the face of the whole earth; then he put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him in the ark. And he stayed yet another seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark; and the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off; so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth. And he stayed yet another seven days; and sent forth the dove; which returned not again unto him any more ...* (Genesis 8, 8-12).

157: DALYELL (for st.96): *I therefore found it necessary to caution the people against being deceived by the appearance of land, or calling out until we were quite convinced of its reality, more especially as fog-banks are often mistaken for land. Several of the poor fellows, nevertheless, repeatedly exclaimed that they heard breakers, and some the firing of guns; and, to own the truth, the sounds we did hear bore such a resemblance to the latter, that I concluded some vessels had got on shore and were making signals of distress. The noise afterwards proved to be the blowing of whales, of which we saw a great number.* – III pp.390-1 (*Loss of the Hobart – Monthly Magazine*, September 1821 p. 108; Wright; Coleridge; DJV).

97.¹⁵⁸

As Morning broke the light Wind died away,
When he who had the watch sung out and swore, 770
If 'twas not land that rose with the Sun's ray
He wished that land he never might see more;
And the rest rubbed their eyes, and Saw a bay,
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for Shore,
For shore it was, and gradually grew 775
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

98.¹⁵⁹

And then of these Some part burst into tears,
And others, looking with a stupid Stare,
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seemed as if they had no further care; 780
While a few prayed (the first time for Some years)
And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep; they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead. — — — —

99.¹⁶⁰

The day before, fast Sleeping on the water, 785
They found a Turtle of the Hawk's-bill kind,
And by Good Fortune, gliding softly, caught her,
Which yielded a day's life, and to their Mind
Proved even still a more nutritious matter,
Because it left Encouragement behind: 790
They thought that in such perils, More than Chance
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

158: DALYELL (for st.97): *At length one of them broke out into a most immoderate swearing fit of joy, which I could not restrain, and declared that he had never seen land before in his life if what he saw now was not so* – III p.55, (*Loss of the Centaur* – *Monthly Magazine* September 1821 p.108; Wright; Coleridge; DJV.)

159: DALYELL (for st.98): *... the joy at a speedy relief affected us all in a most remarkable way. Many burst into tears; some looked at each other with a stupid stare ...* – III p.391 (*Loss of the Lady Hobart* – *Monthly Magazine* September 1821 p.108; Wright; Coleridge; not mentioned by DJV.)

160: DALYELL (for st.99): *This [hunger] they endured for several days, when they accidentally descried a small turtle floating on the surface of the water asleep, and were so fortunate as to make it a capture ...* – III p.356 (*Sufferings of Twelve Men, the Crew of the Thomas* – *Monthly Magazine* September 1821 p.108; Wright; Coleridge; DJV.) *The Monthly Magazine* and Wright both give “providentially descried a small turtle”.

100.

The land appeared a high and rocky Coast,
And higher grew the Mountains as they drew,
Set by a Current, toward it; they were lost 795
In various conjectures, for None knew
To what part of the Earth they had been tost,
So changeable had been the Winds that blew;
Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some the Highlands
Of Candia,¹⁶¹ Cyprus, Rhodes, or other Islands. 800

101.

Meanwhile the Current, with a rising Gale,
Still set them onwards to the welcome Shore,
Like Charon's Bark of Spectres, dull and pale:¹⁶²
Their living freight was now reduced to four,
And three dead, whom their Strength could not avail 805
To heave into the deep with those before,
Though the two Sharks still followed them, and dashed
The Spray into their faces as they Splashed. – -

161: *Candia*: Crete. It is sufficiently unlikely that they would even have reached sight of Etna (in Sicily) from the Gulf of Lyons – for them to have reached the Greek Islands stretches beyond breaking-point the probability which B. has apparently been trying to build up with his constant, detailed use of authentic sea-narratives. Obviously he has had Juan's destination – and Haidee – in view for some time.

162: *Charon's bark of spectres*: the boat over the Styx, steered by Charon, son of Erebus; it ferries the dead to the Underworld. See above, Canto II 355-6, and n.

102.¹⁶³

Famine, Despair, Cold, Thirst and Heat, had done
Their work on them by turns, and thinned them to 810
Such things a Mother had not known her Son¹⁶⁴
Amidst the Skeletons of that gaunt Crew;¹⁶⁵
By night chilled, by day scorched, thus one by one
They perished, until withered to these few,
But chiefly by a Species of Self-Slaughter, 815
In washing down Pedrillo with Salt Water.

103.

As they drew nigh the land, which was now seen
Unequal in its aspect here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing Green,
That waved in Forest-tops and Smoothed the Air, 820
And fell upon their glazed Eyes like a Screen,
From glistening waves and skies so hot and bare -
Lovely seemed any Object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, Eternal Deep.

104.

The Shore looked wild, without a trace of Man, 825
And Girt by formidable waves, but they
Were Mad for Land, and thus their course they ran,
Though right ahead the roaring Breakers lay;
A Reef between them also now began
To show its boiling Surf and bounding Spray, 830
But finding no place for their landing better,
They ran the boat for Shore, and upset her.¹⁶⁶

163 BLIGH (for st.102): *An indifferent spectator would have been at a loss which most to admire; the eyes of famine sparkling at immediate relief, or the horror of their preservers at the sight of so many spectres, whose ghastly countenances, if the cause had been unknown, would rather have excited terror than pity. Our bodies were nothing but skin and bones, our limbs were full of sores, and we were clothed in rags; in this condition, with the tears of joy and gratitude flowing down our cheeks. the people of Timor beheld us with a mixture of horror, surprise, and pity. (Mutiny on the Bounty, p.80 – Wright; Coleridge; DJV.)*

164: *a Mother had not known her Son:* a common romantic idea, often though not always used in grim contexts. See *The Siege of Corinth*, 1003-4: *Not the matrons that them bore / Could discern their offspring more: TVOJ*, 620-2: *I don't think his own mother / (If that he had a mother) would her son / Have known ...:* and *The Island*, 181-2: *The sapping famine, rendering scarce a son / Known to his mother in the skeleton* (B. is in the last case re-using ideas from this Canto.) The idea also occurs in Scott's *Marmion*, at I xxviii: *... the mother that him bare, / If she had been in presence there, / In his wan face, and sun-burn'd hair, / She had not known her child:* and at Southey's *Roderick, Last of the Goths*, end of Book XIV, a mother really does not recognise her son. The half-joking statement "*his / her own mother wouldn't recognise him / her*" is after all commonplace; but B.'s capitals in the context here may wish to imply alienation between the Virgin and the Second Person of the Trinity.

165: ADMIRAL BYRON (for st.102): *It is impossible for me to describe the miserable state we were reduced to: our bodies were so emaciated, that we hardly appeared the figures of men (Narrative of John Byron, p.165 – no previous edition.)*

166: For other examples of a shock effect being reserved for the stanza's last line, see above, I 936, 1140, II 408, and so on.

105.

But in his native Stream, the Guadalquivir,
 Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont;
 And having learnt to swim in that sweet River, 835
 Had often turned the Art to some Account;
 A better Swimmer you could scarce see Ever,
 He could, perhaps, have passed the Hellespont,¹⁶⁷
 As Once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
 Leander, M^r. Ekenhead, and I did.¹⁶⁸ *– 840

* M^r. Ekenhead – Lieutenant of Marines on board of the Salsette Frigate (then commanded by Capt Bathurst) <accompanied Lord Byron> swam across the Hellespont with Lord B[yrone]. for the account of the swimming of the Dardanelles May 10th (I think) 1810 – see Hobhouse’s travels.¹⁶⁹ – – – – –

106.¹⁷⁰

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
 He buoyed his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
 With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,
 The beach which lay before him, high and dry;
 The greatest danger here was from a Shark, 845
 That carried off his Neighbour by the thigh;
 As for the other two they could not swim,
 So Nobody arrived on Shore but him.¹⁷¹

167: *Hellespont*: passage between the Mediterranean and the Sea of Marmora. Strong currents make swimming very difficult there.

168: *Leander* was the lover of Hero, a priestess of Aphrodite; he swam the Hellespont regularly to visit her, until a storm extinguished her signal light, and he drowned. B. had accomplished the same feat, with no romantic motive, with Lt. Ekenhead. See letter to Henry Drury, May 3 1810 (BLJ I 237): “**This morning I swam from Sestos to Abydos, the immediate distance is not above a mile but the current renders it hazardous, so much so, that I doubt whether Leander’s conjugal powers must not have been exhausted in his passage to Paradise.**” See also BLJ VIII 80, where B. describes and defends his feat in detail.

169: Byron’s note: The reference is to Hobhouse’s *Travels in Albania* (1812) II 807-8, where the date is given correctly as May 3. Hobhouse, as we know, read the proof of *Don Juan*, with some distaste; but the gesture is a way of implicating him in the poem. It also puts the seal on all the nautical sources from which B. has been borrowing, by adding one last one from his own experience. Lieutenant Ekenhead of the Marines succumbed at once to the Curse of Byron; on arrival at Malta, he was promoted to Major, got drunk to celebrate, and broke his neck in a fall.

170: DALYELL (sts.106-7): No voyage recounted in Dalyell’s third volume (B.’s preferred source book) ends with only one survivor; but at I 202-4 a young Dutchman does survive alone, is met by friendly natives (very rare in the narratives) and thrives sufficiently to marry their chief’s daughter. The chapter would have given B. confidence for what now occurs.

171:(sts.106-7): B. recalls Odysseus’ struggle to get ashore at *Odyssey* V, 424-43:

*Now as he was pondering this in his heart and spirit,
 meanwhile a great wave carried him against the rough rock face,
 and there his skin would have been taken off, his bones crushed together,
 had not the gray-eyed goddess Athene sent him an inkling,
 and he frantically caught hold with both hands on the rock face
 and clung to it, groaning, until the great wave went over. This one
 he so escaped, but the backwash of the same wave caught him
 where he clung and threw him far out in the open water.
 As when an octopus is dragged away from its shelter
 the thickly-clustered pebbles stick in the cups of the tentacles,
 so in contact with the rock the skin from his bold hands
 was torn away. Now the great sea covered him over,
 and Odysseus would have perished, wretched beyond his destiny,
 had not the gray-eyed goddess Athene given him forethought.*

107.¹⁷²

Nor yet had he arrived but for the Oar,
 Which, providentially for him, was washed 850
 Just as his feeble Arms could strike no more,
 And the hard wave o'erwhelmed him as 'twas dashed
 Within his grasp; he clung to it, and sore
 The Waters beat while he thereto was lashed;
 At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he 855
 Rolled on the beach, half Senseless, from the Sea;¹⁷³

He got clear of the surf, where it sucks against the land, and swam on along, looking always towards the shore in the hope of finding beaches that slanted against the waves or harbors for shelter from the sea, but when he came, swimming along, to the mouth of a sweet-running river, this at last seemed to him the best place, being bare of rocks, and there was even shelter from the wind there. (tr. Lattimore)

172: DALYELL (st.107: another passage from B.'s school reading): *I observed that I did not get any nearer to the shore, but drifted in a direction almost parallel to the beach. Foreseeing that I should not be able to hold out much longer, I tried every method to keep the spar from turning, and at last lay alongside of it with one hand and one leg over, while with the other arm and leg I struggled hard to get it towards the shore – III 281 (Shipwreck of the Juno).*

Juan, though as good a swimmer as Homer's hero, is less energetic, and less fortunate both in his company and in his divine assistance (see note above to st.92); but his welcome is even more enthusiastic than that which Nausicaa gives Odysseus. For other possible sources, see notes to sts.108-9.

173: Sts. 107-8: One pattern of the poem lies in the alternation of Juan's near-death with his seduction by a woman who has power over him. Here he is in a sense being born a second time, so that he can – B. being anxious to make as much of his early material as possible – fall a second time. Elizabeth Boyd (*Byron's Don Juan: A Critical Study*, p.120) suggests that the correspondence between shipwreck and birth may come from Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura* V 222-7:

*Tum porro puer, ut saevis proiectus ab undis
 navita, nudus humi iaceti, infans, indignus omni
 vitali auxilio cum primum in luminis oras
 nixibus ex alvo matris natura profundit,
 vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut aequumst
 cui tantum in vita restet in transire malorum.*

(“Then again, the child, like a sailor cast forth by the cruel waves, lies naked and speechless upon the ground, without any kind of vital support, as soon as nature has spilt him forth with birthpangs from his mother's womb into the regions of light, and he fills all around with pitiful wailings; which is only right, considering how many ills remain to him in his journey through life”.) For another Lucretius reference, see above, Stanza 49n. Another classic description of being cast ashore in dangerous surf occurs in *Robinson Crusoe*: *The wave that came upon me again, buried me at once 20 or 30 feet in its own body; and I could feel my self carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore a very great way; but I held my breath, and assisted my self to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my ... breath, when as I felt my self rising up, so to my immediate relief, I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and tho' it was not two seconds of time that I could keep my self so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and finding the water had spent it self, and began to turn, I strook forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet ...” (Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*, ed. Ross, pp.64-5).*

108.

There, breathless, with his digging Nails he clung
Fast to the Sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should Suck him back to her insatiate Grave; 860
And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a Cliffworn Cave,
With just enough of Life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps, in vain.

109.

With Slow and Staggering effort he arose, 865
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
And quivering hand; and then he looked for those
Who long had been his Mates upon the Sea,
But none of them appeared to share his woes,
Save One, a Corpse from out the famished three, 870
Who died two days before, and now had found
An unknown barren beach for Burial Ground.

110.

And as he Gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the Sand
Swum round and round, and all his Senses passed; 875
He fell upon his Side, and his stretched hand
Drooped dripping on the Oar, (their Jury-mast)¹⁷⁴
And like a withered Lily, on the land
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was formed of Clay. 880

111.

How long in his damp trance young Juan lay
He knew not, for the Earth was gone for him,¹⁷⁵
And Time had nothing more of Night nor Day
For his congealing blood, and Senses dim;
And how this heavy faintness passed away 885
He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,
And tingling Vein, seemed throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanquished, still retired with Strife.

112.

His eyes he opened, shut, again unclosed,
For all was doubt and dizziness; methought 890
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,

174: *Jury-mast*: one for emergency use. See above, II 318 and n.

175: Compare *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, V Stanza 23:

*How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.*

Where the Mariner has precipitated his sea-catastrophe by blasphemously killing the Albatross, Juan has been the innocent victim of his, and has deliberately distanced himself from the terrible events which accompanied it – see above, II 624 and n.

And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
 And wished it death in which he had reposed,
 And then once more his Feelings back were brought,
 And slowly by his swimming eyes were seen
 A lovely female face of Seventeen.¹⁷⁶ 895

113.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small Mouth
 Seemed almost prying into his for breath;
 And chafing him, the soft warm hand of Youth
 Recalled his answering Spirits back from death; 900
 And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe
 Each pulse to Animation, till beneath
 Its gentle touch and trembling care, a Sigh
 To these kind Efforts made a low reply.¹⁷⁷ –

176: The shipwreck of the protagonist occurs in the seventeenth-century plays by Tirso de Molina and Thomas Shadwell; de Molina has the hero saved by a young girl, whom he seduces and abandons. Shadwell's storm at sea takes most of its ideas from Shakespeare – B.'s takes nothing – and Shadwell has a moralising Hermit waiting for his Don John on the shore – compare *The Ancient Mariner*. Giambattista Casti has a *novello* called *La Diavolessa*, in which the protagonist – a *friend* and fellow debauchee of Don Juan – is shipwrecked, becomes a hermit himself on the seashore, but is tempted by the shade of his mistress, which he finally “marries”, and it takes him down to hell to join Juan. But B. is not writing within this tradition so much as creating a “new old” one from it; his precedents are much more distinguished, including Homer (the episode of Odysseus and Nausicaa in Book VI of *The Odyssey*) Shakespeare (Ferdinand and Miranda in *The Tempest*) and Greek, Roman and medieval shipwreck-romances too numerous to list. Admiral Byron's horrifying *Narrative* also includes an important instance of feminine compassion, soon thwarted. Once already a Byronic hero had awoken from near death to find a girl attending him – at *Mazeppa* (1818) lines 796-807:

“I woke – where was I? – do I see
 A human face look down on me?
 And doth a roof above me close?
 Do these limbs on a couch repose?
 Is this a chamber where I lie,
 And is it mortal, yon bright eye,
 That watches me with gentle glance?
 I closed my eyes again once more,
 As doubtful that their former trance
 Could not as yet be o'er.
 A slender Girl, long-haired and tall,
 Sate watching by the cottage wall ...

177: Though authentically and primarily Byronic, Haidee is in small part Tasso's Armida (see above, I 567 and n, below IV 431-2 and n) but in fractionally greater part Homer's Nausicaa (see *Odyssey* VI; small section opposite) and Shakespeare's Miranda. See next note but one.

114.

Then was the Cordial poured, and Mantle flung 905
 Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair arm
 Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;
 And her transparent Cheek, all pure and warm,
 Pillowed his deathlike forehead;¹⁷⁸ then She wrung
 His dewy curls, long drenched by every Storm; 910
 And watched with eagerness each throb that drew
 A Sigh from his heaved bosom – and hers, too. –

115.

And lifting him with Care into the Cave,
 The gentle Girl, and her Attendant, One
 Young, yet her Elder, and of brow less grave, 915
 And more robust of figure, then begun
 To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
 Light to the rocks that roofed them, which the Sun
 Had never seen, the Maid, or whatso'er
 She was,¹⁷⁹ appeared distinct, and tall, and fair.¹⁸⁰ 920

178: Juan is much more helpless in Haidee's eyes than either Odysseus in those of Nausicaa, or Ferdinand in those of Miranda. See note on following page for Ferdinand's confidence: here is the complementary meeting from the *Odyssey*:

*So speaking, great Odysseus came from under his thicket,
 and from the dense foliage with his heavy hand he broke off
 a leafy branch to cover his body and hide the male parts,
 and went in the confidence of his strength, like some hill-kept lion,
 who advances, though he is rained on and blown by the wind, and both eyes
 kindle; he goes out after cattle or sheep, or it may be
 deer in the wilderness, and his belly is urgent upon him
 to get inside of a close steading and go for the sheepflocks.
 So Odysseus was ready to face young girls with well-ordered
 hair, naked though he was, for the need was on him; and yet
 he appeared terrifying to them, all crusted with dry spray,
 and they scattered one way or another down the jutting beaches.
 Only the daughter of Alkinoös [Nausicaa] stood fast, for Athene
 put courage into her heart, and took the fear from her body,
 and she stood her ground and faced him, and now Odysseus debated
 whether to supplicate the well-favoured girl by clasping
 her knees, or to stand off where he was and in words of blandishment
 ask if she would show him the city, and lend him clothing.*

Odyssey VI 127-44 (tr. Richmond Lattimore)

179: *the Maid, or whatso'er / She was:* perhaps an echo of *The Tempest*, I ii 426-8:

FERDINAND:

*My prime request,
 Which I do last pronounce, is, oh, you wonder!
 If you be maid or no?*

MIRANDA:

*No wonder, sir;
 But certainly a maid.*

We see here, as in Canto I sts.60 and 61 (the first description of Julia) the care which B. expended on describing his heroines; though Haidee from the viewpoint of the exhausted and half-dead Juan gave him far less trouble than did the mendacious but hysterical Julia from the viewpoint of either the exasperated Alfonso, and / or of the voyeuristic narrator, in I st.158 (see above). As with Julia, B. concentrates on eyes, hair, and stature: and gives both women long, *clustering* hair, tall stature, and dark eyes. For *clustering*, see the description of Julia, above, Canto I line 481: here B., at 923, rejects it twice, as if shy of repeating himself, only to accept it as inevitable. However, where Julia is all invitation, lines 929-30 and the couplet of st.117 make Haidee offer in addition a strikingly unromantic threat, which the fair-copy alterations to

116.

Her brow was overhung with Coins of Gold,
That sparkled o'er the Auburn of her hair,¹⁸¹
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were rolled
In braids behind, and though her Stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould, 925
They nearly reached her Heel; and in her air
There was a Something which bespoke Command,
As One who was a Lady in the land.¹⁸²

117.

Her hair, I said, was Auburn; but her eyes
Were black as Death, their lashes the same hue, 930
Of downcast length, in whose Silk shadow lies
Deepest Attraction, for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full Glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the Snake late coiled, who pours his length, 935
And hurls at once his Venom and his Strength.¹⁸³ –

118.

Her brow was white and low, her Cheek's pure Dye
Like Twilight rosy still with the Set Sun;
Short upper lip – sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for She was One * 940
Fit for the Model of a Statuary,
(A race of mere Impostors when all's done –
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their Stone Ideal.)¹⁸⁴

931 accentuate. In rough, B. leaves the choice open at 936 between *venom* and *poison*; in neat, *venom* is not only triumphant, but uppercased as well.

180: Recalls Plato's simile of the cave, *Republic*, VII 7.

181: For Haidee's hair, see below, B.'s note to III 577.

182: *One who was a Lady in the Land*: Haidee is only a pirate's daughter, but B. insists again on her rank below, at Canto III 569-71, where she is described as *Princess of her father's land*.

183: *the Snake*: compare the description of Lambro, below, III 380 and n.

184: For further thoughts about the inability of artists to capture the qualities of female beauty, compare *Beppo*, Stanzas 11-13, Keats, *Lamia*, I 328-32, and *The Winter's Tale*, V iii, *passim*. **947:**

119.

I'll tell you why I say so, for 'tis just 945
 One should not rail without a decent cause;
 There was an Irish Lady,¹⁸⁵ to whose bust
 I ne'er saw Justice done, and yet She was
 A frequent Model; and if e'er She must
 Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling laws, 950
 They will destroy a face which mortal Thought
 Ne'er compassed, nor less mortal Chissel wrought.

120.

And Such was She, the Lady of the Cave;¹⁸⁶
 Her dress was very different from the Spanish,
 Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave; 955
 For, as you know, the Spanish women banish
 Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave
 Around them (what I hope will never vanish)
 The Basquina and the Mantilla, they
 Seem at the same time mystical and gay.¹⁸⁷ – 960

121.

But with our damsel this was not the Case;
 Her dress was many-coloured, finely spun;¹⁸⁸
 Her locks curled negligently round her face,
 But through them Gold and Gems profusely shone;
 Her Girdle sparkled, and the richest lace 965
 Flowed in her veil, and many a precious stone
 Flashed on her little hand; but, what was shocking,
 Her Small Snow feet had Slippers, but no Stocking.

185: *an Irish Lady*: probably Lady Adelaide Forbes, an acquaintance of Moore – see BLJ III 75: “Do you know, Moore, I am amazingly inclined – remember I say but *inclined* – to be seriously enamoured with Lady A F – but this [words cut by Moore] has ruined all my prospects. However, you know her; – is she *clever*, or sensible, or good-tempered? either *would do* – I scratch out the *will*. I don't ask of her beauty – that I see; but my circumstances are mending, and were not my other prospects blackening, I would take a wife, and that should be the woman, had I a chance. I do not yet know her much, but better than I did” [more words cut by Moore]. See also BLJ V 227: “The Apollo Belvidere is the image of Lady Adelaide Forbes – I think I never saw such a likeness.”

186: *the Lady of the Cave*: recalls the temptress and sorceress Armida in Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*.

187: The seemingly irrelevant references to Spanish women are perhaps intended to make us still more subliminally wary of Haidee's beauty, bearing in mind as we must do the retribution awaiting those who succumb to them – see above, this canto lines 647-8. If this is B.'s intention, it fails; for she is specifically described at 954 as *different from* them; and the disclaimer at 961 cancels our wariness. Where B., describing Julia's looks, gave no thought to her clothes, he allows a stanza to Haidee's; the first concentration on clothing since the description of Inez's favourite materials above, at Canto I lines 94-6. The contrast between her jewels and her bare feet is to make Haidee at once innocently ostentatious, and simply innocent.

188: ... *her dress ... The Basquina and the Mantilla ... her dress*: notice that B. has no authentic words to hand to describe Haidee's clothing. When he feels it necessary to do so in detail, at below, III sts.70-2, he has to borrow from a prose source. The two Spanish words at 959 signify a dark skirt and light cloak, both for outdoor wear.

122.¹⁸⁹

The other female's dress was not unlike,
But of inferior materials; She 970
Had not so many ornaments to strike,
Her hair had Silver only, bound to be
Her dowry; and her Veil, in form alike,
Was coarser; and her air, though firm, less free;
Her hair was thicker, but less long; her Eyes 975
As black, but quicker, and of smaller Size.

123.

And these two tended him, and cheered him both
With food and raiment, and those soft attentions,
Which are (as I must own) of female Growth,
And have ten thousand delicate Inventions; 980
They made a most superior mess of broth,
A thing which Poesy but seldom mentions,
But the best dish that e'er was cooked since Homer's
Achilles ordered Dinner for new Comers.¹⁹⁰

189: ADMIRAL BYRON (for the entire episode): unremarked-upon is the parallel between Juan, Haidee and Zoe, and the meeting between the poet's grandfather and two Patagonian Indian women after the wreck of the *Wager* in 1740: ... *in this wigwam, into which I took the liberty to introduce myself, I found two women, who, upon first seeing a figure they were not accustomed to, and such a figure too as I then made, were struck with astonishment. They were sitting by a fire, to which I approached without any apology. However inclined I might have been to make one, my ignorance of their language made it impossible to attempt it. One of these women appeared to be young, and very handsome for an Indian; the other old, and as frightful as it is possible to conceive any thing in human shape to be. Having stared at me some little time, they both went out; and I, without further ceremony, sat me down by the fire to warm myself, and dry the rags I wore. Yet I cannot say my situation was very easy, as I expected every instant to see two or three men come in and thrust me out, if they did not deal with me in a rougher manner.*

Soon after the two women came in again, having, as I supposed, conferred with the Indian, our conductor; and appearing to be in great good humour, began to chatter and laugh immoderately. Perceiving the wet and cold condition I was in, they seemed to have compassion on me, and the old woman went out and brought some wood, with which she made a good fire; but my hunger being impatient, I could not forbear expressing my desire that they would extend their hospitality a little further, and bring me something to eat. They soon comprehended my meaning, and the younger beginning to rummage under some pieces of bark that lay in the corner of the wigwam, produced a fine large fish: this they presently put upon the fire to broil; and when it was just warm through, they made a sign for me to eat. They had no need to repeat the invitation; I fell to, and dispatched it in so short a time, that I was in hopes they would comprehend, without further tokens, that I was ready for another; but it was of no consequence, for their stock of eatables was entirely exhausted (Narrative, pp.124-6).

190: *since Homer's / Achilles ordered Dinner:* he does so in *Iliad IX*, on being visited by the other Greek generals. Compare below, XV, 62, 3-4.

124.

I'll tell you who they were, this female pair, 985
Lest they should seem Princesses in disguise;¹⁹¹
Besides – I hate all mystery, and that air
Of Clap-trap,¹⁹² which your recent Poets prize;¹⁹³
And so, in short, the Girls they really were
They shall appear before your curious eyes, 990
Mistress and Maid; the first was only daughter
Of an Old Man, who lived upon the water.¹⁹⁴

125.

A fisherman he had been in his youth,
And still a Sort of fisherman was he;
But other Speculations were, in sooth, 995
Added to his Connexion with the Sea,
Perhaps not so respectable in truth;
A little Smuggling, and some Piracy,
Left him at last the Sole of many Masters
Of an ill-gotten Million of Piastres.¹⁹⁵ 1000

126.

A Fisher, therefore, was he – though of men,
Like Peter the Apostle, – and he fished¹⁹⁶
For wandering Merchant Vessels, now and then,
And sometimes caught as many as he wished;
The Cargoes he confiscated, and Gain 1005
He sought in the Slave-Market too, and dished
Full many a Morsel for that Turkish Trade,
By which, no doubt, a Good deal may be made. – - -

191: *Princesses in disguise*: for all his disclaiming here, B. does assert below at Canto III 569 that Haidee, at least, is a Princess.

192: Whenever B. criticises other poets, and speaks of claptrap, we need to be on our guard. See note to 986, below. See how *modern poets* (988) becomes in neat *recent poets*.

193: *your recent Poets*: compare below, II 1320.

194: Lambro, introduced for the first time here, though unnamed as yet, is one of the most complex and interesting characters in the poem. He is a descendant and development, in Byronic literary terms, of Conrad in *The Corsair*, Aso in *Parisina*, and of Beppo; while in B.'s autobiographical terms he relates to Ali Pacha, the smooth but sadistic Albanian Godfather-figure whom the poet had met, and been on good terms with, on his first Levantine visit. Stanza 125 puts establishes him firmly, in the realistic *Beppo* idiom (see *Beppo*, Stanzas 94-7) not only as a pirate but as a successful entrepreneur as well.

195: *Piastres*: large-denomination Spanish or low-denomination Turkish coin.

196: *Like Peter the Apostle*: echoes Jesus' words in summoning Simon Peter and Andrew at Matthew 4 18-19: *Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men*. B., as so often with his Biblical references, inverts the original signification. Compare above, Canto I lines 1338, and 1487.

127.

He was a Greek, and on his Isle had built
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)¹⁹⁷ 1010
A very handsome house from out his Guilt,
And there he lived exceedingly at Ease;
Heaven knows what cash he got, or blood he spilt,
A sad¹⁹⁸ old fellow was he, if you please,
But this I know, it was a Spacious Building, 1015
Full of Barbaric Carving, Paint, and Gilding.¹⁹⁹

128.

He had an only daughter, called Haidee,²⁰⁰
The greatest Heiress of the Eastern Isles;
Besides, so very beautiul was She,
Her Dowry was as Nothing to her Smiles; 1020
Still in her Teens, and like a lovely Tree
She grew to Womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several Suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

197: *Cyclades*: the most perfectly circular of Aegean archipelagoes: but at III 442 B. gives it *Ionian elegance*, indicating a location on the western side of the Greek peninsular.

198: *sad*: means in this case wicked.

199: *Barbaric Carving, Paint, and Gilding*: see below, III sts.64-5, and 67-9: except that by the time B. comes to describe it in detail, *Barbaric* will no longer do.

200: *Haidee*: the first mention of her name; the word (*Χαηδη*) means either “the caress” or “the caressed one”; B.’s first usage of it had been in a poem of 1811, *Translation of the Romaic Song, Μπενυ μεσ το περιβολι, / ‘Ωπαιοτατη Χαηδη*:

*I enter thy garden of roses,
Beloved and fair Haideé,
Each morning where Flora reposes,
For surely I see her in thee.
Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
Which utters its song to adore thee,
Yet trembles for what it has sung;
As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
Through her eyes, through her every feature,
Shines forth the young soul of Haideé ... and so on.*

The poem was copied for B. while in Athens by a girl called not Haidee but Dudù Roque (see below, Canto VI, line 315 *et. seq.*).

129.

And walking out upon the beach, below 1025
 The Cliff, towards Sunset, on that day She found,
 Insensible, not dead, but nearly so,
 Don Juan, almost famished, and half drowned;
 But being naked,²⁰¹ She was shocked, you know,
 Yet deemed herself in common Pity bound, 1030
 As far as in her lay, “to take him in,
 A Stranger”²⁰² dying, with so white a Skin.²⁰³ –

130.

But taking him into her father’s House²⁰⁴
 Was not exactly the best way to save,
 But like Conveying to the Cat the Mouse, 1035
 Or People in a trance into their grave;
 Because the Good Old Man had so much “*νοῦσ*,”²⁰⁵
 Unlike the honest Arab thieves so brave,
 He would have hospitably cured the Stranger,
 And sold him instantly when out of danger. 1040

201: *being naked*: the (misrelated) participle phrase recalls Odysseus in *Odyssey* VI: see quotation above, note to sts.114-15.

202: “*to take him in, / A stranger*”: Matthew 25 35: *I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in ...: although the conclusion of the sentence suggests motives other than the merely charitable.* Contrast below, XI 586: *Noble, rich, celebrated, and a stranger ...*

203: For the useful combination of compassion and lust, compare below, XIV, 47, 1-2, and 92, 7-8.

204: POSSIBLE SOURCE: Kyriakoula Solomou, in her unpublished Ph.D. thesis *Byron and Greek Poetry* (Aberdeen, 1980) suggests many parallels between the Haidee-Juan romance, which now unfolds, and a 1627 Cretan romance *η βοσκοπούλα* (*The Fair Shepherdess*). B. makes two references to the work – sent to him by John Galt – in letters to Hobhouse of October 4 1810 and January 10 1811 (BLJ II 22 and 33), and although he speaks very disparagingly of it (he renames it “**Herdswoman**” and calls it “**darned nonsense**” and “**the worst Romaic & the vilest nonsense ever seen**”) the parallels remain striking. A translation is printed as appendix to *Three Cretan Plays*, tr. F.H.Marshall, int. J. Mavrogordato (Oxford 1929). Solomou draws attention to the resemblances between the descriptions of Haidee and of the unnamed Shepherdess of the romance, particularly of her eyes; to the Shepherd’s helpless unconsciousness before her; to the lovers’ walking hand-in-hand; to the cave into which the Shepherdess takes the Shepherd; to the realistic food they eat there (cheese, bread, cold roast lamb and wine); to the imagined anger of the father; and to the Aegean – or Cretan – setting. Other points which could be made lie in the confusion between the Shepherdess’s consciously altruistic motives in tending the helpless Shepherd, and her real, erotic ones (1031-32); the fact that she neglects her pastoral obligations to be with him (III, 278-80); the absence from her life of any relatives except her father (1393); the resemblance between her cave and that of Neuha in B.’s later romance *The Island* (see *The Island*, IV, 7-8); the description of the sunrise (1131-6); and the father’s need to keep away at work, which facilitates the lovers’ consummation (993-1008). A different moral is, however, implicit in the romance, which is that had they not been so precipitate the lovers could have enjoyed happiness, as the heroine’s father – unlike Lambro – likes the hero, and would have approved of his daughter’s choice. The influence of Longus’ *Daphnis and Chloe* on the Candiot romance, and thus on *Don Juan*, is extremely clear.

205: “*νοῦσ*”: common sense (pronounced *nowss*).

131.

And therefore, with her Maid, She thought it best
(A Virgin always on her Maid relies)
To place him in the Cave for present rest;
And when, at last, he opened his black eyes,
Their Charity increased about their Guest; 1045
And their Compassion grew to such a Size,
It opened half the turnpike-Gates to Heaven
(St. Paul says 'tis the toll which must be given).²⁰⁶

132.

They made a fire, but such a fire as they
Upon the moment could contrive with such 1050
Materials as were cast up round the Bay
Some broken planks, and oars, that to the touch
Were nearly Tinder, since so long they lay,
A Mast was almost crumbled to a Crutch;
But, by God's grace, here Wrecks were in such plenty, 1055
That there was fuel to have furnished twenty.

133.

He had a bed of furs, and a Pelisse,
For Haidee stripped her Sables off to make
His Couch; and, that he might be more at Ease,
And warm in case by Chance he should awake, 1060
They also gave a petticoat apiece,²⁰⁷
She and her Maid, and promised by day-break
To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish
For breakfast, of eggs, Coffee, bread, and fish.

134.

And thus they left him to his lone repose; 1065
Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,
Who sleep at last, perhaps (God only knows)
Just for the present; and in his lulled head
Not even a Vision of his former woes
Throbb'd in accursed dreams, which sometimes spread 1070
Unwelcome visions of our former years,
Till the Eye cheated opens thick with tears. - - - - -

206: *St. Paul says 'tis the toll which must be given:* see I Corinthians 13, 1-13: *Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing ... And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.*

207: *They also gave a petticoat apiece:* not the last time Juan will be given women's garments; except that whereas here he is in no position to refuse, when next the offer is made (below, V sts.73-80) he has to drag up in full, and objects strongly: but he makes a very effective woman, and the androgynous or bisexual suggestion is powerful (see also note on Mozart's Cherubino, above, note to sts.136-87).

135.

Young Juan slept all dreamless: but the Maid,
Who smoothed his pillow, as She left the den
Looked back upon him, and a moment staid, 1075
And turned, believing that he called again;
He slumbered; yet She thought, at least She said
(The heart will slip even as the tongue and pen)
He had pronounced her name – but She forgot
That at this moment Juan knew it not. - 1080

136.

And pensive to her father's house She went,
Enjoining Silence strict to Zoe, who
Better than her knew what, in fact, She meant,
She being wiser by a year or two;
A Year or two's an Age when rightly spent,²⁰⁸ 1085
And Zoe spent hers, as most women do,
In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge
Which is acquired in Nature's good old College.²⁰⁹

137.

The Morn broke, and found Juan slumbering still
Fast in his Cave, and nothing clashed upon 1090
His rest; the rushing of the neighbouring rill,
And the young beams of the excluded Sun,
Troubled him not, and he might sleep his fill;
And need he had of Slumber yet, for None
Had suffered more – his hardships were comparative 1095
To those related in my Granddad's Narrative. –²¹⁰

138.

Not so Haidee; She sadly tossed and tumbled,
And started from her Sleep, and, turning o'er,
Dreamed of a thousand wrecks, o'er which She stumbled,
And handsome Corpses strewed upon the Shore;²¹¹ 1100
And woke her Maid so early that She grumbled,
And called her father's Old Slaves up, who swore
In several oaths – Armenian, Turk, and Greek,
They knew not what to think of such a freak.

208: ... *rightly spent*: obscene pun.

209: *Nature's good old College*: a comment on the education theme with which B. has been playing amusing games since Canto I. He has already used the *knowledge / college* rhyme above, at I, 415-16.

210: *my grand-dad's Narrative: A Narrative of the Honourable John Byron (Commander in a late expedition round the world)* was a very popular book. B. is proud of the way his family history authenticates *Don Juan*; see above, notes to II sts.71, 73, 102 and 114.

211: Anticipates Haidee's dream at IV sts.31-5.

139.

But up She got, and up She made them get, 1105
With some pretence about the Sun, that makes
Sweet Skies just when he rises, or is set;
And 'tis, no doubt, a sight to see when breaks
Bright Phoebus,²¹² while the Mountains still are wet²¹³
With mist, and every Bird with him²¹⁴ awakes, 1110
And Night is flung off like a Mourning Suit
Worn for a Husband, or some other brute. –

140.

I say, the Sun is a most glorious Sight,
I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late
I have sate up on purpose all the Night,²¹⁵ 1115
Which hastens, as Physicians say, One's fate;
And so All Ye, who would be in the right,
In health and purse, begin your day to date
From day-break, and when Coffined at Fourscore,
Engrave upon the plate, you rose at Four. – 1120

141.

And Haidee met the Morning face to face;
Her Own was freshest, though a feverish flush
Had dyed it with the headlong blood, whose race
From heart to Cheek is curbed into a blush,
Like to a torrent which a Mountain's base, 1125
That overpowers some Alpine river's rush,
Checks to a Lake, whose waves in circles spread;
Or the Red Sea – but the Sea is not Red. -

142.

And down the Cliff the Island Virgin came,
And near the Cave her quick light footsteps drew, 1130
While the Sun smiled on her with his first flame,
And young Aurora kissed her lips with dew,²¹⁶
Taking her for a Sister; just the same
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair, 1135
Had all the advantage of not being Air.

212: *Phoebus*: the sun god.

213: The digression at 1108-20 is not one of B.'s best.

214: *him*: Phoebus.

215: *I have sate up ... all the night*: B.'s habit was to enjoy the night awake, and to sleep in the morning.

216: *Aurora*: the goddess of the dawn. Later heroines of the poem are Leilah and Aurora Raby; see XII, 41, 2, and XV, st.43 *et. seq.*

143.²¹⁷

And when into the Cavern Haidee stepped
All timidly, yet rapidly, She saw
That like an Infant Juan sweetly slept;
And then She stopped, and stood as if in awe 1140
(For Sleep is awful) and on tiptoe crept
And wrapt him closer, lest the Air, too raw,
Should reach his blood, then o'er him still as Death²¹⁸
Bent, with hushed lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath.

144.

And thus like to an Angel o'er the dying 1145
Who die in Righteousnes, She leaned; and there
All tranquilly the shipwrecked boy was lying,
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless Air:
But Zoe the meantime some Eggs was frying,
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair 1150
Must breakfast, and betimes – lest they should ask it,
She drew out her provision from the basket.

145

She knew that the best feelings must have victual,²¹⁹
And that a shipwrecked youth would hungry be;
Besides, being less in love, She yawned a little, 1155
And felt her veins chilled by the neighbouring Sea;
And so, She cooked their breakfast to a tittle;
I can't say that She gave them any tea,²²⁰
But there were Eggs, fruit, Coffee, bread, fish, honey,
With Scio²²¹ Wine, and All for Love, not Money. 1160

146.

And Zoe, when the Eggs were ready, and
The Coffee made, would fain have wakened Juan;
But Haidee stopped her with her quick small hand,
And without word, a sign her finger drew on
Her lip, which Zoe needs must understand; 1165
And, the first breakfast spoilt, prepared a new one,
Because her Mistress would not let her break
That Sleep which seemed as it would ne'er awake. –

217: Implies (i) Haidee's virginal shyness (ii) her maternal relationship with Juan (iii) their common doom.

218: Compare above, II 930.

219: For B. on the relationship between love and physiology, see above, II sts.21-3, and below, II sts.169-70 and 212-15.

220: Tea was then a much greater luxury than coffee. See below, IV st.52n.

221: *Scio*: Chios, an island with Homeric links: see below, III 695.

147.

For Still he lay,²²² and on his thin worn Cheek
 A Purple Hectic played like dying Day 1170
 On the Snow-tops of distant hills; the Streak
 Of Sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,
 Where the blue Veins looked shadowy, shrunk, and weak;
 And his black Curls were dewy with the Spray,
 Which weighed upon them yet, all damp and Salt, 1175
 Mixed with the stoney vapours of the Vault.

148.²²³

And She bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
 Hushed as the Babe upon its Mother's breast,²²⁴
 Drooped as the Willow where no Winds can breathe,
 Lulled like the Depth of Ocean when at rest, 1180
 Fair as the Crowning Rose of the whole Wreath,
 Soft as the callow Cygnet in its nest;
 In short, he was a very pretty fellow,
 Although his woes had turned him rather yellow.

222: SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Don Juan* Cantos I and II were published on July 15th 1819. Scott wrote *Ivanhoe* later in the year; it was published in December, and was a best-seller. The following passage describes the hero's waking-up from the sleep into which he has fallen as a result of wounds received in the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouche: *To his great surprise, he found himself in a room magnificently furnished, but having cushions instead of chairs to rest upon, and in other respects partaking so much of Oriental costume that he began to doubt whether he had not, during his sleep, been transported back again to the land of Palestine. The impression was increased when, the tapestry being drawn aside, a female form, dressed in a rich habit, which partook more of the Eastern taste than that of Europe, glided through the door which it concealed, and was followed by a swarthy domestic.*

As the wounded knight was about to address this fair apparition, she imposed silence by placing her slender finger upon her ruby lips, [contrast Macbeth, I iii 44-5] while the attendant, approaching him, proceeded to uncover Ivanhoe's side, and the lovely Jewess satisfied herself that the bandage was in its place, and the wound doing well. She performed her task with a graceful and dignified simplicity and modesty, which might, even in more civilised days, have served to redeem it from whatever might seem repugnant to female delicacy. The idea of so young and beautiful a person engaged in attendance on a sick-bed, or in dressing the wound of one of a different sex, was melted away and lost in that of a beneficent being contributing her effectual aid to relieve pain, and to avert the stroke of death. Rebecca's few and brief directions were given in the Hebrew language to the old domestic; and he, who had frequently been her assistant in similar cases, obeyed them without reply. The accents of an unknown tongue, however harsh they might have sounded when uttered by another, had, coming from the beautiful Rebecca, the romantic and pleasing effect which fancy ascribes to the charms pronounced by some beneficent fairy, unintelligible, indeed, to the ear, but from the sweetness of utterance and benignity of aspect which accompanied them touching and affecting the heart. Without making an attempt at further question, Ivanhoe suffered them in silence to take the measures they thought most proper for his recovery; and it was not until those were completed, and this kind physician about to retire, that his curiosity could no longer be suppressed. "Gentle maiden," he began in the Arabian tongue, with which his Eastern travels had rendered him familiar, and which he thought most likely to be understood by the turbaned and caftaned damsel who stood before him – "I pray you, gentle maiden, of your courtesy – "

But here he was interrupted by his fair physician, a smile which she could scarce suppress dimpling for an instant a face whose general impression was that of contemplative melancholy. "I am of England, Sir Knight, and speak the English tongue, although my dress and my lineage belong to another climate." (*Ivanhoe*, Chapter XXVIII.)

223: See above, note to II st.6. No other simile-accumulation is deflated as brutally as this one.

224: *Hushed as the Babe upon its Mother's breast:* once again emphasises Juan's helplessness, in sharp contrast with Odysseus (see quotation in note to sts.114-15 above).

153.

And Juan, too, was helped out from his dream,
 Or sleep, or whatsoe'er it was, by feeling
 A most prodigious appetite; the Steam
 Of Zoe's Cookery no doubt was stealing 1220
 Upon his Senses, and the kindling beam
 Of the new fire, which Zoe kept up, kneeling,
 To stir her viands, made him quite awake
 And long for food, but chiefly a Beef-steak.

154.

But Beef is rare within these Oxless Isles²³² – 1225
 Goatsflesh there is no doubt and kid and Mutton;
 And, when a Holiday upon them smiles,
 A joint upon their barbarous Spits they put on,
 But this occurs but seldom between whites -
 For Some of these are Rocks with scarce a hut on; 1230
 Others are fair and fertile, among which
 This, though not large, was one of the most rich. – – – –

155.²³³

I say that Beef is rare, and can't help thinking
 That the old Fable of the Minotaur -
 From which our modern Morals rightly shrinking 1235
 Condemn the royal Lady's taste who wore
 A Cow's Shape for a Mask – was only (Sinking
 The Allegory) a mere type – no more -
 That Pasiphae promoted breeding Cattle
 To make the Cretans bloodier in battle; 1240

232: *But Beef is rare within these Oxless Isles:* see B.'s Ravenna Journal for January 24 1821: "... **there is no beef in Italy worth a curse; unless a man could eat an old ox with the hide in, singed in the sun**". (BLJ VIII 33.)

233: Sts. 155-6: An excellent example of Byronic deflation, and of his way of reinterpreting the portentous. The Minotaur (1234) was a monster, half man and half bull, born of the coupling between Pasiphæe (1239) and a bull which had been presented by Zeus to her husband, Minos King of Crete. When Minos refused to sacrifice it to him, Zeus caused Pasiphæe to become infatuated with the bull – her intercourse with which she facilitated by disguising herself as a cow (1236-7). See *The Wife of Bath's Prologue*, 733-6, or the following *nauseous epigram* of Martial, written after a display in the arena:

*Junctum Pasiphaen Dicteo credite Tauro,
 Vidimus accepit Fabula prisca Fidem.
 Nec se miretur Cæsar, longeva vestustas;
 Quicquid Fama canit, dona Arena tibi.*

(from *Spectaculorum Liber* or *the Book of the Games*, V: "We must now believe Pasiphae to have mated with the Dictaen bull, for we have seen the proof of the old yarn. Don't leave ancient tales to marvel at themselves. Whatever fame sings of, Caesar, the Arena has made real for thee.")

Minos demanded of Athens, which he subdued, seven youths and seven maidens to feed the Minotaur, after it had been penned in the labyrinth Daedalus constructed. The *allegory* (1238) is normally interpreted in terms of Minos' ingratitude to Zeus: B. reinterprets it in the *sinking* (1237) terms of Pasiphæe's desire to make the Cretans militarily powerful. Britons, by this low analysis, should copulate with cattle rather than eat them. The anti-jingoistic message needs some thought for its clarification.

156.

For we all know that English people are
Fed upon Beef – I won't say much of Beer
Because 'tis liquor only and being far
From this my Subject has no business here;
We know, too, they are very fond of war, 1245
A pleasure, like all pleasures, rather dear -
So were the Cretans – from which I infer
That Beef and Battles both were owing to her.²³⁴

157.

But to resume. The languid Juan raised
His head upon his elbow, and he saw - 1250
A Sight on which he had not lately gazed,
As all his latter meals had been quite raw -
Three or four things, for which the Lord He praised,
And, feeling still the famished Vulture gnaw
He fell upon whate'er was offered, like 1255
A Priest, a Shark, an Alderman, or Pike.²³⁵

158.

He ate, and he was well supplied,²³⁶ and She,
Who watched him like a Mother, would have fed
Him past all bounds because She smiled to see
Such appetite in One She had deemed dead; 1260
But Zoe being older than Haidee
Knew (by tradition – for She ne'er had read)
That famished people must be slowly nurst
And fed by Spoonfuls, else they always burst. -

159.

And so She took the liberty to state 1265
Rather by deeds than words – because the Case
Was urgent – that the Gentleman, whose Fate
Had made her Mistress quit her bed to trace
The Seashore at this hour, must leave his plate
Unless he wished to die upon the place - 1270
She snatched it and refused another morsel
Saying he had gorged enough to make a Horse ill.

234: Pasiphæe reminds us of Semiramis, in love with her horse: B. has a passage on her, too – see below, V st.61, where she is conflated with Queen Caroline, the estranged wife of George IV. Apuleius' *The Golden Ass* (see above, note to I 1440) is also relevant here.

235: *Priest ... Alderman:* these were widely unpopular in B.'s day – priests in Italy, aldermen in England – because of their venality; hence he associates them with watery predators. See below, VII st.64.

236: *He ate, and he was well supplied:* for the helpless man being fed by the two local women, see again passage from Admiral Byron's *Narrative*, st.122n.

160.²³⁷

Next they, he being naked, save a tattered
Pair of scarce decent trowsers, went to work,
And in the fire his recent rags they scattered, 1275
And dressed him, for the present, like a Turk,
Or Greek, that is, although it not much mattered,
Omitting turban, Slippers, pistols, dirk,
They furnished him, entire except some Stitches,
With a clean shirt, and very spacious breeches. 1280

161.

And then fair Haidee tried her tongue at Speaking,
But not a word could Juan comprehend -
Although he listened so that the young Greek in
Her earnestness would ne'er have made an end -
And, as he interrupted not, went Eking 1285
Her Speech out to her Protégé and friend,
Till pausing at the last her breath to take
She saw he did not understand Romaic.²³⁸ -

162.

And then She had recourse to Nods, and Signs
And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye, 1290
And read (the only book she could) the lines
Of his fair face, and found by Sympathy
The answer eloquent, where the Soul shines
And darts in one quick glance a long reply,
And thus in every look She saw Exprest 1295
A World of words, and things at which She guessed.

163.

And now, by dint of fingers and of Eyes,
And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue; but by Surmise,
No doubt, less of her language than her look, 1300
As he who Studies fervently the Skies
Turns oftner to the Stars than to his book,
Thus Juan learned his Alpha Beta better
From Haidee's glance than any graven letter.

237: For further examples of Juan being dressed anew by, at the behest of, or for the delight of, the heroine of the moment, see below, V sts.73-80, and IX, sts.43-5.

238: *Romaic*: modern vernacular Greek.

164.

'Tis pleasing to be schooled in a strange tongue 1305
By female lips and eyes – that is I mean -
When both the teacher and the taught are young,
As was the case, at least, where I have been –²³⁹
They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong
They smile still more – and then there intervene 1310
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss -
I learned the little that I know by this;²⁴⁰

165.

That is, some words of Spanish, Turk, and Greek -
Italian not at all, having no teachers –
Much English I cannot pretend to speak, 1315
Learning that language chiefly from its preachers -
Barrow, South, Tillotson, whom Every week²⁴¹
I study – also Blair – the highest reachers
Of Eloquence in piety and prose -
I hate your Poets, so read None of those. - 1320

166.

As for the ladies, I have nought to say,
A wanderer from the British World of Fashion,
Where I, like other “Dogs, have had my Day”,²⁴²
Like other Men too may have had my passion -
But that like other things has passed away, 1325
And all her fools whom I *could* lay the lash on -
Foes, friends, men, women, now are naught to me,
But Dreams of what has been, no more to be.

239: *As was the case, at least, where I have been:* B. does not necessarily speak here in his own person. See next note.

240: *I learned the little that I know by this:* B. was competent-to-fluent in Spanish, Italian, French, Latin, ancient and Modern Greek, Turkish, and perhaps Armenian and Arabic: German was the only language for which he affected disdain. The fiction here both keeps a distance between him and the supposed Spanish narrator (still hovering around the fringes of our thoughts) and alludes disingenuously to his own imagined chastity. A typical self-distancing, confusing for the innocent reader of 1308.

241: *Barrow, South, Tillotson ... Blair:* seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English and Scots preachers. Barrow was an Arminian, and taught Newton mathematics. The others were all famous Anglicans. B. knew his Bible, and it is likely that he read them, too. It is amusing to compare the supposed narrator's supposed tastes here with the “reading-list” given by Anne Elliott to Captain Benwick in Chapter 11 of Jane Austen's *Persuasion*, published by John Murray in 1818 (Benwick is in Anne's judgement excessively fond of B. and Scott): ... *she ventured to recommend a larger amount of prose in his daily study; and on being requested to particularise, 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 as calculated to rouse and fortify the mind by the highest precepts, and the strongest examples of moral and religious endurances.* For another possible echo of *Persuasion*, see above, I 1545-6 and n.

242: “Dogs, have had my Day”: see *Hamlet* V i 286: *Let Hercules himself do what he may, / The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.*

167.

Return we to Don Juan. He begun²⁴³
To hear new words, and to repeat them; but²⁴⁴ 1330
Some feelings, universal as the Sun,
Were such as could not in his breast be shut
More than within the bosom of a Nun;
He was in love, as you would be, no doubt,
With a young benefactress – so was She, 1335
Just in the way we very often see.

168.

And every day by daybreak – rather early
For Juan, who was somewhat fond of rest -
She came into the Cave, but it was merely
To see her bird reposing in his nest; * 1340
And She would softly stir his locks so Curly,
Without disturbing her yet slumbering Guest,
Breathing all gently o'er his Cheek and Mouth,
As o'er a Bed of Roses the sweet South.²⁴⁵

169.

And every morn his Colour freshlier came, 1345
And every day helped on his Convalescence;
'Twas well, because Health in the human frame
Is pleasant, besides being true Love's Essence,
For Health and Idleness to Passion's flame
Are Oil and Gunpowder; and some good lessons 1350
Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus,
Without whom Venus will not long attack us.²⁴⁶

170.

While Venus fills the heart (without heart really
Love, though good always, is not quite so good)
Ceres presents a plate of Vermicelli - 1355
For Love must be sustained like flesh and blood -
While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a Jelly;
Eggs, Oysters too, are amatory food,²⁴⁷
But who is their Purveyor from above
Heaven knows – it may be Neptune, Pan, or Jove.²⁴⁸ – - - - 1360

243: *begun*: deliberately old-fashioned verb-form, in keeping with much of B.'s capitalisation and such usages as *sunk* (above, II 874).

244: *Return we to Don Juan*: compare 1249 above.

245: *the sweet South*: *Twelfth Night* I i 5 (some editions.)

246: Ceres was the goddess of agriculture, Bacchus the god of wine, Venus the goddess of love.

247: Refers to aphrodisiac properties.

248: Neptune, the sea god; Pan, god of shepherds, wild nature and fertility; all potential purveyors of oysters.

171.

When Juan woke he found some good things ready,
A bath, a breakfast, and the finest eyes
That ever made a youthful heart less steady,
Besides her Maid's, as pretty for their Size;
But I have spoken of all this already, 1365
And Repetition's tiresome and unwise;
Well – Juan, after bathing in the Sea,
Came always back to Coffee and Haidee.

172.

Both were so young, and One so innocent,
That Bathing passed for nothing; Juan seemed 1370
To her as 'twere the kind of Being sent,
Of whom these two years She had nightly dreamed,
A Something to be loved, a Creature meant
To be her Happiness, and Whom she deemed
To render happy; All who Joy would win
Must share it – Happiness was born a Twin.²⁴⁹ – 1375

173.

It was such Pleasure to behold him, Such
Enlargement of Existence to partake
Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,
To watch him slumbering, and so see him wake; 1380
To live with him for ever were too much;
But then the thought of parting made her quake;
He was her own, her Ocean-treasure, cast
Like a rich Wreck – her first Love, and her last.²⁵⁰ –

174.

And thus a Moon rolled on, and fair Haidee 1385
Paid daily visits to her Boy, and took
Such plentiful precautions, that still he
Remained unknown within his craggy nook;
At last her father's prows put out to Sea,
For certain Merchantmen upon the look, 1390
Not as of yore to carry off an Io,²⁵¹
But three Ragusan vessels, bound for Scio.²⁵²

249: B. may be thinking of the Gemini sign; he may also be thinking about himself and Augusta.

250: B. to Teresa Guiccioli, BLJ VI 110: *Tu che sei il mio unico ed ultimo amor ... (you who are my only and my last love)*. This canto was sent to Murray on the day B. and Teresa fell in love.

251: *Io*: Io was turned into a heifer by Zeus to protect her from the jealousy of his wife, Hera; she was abducted by no-one.

252: *three Ragusan vessels, bound for Scio*: Ragusa is Dubrovnik, in Yugoslavia; Scio is Chios, the Aegean island supposed the birthplace of Homer.

175.

Then came her Freedom, for She had no Mother,²⁵³
 So that, her father being at Sea, She was
 Free as a married woman, or such other 1395
 Female, as where She likes may freely pass,
 Without even the encumbrance of a brother,
 The freest She that ever gazed on Glass;
 I speak of Christian Lands in this Comparison,
 Where Wives, at least, are Seldom kept in Garrison. 1400

176.

Now She prolonged her visits and her talk
 (For they must talk) and he had learned to say
 So much as to propose to take a Walk,
 For little had he wandered since the day
 On which, like a young flower snapped from the Stalk, 1405
 Drooping and dewy on the beach he lay;
 And thus they walked out in the afternoon,
 And saw the Sun set opposite the Moon.

177.²⁵⁴

It was a wild and breaker-beaten Coast,²⁵⁵
 With Cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore 1410
 Guarded by Shoals and rocks as by an Host,
 With here and there a Creek, whose Aspect wore
 A better welcome to the tempest-tost;
 And rarely ceased the haughty billow's Roar,
 Save on the dead long Summer days, which make 1415
 The outstretched Ocean glitter like a lake.

253: *She had no Mother*: for Haidee's mother, see below, IV 431.

254: For a disturbing recollection of the description here, compare the lines about Sathan's face, *TVOJ*, st.24:

*But bringing up the rear of this bright host
 A Spirit of a different aspect waved
 His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
 Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved -
 His brow was like the Deep when tempest-tost -
 Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
 Eternal wrath on his immortal face -
 And where he gazed a gloom pervaded Space.*

For *Tempest-tost* (1413) see *Macbeth*, I iii 25.

255: The description of the coast in Stanza 177 is B.'s unsentimental version of that *Security* which he satirises in Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming* (see above, I sts.88-9). The stanza from *The Vision of Judgement* which imitates it (see note opposite) gives the idea in a more threatening colour.

178.

And the small Ripple spilt upon the beach
Scarcely o'erpassed the Cream of your Champagne,
When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers reach,
That Spring-dew of the Spirit! the Heart's Rain! 1420
Few things surpass old wine; and they may preach
Who please, the more because they preach in vain;
Let us have wine and woman, Mirth and Laughter,
Sermons and Soda-water the day after. - - -

179.

Man being reasonable must get drunk²⁵⁶ – 1425
The Best of Life is but Intoxication -
Glory, the Grape, Love, Gold, in these are sunk
The hopes of all men and of every Nation -
Without their Sap, how branchless were the trunk
Of Life's strange tree – so fruitful on Occasion; 1430
But to return – Get very drunk – and when
You wake with Headache – you shall see what then.

180.

Ring for your Valet – bid him quickly bring
Some Hock²⁵⁷ and Soda-water – then you'll know
A Pleasure worthy Xerxes the great King;²⁵⁸ 1435
For not the blest Sherbet, sublimed with Snow,²⁵⁹
Nor the first Sparkle of the Desert-Spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its Sunset Glow,
After long travel, Ennui, love or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of Hock and Soda-Water. 1440

181.

The Coast – I think it was the Coast – that I
Was just describing – Yes – it *was* the Coast -
Lay at this period quiet as the Sky,
The Sands untumbled, the blue waves untost
And all was Stillness, save the Sea-bird's Cry, 1445
And Dolphin's leap, and little billow crost
By some low Rock or Shelve, that made it fret
Against the Boundary it scarcely wet. - - -

256: *Man, being reasonable must get drunk:* contrast Dr Johnson, *Preface to Shakespeare:* ... *he that thinks reasonably must think morally.*

257: *Hock:* Rhenish wine, full name Hockheimer.

258: *Xerxes:* Xerxes, King of Persia (519-465 BC) slowed down by the Spartans at Thermopylae and defeated by the Athenians at Salamis and Plataea, is said to have offered a reward to anyone who could invent him a new pleasure. See also I st.118.

259: ... *the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow:* echoes Beckford's *Vathek:* ... *the Caliph both saw and felt, with a degree of pleasure which he could not express, a table, covered with the most magnificent repast: flaggons of wine, and vases of exquisite sherbet reposing on snow.* (ed. Lonsdale, p.35)

182.²⁶⁰

And forth they wandered, her Sire being gone,
As I have said, upon an Expedition; 1450
And Mother, brother, guardian She had none
Save Zoe, who, although with due precision
She waited on her Lady with the Sun,
Thought daily Service was her only Mission,
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses 1455
And asking now and then for cast-off dresses. --

183.²⁶¹

It was the cooling Hour, just when the rounded
Red Sun sinks down behind the Azure Hill,
Which then seems as if the whole Earth it bounded,
Circling all Nature, hushed, and dim, and still, 1460
With the far Mountain-Crescent half-surrounded
On one side, and the deep Sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy Sky,
With One Star sparkling through it like an Eye.

184.

And thus they wandered forth, and hand in hand, 1465
Over the shining pebbles and the Shells,
Glided along the smooth and hardened Sand,
And in the worn and wild receptacles²⁶²
Worked by the Storms, yet worked as it were planned,
In hollow Halls, with Sparry roofs and Cells,²⁶³ 1470
They turned to rest; and Each clasped by an Arm,
Yielded to the deep Twilight's Purple Charm.

260: Sts. 181-94: The archetypically innocent romance of Juan and Haidee is prefigured in Longus' third century Greek novel *Daphnis and Chloë*, and in Bernardin de St. Pierre's *Paul et Virginie* (1788). However, the consummation of the love of Daphnis and Chloë is postponed until after the story ends: that of Paul and Virginie until eternity. A minimalist version of the story may be glimpsed at Admiral Byron's *Narrative*, pages 124-49 (quoted in part in notes to sts.122-3 above). As with Juan's first affair (above, I sts.102-17) B. does finally release the narrative tension, but only after prolonging it for as long as possible. The morality here is, however, far more unsettling than in Canto I.

261: Sts. 183-5 depict early evening, B.'s favourite time of day – see below, IV sts.101-8, or *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* IV sts.27-9. Juan's second love affair is unmarred by the guilt and hypocrisy which tinged the first (see above, I st.117): B.'s imagery in these stanzas make it as inevitable as the movement of the waves. Juan and Haidee are doomed nonetheless. See note to 1468-70.

262: the worn and wild receptacles / Worked by the Storms, yet worked as it were planned: compare Virgil, *Aeneid* IV 160-72, in which Dido's love for Aeneas is consummated in a cave as the two shelter from a storm planned by the Gods. The divine intention is not benign, and Dido dies as a consequence of her passion.

263: hollow Halls, with Sparry roofs and Cells: recalls the cave into which Torquil and Neuha escape at *The Island*, IV, 6-9. B. may have seen a spar-cave on January 21 1810, on an expedition with Hobhouse at Mount Parné in Greece.

185.

They looked up to the Sky, whose floating Glow
Spread like a rosy Ocean, vast, and bright;
They gazed upon the Glittering Sea below, 1475
Whence the broad Moon rose circling into Sight;
They heard the Wave's splash, and the Wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other – and, beholding this
Their lips drew near and clung into a kiss; 1480

186.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from Above;
Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where heart and Soul and Sense, in concert move, 1485
And the blood's lava, and the Pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a Heart-quake – for a kiss's Strength,²⁶⁴
I think, it must be reckoned by its length.

187.

By length I mean duration;²⁶⁵ theirs endured
Heaven know how long – no doubt they never reckoned;1490
And if they had, they could not have secured
The Sum of their Sensations to a Second;
They had not spoken; but they felt allured,
As if their Souls and Lips each other beckoned,
Which being joined, like swarming Bees they Clung²⁶⁶ – 1495
Their Hearts the flowers from whence the Honey sprung.

188.

They were alone, but not alone as they
Who shut in the chambers think it loneliness;
The silent Ocean, and the Starlight Bay,
The twilight Glow, which momentarily grew less, 1500
The voiceless Sands, and dropping Caves, that lay
Around them, made them to each other press,
As if there were no Life beneath the Sky
Save theirs, and that their Life could never die. –

264: *the blood's lava, and the Pulse a blaze, / Each kiss a Heart-quake:* anticipates imagery below, at II st.215.

265: *By length I mean duration:* B. anticipates a misunderstanding few would make. See the second version, in rough, of 1496.

266: *being joined, like swarming Bees they Clung:* the simile has ambiguous force.

189.

They feared no eyes nor ears on that lone beach, 1505
They felt no terrors from the Night, they were
All in All to each other; though their Speech
Was broken words, they *thought* a language there -
And all the burning tongues the Passions teach²⁶⁷ -
Found in one Sigh the best Interpreter 1510
Of Nature's Oracle – first Love – that All
Which Eve has left her daughters since their fall.²⁶⁸

190.²⁶⁹

Haidee Spoke not of Scruples, asked no vows,
Nor offered any; She had never heard
Of plight, and promises to be a Spouse, 1515
Or perils by a loving Maid incurred;
She was all which pure Ignorance allows,
And flew to her young Mate like a young bird;
And, never having dreamt of falsehood, She
Had not one word to say of Constancy. – – – 1520

191.

She loved, and she was beloved – She adored,
And She was worshipped; after Nature's fashion,
Their intense Souls, into each other poured,
If Souls could die, had perished in that passion;
But by degrees their Senses were restored, 1525
Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on;
And beating 'gainst *his* bosom Haidee's heart
Felt as if never more to beat apart.

267: *And all the burning tongues the Passions teach:* refers back to the theme of education, and Pedrillo, who several languages did understand (II, 195): not, however, this one.

268: *Which Eve has left her daughters since her / their / the fall: hell-fire: damned for ever: the Stygian river / And hell and purgatory:* develops ideas which B. has been implying since above, I 196. They are finally summed up below, IV 431-2.

269: *She was all which pure Ignorance allows ... never having dreamt of falsehood:* Haidee's innocence is quite different from Juliet's; Shakespeare's heroine is precociously aware of the possibility of masculine deceit, having read all about it in books, to which Haidee's indifferent education has denied her access. B. may intend us to sense the contrast. See *Romeo and Juliet*, II ii 90-3:

*Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say aye,
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries
They say Jove laughs.*

Juliet also insists on marriage before consummation, as if there is no other possibility. See II ii 142-48.

192.

Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,
So lonely, loving, helpless, and the Hour 1530
Was that in which the Heart is always full,
And, having o'er itself no further power
Prompts deeds Eternity can not annull,
But pays off moments in an endless Shower
Of Hellfire – all prepared for people giving 1535
Pleasure or pain to one another living.

193.

Alas! for Juan and Haidee! they were
So loving and so lovely – till then never,
Excepting our first parents, such a pair
Had run the risk of being damned forever; 1540
And Haidee, being devout as well fair,
Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian river²⁷⁰ –
And Hell and Purgatory – but forgot²⁷¹
Just in the very Crisis She should not. –

194.

They look upon each other, and their Eyes 1545
Gleam in the Moonlight; and her white arm clasps
Round Juan's head, and his around hers lies
Half buried in the tresses which it grasps;
She sits upon his knee and drinks his Sighs,
He hers, until they end in broken gasps; 1550
And thus they form a groupe that's quite antique,
Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek. – - -

195.

And when those deep and burning moments passed,
And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,
She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast, 1555
Sustained his head upon her bosom's charms;
And now and then her Eye to Heaven is cast²⁷²
And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms,
Pillowed on her o'erflowing heart, which pants
With all it granted, and with all it grants. 1560

270: *the Stygian river:* Styx, one of the rivers of the underworld, over which Charon ferries the souls of the dead.

271: *And Haidee, being devout as well fair, / Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian river – / And Hell and Purgatory:* implies very strongly a Christian education. However, below at III sts.62-77, B. creates an Islamic background for his heroine.

272: *her Eye to Heaven is cast:* irony.

196.²⁷³

An Infant when it gazes on a light,
A Child the moment when it drains the breast,
A Devotee when soars the Host in Sight,²⁷⁴
An Arab with a Stranger for a Guest,
A Sailor when the Prize has struck in fight,²⁷⁵ 1565
A Miser filling his most hoarded Chest,
Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

197.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
All that it hath of life with us is living, 1570
So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving,
All it hath felt, inflicted, passed, and proved,
Hushed into depths beyond the Watcher's diving;
There lies the thing we love with all its Errors, 1575
And all its charms, like Death without its terrors.

198.

The Lady watched her lover – and that hour
Of Love's and Night's and Ocean's Solitude,
O'erflowed her Soul with their united power;
Amidst the barren Sand and Rocks so rude 1580
She and her wave-worn Love had made their bower,
Where Nought upon their passion could intrude,
And All the Stars that crowded the blue Space
Lit nothing happier than her glowing face. – – –

199.²⁷⁶

Alas! the Love of women! it is known 1585
To be a lovely and a fearful thing,
For All of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, Life hath no more to bring
To them, but mockeries of the past alone,
And their Revenge is as the Tiger's Spring, 1590
Deadly and quick and crushing; yet as real
Torture is theirs – what they inflict they feel.

273: Another virtuoso lists of similes (see above, II st.6 and n).

274: *the Host*: the consecrated wafer elevated at a Mass.

275: *A Sailor when the Prize has struck in fight*: prize-money was distributed between the officers and crew of a man-of-war when they captured an enemy vessel. The opponent *struck* (lowered its topsail) to surrender. See also I 124.

276: B.'s digression here echoes and complements Julia's reflections on the nature of woman's love, above, I st.194.

200.

They're right; for Man to Man so oft unjust,
Is always so to Women; one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust, 1595
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond
Over their Idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage – and what rests beyond?
A thankless husband, Next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over. – 1600

201.

Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,
Some mind their household, others dissipation,
Some run away and but exchange their cares
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;
Few changes e'er can better their affairs, 1605
Theirs being an unnatural Situation,
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:
Some play the devil, and then write a Novel.²⁷⁷

201.

Haidee was Nature's bride, and knew not this;
Haidee was Passion's Child, born where the Sun 1610
Showers triple light and scorches even the kiss
Of his Gazelle-eyed daughters;²⁷⁸ She was One,
Made but to love, to feel that She was his
Who was her Chosen: what was said or done
Elsewhere was nothing – She had nought to fear, 1615
Hope, care, nor love beyond, her heart beat *here*. – – – –

202.

And, Oh! that quickening of the heart, that Beat!
How much it costs us! yet each rising throb
Is in its Cause as its Effect so sweet,
That Wisdom, ever on the watch to rob 1620
Joy of its Alchymy, and to repeat
Fine truths, even Conscience too, has a tough Job
To make us understand each good old maxim,
So Good – I wonder Castlereagh don't tax 'em.

277: *Some play the devil, and then write a Novel:* Lady Caroline Lamb played the devil with B. during their love affair in 1812 and 1813, and then wrote a novel around it, entitled *Glenarvon*; though the work's obscurity defied its investigation by scandalmongers. For two more references to Caroline Lamb, see below, III, 66, 1, and XII, 26, 2.

278: *scorches even the kiss / Of his Gazelle-eyed daughters:* anticipates the thoughts below at IV, sts.54-6.

204.

And now 'twas done – on the lone shore were plighted 1625
Their hearts; the Stars, their Nuptial Torches, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted;
Ocean their witness, and the Cave their bed,²⁷⁹
By their own feelings hallowed and united,
Their Priest was Solitude, and they were wed; 1630
And they were happy, for to their young eyes
Each was an Angel, and Earth Paradise.

205.²⁸⁰

Oh! Love of whom Great Caesar²⁸¹ was the Suitor,
Titus the Master,²⁸² Anthony the Slave,²⁸³
Horace, Catullus Scholars, Ovid tutor,²⁸⁴ 1635
Sappho the sage Blue-Stocking, in whose Grave²⁸⁵
All those may leap who rather would be Neuter
(Leucadia's Rock still overlooks the wave)²⁸⁶
Oh Love! thou art the very God of evil,
For after all we cannot call thee Devil. 1640

206.

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial State precarious,
And jestest with the brows of mightiest Men;
Caesar and Pompey – Mahomet – Belisarius,²⁸⁷
Have much employed the Muse of History's pen;
Their lives and fortunes were extremely various, 1645
Such worthies Time will never see again,
Yet to these four in three things the same Luck holds,
They All were Heroes, Conquerors, and Cuckolds.

279: *Ocean their witness, and the Cave their bed*: anticipates Torval and Neuha at *The Island*, IV, 6-9.

280: A cliché of romantic creativity comes true here, as B. writes three stanzas – 205, 206 and 207 – on the back of a theatre programme. Neither the theatre nor the drama are identified, although the cast list is as follows: *ATTORI: CIPRIGNA ... Mad. FODOR / BONARIO ... Sig. RONCONI / FIUTA ... [Sig.] ROSICH / CO. LELIO ... [Sig.] GENTILI / D. GIGLIO ... [Sig.] TORRI / VALERIO ... [Sig.] BOCCACCIO / ISABELLA ... [Sig.] CASSAGO / CILIA ... [Sig.] CASTIGLIONI* and the notice reads *Dal' Camerino del Teatro li 7. Marzo 1819 / Casali Stampatore*. FODOR may be Josephine Fodor-Mainvielle, the famous French soprano whom B. saw at Ravenna in 1819.

281: *Caesar*: Julius Caesar, *Suitor* (successfully) to Cleopatra.

282: *Titus*: the Emperor Titus, who *Mastered* his love for Berenice; see Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tto*.

283: *Anthony*: Mark Antony, *Slave* of his love for Cleopatra.

284: *Horace, Catullus ... Ovid*: Roman poets, Catullus and Ovid especially, of love, although the evidence is that Horace was the one B. found most congenial.

285: *Sappho*: homoerotic poetess of Lesbos. B. mentions her Ode, with ironic disapproval, above at I 332. ... *blue-stocking*: female intellectual.

286: *Leucadia*: the rock from which Sappho probably did not hurl herself into the sea, though it suits B. to accept the legend.

287: *mighty Men*: Caesar, Pompey, Belisarius and Mahomet all had unfaithful wives. Though the adultery of Pompeia, Julius Caesar's third wife, was thwarted, he divorced her, saying that his wife should be above suspicion. Pompey's wife deceived him with Caesar. Mahomet's wife's infidelity was not proven, because he rewrote the law so that four witnesses to adultery were necessary; see below, V 821n. Belisarius was a Byzantine general; for the story of his unfaithful wife Antonina, see Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, Chapter 41.

207.

Thou mak'st Philosophers; there's Epicurus
And Aristippus, a material Crew!²⁸⁸ 1650
Who to immoral courses would allure us
By theories quite practicable too;
If only from the Devil they would insure us,
How pleasant were the maxim (not quite new)
"Eat, drink, and love, what can the rest avail us?" 1655
So said the royal Sage Sardanapalus.²⁸⁹ –

208.

But Juan? had he quite forgotten Julia?
And should he have forgotten her so soon?
I can't but say it seems to me most truly a
Perplexing question; but no doubt the Moon 1660
Does these things for us – and whenever newly a
Strong palpitation rises, 'tis her boon,
Else how the devil is it that fresh features
Have such a charm for us poor human Creatures?

209.

I hate inconstancy²⁹⁰ – I loathe, detest, 1665
Abhor, condemn, abjure the Mortal made
Of such quicksilver Clay that in his breast
No permanent Foundation can be laid;
Love, Constant Love, has been my Constant Guest,
And yet last night, being at a Masquerade,²⁹¹ 1670
I saw the prettiest Creature fresh from Milan
Which gave me some Sensations – like a Villain.²⁹²

288: *Epicurus ... Aristippus:* Aristippus (4th-3rd centuries BC) was a Greek philosopher who said that earthly pleasure is the greatest good: Epicurus (c. 341-270 BC; also Greek) here as elsewhere inaccurately linked with Aristippus, made the same claim for virtuous living.

289: *Sardanapalus:* Assurbanipal (669-640) Assyrian King, whom B. dramatised in 1821 as a tragic Epicurean, indeed, as a transvestite: though he dies heroically. Diodolus Siculus and Strabo are variously cited as authorities for the statement, which in the tragedy (I ii 252) reads, *Eat, drink, and love; the rest's not worth a filip*. The question of pronunciation is interesting. Byron scholars habitually pronounce the name as accented by B.'s stress-pattern and rhyme here: *Sardánapálus*: all others say, more naturally as Anglo-Saxons, *Sárdanápalus*. The jokes against Philosophy are not merely facetious, but point to an anti-idealist and anti-rhetorical stance on B.'s part which is important, and which he may have imbibed in part from his idol Henry Fielding. Compare Part III Chapter 11 and Part IV Chapter 8 of Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, where Parson Adams twice utters conventional Christian / Stoic truths of excellent philosophical content, only to have the situation change as he speaks and render his words redundant. In the first instance – where he and Joseph are tied up in the certain assurance that Fanny – Joseph's beloved – has been ravished, Adams' speeches are comparable rhetorically to those of Friar Lawrence to Romeo on Juliet's banishment (see below, Appendix 1).

290: *I hate inconstancy:* though the tone may arouse suspicion, there is no reason to doubt B.'s sincerity here.

291: *masquerade:* a masked ball at Venice, where B. was debauching himself between the intervals of writing this Canto – or writing Cantos between the intervals of debauch.

292: *Milan / Villain:* the rhyme forces a stressing of *Milan* which echoes that in *The Tempest*. See I ii 54, or V i 205.

210.

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,²⁹³
 And whispered, "Think of Every sacred tie!"
 "I will, my dear Philosophy!" I said, 1675
 "But then her teeth, and then, oh Heaven! her eye!
 "I'll just enquire if She be Wife or Maid,²⁹⁴
 "Or Neither – out of Curiosity."
 "Stop!" cried Philosophy, with an air so Grecian,
 (Though She²⁹⁵ was masqued then as a fair Venetian -) *1680

211.

"Stop!" – so I stopped.²⁹⁶ But to return – that which
 Men call Inconstancy is nothing more
 Than Admiration due where Nature's rich
 Profusion with young beauty covers o'er
 Some favoured object; and as in the Niche 1685
 A lovely Statue we almost adore,
 This sort of Adoration of the Real
 Is but a heightening of the "Beau Ideal".²⁹⁷

212.

'Tis the perception of the Beautiful,
 A fine Extension of the faculties, 1690
 Platonic, universal, wonderful,
 Drawn from the Stars, and filtered through the Skies,
 Without which Life would be extremely dull;
 In short it is the use of our own Eyes,
 With one or two small Senses added, just 1695
 To hint that flesh is formed of fiery dust.²⁹⁸

293: *But soon Philosophy came to my aid:* B. here parodies Boethius' *Consolation of Philosophy*, where Philosophy comes to Boethius' bedside as a stern matron and takes his mind off wanton thoughts; although the joke works well enough without Boethius, and could as well refer to Fielding's Parson Adams.

294: ... *enquire if She be Wife or Maid:* compare Ferdinand's words to Miranda, *The Tempest*, I ii 426 -7.

295: *she:* pronoun refers either to *Philosophy* or *the creature*.

296: But B. did not stop. See letter to Hobhouse and Kinnaird of January 19 1819: "**So Lauderdale** [Lord Lauderdale, who brought *Don Juan* Canto I to England] **has been telling a story! – I suppose this is my reward for presenting him at Countess Benzone's – & shewing him – what attention I could. – - Which 'piece' does he mean? – since last year I have run the Gauntlet; – is it the Tarruscelli – the da Mosti [he caught gonorrhoea from her – see BLJ VI 14] – the Spineda – the Lotti – the Rizzato – the Eleanora – the Carlotta – the Giulietta – the Alvisi – the Zambieri – the Eleanora da Bezzi – (who was the King of Naples' Gioaschino's mistress – at least one of them) the Theresa of Mazzurati – the Glettenheimer – & her Sister – the Luigia & her mother – the Fornaretta – the Santa – the Caligari – the Portiera [Vedova?] – the Bolognese figurante – the Tentora and her sister – cum multis aliis – some of them are Countesses – & some of them Cobblers wives – some noble – some middling – some low – & all whores – which does the damned old 'Ladro – & porco fottutto' mean? – I have had them all & thrice as many to boot since 1817 ..."** (BLJ VI 92).

297: "*Beau Ideal*": beautiful ideal. The phrase's pronunciation should be French, but the rhyme forbids it.

298: *fiery dust:* a paradoxical phrase to climax B.'s thoughts about the relationship between the platonic and the mundane; the manuscripts' first reading, *ticklish dust*, lessens the dignity of the effect, although it keeps the image more closely within everyday bounds.

213.

Yet 'tis a painful feeling, and unwilling,
For surely if we always could perceive
In the same Object Graces quite as killing
As when She rose upon us like an Eve, 1700
'Twould save us many a heart-ache, many a Shilling²⁹⁹
(For we must get them anyhow, or grieve)
Whereas if one Sole lady pleased forever,
How pleasant for the Heart, as well as Liver! *

214.

The Heart is like the Sky, a part of Heaven, 1705
But changes night and day too, like the Sky;
Now o'er it Clouds and thunder must be driven,
And Darkness and Destruction as on high;
But when it hath been Scorched and pierced and riven,
Its storms expire in Waterdrops; the Eye 1710
Pours forth at last the heart's-blood turned to tears
Which make the English Climate of our Years.

215.

The Liver is the Lazaret of Bile,³⁰⁰
But very rarely executes its function,
For the first Passion stays there such a while, 1715
That all the rest creep in and form a junction,
Like knots of Vipers on a Dunghill's Soil,
Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, Compunction,
So that all Mischiefs Spring up from this Entrail,
Like Earthquakes from the hidden fire called "Central."³⁰¹ 1720

299: *'Twould save us many a heart-ache, many a Shilling*: refers to the fact that getting one's urges satisfied is expensive for both heart and purse. B. exhausted both in Venice in 1819, as the letter quoted above shows. See also below, IV st.195.

300: *Lazaret*: a lazaret is either a storehouse between decks in a ship, or a quarantine hospital. B. seems in this stanza to be using it more in the latter sense: the liver functions as an inadequate channel for anger (*Bile ... the first passion*) which lodges in the system and bottles up all the other negative passions with it. There is an echo of the thought below, at IX 116-17: *Indigestion ... that inward Fate / Which makes all Styx through one small liver flow ...*

301: *Earthquakes from the hidden fire called "Central"*: refers to the theory that all earthquakes and eruptions had their source in a great fire hidden at the earth's centre. The heart is in this analysis the source of spiritual and elevated ("fiery") emotions, the liver that of base and destructive ("dusty") emotions. Constancy, were there an object to inspire it, would operate as a channel for both. But the passage expresses B.'s scepticism about this point.

216.

In the meantime without proceeding more
In this anatomy, I've finished now
Two hundred and Odd Stanzas as before,
That being about the number I'll allow
Each Canto of the twelve, or twenty-four, 1725
And, laying down my pen, I make my bow,
Leaving Don Juan and Haidee to plead
For them and theirs for All who deign to read.

(There is no date at the end of either the rough draft or the fair copy of Csnto II.)

APPENDIX 1: THE JULIET STANZAS

These stanzas are written on rough draft Sheet 18 side 4, and were intended at first to go in Canto II where Stanzas 210 and 211 are now: DJV suggests after 211; Frederick A. Beaty (*Notes and Queries*, 1962, 422-3) suggests after 210. Beaty's seems the better placing for line 1 to run on well; but in either place the transition to the following stanza would need re-writing. For their thematic relevance, see note to 1673, and commentary. The fair copy is by Teresa Guiccioli; she drops the t from *night* in line 6 and miscopies *neer* as *never* in line 15. Byron's omission of the stanzas from his own fair copy presumably shows how he viewed them.

Shakespeare exclaims "Hang up Philosophy,
"Unless Philosophy can make a Juliet!"³⁰²
But This is not the death that it should die –
For when the turbid Passions are unruly, it
No doubt can soothe them with a lullaby – 5
Last night I had another proof how truly it
Can calm, for what it "made" me on that same
Night was a "Juliet" *even to the name*. –

Juliet, or Giulietta – which last was
The real name of this fair Veronese, 10
O'er whose sad tale Love echoes still, Alas! –
And Youth still weeps the tender tears that please –
Another Juliet – whom I would not pass,
Her tale is told with so much simple ease –
Is Rousseau's Julietta;³⁰³ I ne'er knew 15
One of the name but that I loved her too.

302: "Hang up Philosophy, / Unless Philosophy can make a Juliet": the lines are said by Romeo to Friar Lawrence, who is trying to reason him philosophically out of his despair on being banished from Verona. See *Romeo and Juliet*, III iii 56-7. See comment on Parson Adams on previous page.

303: *Rousseau's Julietta*: the heroine of Jean-Jacques Rousseau's *Julie, ou La Nouvelle Héloïse* (1791) an epistolary novel of frustrated passion and moral regeneration. B. admired the book for its psychological truth and for the beauty and accuracy of its descriptions (see BLJ III 151 and V 82; also above, I 435n, and below, VIII 422-3).

APPENDIX 2: BYRON'S LETTER TO MURRAY, WRITTEN ON THE CANTO II FAIR COPY

This letter was written on the night of April 2nd / 3rd 1819; that night, Byron and Teresa Guiccioli fell in love.

You have never answered my letter asking if
you had received the additions to Canto 1st.

Dear Sir,

Julia's letter &c. &c.

You have here³⁰⁴ the second Canto of "Don Juan" which you will publish with the first – if it please you. – But there shall be *no mutilations* in either nor omissions – except such as I have already indicated in letters – to which I have had no answer. I care nothing for what may be said – or thought – or written on the Subject. – If the poem is or appears dull – it will fail, if not – it will succeed. – I have already written my opinion in former letters – & see no use in repetition. – There were some words in the Address to the Scoundrel Southey which I requested M^r. H[obhouse]. to Omit – and some stanzas about Castlereagh – which cannot decently appear as I am at too great a distance to answer the latter if he wished it personally – the former is as great a Coward as he is a Renegade – and distance can make no odds in speaking of him – as he dare do nothing but scribble were one his next neighbour but the other villain is at least a brave one – and I would not take advantage of the Alps and the Ocean to assail him when he could not revenge himself. – As for the rest – I will never flatter *Cant* – but if you choose I will publish a preface saying that you were all hostile to the publication. – You can publish anonymously or not as you think best for any reason of your own – never mind me.

yrs

B<*>

Venice April 3^d. 1819.

Whether Byron's reasons for suppressing the Dedication were genuinely gallant, or blustery ways of yielding to his colleagues' pressure, may be speculated about. The Dedication was suppressed on the poem's first publication, on July 15th 1819; but Southey heard about it, from his friend C.W.W.Wynn: on July 31st he wrote as follows to his closest confidant, Grosvenor Bedford:

Wynn has told me of Lord Byron's dedication to me: I have no intention at present of noticing it, if it sees the light:- but if it should sufficiently provoke me, you may be assured that I will treat him with due severity, as he deserves to be treated, – & lay him open, in a live dissection.

In an apparently disappointed p.s., he wrote:

– I hear that D[on] Juan is published without the dedication. I should like to know who has suppressed it, & why it has been suppressed. (Bodleian M.S. Eng. Letters. d. 47. 162).

Someone gave him a version of why it had been suppressed; and on October 19th 1819 he wrote to Murray:

... I hear that Lord Byron's damnable poem would have appeared with a dedication to me, had it not been for your interference. I am very much obliged to you for this. For tho I fear or care for Lord Byron as little as I do for the Devil to whose service he has devoted himself, I do not like to have my tranquillity disturbed by engaging in polemics of any kind, least of all – when they are of a personal nature. You have therefore rendered me a very acceptable service in saving me from the discomfort of resentful & angry feelings. – & you have rendered him one also. His Lordship would have been very ill able to bear such a William Smithiad as I could have returned him ... (John Murray Archive)

304: BLJ VI 104 reads this word as "had."

In 1830 Thomas Moore's *Life of Byron* was published, which gave more of the background to the poets' antagonism; and a magazine even got hold of a copy of the 1822 letter (BLJ IX 102) in which Byron challenged Southey to a duel. On March 30th Southey wrote to Caroline Bowles, his future second wife:

I have seldom been more disgusted with anything than with the account of Moore's *Life of Byron* in *Blackwoods* – I mean with the spirit and manner of the writer, whom I suppose to be Wilson. Have you observed in the *Keepsake* the letter about Lord Byron calling me out, and what was to be done if he was to be the *survivor*? He knew very well that all his calling would not have made me “come and be killed,” like the ducks in the song; and a wholesome apprehension of the sort of answer which I should have returned to a challenge made him wisely determine not to send one. (*Letters of Robert Southey to Caroline Bowles*, ed. Edward Dowden, p. 187).

The Dedication was finally published in Murray's 1832 edition of the Complete Poetical Works. On March 11th 1833 Southey wrote again to Caroline Bowles:

Murray's sin is great enough, God knows, on publishing those books of Byron's, which very many persons would have been ashamed to see in their possession, before they appeared in this edition. As to what regards myself, he is altogether blameless. I daresay he would have destroyed that dedication if he could; but Byron took care that nothing of that kind should be lost, and his friends have been equally careful. You see it was not possible to keep that libel upon Rogers secret, though it shows the writer to have been the most treacherous of mankind. The very persons who cry out against Lady Blessington for bringing this to light are most likely the same who had the dedication to *Don Juan* printed upon a broadside, for popular sale in the streets. If Murray had omitted it in his edition, when some of the journals called for its insertion, he would have exposed himself to attacks that would have annoyed him; and he knew very well that the publication could neither annoy nor injure me. (*Letters of Robert Southey to Caroline Bowles*, ed. Edward Dowden, p. 270).