

DON JUAN

Canto 4

Written: Ravenna, late 1819-early 1820; first intended as a single canto together with Canto 3, but then split

Fair-copying by Byron finished: Ravenna, January 17th 1820

Published by John Murray, anonymously, with Cantos 3 and 5, August 8th 1821

Manuscripts:

Rough draft: Pierpont Morgan Library, New York

Fair copy by Byron: Sterling Library, London University

DON JUAN CANTO FOURTH

edited by Peter Cochran

Motto.

Di sopra vi contai questa novella,
Quando smotato Orlando da cavallo
Chinossi a ber dell'onde cristalline,
Credo che fu de l'altro libro al fine.

– Berni, *Orlando Innamorato*, Libro Terzo, Canto 7, Stanza 14.¹ –

1.²

Nothing so difficult as a beginning
In poesy, unless perhaps the end,
For oftentimes when Pegasus³ seems winning
The race, he sprains a Wing,⁴ and down we tend
Like Lucifer when hurled from Heaven for Sinning;⁵ 5
Our Sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
Being Pride which leads the Mind to soar too far,⁶
Till our own weakness shows us what we are. –

2.

But Time, which brings all beings to their level,
And sharp Adversity will teach at last 10
Man, – and, as we would hope, – perhaps the Devil,
That neither of their Intellects are vast:
While Youth's hot wishes in our red veins revel,
We know not this, the blood flows on too fast, –
But as the Torrent widens towards the Ocean, 15
We ponder deeply on each past Emotion. – –

1: *Orlando Innamorato*, by Francesco Berni (1497-1535) is a refinement of the poem of the same name by Matteo Boiardo (1434-94). *I told you this story before, when Orlando got down from his horse, stooping to drink from the crystal waves – I think that was at the end of the other book.* B. places this at the end of the fair copy of cantos III and IV.

2: Sts. 1 to 7 were added after the rough draft had been completed, when B. decided to split his “Third” Canto in two: there is no manuscript break between the fair copies of the two cantos. He adds a motto (never before used), takes the opportunity for a new digression, and produces some memorable verses, making it clear, by constant subtextual references to tragic and epic heroes and themes, that he is himself writing a tragic epic, albeit of a new sort.

3: Pegasus: see Dedication 58n.

4: he sprains a wing: see TVOJ 681-2: *Confound the renegade! I have sprained / My left wing, he's so heavy ...* The devil Asmodeus is complaining about the weight of Southey, with whom he has just flown up to Heaven's gate from the Lake District. *The Vision* postdates this canto by two years. For Southey, again see Dedication, *passim*.

5: Lucifer: brightest of the angels, whose rebellion against God was defeated; under his postlapsarian name of Satan (or Sathan) judged by some to be the epic hero of *Paradise Lost*. An important figure in TVOJ.

6: pride, which leads the mind to soar too far, / Till our own weakness shows us what we are: compare above, Dedication 21-4. What was there a joke against Southey now becomes a general comment on all human fate.

3.

As Boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,
And wished that others held the same opinion;
They took it up when my days grew more mellow,
And other minds acknowledged my dominion: 20
Now my sere Fancy “falls into the yellow
Leaf”,⁷ and Imagination droops her pinion,
And the sad Truth which hovers o’er my desk
Turns what was once Romantic to burlesque. –

4.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep,⁸ and if I weep 25
'Tis that our Nature cannot always bring
Itself to Apathy, for we must steep
Our hearts first in the depths of Lethe’s Spring⁹
Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep –
Thetis baptized her mortal Son in Styx;¹⁰ 30
A mortal Mother would on Lethe fix. –

7: *my sere Fancy “falls into the yellow / Leaf”*: see *Macbeth*, V iii 22-23 *et. seq.* Macbeth is lamenting the loss of honour, love, obedience and troops of friends in his guilty old age. The self-comparison is deeply unflattering: B. may, like Macbeth, have been the destroyer of his own hopes, although neither man’s imagination drooped (or dropped) as he grew older. See *This Day I complete my Thirty-Seventh Year*, line 5.

8: *And if I laugh at any mortal thing / 'Tis that I may not weep*: Beaumarchais (*Le Mariage de Figaro*, I ii) and Richardson (*Clarissa*, Letter from Lovelace to Belford, No. 92) are often cited as precise verbal sources here: but B. had himself expressed the idea before. See *The Corsair*, II 446-59:

*Strange though it seem – yet with extremest grief
Is linked a mirth – it doth not bring relief –
That playfulness of sorrow ne’er beguiles,
And smiles in bitterness – but still it smiles;
And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
Till even the scaffold echoes with their jest!
It may deceive all hearts, save that within.*

B. adduces, in a note, Sir Thomas More and Anne Boleyn as two who jested on the scaffold. See also Petrarch, *Rime*, 102: *Però se alcuna volta io rido e canto / Facciol perchè non ho se non quest’una / Via da sfogare il mio angoscioso pianto* (“But if sometimes I laugh and sing / I do so because it is my only way / To give vent to my anguished weeping”).

9: *Lethe*: the river of oblivion in the underworld. See *Paradise Lost* II 582-6, or *Twelfth Night* IV i 61-2 (see note to line 54 below).

10: *Thetis ... Styx*: Thetis, the mother of Achilles, dipped him when a baby in the river Styx to make him invulnerable.

5.

Some have accused me of a strange design
 Against the creed and Morals of the land,
 And trace it in this poem every line; 35
 I don't pretend that I quite understand
 My own meaning when I would be *very* fine,
 But the fact is that I have nothing planned,¹¹
 Unless it were to be a moment Merry,
 A novel word in my Vocabulary. – 40

6.

To the kind reader of our sober clime
 This way of writing will appear Exotic;
 Pulci was Sire of the half-serious Rhyme¹²
 Who sang when Chivalry was more Quixotic¹³
 And revelled in the fancies of the Time, 45
 True knights, chaste dames, huge Giants, kings despotic;
 But all these, save the last, being Obsolete,
 I chose a modern subject as more meet. –

7.

How I have treated it, I do not know;
 Perhaps no better than they have treated me 50
 Who have imputed such designs as show
 Not what they saw, but what they wished to see;
 But if it gives them pleasure, be it so,
 This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free:¹⁴
 Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,¹⁵ 55
 And tells me to resume my story here.

11: *I have nothing planned:* B. wrote to Murray (BLJ VI 207) “**You ask me for the plan of Donny Johnny – I have no plan – I had no plan – but I had or have materials ...**”

12: *Pulci:* Luigi Pulci, fourteenth century burlesque poet. Admired and imitated by B., who translated Canto I of his ottava rima work *Morgante Maggiore*. See above, Canto III St. 45, B.’s n, and commentary.

13: *Quixotic:* foolishly idealistic, after Cervantes’ hero.

14: *thoughts are free:* like line 32 above, another echo of *Twelfth Night*; see I iii 65.

15: *Apollo plucks me by the ear:* Apollo is the god of poetry. The line paraphrases Virgil, Sixth Eclogue, 3-4:

cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthus aurem
 vellit et admonuit: ‘pastorem, Tityre, pingues
 pascere oportet ovis, deductum dicere carmen.’

When Virgil wishes to sing of kings and battles, Apollo “plucks his ear”, and causes him to change his mind and to *woo the rustic muse on slender reed*. The reference establishes *Don Juan*, only half-ironically, as a pastoral poem rather than an epic.

8.

Young Juan and his lady-love were left
To their own hearts, most sweet Society;
Even Time the pitiless in sorrow cleft
With his rude Scythe such gentle bosoms; he 60
Sighed to behold them of their hours bereft
Though foe to Love; and yet they could not be
Meant to grow old, but die in happy Spring,
Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

9.

Their faces were not made for wrinkles, their 65
Pure blood to stagnate, their great hearts to fail;
The blank Grey was not made to blast their hair,
But like the Climes that know nor snow nor hail
They were all Summer;¹⁶ Lightning might assail
And shiver them to ashes, but to trail 70
A long and snake-like life of dull decay
Was not for them, they had too little Clay.¹⁷

10.

They were alone once more; for them to be
Thus was another Eden; they were never
Weary unless when separate; the Tree 75
Cut from its forest root of years, the river
Dammed from its fountain; the Child from the knee
And breast maternal weaned at once forever,
Would wither less than these two torn apart;
Alas! there is no instinct like the heart; 80

11.

The heart-which may be broken; happy they!
Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mould,
The precious Porcelain of human clay,
Break with the first fall; they can ne'er behold¹⁸
The long year linked with heavy day on day, 85
And all which must be borne, and never told,
While Life's strange principle will often lie
Deepest in those who long the most to die. –

16: *They were all Summer:* compare B.'s self-portrait above, at I st.213.

17: *they had too little Clay:* B. often uses the word to imply mortal weakness. See below, st.83 of this canto, or *TVOJ*, 223.

18: *another Eden ... the first fall:* continues a theme begun at least as far back as II 1512. B. may be influenced in his imaginings here by his love for Teresa Guiccioli, which was by now (late 1819-early 1820) well under way.

12.

“Whom the Gods love die young” was said of yore,¹⁹
And many deaths do they escape by this; 90
The death of friends, and that which slays even more –
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those whom longest miss
The old Archer’s Shafts,²⁰ perhaps the early grave 95
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

13.

Haidee and Juan thought not of the dead.
The heavens, and earth, and air, seemed made for them:
They found no fault with Time save that he fled;
They saw not in themselves aught to condemn; 100
Each was the other’s Mirror, and but read
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a Gem,
And knew such brightness was but the reflection
Of their exchanging glances of Affection.²¹

14.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch, 105
The least Glance better understood than words,
Which still said all, and ne’er could say, too much;
A language too, but like to that of birds,
Known but to them, at least appearing such
As but to lovers a true sense affords, 110
Sweet playful phrases, which would seem absurd
To those who’ve ceased to hear such, or ne’er heard –

19: “Whom the gods love die young” and B.’s note: at Herodotus’ *Histories* (Part I section 31) Solon tells King Croesus how two young men, Cleobis and Biton, their oxen being otherwise engaged, yoked themselves to a chariot and pulled their mother six miles to the temple to celebrate the feast of Hera. Delighted at the strength and love they showed, she prayed the goddess to grant them the greatest possible happiness: whereupon they fell asleep and never woke up. E.H.Coleridge also adduces a fragment of Menander as source. It is worth saying that in Solon’s judgement Cleobis and Biton were the *second* happiest people he had heard of. The Oedipal implications of their story are worth pondering.

20: *The old Archer*: Death.

21: A specimen of B.’s own style when writing love letters to Teresa Guiccioli is perhaps in order at this point (their affair was in full swing when he wrote this canto): “**Ben’mio dolcissimo – io tremo scrivendoti, siccome tremai nel vederti – ma non più – con quei soave palpiti. – Ho mille cose a dirti, e non so come dirle, mille baci a mandarti – ed Oimè! quanti sospiri! Amami – non come io ti amo – perche questo sarebbe renderti troppo infelice, Amami – non come io merito perche questo sarebbe troppo poco, – ma come il tuo Cuor ti diregerà. – Non dubitare da me – sono e sarò sempre il tuo più tenero Amante / BYRON.**” (*My sweetest one – I tremble while I write to you, as I did when I last saw you – but no more – with such sweet palpitations. – I have a thousand things to say to you, and I don’t know how to say them, a thousand kisses to give you – and Alas! how many sighs! Love me – not as I love you – because that would be to make you to unhappy – not as I deserve because that would be too little – but as your heart dictates. Do not doubt me – I am and shall always be your most tender lover / BYRON.* (BLJ VI 111).

15.

All these were theirs, for they were Children still,
And Children still they should have ever been;²²
They were not made in the real world to fill 115
A busy character in the dull Scene
But like two beings born from out a Rill,
A Nymph and her Beloved, all unseen²³
To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,
And never know the weight of human hours. – 120

16.

Moons changing had rolled on and changeless found
Those their bright rise had lighted to such joys,
As rarely they beheld throughout their round,
And these were not of the vain kind which cloys,
For theirs were buoyant Spirits never bound 125
By the mere Senses, and that which destroys
Most Love, Possession, unto them appeared
A thing which each Endearment more endeared.

17.

Oh! Beautiful! – and rare as beautiful!
But theirs was Love in which the Mind delights 130
To lose itself when the old World grows dull,
And we are sick of its hack sounds and sights,
Intrigues, adventures of the common School,
Its petty passions, marriages, and flights,
Where Hymen's Torch but brands one Strumpet more, 135
Whose Husband only knows her not a Whore.

18.

Hard Words; harsh truth; a truth which many know,
Enough. – The faithful and the fairy Pair
Who never found a single hour too slow,
What was it made them thus exempt from Care? 140
Young innate feelings all have felt below
Which perish in the rest, but in them were
Inherent; what we mortals call Romantic,
And always envy, though we deem it frantic. –

22: *And Children still they should have ever been:* compare above, III 264 and the previous lines, where real children are frozen into an eternal moment and B. wishes that they might never grow up.

23: *A Nymph and her Beloved, all unseen:* an image of pastoral love to support the idea (see above, this canto, line 55) of *Don Juan* as a pastoral poem.

19.

This is in others a factitious state, 145
 An Opium Dream of too much Youth and Reading,²⁴
 But was in them their Nature, or their Fate;
 No Novels e'er had set their young hearts bleeding,
 For Haidee's knowledge was by no means great,
 And Juan was a Boy of Saintly breeding; 150
 So that there was no Reason for their loves
 More than for those of Nightingales or Doves.

20.

They gazed upon the Sunset; 'tis an hour
 Dear unto All, but dearest to *their* Eyes,
 For it had made them what they were; the Power 155
 Of Love had first o'erwhelmed them from such Skies,
 When Happiness had been their only dower,
 And Twilight saw them linked in Passion's ties
 Charmed with each other; All things charmed that brought
 The past still welcome as the present Thought. 160

21.

I know not why, but in that hour to-night,
 Even as they gazed, a sudden Tremor came,
 And swept, as 'twere, across their heart's delight,
 Like the Wind o'er a harp-string or a flame
 When One is shook in sound, and one in sight, 165
 And thus some boding flashed through either frame,
 And called from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,
 While one new Tear arose in Haidee's eye. –

22.

That large black prophet Eye seemed to dilate
 And follow far the disappearing Sun 170
 As if their last Day of a happy date
 With his broad bright and dropping Orb were gone,
 Juan gazed on her as to ask his fate –
 He felt a grief but knowing cause for none
 His glance enquired of hers for some excuse 175
 For feelings causeless, or at least abstruse.

24: *An Opium Dream of too much Youth and Reading*: CPW cites B. on Keats: “... such writing is a sort of mental masturbation – he is always f-gg-g his *Imagination*. – I don't mean that he is *indecent* but viciously soliciting his own ideas into a state which is neither poetry nor anything else but a *Bedlam vision produced by raw pork and opium*.” (BLJ VII 225). The challenge B. appears deliberately to set himself is that of producing a more credible vision of ideal love. For B. and Keats, especially the Keats of *Endymion*, see above, I sts.94-95, and commentary.

23.

She turned to him, and smiled, but in that Sort
Which makes not others smile; then turned aside;
Whatever feeling shook her, it seemed short
And mastered by her Wisdom or her pride, 180
When Juan spoke, too – it might be in sport
Of this their mutual feeling She replied –
“If it should be so, – but – it cannot be –
“Or I at least shall not survive to see.” –

24.

Juan would question further, but She pressed 185
His lip to hers, and silenced him with this,
And then dismissed the Omen from her breast,
Defying Augury with that fond kiss;²⁵
And no doubt of all methods 'tis the best –
Some people prefer Wine, 'tis not Amis; 190
I have tried both, so those who would a part take
May choose between the Headache and the Heartache.

25.

One of the two, according to your choice,
Woman or wine, you'll have to undergo;²⁶
Both Maladies are taxes on our Joys;²⁷ 195
But which to choose, I really hardly know,
And if I had to give a casting voice,
For both sides I could many reasons show
And then decide, without great wrong to Either
It were much better to have both than neither. – 200

26.

Juan and Haidee gazed upon each other
With swimming looks of speechless tenderness,
Which mixed all feelings, friend, child, lover, brother,
All that the best can mingle and express
When two pure hearts are poured in One another 205
And love too much, and yet can not love less;
But almost sanctify the sweet Excess
By the Immortal Wish and Power to bless. –

25: *Defying Augury with that fond kiss*: a strange but effective amalgam of *Hamlet* (V ii 211: *Not a whit – we defy augury: there is special providence in the fall of a sparrow*) and Burns (*Ae fond kiss, and then we sever*). The fatalism of the one and the erotic regret of the other complement each other well.

26: *Woman or wine, you'll have to undergo*: B. seems only to expect only a masculine readership for *Don Juan*.

27: *taxes on our joys*: a Byronic commonplace. See for another example above, I 1731 and n.

27.

Mixed in each other's arms, and heart in heart,
 Why did they not then die? – they'd lived too long 210
Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart;
 Years could but bring them cruel things or wrong,
The World was not for them, nor the World's Art
 For Beings passionate as Sappho's Song;²⁸
Love was born *with* them, *in* them, so intense, 215
It was their very Spirit-not a Sense. –

28.²⁹

They should have lived together deep in woods *
 Unseen as sings the Nightingale; they were
Unfit to mix in these thick Solitudes
 Called Social, haunts of Hate, and Vice, and Care: 220
How lonely every freeborn Creature broods;
 The sweetest Song-birds nestle in a pair,
The Eagle soars alone, the Gull and Crow
Flock o'er their Carrion, just like men below. –

29.

Now pillowed cheek to cheek, in loving Sleep 225
 Haidee and Juan their Siesta took,
A Gentle Slumber, but it was not deep
 For ever and anon a Something shook
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep,
 And Haidee's sweet lips murmured like a brook 230
A Wordless Music, and her face so fair
Moved with her dream as rose-leaves with the Air.

30.

Or as the stirring of a deep clear Stream
 Within an Alpine hollow, when the Wind
Walks o'er it, was She shaken by the Dream, 235
 The Mystical Usurper of the Mind –
O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem
 Good to the Soul which we no more can bind,
Strange State of Being! (for 'tis still to be)
Senseless to feel, and with sealed eyes to see. 240

28: *Sappho's Song*: see above, I 332; also CMP 178, where B. compare Sappho's Ode unfavourably with Pope's *Eloisa*.

29: Wright draws attention to the resemblance between these lines and the speech of Valentine in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, V iv 1-6: *How use doth breed a habit in a man! / This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods, / I better brook than flourishing peopled towns. / Here can I sit alone, unseen of any, / And to the nightingale's complaining notes / Tune my distresses and record my woes*. But the idea is commonplace (compare *As You Like It*, II i, 1-18): and there are no eagles, gulls, or carrion crows in the *Two Gentlemen* passage. B. shows elsewhere no acquaintance with the play.

31.

She dreamed of being alone on the Sea-shore,
Chained to a rock;³⁰ She knew not how, but stir
She could not from the spot, and the loud roar
Grew, and each wave rose roughly threatening her
And o'er her upper lip they seemed to pour, 245
Until She sobbed for breath, and soon they were
Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high –
Each broke to drown her yet She could not die.

32.³¹

Anon She was released, and then She strayed
O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding feet, 250
And stumbled almost every step She made,
And Something rolled before her in a Sheet,
Which She must still pursue howe'er afraid;
'Twas white and indistinct, nor stopped to meet
Her glance nor grasp, for still She gazed and grasped, 255
And ran, but it escaped her as She clasped.

33.

The Dream changed: in a cave She stood; its walls
Were hung with marble icicles, the work
Of ages on its water-fretted halls
Where Waves might wash, and Seals might bark and lurk; 260
Her Hair was dripping, and the very balls
Of her black eyes seemed turned to tears, and mirk
The sharp rocks looked below each drop they caught
Which froze to Marble as it fell, Methought.

34.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet, 265
Pale as the foam that frothed on his dead brow,
Which She essayed in vain to clear (how sweet
Were once her Cares, how idle seemed they now!)
Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat
Of his quenched heart, and the Sea dirges low 270
Rang in her sad ears like a Mermaid's Song;
And that brief dream appeared a life too long.

30: *Chained to a rock*: an obvious echo of the story of Andromeda, chained to the rock as an offering to Poseidon's monster. Andromeda is, however, rescued.

31: There are several echoes of these verses in Hardy's *After a Journey*.

35.

And gazing on the dead, She thought his face
Faded, or altered into something new
Like to her father's features, till each trace 275
More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew,
With all his keen worn look, and Grecian grace;
And starting, She awoke, and what to view?
Oh! Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets She there?
'Tis – 'tis her father's fixed upon the pair.³² – 280

36.

Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking fell,
With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see
Him whom She deemed a habitant where dwell
The Ocean-buried, risen from death to be
Perchance the death of one she loved too well; 285
Dear as her father had been to Haidee,
It was a moment of that awful kind –
I have seen such – but must not call to Mind.³³

37.

Up Juan sprung to Haidee's bitter shriek
And caught her falling, and from off the wall 290
Snatched down his sabre in hot haste to wreak
Vengeance on him who was the Cause of all;
Then Lambro, who till now forbore to speak,
Smiled scornfully, and said, "Within my call
"A thousand scimitars await the word; 295
"Put up, young Man – put up your silly Sword." –

38.

And Haidee clung around him; "Juan, 'tis
" 'Tis Lambro, 'tis my father-Kneel with me -
"He will forgive us – yes – it must be – yes.
"Oh! dearest Father, in this Agony 300
"Of pleasure and of pain – even while I kiss
"Thy Garment's hem with transport, can it be?
"That Doubt should mingle with my filial Joy?
"Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy." –

32: *'Tis – 'tis her father's fixed upon the pair*: alone among the epic's periodical triangular crises, (see above, I, commentary to sts.138 and 139, below, V 1244-5, and Canto XIII 112) this, the second, ends tragically.

33: It is unclear whether or not B. is speaking autobiographically; no editor has suggested that he had indeed witnessed such a confrontation as he here describes; but the suggestion of the narrator's intimate involvement is further enhanced.

39.

High and inscrutable the old Man stood, 305
 Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye,
 Not always signs with him of calmest mood;³⁴
 He looked upon her, but gave no reply;
 Then turned to Juan, in whose cheek the blood
 Oft came and went, as there resolved to die 310
 In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring
 On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

40.

"Young man-your sword," so Lambro once more said;
 Juan replied, "not while this arm is free";
 The old Man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread, 315
 And drawing from his belt a pistol, he
 Replied, "Your blood be then on your own head." –
 Then looked close at the flint, as if to see
 'Twas fresh, for he had lately used the lock,
 And next proceeded quietly to cock. 320

41.³⁵

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
 That cocking of a pistol, when you know
 A moment more will bring the Sight to bear
 Upon your person, twelve yards off or so;
 A gentlemanly distance, not too near 325
 If you have got a former friend for foe,
 But after being fired at once or twice,
 The Ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.³⁶

34: *Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye, / Not always signs with him of calmest mood:* recalls Ali Pasha, who once smiled at a man and hugged him, a minute before nailing an accusation of treachery to his forehead .

35: B. once was nearly in a duel-at Malta in 1809 – but it did not take place; and he also challenged Hewson Clarke, Southey and Brougham; neither of the latter two challenges were delivered (all four written challenges are in BLJ: I 167 and 224-5, VII 95-6 and IX 102). The stanza is entirely imaginary.

36: *Irish:* a racist usage, implying "less sensitive".

42.

Lambro presented, and one instant more
Had stopped this Canto, and Don Juan's breath 330
When Haidee threw herself her boy before;
Stern as her Sire – “On me”³⁷ – She cried – “let Death
“Descend-the fault is mine; this fatal Shore
“He found-but sought not. I have pledged my faith;
“I love him – I will die with him, I knew 335
“Your Nature's firmness – know your daughter's too.” –

43.

A minute past, and She had been all tears
And tenderness, and Infancy, but now
She stood as One who championed human fears –
Pale, Statuelike, and Stern, She wooed the blow; 340
And tall beyond her Sex and their compeers,
She drew up to her height, as if to show
A fairer Mark; and with a fixed eye scanned
Her father's face, but never stopped his hand.

44.

He gazed on her, and She on him; 'twas strange 345
How like they looked; the expression was the same,
Serenely savage, with a little change
In the large dark Eye's mutual-darted flame;
For She too was as One who could avenge
If cause should be; a Lioness, though tame; 350
Her father's blood before her father's face
Boiled up, and proved her truly of his Race. –

37: “On me” – She cried – “let Death / “Descend – the fault is mine: her words recall Virgil, *Aeneid*, IX 42-8, Englished by the young B. at lines 367-8 of Nisus and Euryalus: *Me, me, your vengeance hurl, on me alone, / Here sheathe the steel, my blood is all your own ...* But see also Handel's *Theodora*, last scene: *On me your frowns, your utmost rage exert, / On me, your prisoner in chains*. B. and Hobhouse saw the work at Venice on November 26th 1816, although the libretto would have been translated into Italian.

45.

I said they were alike, their features and
 Their Stature differing but in Sex and Years;
 Even to the delicacy of their hand³⁸ 355
 There was resemblance, such as true blood wears;
 And now to see them, thus divided, stand
 In fixed ferocity, when joyous tears,
 And sweet Sensations, should have welcomed both,
 Show what the Passions are in their full growth. – 360

46.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew
 His weapon, and replaced it; but stood still
 And looking on her, as to look her through;
 “Not *I*,” he said, “have sought this Stranger’s ill;
 “Not *I* have made this desolation; few 365
 “Would bear such outrage, and forbear to kill,
 “But I must do my duty; how thou hast
 “Done thine, the present vouches for the past. –

47.

“Let him disarm, or, by my father’s head
 “His own shall roll before you like a Ball;” 370
 He raised his whistle, as the word he said,
 And blew; another answered to the Call,
 And rushing in disorderly, though led,
 And armed from boot to turban, One and all,
 Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank; 375
 He gave the word, “Arrest or slay the Frank.”³⁹ –

38: *their hand:* B. had very delicate hands; and Ali Pacha, the Albanian chieftain who entertained him in 1809, and who is in part a model for Lambro, complimented him on them. See BLJ I 227: “**He** [*Ali Pacha*] **said he was certain I was a man of birth because I had small ears, curling hair, & little white hands, and expressed himself pleased with my appearance & garb.**”

39: *Arrest or slay the Frank:* all West Europeans were Franks. See above, III 665n and 767n.

48.

Then with a sudden movement he withdrew
His daughter; while compressed within his clasp,
'Twi'xt her and Juan interposed the Crew;
In vain She struggled in her father's grasp; 380
His arms were like a Serpent's Coil; then flew⁴⁰
Upon their prey, as darts an angry Asp,
The file of Pirates; save the foremost, who
Had fallen with his right shoulder half-cut through. –

49.

The Second had his cheek laid open; but 385
The Third, a wary, cool old Sworder, took
The blows upon his cutlass, and then put
His own well in; so well, ere you could look,
His Man was floored, and helpless at his foot,
With the blood running like a little brook 390
From two smart Sabre gashes deep and red –
One on the arm, the Other on the Head. –

50.

And then they bound him where he fell, and bore
Juan from the Apartment; with a sign
Old Lambro bade them take him to the Shore, 395
Where lay some ships which were to sail at Nine;
They laid him in a boat, and plied the Oar
Until they reached some Galliot's,⁴¹ placed in line;
On board of One of these, and under hatches,
They stowed him with strict orders to the Watches. - 400

51.

The World is full of strange vicissitudes,
And here was one exceedingly unpleasant;
A Gentleman so rich in the World's goods,
Handsome and young, enjoying all the present,
Just at the very time when he least broods 405
On such a thing, is suddenly to Sea sent,
Wounded and chained, so that he can not move,
And all because a Lady fell in love.

40: a *Serpent's Coil*: see above, III 380 and n. There Lambro lay coiled like the *Boa in the wood*; at canto II st.117 Haidee is herself compared to a *snake late coiled*. Father and daughter are both agents of the Fall.
41: *Galliot's*: small sailing boats.

52.

Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic,
Moved by the Chinese Nymph of Tears, Green Tea!⁴² 410
Than whom Cassandra was not more prophetic,⁴³
For if my pure Libations exceed three,
I feel my heart become so sympathetic
That I must have recourse to black Bohea;⁴⁴
'Tis pity Wine should be so deleterious, 415
For Tea and Coffee leave us much more serious,

53.

Unless when qualified with thee, Cogniac!
Sweet Naiad of the Phlegethonic rill!⁴⁵
Ah! why the liver wilt thou thus attack,
And make, like other Nymphs, thy lovers ill?⁴⁶ 420
I would take refuge in weak punch, but *Rack*⁴⁷
(In each sense of the word) whene'er I fill
My mild and midnight beakers to the brim,
Wakes me next morning with its Synonime.⁴⁸

42: *Chinese Nymph of Tears, Green Tea*: before 1839, all tea drunk in Europe was Chinese rather than Indian.

43: *Cassandra*: Trojan princess and prophetess, daughter of King Priam, whose curse was always to be right and never to be believed.

44: *Bohea*: poor-quality tea from Bu-i or Wu-i, Chinese tea-growing region. At line 72 of Matthew Prior's *Paolo Purganti*, *Bohé Tea* is listed as an aphrodisiac, along with *Eringo Roots*. *Purganti* is referred to by B. in his proof riposte to Hobhouse over I sts.172 and 173 – see above. I do not think B. is making use of the drink's potency-inducing property here.

45: *Naiad ... Phlegethonic rill*: Phlegethon is a river of Hell: see *Paradise Lost* II 580. Brandy is thus a hellish nymphet; see, for precedents of a sort, the 1744 *Dunciad*, III 332-6.

46: *make ... thy lovers ill*: see above, I 1731n.

47: *Rack*: (i) arrack (Levantine rum) (ii) physical agony.

48: *Synonime*: illustrative parallel, or, here, inevitable concomitant.

54.

I leave Don Juan for the present, safe, 425
Not sound, poor fellow, but severely wounded,
Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half
Of those with which his Haidee's bosom bounded?
She was not One to weep, and rave, and chafe,⁴⁹
And then give way, subdued because surrounded; 430
Her Mother was a Moorish Maid from Fez,⁵⁰
Where all is Eden, or a Wilderness.⁵¹ – – –

55.

There the large Olive rains its Amber store
In marble founts; there Grain, and flower, and fruit
Gush from the earth until the Land runs o'er;⁵² 435
But there too many a poison-tree has root,
And Midnight listens to the Lion's roar,
And long, long Desarts scorch the Camel's foot,
Or heaving whelm the helpless Caravan,⁵³
And as the Soil so is the heart of Man. 440

56.

Afric is all the Sun's, and as her earth
Her human Clay is kindled; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And like the Soil beneath it will bring forth: 445
Beauty and love were Haidee's mother's dower;
But her large dark eye showed deep Passion's force
Though sleeping like a Lion near a Source.⁵⁴

49: 429-40 is an important passage for the poem. Lines 431-2 (*Her Mother was a Moorish Maid, from Fez, / Where all is Eden, or a Wilderness*) sums up many themes – (i) Moorish temptresses-see above, I 443, I 567, I 828-9, III 553 570 and 577 (B.'s notes), and above, IV 74; (ii) the ruined earthly paradise – above, I 143-4, I 1437, III 248; (iii) Nemesis – above III 637 and below, IV 583-4. Love seems by this demonstration to involve the creation both of paradise and wilderness.

50: *Fez*: in Morocco. Tully (page 214) tells us that *the handsomest mosque in Africa is the one at Fez*.

51: There is a passage in *Narrative of Ten Years' Residence in Tripoli* (see above, notes to III sts.61-77) which could have inspired B.'s reflections about Haidee's mother's native land. At pp.51-4, Tully's sister-in-law describes, first, the wonderful abundance of fruit-trees in the grounds of a Moorish country-house (433-5 here) and then, the terrible sandy wilderness within only a short distance of it (436-9 here). A quotation from Addison's *Cato* illustrates the destructive power of the desert: but the writer, being more scrupulous than B., leaves out the Lion, which seems to be an echo of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, V i 360: *Now the hungry lion roars ...*

52: *Gush from the earth*: see above, III 248.

53: *heaving whelm the helpless Caravan*: see above, II 1720. Earth, like the heart of Man, is the source of both sustenance and disaster, love and catastrophe.

54: *Source*: spring.

57.

Her daughter tempered with a milder ray
Like Summer Clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair, 450
Till slowly charged with thunder they display
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But overwrought with passion and despair,
The Fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,⁵⁵ 455
Even as the Simoom sweeps the blasted plains.⁵⁶ –

58.

The last sight which She saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'ermastered and cut down;
His blood was running on the very floor
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own; 460
Thus much she viewed an instant and no more,
Her Struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;
On her Sire's arm, which until now scarce held
Her writhing, fell She like a Cedar felled.⁵⁷ – –

55: Numidian: sub-Saharan.

56: Simoom: suffocatingly hot wind from the Sahara. See *Manfred*, III i 126-33:

... for I would not make,
But find a desolation! – like the Wind,
The red-hot breath of the most lone Simoom,
Which dwells but in the desert – and sweeps o'er
The barren sands, which bear no shrubs to blast,
And revels o'er their wild and arid waves,
And seeketh not, so that it is not sought,
But being met is deadly ...

B.'s knowledge of the Simoom may have started with the long note on it which Southey appended to Book Two of *Thalaba the Destroyer* (1801).

57: fell She like a Cedar felled: echoes in its finality Dante's faint at *Inferno* V 142: *e caddi, come corpo morto cade*.

61.

The ruling Passion,⁶⁰ such as Marble shows
When exquisitely chiselled, still lay there,
But fixed, as Marble's unchanged Aspect throws
O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair-^{*}
O'er the Laocoon's all eternal throes, 485
And ever-dying Gladiator's air;⁶¹
Their Energy, like life, forms all their fame,
Yet looks not Life, for they are still the Same.

62.

She woke at length, but not as Sleepers wake;
Rather the dead, for life seemed something new, 490
A strange Sensation which She must partake
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
Struck not in memory, though a heavy Ache
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still true
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause, 495
For for a while the Furies⁶² made a pause. –

63.

She looked on many a face with vacant eye,
On many a token without knowing what;
She saw them watch her without asking why,
And recked not who around her pillow sat; 500
Not speechless, though She spoke not; not a Sigh
Relieved her thoughts; dull Silence and quick Chat
Were tried in vain by those who served; She gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the Grave.

60: *The ruling Passion*: recalls Pope, although he never contextualises the concept with reference to sculpture. Compare *An Essay on Man*, II 133-44; *Epistle to Bathurst*, 155-60; or *Epistle to Cobham*, 263.

61: *Venus ... Laocoon ... Gladiator*: examples of Greek and Roman statuary, to illustrate Haidee's changeless beauty and hopelessness. B. had already described them in Canto IV of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*: the Medici Venus at Stanzas 49-51, the Dying Gladiator at sts.140-1, and Laocoön and his sons being killed by the sea-serpent at st.160.

62: *the Furies*: avenging instruments of Nemesis: see above, III 637, and below, IV 583-4.

64.

Her handmaids tended, but She heeded not,⁶³ 505
Her father watched, She turned her eyes away,
She recognised no being, and no Spot,
However dear or cherished in their day;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot;
Gentle, but without memory, She lay, 510
At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful meaning.

65.

And then a Slave bethought her of a harp;
The harper came, and tuned his instrument;
At the first Notes, irregular and sharp, 515
On him her flashing Eyes a moment bent,
Then to the wall She turned, as if to warp
Her thoughts from Sorrow through her heart re-sent,
And he begun a long low Island Song
Of ancient days, ere Tyranny grew strong. 520

66.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune; he changed the theme,
And sung of Love; the fierce Name struck through all
Her recollection; on her flashed the dream
Of what She was, and is, if ye could call 525
To be so being; in a gushing stream
The tears rushed forth from her o'er-clouded brain
Like Mountain Mists at length dissolved in rain. --

67.

Short Solace, vain relief; Thought came too quick,
And whirled her brain to Madness; She arose 530
As One who ne'er had dwelt among the Sick,
And flew at all She met, as on her foes;
But No One ever heard her speak or shriek,
Although her Paroxysm drew towards its close;
Hers was a Phrenzy which disdained to rave 535
Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

63: *Her handmaids tended*: the death of Lilla Halluma, the wife of the Bashaw of Tripoli in "Tully's Tripoli" is a model for that of Haidee, even though Lilla Halluma is a grandmother, and a real aristocrat as opposed to a cunningly factitious one: "The sweetness of her countenance was not altered from what we had always beheld it; but a livid paleness overspread her face that betokened the hand of death had reached her! ... She died surrounded only by the blacks she had given freedom to ..." (Tully pp.357, 364).

68.

Yet She betrayed at times a gleam of Sense;
Nothing could make her meet her father's face;
Though on all other things with looks intense
She gazed, but None she ever could retrace; 540
Food She refused and raiment; no pretence
Availed for either; neither change of place,
Nor time, nor skill, nor Remedy, could give her
Senses to Sleep; the Power seemed gone forever.

69.

Twelve days and nights She withered thus; at last 545
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang the Spirit from her past,
And they who watched her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the Change, that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow, 550
Glazed o'er her eyes, the beautiful, the black;
Oh! to possess such lustre-and then lack! –

70.

She died, but not alone; She held within
A second principle of Life which might
Have dawned a fair and sinless child of Sin, 555
But closed its little being without light,
And went down to the Grave unborn, wherein
Blossom and bough lie withered with one blight;
In vain the dews of Heaven descend above
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of Love. – – 560

71.

Thus lived, thus died She; never more on her
Shall Sorrow light or Shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By Age in earth; her days and pleasures were 565
Brief but delightful, such as had not staid
Long with her destiny; but She sleeps well⁶⁴
By the Seashore, whereon She loved to dwell.

64: *She sleeps well*: compare *Macbeth*, III ii, 22-3: *Duncan is in his grave; / After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ...* B. has drawn a line from the death of the innocent Haidee to that of the even more innocent Duncan in his own note above, this Canto, line 465. The middle figure in his equation there, Marino Faliero, is not at all innocent.

72.

That Isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants past away; 570
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair;
No Stone is there to show, no tongue to say
What was; No dirge, except the hollow Sea's, 575
Mourns o'er the Beauty of the Cyclades.⁶⁵

73.

But many a Greek Maid in a loving song
Sighs o'er her name; and many an Islander
With her Sire's story makes the night less long;
Valour was his, and Beauty dwelt with her; 580
If She loved rashly, her life paid for wrong,
A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
In some shape; let none think to fly the danger,
For soon or late Love is his own Avenger.

74.

But let me change this theme which grows too sad 585
And lay this sheet of Sorrows on the Shelf;
I don't much like describing people mad
For fear of seeming rather touched myself;
Besides I've no more on this head to add
And as my Muse is a capricious Elf,⁶⁶ 590
We'll put about, and try another tack
With Juan, left half-killed some stanzas back.

65: *Cyclades*: a ring of islands around Delos in the Aegean. B. could not make up his mind whether the island was in the Aegean or the southern Adriatic – see III 442n.

66: *my Muse is a capricious Elf*: compare Keats, *Ode to a Nightingale*, 73-4:

*Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.*

75.⁶⁷

Wounded and fettered, “cabined, cribbed, confined,”⁶⁸
Some days and nights elapsed before that he
Could altogether call the past to mind, 595
And when he did, he found himself at Sea
Sailing six knots an hour before the Wind;
The Shores of Ilion lay beneath their lee;⁶⁹
Another time he might have liked to see ’em
But now was not much pleased with Cape Sigæum.⁷⁰ 600

76.

There, on the green and village-cotted hill is
Flanked by the Hellespont and by the Sea,
Entombed the bravest of the brave, Achilles;⁷¹
They say so (Bryant says the contrary)⁷²
And further downward tall and towering still is 605
The tumulus of whom? – Heaven knows – ’t may be
Patroclus – Ajax – or Protesilaus;⁷³
All heroes who if living still would slay us.

67: Sts. 75-8: the poem here becomes ironic at the expense of epic: it reflects B.’s own visit to the site of Troy in 1810. Recording the mundane disillusion he experienced there distances him, the poem, and the reader, from the ideal world of Homer and Virgil. For a very prosaic account of the same trip, see volume II of B.’s friend Hobhouse’s *A Journey through Albania and other Provinces of Turkey to Constantinople during the Years 1809 and 1810*, mentioned by B. above at II 840 n. Here are to be found references to Jacob Bryant (below, 604 – Letters XXXVIII and XXXIX *passim*) tumuli (606 – Letter XL *passim*) Mount Ida (611 – p.670) Scamander (612 – pp.688, 702) and land-tortoises (616 – p.715). See also *Beppo*, 746-7: *He was cast away / Where Troy once stood, and Nothing stands ...*

68: “*cabined, cribbed, confined*”: Macbeth’s words (III iv 24) describing his feelings when he hears that Fleance has survived the assassination attempt; *cabined* is an obvious pun. B. had used the line in *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*, IV 127, where it describes the spirit imprisoned in flesh.

69: Ilion: Troy, said to be sited on the southeastern shore of the Dardanelles, or Hellespont, the waterway linking the Mediterranean and the Sea of Marmora.

70: Cape Sigæum: at the southern approach to the Dardanelles.

71: the bravest of the brave: title given by Napoleon to Marshal Ney (1769-1815). *Achilles:* super-protagonist of Homer’s *Iliad*.

72: Bryant: in 1796 Jacob Bryant published *Dissertation concerning the war of Troy, and the expedition of the Grecians, as described by Homer; showing that no such expedition was ever undertaken, and that no sack of Phrygia ever existed*, attempting to prove the historical falsity of the Trojan myth. B. wrote, “**I have stood upon that plain daily, for more than a month, in 1810; and, if any thing diminished my pleasure, it was that the blackguard Bryant had impugned its veracity**” (BLJ VIII 21-2).

73: Patroclus – Ajax – or Protesilaus: heroes supposedly buried at Troy.

77.

High barrows without marble or a name,
A vast, untilled, and mountain-skirted plain, 610
And Ida in the distance still the same,⁷⁴
And old Scamander (if 'tis he) remain;⁷⁵
The situation seems still formed for fame,
A hundred thousand Men might fight again
With ease; but where I sought for Ilion's walls, 615
The quiet sheep feeds, and the land-tortoise⁷⁶ crawls;

78.

Troops of untended horses; here and there
Some little hamlets with new names uncouth,
Some Shepherds (unlike Paris)⁷⁷ led to stare
A Moment at the European Youth 620
Whom to the spot their schoolboy feelings bear,
A Turk with beads in hand and pipe in mouth
Extremely taken with his own religion,
Are what I found there, but the devil a Phrygian.⁷⁸ - - - - - =

79.

Don Juan, here permitted to emerge 625
From his dull Cabin, found himself a Slave
Forlorn, and gazing on the deep blue Surge
O'ershadowed there by many a hero's grave;
Weak still with loss of blood, he scarce could urge
A few brief questions, and the answers gave 630
No very satisfactory Information
About his past or present situation.

74: *Ida*: Mount Ida, overlooking Troy.

75: *Scamander*: river flowing over the Trojan plain.

76: *sheep ... land-tortoise*: rare examples of B. not capitalising zoological nouns. He brought three tortoises back from Greece (BLJ II 94).

77: *Paris*: Paris, whose abduction of Helen started the Trojan war, was (in a non-Homeric legend) a shepherd who had to chose between the beauty of three goddesses (the Judgement of Paris).

78: *Phrygian*: inhabitant of Phrygia, the country around Troy.

80.

He saw some fellow Captives, who appeared
To be Italians, as they were, in fact;
From them, at least, *their* destiny he heard, 635
Which was an odd one; a troop going to act
In Sicily, all Singers duly reared
In their vocation, had not been attacked
In sailing from Livorno⁷⁹ by the Pirate,
But sold by th'Impresario at no high rate. 640

Note: this is a fact. – A few years ago a man engaged a company for some foreign theatre – embarked them at an Italian port – and carrying them to Algiers sold them all. – One of the women returned from her captivity – I heard sing – by a strange coincidence – in Rossini's opera of "L'Italiana in Algeri" at Venice. in the beginning of 1817.⁸⁰ – – – –

81.

By one of these, the Buffo of the party,⁸¹
Juan was told about their curious case,
For although destined to the Turkish mart, he
Still kept his Spirits up, at least his face;
The little fellow really looked quite hearty, 645
And bore him with some gaiety and grace,
Showing a much more reconciled demeanour
Than did the Prima Donna⁸² and the Tenor.

82.

In a few words he told their hapless story,
Saying, "Our Machiavellian⁸³ Impresario 650
"Making a signal off some Promontory,
"Hailed a strange brig; Corpo di Caio Mario!⁸⁴
"We were transferred on board her in a hurry
"Without a single scudo of Salario;⁸⁵
"But if the Sultan has a taste for Song, 655
"We will revive our Fortunes before long. –

79: *Livorno*: Italian seaport, often anglicised "Leghorn".

80: B.'s note: Rossini's opera *L'Italiana in Algeri* (*The Italian Girl in Algiers*: one of his masterpieces, premiered at Venice in 1813) is about a witty Italian girl imprisoned in a harem, and the way she and her lover run rings around their boorish Islamic captors.

81: *Buffo*: the comic bass singer.

82: *Prima Donna*: the leading soprano.

83: *Machiavellian*: scheming. From the Italian philosopher Niccolo Machiavelli, supposedly an advocate of treachery.

84: *Corpo di Caio Mario!*: "By the body of Caius Marius!" Italian oath used by B. (in a letter of June 19 1811) at BLJ II 50. Caius Marius was a Roman general of the first century B.C.

85: *Without a single scudo of Salario*: without a penny for payment.

83.

“The Prima Donna, though a little old,
“And haggard with a dissipated life,
“And Subject, when the house is thin, to Cold,
“Has some good notes; and then the Tenor’s wife, 660
“With no great voice, is pleasing to behold;
“Last Carnival She made a deal of Strife
“By carrying off Count Cesare Cicogna⁸⁶
“From an old Roman Princess at Bologna.

84.⁸⁷

“And then there are the dancers, there’s the Nini, 665
“With more than one profession, gains by all;⁸⁸
“Then there’s that laughing slut the Pelegrini;
“She too was fortunate last Carnival,
“And made at least five hundred good zecchini,
“But spends so fast, She has not now a Paul;⁸⁹ 670
“And then there’s the Grottesca-such a dancer!
“Where Men have souls or bodies She must answer.

85.

“As for the figuranti⁹⁰ they are like
“The rest of all that tribe, with here and there
“A pretty person, which perhaps may strike; 675
“The rest are hardly fitted for a fair;
“There’s one though tall and stiffer than a Pike
“Yet has a sentimental kind of air
“Which might go far, but She don’t dance with vigour,
“The more’s the pity with her face and figure. 680

86: *Cicogna*: means “stork”. At Venice B. had known the historian Conte Leopoldo (not Cesare) Cicognara. He had invited the poet to subscribe for a monument to the sculptor Canova (see BLJ X 20-1 and 71).

87: *Nini ... Pelegrini ... Grottesca*: surnames of women in the troupe.

88: *With more than one profession, gains by all*: the Nini sells her sexual as well as her vocal talent. Hobhouse’s diary for October 13 1816 records the following: *We were delighted with the ballet which was magnificently got up and well danced – as a specimen of Milan manners must not be forgot La Coppanta who will not suffer herself to be touched but is the Atalanta of every Meleager for a crown – she is only sixteen – La Rossa a most perfect figure in man’s clothes. In the opera of the Brazen Head there were certain figurantes which were always vigourously applauded – with that exception the play and talking in the boxes were never interrupted – we stayed until the whole closed and then came home – pleased with all but most with Monsignore Breme* (Ludovico di Breme, the Milanese litterateur whose conversation may be the model for Raucocanti’s gossip – BL Add.Mss. 56537 59r).

89: a *Paul* was worth about fifty times less than a *zecchino*.

90: *figuranti*: the *corps de ballet*.

86.

“As for the men, they are a middling set;
“The Musico⁹¹ is but a cracked old basin
“But being qualified in one way yet
“May the Seraglio do to set his face in,⁹²
“And as a Servant some preferment get; 685
“His singing I no further trust can place in;
“From all the Pope makes yearly⁹³ ’twould perplex *
“To find three perfect pipes of the *third* Sex.

* Note: It is strange that it should be the Pope and the Sultan who are the chief encouragers of this branch of trade – women being prohibited as Singers at Saint. Peter’s – and not deemed trustworthy as guardians of the Haram. – – –

87.

“The Tenor’s voice is spoilt by Affectation,
“And for the Base, the beast can only bellow, 690
“In fact, he had no singing education,
“An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow,
“But being the Prima Donna’s near relation,
“Who swore his voice was very rich and mellow,
“They hired him, though to hear him you’d believe 695
“An Ass was practising Recitative.

91: *the Musico*: evidently a *castrato* soprano, one of the *third* Sex.

92: *Seraglio*: harem. The *Musico* would be thoroughly at home there, as many of the servants would share his curtailment.

93: *all the Pope makes yearly*: the Sistine choir in the Vatican had a long tradition of adult male sopranos, which did not cease until well after B.’s time. Both Islam and Catholicism are implicated by the note in a conspiracy against (i) women’s musicality (ii) their integrity and (iii) pre-pubescent boys.

88.

“’Twould not become myself to dwell upon
“My own merits, and though young-I see Sir-you
“Have got a travelled air, which shows you one
“To whom the Opera is by no means new; 700
“You’ve heard of Raucocanti?⁹⁴ – I’m the Man;
“The time may come when you may hear me too –
“You was⁹⁵ not last year at the fair at Lugo,⁹⁶
“But next when I’m engaged to sing there – do go. –

89.

“Our Baritone I almost had forgot, 705
“A pretty lad, but bursting with conceit -
“With graceful action, science not a jot,
“A voice of no great compass, and not sweet;
“He always is complaining of his lot,
“Forsooth, scarce fit for ballads in the Street; 710
“In lovers’ parts his passion more to breathe,
“Having no heart to show, he shows his teeth.”

90.

Here Raucocanti’s eloquent recital
Was interrupted by the pirate crew,
Who came at stated moments to invite all 715
The Captives back to their sad births; Each threw⁹⁷
A rueful glance upon the waves (which bright all
From the blue skies derived a double blue,
Dancing all free and happy in the Sun)
And then went down the hatchway One by One. – – 720

94: *Raucocanti*: the names means “loud or hoarse songs”. Compare B.’s jokes at I 1185-7.

95: *You was not*: gentlefolks’ familiar idiom. B. himself uses the phrase in letters to Augusta and to Moore at BLJ V 91 and 201. For a good example of its use between intimates, see the dialogue between Sophia Western and Mrs Fitzpatrick in *Tom Jones*, Book 11 Chapter 4.

96: *You was not at the fair at Lugo*: “It is thus claimed, that there are in Ravenna some ill-disposed persons, who are supported by Lord Byron, who is at this time settled in the house of the Cavaliere Guiccioli, who, it is said, have secret relations with Romagnola and with Bologna: that the **Fair at Lugo** will be for them a signal for a combined revolt, and that there will at that time occur in Ravenna a take-over of the public places and private houses, and that it is possible that these ill-disposed persons include some soldiers from Linea, not excluding the commander of that place, and his second-in-command.” (From Vatican Archives, Keats-Shelley House Rome, Gay Papers 36A.)

97: *sad births*: recalls Pedrillo at Canto II line 200.

91.

They heard next day-that in the Dardanelles
Waiting for his Sublimity's firman⁹⁸ -
The most imperative of Sovereign Spells
Which every body does without who can,
More to secure them in their naval cells, 725
Lady to Lady, well as Man to Man,
Were to be chained and lotted out per couple
For the Slave market of Constantinople.

92.

It seems when this allotment was made out,
There chanced to be an odd male, and odd female 730
Who (after some discussion and some doubt
If the Soprano might be deemed to be male
They placed him o'er the women as a Scout)
Were linked together, and it happened *the* Male
Was Juan, who-an awkward thing at his age - 735
Paired off with a Bacchante blooming visage.⁹⁹

93.

With Raucocanti lucklessly was chained
The tenor; these two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage, and each more pained
With this his tuneful neighbour than his fate; 740
Sad Strife arose, for they were so cross-grained,
Instead of bearing up without debate,
That each pulled different ways with many an oath,
"Arcades Ambo," *id est* – blackguards both.¹⁰⁰

98: *his Sublimity's firman*: a license, normally from the Sultan of Constantinople, granting or giving permission for something-in this case, to sail into Constantinople. See for examples *The Corsair*, II 7, or BLJ II 38-40); also W.S.Rose, *The Court and Parliament of Beasts*, V, IV, 5-6: *Whilst you, in virtue of the Sultan's firman, / Swill windy lemonade and swarm with vermin.*

99: *Bacchante*: implies the lady's sensuality.

100: "Arcades ambo," *id est* / *that is blackguards both*: both from *Arcady* – *that is ...* the quotation in inverted commas is from line 4 of Virgil's seventh Eclogue, from the second of which B. has already quoted above at I 336: his suave implication is, in case we haven't guessed already from the way Raucocanti bitches his fellow troupers, that homosexuality and its usual tensions are rife among the company. B. is devaluing pastoral conventions (*Arcadia* is the traditional location for pastoral scenes-see above, IV 55 and n). The quotation is re-used, in English, below at XIII 45, 1, where it impugns English tradesmen and their bills. B. was fond of it as a way of abusing villains who went in pairs: for examples see BLJ IV 173 (Sternhold and Hopkins, the Tudor psalmodists) and X 67-8 (John Murray the publisher and Charles Murray of the right-wing Constitutional Association).

94.

Juan's companion was a Romagnole,¹⁰¹ 745
Bred up within the March of old Ancona,¹⁰²
With eyes that looked into the very soul
(And other chief points of a "bella donna")¹⁰³
Bright-and as black and burning as a Coal,
And through her clear brunette complexion shone a
Great wish to please-a most attractive dower, 750
Especially when added to the Power.--

95.

But all that power was wasted upon him,
For Sorrow o'er each sense held stern command;
Her Eye might flash on his but found it dim, 755
And though, thus chained, as natural her hand
Touched his, nor that, nor any handsome limb
(And She had some not easy to withstand)
Could stir his pulse, or make his faith feel brittle;
Perhaps his recent wounds might help a little. - 760

96.

No matter; we should ne'er too much enquire,
But facts are facts-no Knight could be more true,
And firmer faith no Ladye-love desire;
We will omit the proofs, save one or two,
'Tis said no one in hand "can hold a fire" 765
"By thought of frosty Caucasus"-but few¹⁰⁴
I really think; yet Juan's then Ordeal
Was more triumphant-and not much less real. -

101: *Romagnole*: from the Romagna, in Eastern Italy around Ravenna.

102: *Ancona*: seaport in the Romagna.

103: "*bella donna*": beautiful woman; also the name of a poison.

104: *no one "in hand can hold a fire" / "By thought of frosty Caucasus"*: from *Richard II*, I i 294-5. Bolingbroke is ridiculing Gaunt's advice to try and alleviate the miseries of banishment by imaginative reflection.

97.

Here I might enter on a chaste description,
 Having withstood temptation in my youth, 770
 But hear that several people take exception
 At the first two books having too much truth,
 Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the ship soon,
 Because the publisher declares in sooth¹⁰⁵
 Through needles' eyes it easier for the Camel is 775
 To pass,¹⁰⁶ than those two Cantos into families. –

98.

'Tis all the same to me; I'm fond of yielding,
 And therefore leave them to the purer page
 Of Smollett, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding,¹⁰⁷
 Who say strange things for so correct an age; 780
 I once had great alacrity in wielding
 My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,
 And recollect the time when all this Cant
 Would have provoked remarks which now it shan't.

99.

As boys love rows, my boyhood liked a squabble,¹⁰⁸ 785
 But at this hour I wish to part in peace,
 Leaving such to the literary rabble;
 Whether my verse's fame be doomed to cease
 While the right hand that wrote it still is able,
 Or of some centuries to take a lease, 790
 The Grass upon my grave will grow as long,
 And sigh to Midnight winds, but not to Song. -

105: *the publisher:* John Murray felt unable to publish *Don Juan* beyond Canto V.

106: *easier for the Camel is / To pass:* see Matthew, XIX, 24: It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God. One of Jesus' more difficult assertions.

107: *Smollett, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding:* writers no less bawdy than B.; in fact rather more so. Tobias Smollett, author of *Humphrey Clinker* and *Roderick Random* (see above, notes to I sts.172-3 and II st.37); Matthew Prior, eighteenth century poet (see above, notes to I sts.172-173 and IV st.52); Ludovico Ariosto, fifteenth-sixteenth century Italian poet, author of *Orlando Furioso* (see above, note to III st.96); Henry Fielding, one of B.'s favourites, author of *Tom Jones* (see above, notes to I st.25 and 146-157 and II st.39) and *Jonathan Wild* (see above, note to II st.39). For a recollection of this catalogue, see BLJ X 68.

108: *... my boyhood liked a squabble:* in 1822, B. wrote to Scott, "I like a row, and always did from a boy" (BLJ IX 86).

100.

Of Poets who come down to us through distance
Of Time and Tongues, the foster-babes of Fame,
Life seems the smallest portion of existence; 795
Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,
'Tis as a Snowball which derives assistance
From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,
Even till an Ice-berg it may chance to grow;
But, after all, 'tis nothing but cold Snow. 800

101.

And so great names are nothing more than nominal,
And love of Glory's but an airy lust,
Too often in its glory overcoming all
Who would as 'twere identify their dust
From out the wide destruction which entombing all, 805
Leaves nothing till the coming of the just¹⁰⁹ –
Save change; I've stood upon Achilles's tomb,
And heard Troy doubted; Time will doubt of Rome.¹¹⁰

102.

The very Generations of the Dead
Are swept away, and Tomb inherits tomb, 810
Until the Memory of an Age is fled,
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom:
Where are the Epitaphs our fathers read?
Save a few gleaned from the Sepulchral Gloom
Which once-named Myriads lie beneath, 815
And lose their own in Universal Death. -

109: *the coming of the just*: the Second Coming of Christ. See *Acts*, VII, 52.

110: *I've stood upon Achilles' tomb, / And heard Troy doubted*: see above, 604n. There is an interesting parallel here with Ulysses' speech to Achilles at III iii 145 of *Troilus and Cressida*:

*O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time.*

although B. never mentions the play.

103.

I canter by the spot each afternoon
Where perished in his fame the hero-boy
Who lived too long for Men, but died too soon
For human Vanity, the young De Foix!¹¹¹ 820
A broken pillar not uncouthly hewn
But which Neglect is hastening to destroy
Records Ravenna's carnage on its face –*
While Weeds and ordure rankle round the base. –

* Note The pillar which records the battle of Ravenna is about two miles from the city on the opposite side of the river to the road towards Forli. – – Gaston de Foix who gained the battle was killed in it - there fell on both sides twenty thousand men. – The present state of the pillar and it's site is described in the text.

104.

I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid:¹¹² 825
A little Cupola,¹¹³ more neat than solemn,
Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid
To the bard's tomb, and not the Warrior's column;
The Time must come, when both alike decayed,
The Chieftain's trophy, and the poet's volume,¹¹⁴ 830
Will sink where lie the songs and wars of Earth,
Before Pelides'¹¹⁵ death, or Homer's birth. –

111: *De Foix*: Gaston de Foix (1489-1512) French general killed in the Battle of *Ravenna* on Easter Day 1512; though his troops won the battle. He was twenty-three. Known as “the Thunderbolt of Italy” from the number of Italians he killed. B. was living in Ravenna at the time of writing these Stanzas. See above, III sts.105-6.

112: *where Dante's bones are laid*: Dante is buried in Ravenna, and B. often visited his tomb. Compare *Child Harold's Pilgrimage*, IV sts.56-7; although Dante's tomb is not there described. B. may here be reacting against the excessive reverence – as he now saw it – displayed to the dead by Ugo Foscolo in *Dei Sepolcri*, a poem which had influenced him when writing *Childe Harold IV*.

113: *Cupola*: a small dome over the tomb.

114: The *column / volume* rhyme had been used already by B. in his translation of Horace's *Mediocribus esse poetis / non homines, non di non concessere columnae* (*Ars Poetica*, 372-3: *Neither men nor gods nor booksellers can stand indifferent poetry*). At *Hints from Horace* 585-6 this becomes ... *middling poets' mediocre volumes / Are damned alike by gods, and men, and columns*. The joke finds a good context here. See *TVOJ*, line 728.

115: *Pelides*: another name for Achilles, who was the son of Peleus.

105.

With human blood that column was cemented,
With human filth that column is defiled,
As if the peasant's coarse contempt were vented 835
To show his loathing of the spot he soiled;
Thus is the trophy used, and thus lamented
Should ever be those blood-hounds, from whose wild
Instinct of gore and Glory Earth has known
Those sufferings Dante saw in hell alone.¹¹⁶ 840

106.

Yet there will still be bards; though Fame is smoke
Its fumes are frankincense to human thought;
And the unquiet feelings, which first woke
Song in the world, will seek what then they sought;
As on the beach the waves at last are broke, 845
Thus to their extreme verge the Passions brought
Dash into Poetry, which is but Passion,
Or at least was so, ere it grew a fashion. -

107.

If in the course of such a life as was
At once adventurous and contemplative, 850
Men who partake all passions as they pass,
Acquire the deep and bitter power to give
Their images again as in a glass,
And in such colours that they seem to live;
You may do right forbidding them to show 'em, 855
But spoil (I think) a very pretty poem.¹¹⁷ - - -

116: *Those sufferings Dante saw in hell alone:* Dante's *Inferno*, Part One of his *Divine Comedy*, describes the sufferings in Hell. See notes above to II 658 and III st.76.

117: B. is addressing those who criticised *Don Juan*. See below, XV 60, 8: *But still I am, or was, a pretty poet.*

108.

Oh! Ye! who make the fortunes of all books!
Benign Ceruleans¹¹⁸ of the second Sex!
Who advertize new poems by your looks,
Your “Imprimatur”¹¹⁹ will ye not annex? * 860
What, must I go to the oblivious Cooks?¹²⁰
Those Cornish plunderers of Parnassian wrecks?¹²¹
Ah! must I then the only minstrel be,
Prescribed from tasting your Castalian tea!-¹²²

109.

What, can I prove “a Lion” then no more? 865
A ball-room bard, a foolscap, hot-press darling?¹²³
To bear the compliments of many a Bore
And sigh “I can’t get out” like Yorick’s Starling;¹²⁴
Why then I’ll swear, as poet Wordy swore,¹²⁵
(Because the world won’t read him, always snarling) 870
That taste is gone, that Fame is but a Lottery,
Drawn by the Blue-coat Misses of a Coterie.

118: *Ceruleans*: cerulean is sky-blue. B., who never uses the word elsewhere (but see Wordsworth’s *The Excursion*, II 851, III 691, or VIII 452) refers to bluestockings, or lady intellectuals. The joke would be understood by few except Wordsworth (and Southey – see 873 and n., next page-Southey was to employ *cerulean* twice in *A Vision of Judgement*).

119: “*Imprimatur*”: “let it be printed” (Latin: normally used for Papal permission to print).

120: *must I go to the oblivious cooks?* refers to books sold for waste paper and wrapped around pastry. A familiar joke: see above, II lines 125-128, and notes.

121: *Cornish plunderers of Parnassian wrecks*: wrecks were often plundered in Cornwall. A *Parnassian wreck* is a failed poem.

122: *Castalian tea!* Castaly was the spring on Mount Parnassus; tea was drunk at intellectual gatherings.

123: *A ball-room bard, a foolscap, hot-press darling?* Refers to B.’s earlier social and literary successes in England, now past: *foolscap* is both a large paper size, and a dunce’s cap; a *hotpress* gave paper a shiney surface, and an expensive appearance.

124: *Yorick’s Starling*: refers to the tightly-caged bird in Laurence Sterne’s *A Sentimental Journey*; its perpetual cry persuades the protagonist against getting himself imprisoned in the Bastille to avoid expenditure.

125: *as poet Wordy swore*: in his *Essay Supplementary to the Preface* (1815): *And where lies the real difficulty of creating that taste by which a truly original poet is to be relished? Is it in breaking the bonds of custom, in overcoming the prejudices of false refinement, and displacing the aversions of inexperience? Or, if he labour for an object which here and elsewhere I have proposed to myself, does it consist in divesting the reader of the pride that induces him to dwell upon those points wherein men differ from each other, to the exclusion of those in which all men are alike, or the same; and in making him ashamed of the vanity that renders him insensible of the appropriate excellence which civil arrangements, less unjust than might appear, and Nature illimitable in her bounty, have conferred on men who may stand below him in the scale of society? Finally, does it lie in establishing that dominion over the spirits of readers by which they are to be humbled and humanised, in order that they may be purified and exalted?*

110.

Oh! “darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,”
As Some One somewhere sings about the Sky,¹²⁶
And I, ye learned ladies! say of you; 875
They say your stockings are so (Heaven knows why -
I have examined few pair of that hue)
Blue as the Garters which serenely lie
Round the Patrician left-legs, which adorn¹²⁷
The festal Midnight, and the Levee Morn. - 880

111.

Yet some of you are most Seraphic creatures,
But times are altered since, a rhyming lover,
You read my stanzas, and I read your features:
And-but no matter, all those things are over;
Still I have no dislike to learned Natures, 885
For sometimes Such a world of Virtues cover;
I know one woman of that purple School¹²⁸
The loveliest, chastest, best, but-quite a fool.-- -

126: *Some one somewhere:* Southey, *Madoc in Wales*, I v 102, a passage which contains *flying fish* (see Dedication, 3):

*Will ye believe
The wonders of the ocean? how its shoals
Sprang from the wave, like flashing light,..took wing,
And twinkling with a silver glitterance,
Flew through the air and sunshine? yet were these
To sight less wondrous than the tribe who swam,
Following the fowlers with uplifted eye
Their falling quarry:..language cannot paint
Their splendid tints; though in blue ocean seen,
Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,
In all its rich variety of shades,
Suffused with glowing gold.*

As DJP and CPW comment, B. hasn't remembered it well, for Southey does not use the phrase to describe the sky. See also BLJ IV 325.

127: *Garters:* the Order of the Garter, worn on the *left legs* (879): legend has it that Edward III “saved the reputation” of the Countess of Salisbury by the threatening words *Honi sit qui mal y pense* (*Evil be to him who thinks evil*) when her garter fell compromisingly off at court. The Order of the Garter – says the legend – resulted, being a ribbon of dark blue.

128: *one woman:* may refer to Lady Charlemont, *that Kashmeer Butterfly of the “Blues”* (BLJ III 171) whom B. had admired in 1813.

112.

Humboldt, “the first of travellers,”¹²⁹ but not
The last, if late accounts be accurate, 880
Invented by some name I have forgot,
As well as the sublime discovery’s date -
An airy instrument,¹³⁰ with which he sought
To ascertain the atmospheric state -
By measuring “the *intensity of Blue*!” 895
Oh, Lady Daphne, let me measure you!¹³¹

113.

But to the narrative. – The Vessel bound
With Slaves to sell off in the Capital,
After the usual process, might be found
At anchor under the Seraglio wall;¹³² 900
Her Cargo from the Plague being safe and sound
Were landed in the market¹³³ one and all,
And there with Georgians, Russians, and Circassians¹³⁴
Bought up for different purposes and passions.

114.

Some went off dearly: fifteen hundred dollars 905
For one Circassian, a sweet Girl, were given,
Warranted virgin;¹³⁵ Beauty’s brightest Colours
Had decked her out in all the hues of heaven;
Her Sale sent home some disappointed bawlers,
Who bade on till the hundreds reached Eleven, 910
But when the Offer went beyond, they knew,
'Twas for the Sultan, and at once withdrew.

129: *Humboldt*: German explorer (1769-1859). The Humboldt Current, off the coast of Chile and *Peru* (which is in the Ms. an alternative line 896), is named after him.

130: *an airy instrument*: the cyanometer, actually invented by de Saussure, was intended, too optimistically, to replace the marine barometer.

131: *Oh, Lady Daphne let me measure you!*: the line places B. in the role of Apollo the divine seducer, and the aristocratic bluestocking in the role of the nymph who, to escape his libidinous designs, was turned into a laurel. See Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Book I.

132: *Seraglio*: royal palace of the Sultan at Constantinople.

133: A rare Frank who had *seen* the Constantinople slavemarket was F.C.H.L.Pouqueville, who reports seeing, in a few brief moments of trespass before he was ejected, three hundred to four hundred women on display; but his slaves are not at all like B.’s: ... *they seemed scarcely affected by it [their condition] for they were laughing and indulging in the most vehement loquacity ... some of them had flaxen hair and blue eyes, yet ... none of them [were] deserving the high reputations of the Georgians and Circassians ... they were for the most part corpulent women ... and their complexion was of a dead white.*-*Voyages en Morée* (1806: sneered at by B. at CHP II 47, 1n).

134: *Circassians*: natives of Circassia in southern Russia, much in demand for their fair skin and blue eyes.

135: *Warranted virgin*: compare below, XVI, 56, 2, where a painting is “warranted original”.

115.

Twelve Negresses from Nubia¹³⁶ brought a price *
Which the West Indian Market scarce would bring,
Though Wilberforce at last has made it twice¹³⁷ 915
What 'twas ere Abolition:-and the thing
Need not seem wonderful for Vice
Is always much more splendid than a king,
The Virtues even the most exalted Charity,
Are saving; Vice spares nothing for a Rarity. - 920

116.

But for the destiny of this young troop,
How some were bought by Pachas, some by Jews,
How some to burthens were obliged to stoop,
And others rose to the command of Crews
As renegadoes;¹³⁸ while in hapless groupe, 925
Hoping no very old Vizier might choose,
The females stood, as one by one they picked 'em,
To make a mistress, or fourth wife, or victim:

117.

All this must be reserved for further song,
Also our hero's lot, howe'er unpleasant 930
(Because this Canto has become too long)
Must be postponed discreetly for the present;
I'm sensible redundancy is wrong,
But could not for the Muse of me put less in't,
And now delay the progress of Don Juan 935
Till what is called in Ossian the fifth Duan.¹³⁹

136: *Nubia:* Sudan.

137: *Wilberforce:* William Wilberforce (1759-1833) evangelist and teetotaler, finally achieved the Abolition Bill, for which he had been working for twenty years, in 1807. It abolished the slave trade, not slavery. The implication is that abolition has forced prices up. B.'s friend Sheridan (see above, III 522 and n) was once drunk in the street. Questioned by a constable as to his identity, he answered, "Wilberforce!" See BLJ IX 15. Wilberforce is to be associated in the poem with such innocent do-gooders as Donna Inez, Maria Edgeworth, Sarah Trimmer, and Hannah More (see above, I stanza 16 and n).

138: *renegadoes:* men who changed religion, normally with a view to social or financial gain. Many achieved high status in Mediterranean piracy circles. Alp in B.'s earlier poem *The Siege of Corinth*, or the protagonist in *Beppo*, are examples of his interest in the type. See below, V sts.69-71, where Juan is invited to become one.

139: *Ossian:* between 1760 and 1763 a Scots poet called James Macpherson published two poems which he claimed were translations from an ancient Gaelic poet called Ossian. They were much admired, but it soon emerged that Macpherson himself had written them. *Duan:* Ossianic word meaning a poem, or song, "interrupted by episodes and apostrophes". The conjunction of his own poem and the phoney Scots one is not completely facetious, and goes well with what B. has been saying about poetry elsewhere in *Don Juan*. In fact only one supposedly Ossianic work – *Cath-Loda* – is divided into Duans, as opposed to Books; and it has not five, not four, but three only.