

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage Cantos I and II

Update January 2011.

These two poems¹ (though there's more to them than poetry) suffered much from censorship. Other autobiographical works – *Sons and Lovers*, for example, or *The Waste Land* – benefited from the cutting which their writers allowed others to perform on them. I don't think *Childe Harold* did, and have tried to redress the damage done by Byron, and his friends, advisers and publisher, thus:

The main part of the poem's text is printed normally, and is from the seventh John Murray edition of 1814.

Material in red consists of verses and notes not published in Byron's lifetime. This divides into two:

<Material in angle-brackets was deleted by Byron during composition> I have I some cases preferred Byron's deleted readings to his later thoughts.

Other material in red was rejected on the advice of his friends.

The resulting contrast between the polished main text and the under-punctuated raw material is deliberate. These appendices will be found interesting

APPENDIX 1: Francis Hodgson's poem *Lines on a ruined Abbey in a romantic Country*.

APPENDIX 2: Lord Maxwell's Goodnight

APPENDIX 3: The meetings with Ali Pacha

Introduction

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage – at the publication of which, on March 10th 1812, Byron “awoke and found himself famous” – is based on a journey he made, via Portugal and Spain, to Greece, Albania, and Turkey, in the years 1809 to 1811. The Napoleonic Wars precluded the usual Grand Tour to Italy and Germany via France, so he travelled to the Levant instead. He and his friend John Cam Hobhouse parted on July 17th 1810; but the main part of the poem had been written between October 31st 1809 and March 28th 1810. Hobhouse's diary is also available on the Internet – uncut for the first time – at

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... and forms an excellent companion to the poem, even though references in it to the poem's writing are few. On no geographical excursions made by Byron / Harold in the poem was Hobhouse absent: in spirit, the two men may have been further apart than Hobhouse knew.

The Pilgrim

There had been topographical poems (that is, poems describing and evoking the spirits of places) before Byron wrote *Childe Harold*; but none had put a protagonist into the places whose spirit they evoked, or at any rate not so charismatic and confused a protagonist as Harold. However, having put Harold into the places evoked by the poem, Byron then does nothing with him. Harold has a past, but no present beyond his existence in the places evoked by the poem – and often he lacks even that, for he isn't in all the places evoked by the poem.

I am grateful to Valeria Vallucci, Michael Fincham, Emily Cochran, and Shona Allan for their assistance.

He does not act. All he does is be jovial in song with his suffering inferiors, brood, and (in this edition) “hold colloquy” with Ali Pacha.

The question, how much of this is inspired calculation and how much indifferent workmanship, is one to be answered. Byron would have found no excuses either for his baffling mixture of – and denial of – of genres and styles, or for the character of his protagonist, in his own conservative vade mecum, *Hints from Horace* (written, remember, after the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* had been sketched):

Though modern practice sometimes differs quite,
'Tis just as well to think before you write;
Let every book that suits your theme be read,
So shall you trace it to the fountain-head.
He who has learned the duty which he owes
To friends and country, and to pardon foes;
Who models his deportment as may best
Accord with Brother, Sire, or Stranger-Guest;
Who takes our Laws and Worship as they are,
Nor roars reform for Senate, Church, and Bar;
In practice, rather than loud precept, wise,
Bids not his tongue, but heart, philosophize:
Such is the man the Poet should rehearse,
As joint exemplar of his life and verse.²

Now Harold would never do anything as vulgar as “roar reform for Senate, Church, and Bar;” but neither does he “model his deportment as may best / Accord with Brother, Sire, or Stranger-Guest.” He is neither radical nor conservative: just alienated. As I hope to show, his politics even regarding the places he visits are ambiguous – or rather, unfocussed. It may have been discomfort occasioned by such palpable self-contradiction which caused Byron at first to keep quiet about *Childe Harold* when, on returning from the Levant in 1811, he tried to get *Hints from Horace* published – without success.

On the other and, he would have derived retrospective confidence from *Hints* when looking at the Spenserian archaisms with which *Childe Harold* I and II are peppered – and which is in fact part of the poems’ charm. One would like to know if he was thinking of the strange work already on paper when he made his Horace say

Then fear not, if 'tis needful, to produce
Some term unknown, or obsolete in use ...³

Why the archaic diction is “needful” is not clear, however. Harold’s title of “Childe” may be ancient, but the scenes through which he moves are contemporary. It’s perhaps an attempt on Byron’s part at distancing himself. Of Rome, he wrote to Murray in 1817:

But I can’t describe because my first impressions are always strong and confused – & my Memory *selects* & reduces them to order – like distance in the landscape – & blends them better – although they may be less distinct – there must be a sense or two more than we have as mortals – which I suppose the Devil has – (or t’other) for where there is much to be grasped we are always at a loss – and yet feel that we ought to have a higher and more extended comprehension.⁴

In 1811, when he returned, Byron still had not achieved the “higher and more extended comprehension” of his Greek and Turkish tours. It was several years before he did.

For the confusion between Byron and Harold (which was one of the first and most lasting effects the poem had), Byron is to blame. It is Byron who *surveys* Parnassus at I, 613, and Byron who records the deaths of *parent, friend, and now the more than friend* at II, 905. But

2: *Hints from Horace*, 491-504.

3: *HfH*, 73-4.

4: BLJ V 221-2.

it is Harold who passes *the sacred Haram's silent tower* at II, 496, and Harold who journeys south with his *trusty band* at II, 617. Now in fact Byron himself did all these things, and it's clear that if he hadn't, he would not have been able to portray Harold "doing" some of them. The distance between the poem's narrator and its protagonist exists only to baffle (as does much of Byron's writing).

Harold is Byron minus the self-awareness and humour. Byron's associates persuaded him to cut most of what humour there was in the original version (**the portions cut are restored in red in the version below**); and as to the self-awareness, Byron's was of a kind, publishing poems about which was impossible in 1811. He had given as one motive for his tour, the desire to write a treatise 'to be entitled "Sodomy simplified or Pæderasty proved to be praiseworthy from ancient authors and from modern practice".'⁵

It's important to understand that in 1809 – when the most important event in his first Eastern voyage occurred, the meeting with Ali Pacha – he was only twenty-one, and, for all his air of sophistication, innocent as to politics. Not until after he and Hobhouse had met Ali Pacha at Tepellene, and returned to Vostitza on the Gulf of Corinth, did they realise that there was enmity between Turks and Greeks. "We have observed the professed hatred of their masters to be universal among the Greeks," writes Hobhouse in his diary on December 9th 1809; and the observation surprised them. As far as they'd been concerned, Albania and Greece were both tranquil provinces of Turkey. To the evils of imperialism they had been blank. Thus the suggestion, made to them on Malta by the father-and-son diplomatic pair Spiridion and George Foresti, that they should abandon plans to go to Egypt and instead go to Albania and visit Ali, was met by them with gratitude.

I ... embark tomorrow for Patras from whence I proceed to Yanina where Ali Pacha holds his court, so I shall soon be amongst the Mussulmen ... ⁶

... writes Byron to his mother, with pleasurable anticipation. Neither he nor Hobhouse ever show any sign of awareness that they are being used – that the English are about to occupy the Ionian Islands, and that, having promised Ali that *he* could occupy them, they need to send him a sociable present by way of compensating him for the disappointment of his territorial appetite. The beautiful young Byron is his present.

It goes without saying that none of this intriguing subtext appears in the poem. Harold must not appear a dupe and a tool: one thing he must seem to be is master of his fate, or at least of his geographical destinations. The poem omits much, and blurs many details, to make him appear so. It is a disguised diary (started on October 31st 1809, at the end of the month during which he visited Ali, at Tepellene); a diary so economical with the truth that one cannot tell that even the narrator understands what's going on.

Hobhouse subsequently wrote a book, *A Journey through some Provinces of Turkey*, which is drenched in facts but reveals nothing essential. The book is based on his diary, from which more can be deduced, but from which, as from *Childe Harold*, much is excluded.

An uncharitable way of putting it is this: if Byron can be honest about something, it's recorded in the poem as having happened to him: if he feels he has to lie about it, it's recorded as having happened to Harold. At one level this is a convenience, such as when at line I, 460 "the Pilgrim pricks his steed" over the battlefield of Albuera, which occurred after Byron had quitted Spain. But at such moments as I, 316, or II, 379, which would have Harold "take his way in solitary guise" as he crosses the mountains of Spain, or find "himself at length alone" as he enters Albania, scant justice is done to the facts as all informed readers knew and know them – as, indeed, they can be deduced from Byron's prose notes.

One could argue on the other hand that Harold is the private Byron whom Hobhouse never glimpsed – that he was psychologically alone.

5: BLJ I 208.

6: BLJ I 224.

***Childe Harold* and historical myth: Thucydides, Moslems, Christians, and klephts**

In his preface, Byron, taking issue with Burke, refers to the cults of chivalry and courtly love as “those monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.” Yet his poem is strung out on a historical myth still more influential, namely the English public school one which says that fifth-century Greece was a time of political paradise. Now it’s true that the history of Greece in the fifth century BC begins with a memorable series of battles in which an Asiatic imperialist power is defeated by a smaller European country, and that the culture of Athens at the time was blessed with architects, philosophers, tragic and comic writers, and at least one historian, by whose standards all subsequent ages have measured themselves. However, a reading of Thucydides (the historian) shows that, for all its cultural glory, fifth-century Athens was itself an imperialist power, and a baffled one at that. As for philosophy, in addition to being the arena in which Socrates flourished, it was the arena in which Socrates was condemned to death. The Parthenon – Lord Elgin’s despoliation of which Canto II laments so memorably – has itself been described⁷ as an emblem of Athenian imperialist aspiration, and its famous frieze (now in the British Museum) a statement of Athenian supremacy. The records left by fifth-century Athens are memorable; what they record is a state as faction-ridden, domineering, violent, and sad as any other.

When he’d worked out what was going on, Byron lamented that the Greece through which he (and Harold) travelled was a slave culture with a slave mentality, subject to Turkish will and Turkish brutality. However, he (and Harold) had been recipients – for whatever reason, and in whatever form – of Turkish hospitality. Except that it hadn’t been Turkish hospitality, it had been Albanian hospitality. Or rather, it hadn’t been Albanian hospitality, it had been the hospitality of Ali, who was, though born in Albania, a three-tailed Turkish Pacha, whom many Greeks were happy to serve. Except that he wasn’t really a Turkish Pacha, he was a criminal – the Saddam Hussein of his day – a leader of klephts, of the mountain bandits (some Greek, some Albanian, many neither) who infested the entire Greek peninsula, and of whom he was only the most successful. In a society where the law had any clout, he’d have been shot – as, indeed, he finally was, though not by the law, but by a Turkish brutality countering his own.

There is a meeting-point between the myth and the contemporary Greek reality: at the very opening of his *History of the Peloponnesian War*, Thucydides makes it clear that what the ancient Greeks excelled at was piracy and armed robbery. Byron (or is it Harold?) admires the capacity shown by both the ancient and the modern Greeks, in the same areas.

The moral, religious and political confusion which Byron (and Harold) experience as a result of all this, runs throughout the poem, and is well-expressed in the prose note to Canto II, line 81: except that Byron was persuaded by his conservative friends to omit it. In verse, Byron sidesteps the difficulty involved in holding his confusion in a unified poetical perspective. Instead, he leaves gaps, and makes sudden and unacknowledged shifts, similar to those which make his next commercially successful poem, *The Giaour*, so fascinating. There seems to be a chasm in this next section, between the quatrains of the Albanian war-song and the Spenserian stanza which follows them:

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,
The shrieks of the conquered, the conquerors’ yell;
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,
The wealthy we slaughtered, the lovely we spared.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;
He neither must know who would serve the Vizier:
Since the days of our prophet the Crescent ne’er saw
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,

7: By William St Clair.

Let the yellow-haired Giaours view his horse-tail with dread;
 When his Delhis come dashing in blood o'er the banks,
 How few shall escape from the Muskovite ranks!

Selictar! unsheathe then our chief's scimitar:
 Tambourgi! Thy 'larum gives promise of war.
 Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
 Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

Fair Greece! Sad relic of departed worth!
 Immortal though no more; though fallen, great!
 Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
 And long accustomed bondage uncreate?
 Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
 The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
 In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait –
 Oh! Who that gallant spirit shall resume,
 Leap from Eurota's banks, and call thee from the tomb?⁸

Byron (or Harold) empathises happily with the Albanian celebration of murder and plunder – helped by a little sentimentality about the chivalry of klephts. But Harold (or Byron) empathises just as much with Leonidas and his three hundred heroic Spartans awaiting destruction in the pass of Thermopylae. There is a gesture at regret for the way Greece has fallen in “Not such thy sons;” but the two events are not so much held in an interesting balance, as juxtaposed bluntly like two contrasting pieces in a collage. Subtle transition is not the poet's aim, but shock and bewilderment, mirroring his own.

Trying for a poetic way in which to reconcile the political and historical irreconcilables of his Levantine experience was a problem with which Byron strove for some years. The Turkish Tales may be one attempt at a solution. It is not until Canto III of *Don Juan*, with the figures of Lambro and of the poet who sings *The Isles of Greece*, that he discovers a vehicle capacious and inventive enough – and a style subtle enough – to carry his insights in one seamless unity.

Harold, Andalusia's maids, Calypso ... and Ali Pasha

The first Canto of the poem is full of fascination at the sexual attractiveness of Spanish women:

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impressed
 Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch:
 Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
 Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:
 Her glance how wildly beautiful! how much
 Hath Phœbus wooed in vain to spoil her cheek,
 Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch!
 Who round the North for paler dames would seek?
 How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan, and weak!⁹

Byron stresses that even the Maid of Saragoza had, before her transformation to an Amazon, possessed a “fairy form, with more than female grace.”¹⁰ At first his idea was to have Harold as a whole-hearted, heterosexual romantic, who would sing *The Girl of Cadiz* as his parting serenade. But, he realised, the sentiments of *The Girl of Cadiz* would never be those of Harold, in the shape into which he had by then metamorphosed.

8: CHP I, 677-701.

9: CHP I, 594-602.

10: CHP I, 572.

Faced with a Spanish dame who seems inclined towards him romantically, the developed, authentic Harold takes refuge instead in posture:

It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor low Ambition's honours lost,
That bids me loathe my present state,
And fly from all I prized the most:

It is that weariness which springs
From all I meet, or hear, or see:
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.¹¹

There seems to be more happening here than Harold is prepared to put into words. We are reminded of the T.S.Eliot persona and his paralysed inability to respond to the hyacinth girl, because he is “looking into the heart of light, the silence.”¹² The dichotomy between Byron's attitude and Harold's might lead us to see “Byron” as the heterosexual Henry Jekyll in the poetic partnership, and “Harold” as the secretly gay Edward Hyde. Here are the thoughts – of Byron himself, as it at first seems – faced with Calypso / Florence / Constance Spencer Smith, at Malta:

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone:
But trust not this; too easy youth, beware!
A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
And thou may'st find a new Calypso there.
Sweet Florence! could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine:
But checked by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

Thus Harold deemed, ...¹³

The last three words are a nervous looking about, to see if one's momentary lapse has been observed. Is it Byron (the “I”), or Harold, who thus reveals himself to be less of a man than Odysseus, and who can so reject the love of Calypso? What will be his reaction when he reaches his Ithaca and comes face to face with his Penelope? He doesn't, of course – Harold has no Penelope. What he has instead is Ali Pacha, who, Byron implies (II, 60, 415, 424n, 456 and n), inhabits the Acherusian lake, the gateway to Hades. Whether he is this respect advantaged or disadvantaged over Byron's later and very different protagonist Don Juan, who has neither Penelope nor Penelope-substitute (unless Catherine the Great is his Penelope), is for each reader to decide.¹⁴

The argument may, I hope, be followed more clearly in the text below, where the poem's rejected stanzas – the manuscripts of which are still available – are printed as part of the text, rather than being banished as usual to notes. In them we read, when the poem moves to Tepellene, headquarters of the bisexual Ali:

**Here woman's voice is never heard – apart,
And scarce permitted guarded, veiled to rove,
She yields to one her person & her heart,
Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to move;**

11: CHP I, 845-52.

12: Eliot, *The Waste Land*, 40-1.

13: CHP I, 262-71.

14: See Cecil Y. Lang, *Narcissus Jilted: Byron, Don Juan, and the Biographical Imperative*, in *Historical Studies and Literary Criticism*, ed. McGann, Madison 1985, pp 143-179; and Cochran, *Nature's Gentler Errors: Byron, Ali Pasha and the Ionian Islands*, 1995 *Byron Journal*, pp 22-35.

**For boyish minions of unhallowed love
The shameless torch of wild desire is lit,
Caressed, preferred even woman's self above,
Whose forms for Nature's gentler errors fit
All frailties mote excuse save that which they commit.**

The tone is one of understanding disapproval. Anything other would never get printed. Next, and more evasive:

**Childe Harold with that chief held colloquy,
Yet what they spake, it boots not to repeat,
Converse may little charm strange ear, or eye; –
Four days he rested in that spacious seat
Of Moslem luxury, the choice retreat
Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise,
And were it humbler, it in sooth were sweet;
But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,
And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both destroys. –**

In the manuscript, “spacious,” in the fourth line, is a substitute for “worthy”: it seems as though a physical encounter is being implied. We understand Ali to have preferred the passive role: “Of Ali Pacha I heard that he had a *scintum perineum* from making like Phaedo the most of his youth,” writes Hobhouse in his diary.¹⁵ But Hobhouse in his book reveals also that the Pacha was attended by “four or five young persons very magnificently dressed in the Albanian habit, and having their hair flowing half way down their backs ...”¹⁶ It was perhaps a memory of these which caused Byron magnificently to dress up his own favourite, Loukas Chalandritsanos, at Missolonghi in 1824. But we are to understand from the poem that Harold found the artificiality and pomp at Tepellene distasteful, not the erroneous eroticism.

The alternative versions of stanzas VI and VII of the song *Tambourgi! Tambourgi!* printed below, should also be examined in this context; and the note on them. And the two Albanian songs in the notes were not, it appears, translated with complete frankness.

Unless more evidence emerges, we shall never know exactly what transpired between Byron / Harold and Ali Pacha: but there is sufficient circumstantial evidence to suggest that the Spanish ladies and the Maltese Calypso had powerful rivals, and that they'd have been shocked to learn who and what they were. Unless the Maid of Saragoza had accustomed them to the idea of mannish women in Spain, so that they could cope with Ali Pasha, the womanish man of Albania. It's certain that these are, Harold apart, the two most important characters in the poem.

***Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* as a literary, not an autobiographical construct**

Waller Rodwell Wright had been British Consul-General in the Ionian Islands until he was expelled in 1804 – and had his library confiscated as part of the spoils of war – by the French. In his poem *Horæ Ionicæ*, published the year Byron went to the Mediterranean and covering much of the same topography as *Childe Harold II*, the following passage occurs:

An exile thus from scenes of youthful joy,
What solace shall my ling'ring hours employ?
Fair Queen of Wisdom! let thy spirit quell
The anxious thoughts that in my bosom swell,
The paths of science teach me to explore,
And oft revolve the page of classic lore!
And thou, bright Fancy! wilt thou sometimes deign
To guide my wand'rings and inspire my strain,

¹⁵: H. diary, October 2nd 1809.

¹⁶: H., *A Journey through some Provinces of Turkey* (1813), I, 111.

As oft I rove in wildly-pensive mood
Beside the margin of the restless flood,
Or idly seek with some incondite lay
To cheer the irksome solitary day?¹⁷

It is the voice of a well-mannered, unthreatening Harold – an amateur Harold – a Harold brought up on Gray’s *Elegy*. A character named “the Pacha of Joannina” threads in and out of the poem’s notes; but no-one “holds colloquy” with him. His activities would grate upon the poem’s chaste idiom: Byron, in *Childe Harold*, his imitation and development of *Horæ Ionicæ*, tries for a style more capacious and flexible, encompassing the truly personal and the dangerously political. “Immortal themes a master’s hand require –” writes Wright in his penultimate line:

In silence I adore, and trembling drop the lyre.¹⁸

It was to be picked up again sooner than he imagined.

The protagonist of James Beattie’s *The Minstrel* (Beattie had, like Byron, an Aberdonian background) is another miniature Harold:

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
Deep thought oft seem’d to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save on short pipe of rudest minstrelsy:
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad;
And now he laugh’d aloud, though none knew why.
The neighbours star’d and sigh’d, yet bless’d the lad:
Some deem’d him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.¹⁹

We understand that he loved nature, abhorred hunting, and meditated on the fleetingness of things. He’s less of a proto-Harold, and more of a proto-Manfred:

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck’d mariner on desert coast,
And view th’ enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to th’ horizon round,
Now scoop’d in gulfs, with mountains now emboss’d!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!²⁰

Edwin was a version of Beattie. The Scots poet would himself go out into the night to commune with nature and not return till morning.²¹ Author and protagonist are, like Byron and Harold, separate, but one – more straightforwardly in Beattie’s case, for has nothing to hide. Edwin is Beattie, minus the need to make a living as a lecturer, and to write tracts against Hume (tracts which George III admired, but which Hume ignored).

Neither *Horæ Ionicæ* nor *The Minstrel* contains any lines which set out to amuse.

François Charles Hugues Laurent Pouqueville was, like Wright, a career diplomat who had boldly gone where Harold was still more boldly to go. By 1809 he was French Consul in Ioannina – rival to Byron’s and Hobhouse’s uncertain host, Captain William Martin Leake.

17: Wright, *Horæ Ionicæ*, pp. 41-2.

18: Wright, *Horæ Ionicæ*, p. 61.

19: Beattie, *The Minstrel, or the Progress of Genius* (new edition, 1801), I, stanza 16.

20: *Ibid.*, I stanza 21.

21: DNB entry for James Beattie.

Though the two men passed through Ioannina, England and France were then at war, so they never met Pouqueville, who had in 1805 published *Voyages en Morée, à Constantinople, en Albanie et dans plusieurs autres parties de l'Empire Othoman*, a three-volume work which contains one of the first extended portraits of Ali Pacha.

The book's third volume is a long topographical essay on Albania, seen through the eyes of a handful of French officers who had been prisoners of Ali there in the late 1790s, and whom Pouqueville had interviewed.

To II, 415, Byron appends a note saying that the Lake of Acheron is "According to Pouqueville the lake of Yanina; but Pouqueville is always out." Ioannina was the administrative headquarters of Ali Pacha's Greek dominions. Now it is true that Acheron is traditionally located further south in Epirus than Ioannina, and that therefore Pouqueville is indeed, in this case, "out." But the knowledge that his source is inaccurate does not prevent Byron from using the idea of the lake at Ioannina as Acherousia, at more than one point (II, 425n, 456 and n). He has read the following, from Pouqueville:

C'est dans cette presqu'île, et hors de toute atteinte, qu'Ali pacha vit isolé de la ville et de ses sujets. Dans cette position, qui tiendrait encore après qu'un ennemi se serait rendu maître de Ianina, il vit au milieu d'une troupe d'élite a'Albanais, non point environné de terreurs, mais dans la sécurité que donne la bravoure et le courage. Il a réuni dans ce lieu ses munitions, ses trésors et ses femmes; en un mot, ce qu'il a de plus précieux. C'est là où il accumule des ressources que son prévoyant genie mettra en usage, s'il est jamais menacé. Il sortira comme un géant des bords de l'Achérusie, et l'étranger, assez imprudent pour se hasarder dans des gorges stériles, ne reverra plus le rivage qui l'aura vomé.²²

Wherever the mythical Acherousian lake was (and who really knows?) the idea of Ali emerging giant-like to attack his enemies from Acheron was too good to turn down, as was the idea of Byron / Harold visiting him there. So Byron covers his tracks by impugning Pouqueville's knowledge.

It can't be denied that Byron could not have written *Childe Harold* had he not been to the locations he describes in it: but he took a big library with him when he went over them. See also Appendices 1 and 2.

What exactly is *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, the book?

The poem is known best as a poem, with notes at the end, a placing which encourages us to ignore them. In fact, in this manuscript as in others, Byron puts many of his notes on the same page as the verse to which they refer. Prose and verse parallel and inter-inanimate one another, an effect which I hope this edition re-creates.²³ But the volume increased in length. (1) Some notes, which do relate to the poem, were added in later editions; and (2) two notes intended by Byron to be printed with the poem, were excluded, on the advice of Dallas, Gifford, Murray, or all three. **They are printed below as N1 and as the note to II, 81.** (3) Other notes have no relation to the poem, but were also added in later editions. (4) Other documents – not notes – were appended to the volume and seem to have only a vestigial relation to the poem: and (5) finally, several more poems were added, with no clear relation to the poem at all.

The edition below stops at the end of (4) above. Most notes are placed beneath the verse to which they apply: nine long ones, however, are either split or placed at the end.

It is worth considering what the volume had become by its seventh edition (the one upon which this one is based). What did it contain, and what had become of Byron's original plan, in so far as we can judge what that was?

22: Pouqueville, *Voyages*, III, 41.

23: Susan Wolfson and Peter Manning, in their Penguin edition, have the same aim; but they still place the notes at the page-foot. In the edition below, the note has to be read before the next stanza arrives.

In addition to the two long poems below, and their notes, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage Cantos I and II* consisted, by 1814,²⁴ of:

- 1) The three “papers” referred to in Byron’s note to Canto II, stanza 73. The first praises the climate of Athens, speaks (*inter alia*) of the Castalian Spring, of the superiority of Ioannina, and of the dishonesty of Athenians; it concludes that the Greeks “may be subjects without being slaves.” The second (dated January 23rd 1811) discusses the possibility of a Greek “emancipation:” admits that modern Greeks may not be descended from Ancient Greeks; and laments the poverty of information available on Greece to English readers. The third (dated March 17th 1811) is a discussion of what modern Greek literature there is, and of the nature of the modern Greek language
- 2) An “Additional note on the Turks,” describing their hospitality, conviviality, honesty, generosity, friendliness, and superiority at least to the Portuguese. The note concludes by comparing the Turkish attitude to the Greeks favourably with that of the English to the Irish; plus an appendix

The two foregoing items have been added to this new (January 2011) version

- 3) The following twenty-nine poems: Written in an Album; To * * * ; Stanzas Written in passing the Ambracian Gulph; Stanzas composed October 11th 1809, during the night; Written at Athens (*The spell is broke*); Written after Swimming from Sestos to Abydos; Song (*Maid of Athens, ere we part*); Translation of a Greek War Song (number 7 below); Translation of a Romaic Song (*I enter thy garden of roses, / Beloved and fair Haidee*); Written beneath a Picture; On Parting; To Thyrza; Stanzas (*Away, away, ye notes of woe*); To Thyrza (*One struggle more, and I am free*); Euthanasia; Stanzas (*And art thou dead, as Young and Fair*); Stanzas (*If sometimes in the Haunts of Men*); On a Cornelian Heart which was broken; To a Youthful Friend; To * * * * * ; From the Portuguese; Impromptu in Reply to a Friend; Address to Drury-Lane Theatre; To Time; Translation of a Romaic Love Song; A Song (*Thou art not false, but thou art fickle*); Origin of Love; Remember him; Lines inscribed upon a Cup formed from a Skull
- 4) A fold-out facsimile of a letter to Byron from the Bey of Corinth, who has been forced by the Porte to apologise to Byron for not having given him shelter
- 5) An Appendix, explaining the constraints under which Greeks write
- 6) A List of Romaic Authors, nearly all grammatical and scientific
- 7) The “Greek War Song” *Δεῦτε Παιδες* (“Allons, Enfants”) by Konstantin Rhigas; translated in 3) above
- 8) Part of the satire *Rossanglogallos*, lamenting the enslavement of modern Greece
- 9) A Romaic translation of a comical scene from Goldoni’s *The Café*
- 10) “Familiar Dialogues” (an English / Romaic phrasebook)
- 11) Parallel passages from St John’s Gospel in Romaic and Greek
- 12) “The Inscriptions at Orchomenus from Meletius”
- 13) The prospectus of a translation, by Byron’s friend Marmarotouri, of Barthelemi’s *Voyage du jeune Anacharsis*
- 14) The Lord’s Prayer in Romaic and Greek
- 15) A conclusion, containing the monstrous falsehood relating to the facsimile at 4) above, that “a slight acquaintance with the written character in a couple of perusals will render it very easy” (the letter took three modern experts several weeks to translate)²⁵

24: The material listed below is to be found in different selections at Coleridge II, 85-95 and 165-208; CPW II, 187-217 and 272-97; and at Wolfson and Manning, 128-52. Only the original Murray editions carry it all.

25: See *The Bey Apologises*, in *Newstead Abbey Byron Society Review*, January 2001, p.35.

This collection (item 3 excepted) is described by E.H.Coleridge as “remarkable for the evidence it affords of Byron’s industry and zeal for acquiring knowledge, than for the value or interest of the subject-matter.”²⁶ Both Coleridge and McGann omit much of it – Coleridge more than McGann.²⁷ In fact there is a clear series of polemical intentions behind the material: Byron wishes to educate his upperclass English readership into an awareness of the Greek cause – the one for which he finally died: but he wishes them to see, at the same time, that the Turks are not barbarians – or, at least, no more barbaric than the English. The latter wish parallels that behind the work of at least two female writers with whom he was to become acquainted: Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and the anonymous sister-in-law of Richard Tully, whose book on Tripoli is an important source for *Don Juan* III and IV.

Childe Harold the poem is cunning-confessional: much of *Childe Harold* the book is educational. However, item 3 tips the balance back in the direction of the confessional. The twenty-nine poems are a coded depiction of Byron’s bisexual nature, with some written to Constance Spencer Smith, some lamenting the deceased John Edleston, and some, as it seems, to Teresa Macri. The entire book is a multi-vehicular account of all the adventures, geographical, historical, social, political and erotic which Byron had in the Mediterranean in 1809-11.

Editions

Childe Harold I and II has been worked at by some very distinguished editors. I have consulted the editions of Jerome McGann (1980) and E.H.Coleridge (1904) and Takehiko Tabuki (1998). Coleridge acknowledges editions by James Darmesteter (1882), H.F.Tozer (1885), E.C.Everard Owen (1887), and a textual collation by Eugen Kölbing (1896). Extremely useful has been the composite edition of the poem’s manuscripts in *Manuscripts of the Younger Romantics VI: Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*, by David V. Erdman and David Worrall (Garland 1991).

26: Coleridge, II 208.

27: See Roger Poole, *What Constitutes, and What Is External to, the Real Text of Byron’s Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage, A Romaunt, and Other Poems (1812)?* in Richard Cardwell (ed.) *Lord Byron the European: Essays from the International Byron Society*, Mellen Press 1997.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

A Romaunt

“L’univers est une espèce de livre, don’t on n’a lu que la première page quand on n’a vu que son pays. J’en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j’ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m’a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j’ai vécu, m’ont réconcilié avec elle. Quand je n’aurais tiré d’autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n’en regretterais ni les frais ni les fatigues.”²⁸ – *Le Cosmopolite, ou, le Citoyen du Monde*, par Fougere de Monbron. Londres, 1753.

Preface to the First and Second Cantos

The following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe.²⁹ It was begun in Albania,³⁰ and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author’s observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece.³¹ There for the present the poem stops: its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East,³² through Ionia and Phrygia: these two cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connexion to the piece; which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinion I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, “Childe Harold,” I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim – Harold is the child of imagination for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.

[added from B.L.Egerton 2027 f.5: My reader will observe that when the author speaks in his own person, he assumes a very different tone from that of

“The cheerless thing, the man without a friend” – at least till Death had
deprived him of his
<d/>nearest connection. –

I crave pardon for this Egotism, which proceeds from my wish to dis<cover the> {card any probable} imputation of it to the text. –]

28: “The universe is a kind of book, wherein he who has only seen his own country knows but the opening page. I had leafed through quite a large number, which I had found equally bad. This inspection has not been fruitless for me. I hated my country. All the offensiveness of the different peoples amongst whom I have dwelt, have reconciled me to her. If that were the only benefit which I had gathered from my travels, I should regret neither the joys nor the fatigues.”

29: Echoes Wright, *Horæ Ionicae*, first sentence of preface: *A considerable number of the following lines were written amidst the scenes which they profess to describe ...*

30: H.’s diary entry for Tuesday October 31st 1809 reads in part: ‘Up ten. Breakfast – Lord Byron broke the only remaining teacup on purpose, being suspicious that this little individual might be ye cause of war. This was what he said, but I suspect another reason. Sent a piece of gold-silk to Miss Niccolo, value thirty *zechins* – she, not being married, could not kiss hands for the present, but made Georgio her proxy. Byron is writing a long poem in the Spenserian stanza, and I am collecting Davies’ jokes, reading the Arabian nights in Greek Romāique – most barbarous Italianisms – e.g. χωρις αλλο, “senza altro”.’ This is the first record of *CHP I and II*. H never refers to it again in his diary.

31: Modern Greece includes Epirus and Acarnania. In 1809 all were provinces of Turkey.

32: The “capital of the east” is Constantinople, centre of the Turkish empire.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation “Childe,” as “Childe Waters,” “Childe Childers,” &c.³³ is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The “Good Night,” in the beginning of the first canto, was suggested by “Lord Maxwell’s Good Night,” in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr. Scott.³⁴

With the different poems which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence in the first part, which treats of the Peninsula, but it can only be casual; as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzas, the whole of this poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie³⁵ makes the following observation: – “Not long ago, I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition”. [* Beattie’s Letters.] – Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design, sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto,³⁶ Thomson,³⁷ and Beattie.

London, February, 1812.

Addition to the Preface

I have now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object: it would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the “vagrant Childe,” (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I still maintain to be a fictitious personage), it has been stated, that, besides the anachronism, he is very *unknightly*, as the times of the Knights were times of love, honour, and so forth. Now, it so happens that the good old times, when “l’amour du bon vieux tems, l’amour antique,” flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult St. Palaye,³⁸ *passim*, and more particularly vol ii. page 69. The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever; and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. – The “Cours d’amour, parlemens d’amour, ou de courtesie et de gentillesse” had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. – See Rolland³⁹ on the same subject with St. Palaye. – Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes – “No waiter, but a knight templar.” By the by, I fear that Sir Tristram and Sir Lancelot⁴⁰ were not better than they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights, “sans peur,” though not “sans reproche.” – If the story of the

33: “Childe” is a Spenserian word implying youth and nobility.

34: Walter Scott’s anthology *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (3 vols. 1802-3) was his first major work. *Lord Maxwell’s Last Good-Night* is at pp. 297-300 of vol. 1. Lord Maxwell has killed a fellow Scots peer in revenge for his father’s death, and about to fly Scotland. Unlike Harold, his feelings for home and family are strong. See Appendix 2.

35: James Beattie (1735-1803) Scots poet. His *The Minstrel* (1771-4) is in Spenserian stanzas,

36: Ludovico Ariosto (1474-1533) major Italian poet. His *Orlando Furioso* is not in Spenserian stanzas but in ottava rima – the stanza in which B. was to write *Don Juan*.

37: James Thomson (1700-48) Scots poet. His *Castle of Indolence* (1748) is in Spenserian stanzas.

38: M. de la Curne de Sainte-Patalaye, *Mémoires sur l’Ancienne Chivalerie* (1781). A lyric at II 69 tells of a lady instructing one of her maidservants to sleep with a visiting knight.

39: M. Rolland d’Erceville, *Recherches sur les Prérogatives des Dames chez les Gaulois ...* (1787).

40: Tristram and Lancelot both had affairs with the wives of their sovereigns.

institution of the “Garter” be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury, of indifferent memory.⁴¹ So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over,⁴² though Marie Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honour lances were shivered, and knights unhorsed.

Before the days of Bayard,⁴³ and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks⁴⁴ (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times) few exceptions will be found to this statement; and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret these monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.

I now leave “Childe Harold” to live his day, such as he is; it had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less, but he never was intended as an example, further than to show that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature, and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the Poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close; for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, perhaps a poetical Zeluco.⁴⁵

London, 1813.

41: The Countess of Salisbury was Edward III’s mistress. Her Garter gives its name to the Order.

42: Edmund Burke, *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (Penguin, ed. O’Brien, 170): “But the age of chivalry is gone.” There is radicalism in the way B. takes issue with Burke’s conservative text, which is a lament for Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, guillotined in 1792.

43: The Chevalier de Bayard (1476-1524), the original *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*.

44: Sir Joseph Banks (1744-1820) had written in praise of the Queen of Tahiti

45: *Zeluco* (1786) is a novel by the Scots writer John Moore (1729-1802).

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined;
 And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
 On Harold's page – Ianthe's here enshrined
 Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last; 40
 My days once numbered, should this homage past
 Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
 Of him who hailed thee, loveliest as thou wast,
 Such is the most my memory may desire,
 Though more than Hope can claim – could Friendship less require? 45

1.

Oh, thou! in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth,
 Muse! formed or fabled at the minstrel's will!
 Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,
 Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill:
 Yet there I've wandered by thy vaunted rill; 5
 Yes! sighed o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine, *
 Where save that feeble fountain, all is still;
 Nor mote⁴⁹ my shell awake the weary Nine
 To grace so plain a tale – this lowly lay of mine.

* The little village of Castri⁵⁰ stands partly on the site of Delphi. Along the path of the mountain, from Chryso, are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock: "One," said the guide, "of a king who broke his neck hunting." His Majesty had certainly chosen the fittest spot for such an achievement.

A little above Castri is a cave, supposed the Pythian, of immense depth; the upper part of it is paved, and now a cow-house.

On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery; some way above which is the cleft in the rock, with a range of caverns difficult of ascent, and apparently leading to the interior of the mountain; probably to the Corcyean Cavern mentioned by Pausanias. From this part descend the fountain and the "Dews of Castalie."

2.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth 10
 Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;
 But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
 And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.
 Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
 Sore given to revel and ungodly glee; 15
 Few earthly things found favour in his sight
 Save concubines and carnal companie,
 And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

49: "mote" means "must": the word is the first of several Spenserianisms which B. uses in *CHP* I.

50: B. and H. arrived at Castri (in ancient Greece, site of the Delphic Oracle) on Saturday December 16th 1809.

3.

Childe Harold was he hight: – but whence his name
 And lineage long, it suits me not to say; 20
 Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,
 And had been glorious in another day:
 But one sad losel⁵¹ soils a name for aye,
 However mighty in the olden time;
 Nor all that heralds rake from coffined clay, 25
 Nor florid prose, nor honeyed lies of rhyme,
 Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

4.

Childe Harold basked him in the noon-tide sun,
 Disporting there like any other fly;
 Nor deemed before his little day was done 30
 One blast might chill him into misery.
 But long ere scarce a third of his passed by,
 Worse than adversity the Childe befell;
 He felt the fulness of satiety:
 Then loathed he in his native land to dwell, 35
 Which seemed to him more lone than Eremite's sad cell.

5.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,
 Nor made atonement when he did amiss,
 Had sighed to many though he loved but one,⁵²
 And that loved one, alas! could n'er be his. 40
 Ah, happy she! to 'scape from him whose kiss
 Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;
 Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,
 And spoiled her goodly lands to gild his waste,
 Nor calm domestic peace had ever deigned to taste.⁵³ 45

6.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
 And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;
 'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
 But Pride congealed the drop within his ee:
 Apart he stalked in joyless reverie, 50
 And from his native land resolved to go,
 And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;
 With pleasure drugged he almost longed for woe,
 And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.⁵⁴

51: A losel or lozel is a rascal. See *The Winter's Tale*, II, iii, 108.

52: Perhaps a covert reference to Mary Chaworth.

53: The lines describe B.'s father, and B., when in 1815 he tried domestic life.

54: As Manfred does in the second act of the play which bears his name. It may be that Harold visits the shades below on his excursion to see Ali Pacha, whose fortress is on the Acherousian Lake

7.

The Childe departed from his father's hall: 55
 It was a vast and venerable pile;
 So old, it seemed only not to fall,
 Yet strength was pillared in each massy aisle.⁵⁵
 Monastic dome! condemned to uses vile!
 Where Superstition once had made her den 60
 Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile;⁵⁶
 And monks might deem their time was come agen,
 If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.⁵⁷

[7a: not in Egerton 2027]

<Of all his train there was a henchman page⁵⁸
 A dark-eyed boy, who loved his master well
 And often would his pranksome prate engage
 Childe Harold's ear, when his proud heart did swell –
 With sable thoughts that he disdained to tell.
 Then would he smile on him, as Alwin smiled,
 When aught that from his young lips archly fell
 The gloomy film from Harold's eye beguiled;
 And pleased the Childe appeared nor e'er the boy reviled.>⁵⁹

[7b: not in Egerton 2027]

<Him & one yeoman⁶⁰ only did he take
 To travel Eastward to a far countree;
 And though the boy was grieved to leave the lake
 On whose firm banks he grew from Infancy,
 Eftsoons his little heart beat merrily
 With hope of foreign nations to behold,
 And many things right marvellous to see,
 Of which our lying voyagers oft have told,
 In many a tome as true as Mandeville's of old.>⁶¹

8.

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood
 Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow; 65
 As if the memory of some deadly feud⁶²
 Or disappointed passion lurked below.
 But this none knew, nor haply cared to know;
 For his was not that open, artless soul
 That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow, 70
 Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
 Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could not control.

55: This is a sensationalised version of Newstead Abbey.

56: Paphian girls are “devotees of Aphrodite” – prostitutes. Compare *Don Juan*, XI, 30, 4.

57: It was homosexual license, not heterosexual, for which monasteries were notorious; but see Appendix 2.

58: Harold's “henchman page” (for “henchman,” see *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, i, 121) is a version of Robert Rushton, supposedly pictured with B. in the famous Sanders portrait. He was sent home from Gibraltar to save him from being debauched in Turkey.

59: Text edited from Erdman/Worrall 21.

60: Harold's “yeoman” seems at first a version of B.s valet, William Fletcher, from the Newstead estate; but the stanza is again about Rushton.

61: Text edited from Erdman/Worrall 25. *The Travels* (1366) of Sir John Mandeville were fabulous.

62: B.'s great-uncle had killed Mary Chaworth's grandfather in a duel in 1765.

9.

And none did love him – though to hall and bower
 He gathered revellers from far and near,
 He knew them flatt'ers of the festal hour; 75
 The heartless parasites of present cheer.
 Yea! none did love him – not his lemans⁶³ dear –
 But pomp and power alone are woman's care,
 And where these are, light Eros finds a feere; †
 Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare, 80
 And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.

* The word “lemman” is used by Chaucer in both senses, but more frequently in the feminine.

† Feere, a consort or mate.

10.

Childe Harold had a mother – not forgot,
 Though parting from that mother he did shun;
 A sister whom he loved, but saw her not
 Before his weary pilgrimage begun: 85
 If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
 Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel;
 Ye, who have known what 'tis to doat upon
 A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
 Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal. 90

11.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,
 The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
 Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,
 Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,
 And long had fed his youthful appetite; 95
 His goblets brimmed with every costly wine,
 And all that mote to luxury invite,
 Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,
 And traverse Paynim shores,⁶⁴ and pass Earth's central line.⁶⁵

12.

The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew, 100
 As glad to waft him from his native home;
 And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
 And soon were lost in circumambient foam:
 And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
 Repented he, but in his bosom slept 105
 The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
 One word of wail, whilst other sate and wept,
 And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

63: A leman is a sweetheart or mistress.

64: “paynim” is Spenserian for “Islamic.”

65: Neither Harold nor B. ever crossed the equator.

13.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea
 He seized his harp, which he at times could string,⁶⁶ 110
 And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
 When deemed he no strange ear was listening:
 And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
 And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.
 While flew the vessel on her snowy wing, 115
 And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
 Thus to the elements he poured his last "Good Night."

I

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue;
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar, 120
 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! 125

II

"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 is my own good hall, 130
 Its hearth is desolate;
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
 My dog howls at the gate.

III

"Come hither, hither, my little page!
 Why dost thou weep and wail? 135
 Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
 Or tremble at the gale?
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
 Our ship is swift and strong:
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly 140
 More merrily along."

IV

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
 I fear not wave nor wind;
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
 Am sorrowful in mind; 145
 For I have from my father gone,
 A mother whom I love,
 And have no friend, save these alone,
 But thee – and one above.

66: B. had no musical skills apart from bathroom singing.

V

“My father blessed me fervently, 150
 Yet did not much complain;
 But sorely will my mother sigh
 Till I come back again.” –
 “Enough, enough, my little lad!
 Such tears become thine eye; 155
 If I thy guileless bosom had
 Mine own would not be dry.

[Va: not in Egerton 2027]

<My mother is a high born dame
 And much misliketh me
 She saith my riot bringeth shame
 On all my ancestry.
 I had a sister once I ween
 Whose tears perhaps will flow
 But her fair face I have not seen
 These three long years and moe. ->⁶⁷

VI

“Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
 Why dost thou look so pale?
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman? 160
 Or shiver at the gale?” –
 “Deem’st thou I tremble for my life?
 Sir Childe, I’m not so weak;
 But thinking on an absent wife
 Will blanch a faithful cheek. 165

VII

“My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
 Along the bordering lake,
 And when they on their father call,
 What answer shall she make?” –
 “Enough, enough, my yeoman good, 170
 Thy grief let none gainsay;
 But I, who am of lighter mood,
 Will laugh to flee away.

VIII

“For who would trust the seeming sighs
 Of wife or paramour? 175
 Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
 We late saw streaming o’er.
 For pleasures past I do not grieve,
 Nor perils gathering near;
 My greatest grief is that I leave 180
 No thing that claims a tear.

67: Text edited from Erdman/Worrall 29.

IX

“And now I’m in the world alone,
 Upon the wide, wide sea.⁶⁸
 But why should I for others groan,
 When none will sigh for me? 185
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
 Till fed by stranger hands;
 But long ere I come back again,
 He’d tear me where he stands.⁶⁹

[IXa: not in Egerton 2027]

<Methinks it would my bosom glad
 To change my proud estate
 And be again a laughing lad
 With one beloved playmate
 Since youth I scarce have passed an hour,
 Without disgust or pain,
 Except sometimes in Lady’s bower
 Or when the bowl I drain>⁷⁰

X

With thee, my bark, I’ll swiftly go 190
 Athwart the foaming brine;
 Nor care what land thou bear’st me to,
 So not again to mine.
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!
 And when you fail my sight, 195
 Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!
 My native Land – Good Night!

14.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
 And winds are rude in Biscay’s sleepless bay.
 Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon, 200
 New shores descried make every bosom gay;
 And Cintra’s mountain⁷¹ greets them on their way.
 And Tagus⁷² dashing onward to the deep,
 His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;
 And soon on board the Lusian⁷³ pilots leap, 205
 And steer ’twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.

68: Compare *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, 233 and 598.

69: A reference to Odysseus’ dog Argus, who recognises his master on his return to Ithaca – and dies. Compare *Don Juan*, III, 23, 8. In a letter to Moore, B. queries the truth of depictions of canine fidelity such as those of Homer, and of Southey, in *Roderick, Last of the Goths*, Book XV: ... *as for canine recollections, as far as I could judge by a cur of mine own (always bating Boatswain, the dearest and, alas! the maddest of dogs), I had one (half a wolf by the she side) that doted on me at ten years old, and very nearly ate me at twenty. When I thought he was going to enact Argus, he bit away the backside of my breeches, and never would consent to any kind of recognition, in despite of all kinds of bones which I offered him. So, let Southey blush and Homer too, as far as I can decide upon quadruped memories (BLJ IV 255-6). See also BLJ II 105: I have no reason to suppose my dog better than his brother brutes - mankind, & Argus we know to be a fable.*

70: Text edited from Erdman/Worrall 31.

71: Cintra is a group of mountains to the north-west of Lisbon.

72: The Tagus is the river on which Lisbon is situated. B. swam it – as Harold does not.

73: Portuguese.

15.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
 What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!
 What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
 What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand! 210
 But man would mar them with an impious hand:
 And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge
 'Gainst those who most transgress his high command,
 With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge
 Gaul's locust host,⁷⁴ and earth from fellest foemen purge. 215

16.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!
 Her image floating on that noble tide,
 Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
 But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
 Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied, 220
 And to the Lusians did her aid afford.⁷⁵
 A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
 Who lick yet loath the hand that waves the sword
 To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.⁷⁶

17.

But whoso entereth within this town, 225
 That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
 Disconsolate will wander up and down,
 'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;
 For hut and palace show like filthily:
 The dingy denizens are reared in dirt; 230
 Ne personage of high or mean degree
 Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt;
 Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwashed, unhurt.

18.

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noblest scenes –
 Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men? 235
 Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
 In variegated maze of mount and glen.
 Ah, me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
 To follow half on which the eye dilates
 Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken 240
 Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
 Who to the awe-struck world unlocked Elysium's gates?⁷⁷

74: The French revolutionary armies of Napoleon.

75: England was assisting Portugal (her "oldest ally") in the war against France.

76: "Gaul's unsparing lord" is Napoleon.

77: B. refers to Dante's *Paradiso*, which has little beautiful heavenly *scenery*, as such.

19.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,
 The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
 The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrowned, 245
 The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
 The tender azure of the unruffled deep, *
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
 The vine on high, the willow branch below, 250
 Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

* “The sky-worn robes of tenderest blue” – Collins.

20.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
 And frequent turn to linger as you go,
 From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
 And rest ye at our “Lady’s house of woe;” * 255
 Where frugal monks their little relics show,
 And sundry legends to the stranger tell:
 Here impious men have punished been, and lo!
 Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
 In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.⁷⁸ 260

* The convent of “Our Lady of Punishment,” *Nossa Senhora de Pena*, on the summit of the rock. Below at some distance, is the Cork Convent, where St. Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph. From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view.

Since the publication of this poem, I have been informed of the misapprehension of the term *Nossa Senhora de Pena*. It was owing to the want of the *tilde* or mark over the *ñ*, which alters the signification of the word: with it, *Peña* signifies a rock; without it, *Pena* has the sense I adopted. I do not think it necessary to alter the passage; as though the common acceptation affixed to it is “our Lady of the Rock,” I may well assume the other sense from the severities practised there.

21.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
 Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path:
 Yet deem not these devotion’s offering –
 These are memorials frail of murderous wrath:
 For wheresoe’er the shrieking victim hath 265
 Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin’s knife
 Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;⁷⁹
 And grove and glen with thousand such are rife
 Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life. *

* It is a well known fact, that in the year 1809 the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen; but that Englishmen were daily butchered: and so far from redress being obtained, we were requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against his allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre at eight o’clock in the evening,⁸⁰ when the streets were not more empty that they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage

78: Honorius died (aged 95) in 1596, having lived thirty years in a one-metre-deep hole in the ground.

79: The “crosses” were in fact posts to mark the path, not crucifixes to commemorate assassinations.

80: H.’s diary records this as occurring on Tuesday July 18th 1809.

with a friend: had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt that we should have adorned a tale instead of telling one. [*THIS NOTE CONTINUES AT N1 AT THE END.*]

[21a: not in Egerton 2027]

<Unhappy Vathek!⁸¹ In an evil hour
'Gainst Nature's voice seduced to deed accurst,
Once Fortune's minion, now thou feel'st her power!
Wrath's vials on thy lofty head have burst,
In wit – in genius – as in wealth the first,
How wondrous bright thy blooming Morn arose
But thou wert smitten with unhallowed thirst
Of nameless crime, and thy sad day must close
In scorn, and Solitude unsought – the worst of woes.>⁸²

22.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath, 270
Are domes where whilome kings did make repair;
But now the wild flowers round them only breathe:
Yet ruined splendour still is lingering there.
And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair:
There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son, 275
Once formed thy Paradise, as not aware
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

23.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow; 280
But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
Her giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide:
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how 285
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide!

81: William Beckford (1760-1844), author of B.'s favourite book, *Vathek*, left England for reasons connected with his homosexuality, and lived for some years in Lisbon.

82: Text edited from Edman/Worrall 37. B. pencils, "I would not have this about Beckford."

[23a: not in Egerton 2027]

**In golden characters right well designed
 First on the list appeareth one “Junot”⁸³
 Then certain other glorious names we find,
 (Which Rhyme compelleth me to place below):
 Dull victors! baffled by a vanquished foe
 Wheedled by conynge tongues of laurels due,
 Stand – worthy of each other in a row –
 Sirs Arthur,⁸⁴ Harry,⁸⁵ and the dizzard Hew
 Dalrymple⁸⁶ seely wight, sore dupe of t’other tew.**

[23b: not in Egerton 2027]

**Convention is the dwarfy demon styled
 That foiled the Knights in Mariavla’s dome
 Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled
 And turned a Nations shallow joy to gloom.
 For well I wot when first the news did come
 That Vimiera’s⁸⁷ field by Gaul was lost
 For paragraph ne paper scarce had room
 Such Pæens teemed for our triumphant host
 In Courier, Chronicle, and eke in Morning Post.**

[23c: not in Egerton 2027]

**But when Convention sent his handy-work
 Pens, tongues, feet, hands, combined in wild uproar;
 Mayor, Aldermen laid down th’uplifted fork,
 The Bench of Bishops half forgot to snore;
 Stern Cobbet who for one whole week forbore
 To question aught, once more with transport leap’t,
 And bit his devilish quill⁸⁸ agen, & swore
 With foes such treaty never should be kept,
 The burst the Blatant Beast,⁸⁹ and roared, & raged – and slept!**

* “Blatant Beast” a figure for the Mob I think first used by Smollett in his “Adventures of An Atom.” Horace has the “*Bella multorum capitum*” in England fortunately enough the illustrious Mobility has not even *one*.

83: Andoche Junot (1771-1813) French general who commanded the army which was allowed home by the Convention of Cintra.

84: “Arthur” is Sir Arthur Wellesley, later Duke of Wellington.

85: Sir Harry Burrard (1755-1813) had taken command of the English army in Spain from Wellington on 21 August 1808 – the day of the battle of Vimeiro.

86: On 22nd August 1808 Sir Hew Dalrymple (1750-1830) took command of the English forces in Spain from Burrard. Between them they negotiated the Convention of Cintra with Kellerman and Junot, which allowed the French army to leave the peninsula with all their armaments. A degree of mutual antipathy may be imagined between the generals. The Convention caused anger in England.

87: The battle of Vimiero (August 21st 1808) was a French defeat.

88: The radical journalist William Cobbett protested at Cintra, as did Wordsworth.

89: The phrase “Blatant Beast” occurs, describing the common people, in Book VI of *The Faerie Queene*, for example, at iii, 24, 2; at v, 14, 8, and xii, epigraph.

[23d: not in Egerton 2027]

**Thus unto Heaven appealed the people, Heaven
Which loves the lieges of our gracious King,
Decreed that ere our Generals were forgiven,
Enquiry should be held about the thing,
But Mercy cloaked the babes beneath her wing
And as they spared our foes, so spared we them,
(Where was the pity of our Sires for Byng?)⁹⁰ *
Yet knaves not idiots should the law condemn;
Then live, ye gallant Knights! & bless your Judges' phlegm!⁹¹**

*** By this query it is not meant that our foolish generals should have been shot, but that Byng might have been spared; though the one suffered and the others escaped, probably for Candide's reason "pour encourager les autres."**

24.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened! *
Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!
With diadem high foolscap, lo! a fiend, 290
A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,
There sits in parchment robe arrayed, and by
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
Where blazoned glare names known to chivalry,
And sundry signatures adorn the roll, 295
Whereat the Urchin points and laughs with all his soul.

* The Convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has, indeed, done wonders: he has perhaps changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessors. [There is an enlarged version of this note at line 377 below.]

25.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
That foiled the knights in Marialva's dome:
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom. 300
Here Folly dashed to earth the victor's plume,
And Policy regained what arms had lost:
For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom!
Woe to the conqu'ring, not the conquered host,
Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's coast. 305

26.

And ever since that martial synod met,
Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;
And folks in office at the mention fret,
And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.
How will posterity the deed proclaim! 310
Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,
To view these champions cheated of their fame,
By foes in fight o'er thrown, yet victors here,
Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming year!

90: The English Admiral John Byng (b. 1704) court-martialled for cowardice and executed in 1757.
91: Text edited from Erdman/Worrall 39-41.

27.

So deemed the Childe, as o'er the mountains he 315
 Did take his way in solitary guise:⁹²
 Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
 More restless than the swallow in the skies:
 Though here awhile he learned to moralize,
 For Meditation fixed at times on him; 320
 And conscious Reason whispered to despise
 His early youth, misspent in maddest whim;
 But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes grew dim.

28.

To horse! to horse! he quits, for ever quits
 A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul: 325
 Again he rouses from his moping fits,
 But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.
 Onward he flies, nor fixed as yet the goal
 Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage;
 And o'er him many changing scenes must roll 330
 Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
 Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

29.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,
 Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless queen,⁹³ * 335
 And church and court did mingle their array,
 And mass and revel were alternate seen;
 Lordlings and freres – ill sorted fry I ween!
 But here the Babylonian whore hath built
 A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen, †
 That men forget the blood which she hath spilt, 340
 And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to varnish guilt.

* Her insane majesty went religiously mad. Dr Willis,⁹⁴ who do dexterously cudgelled kingly pericraniums, could make not a thing of hers.

† The extent of Mafra is prodigious; it contains a palace, convent, and most superb church. The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld, in point of decoration; we did not hear them, but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendour. Mafra is termed the Escorial of Portugal.

92: B. was accompanied by H. and several servants.

93: The Monumento da Mafra, a huge palace / monastery / church built ten miles from Cintra by Joao V of Portugal between 1717 and 1730, in imitation of the Escorial at Madrid. B. refers to it, and to the madness of Queen Maria I, who had lived there before being forced by the French invasion to go to Brazil in 1807.

94: Dr Willis treated the insane George III.

30.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
 (Oh, that such hills upheld a freeborn race!)
 Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,
 Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place. 345
 Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chace,
 And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
 The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
 Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
 And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share. 350

31.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
 And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;
 Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!
 Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,
 Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend 355
 Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows.
 Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend:
 For Spain is compassed by unyielding foes,
 And all must shield their all, or share Subjection's woes.

32.

Where Lusitania and her sister meet, 360
 Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?
 Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,
 Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?
 Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?
 Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall? – 365
 Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,
 Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
 Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul: *

* The Pyrenees.

33.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,⁹⁵
 And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook, 370
 Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.
 Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
 And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
 That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;
 For proud each peasant as the noblest duke: 375
 Well doth the Spaniard hind the difference know
 'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low. *

* As I found the Portuguese so have I described them – that they are since improved, at least to courage, is evident, **but let those who know them refute me if they were not in 1809 what I have written. The late exploits of Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra – he has indeed done wonders, what no other could have done – he has changed the character of a people, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy which though often beaten (in our Gazettes) never retreated before his predecessors. The Spaniards seem to have changed character with the Portuguese who may now repay with interest the contempt they so liberally received. With regard to my observations on armies,**

95: The stream is called the Caia. B and H. crossed it on Sunday July 23rd 1809.

however unpopular, I have religion on my side against armies in particular – they are alike incompatible with our independence and our population. If ever we are enslaved it will not be by a foreign invader, but a domestic army, and should our navy fall I see little reason to augur more favourably of a Land Contest.

34.

But ere the mingling bounds have far been passed,
 Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
 In sullen billows, murmuring and vast, 380
 So noted ancient roundelays among.
 Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
 Of Moor and Knight, in mailed splendour drest:
 Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the strong;
 The Paynim turban and the Christian crest 385
 Mixed on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppressed.

35.

Oh, lovely Spain! renowned, romantic land!
 Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
 When Cava's traitor-sire first called the band
 That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?⁹⁶ * 390
 Where are those bloody banners which of yore
 Waved o'er thy son's, victorious to the gale,
 And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
 Red gleamed the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
 While Afric's echoes thrilled with Moorish matrons' wail. 395

* Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias, and the descendants of his followers, after some centuries, completed their struggle by the conquest of Granada.

36.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
 Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!
 When granite moulders, and when records fail,
 A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
 Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate, 400
 See how the Mighty shrink into a song!
 Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve thee great?
 Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,
 When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong?

96: The story of Count Roderick's seduction of Pelayo's daughter ("the Helen of Spain"), and of how Pelayo, in revenge, facilitated the Moorish invasion of Spain, is told in Southey's 1814 epic *Roderick, Last of the Goths* – a poem B. admired. Scott and Landor also wrote about it, and it was recently made into a West End musical, *La Cava* (excellent book and designs – pity about the music).

37.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance! 405
 Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
 But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
 Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
 Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
 And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar: 410
 In every peal she calls – "Awake! arise!"
 Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
 When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

38.

Hark! – heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath? 415
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves? – the fires of death,
 The bale-fires flash on high: – from rock to rock
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe; 420
 Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc, *
 Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

*** The Siroc is the violent hot wind that for weeks together blows down the Mediterranean from the Archipelago. – Its effects are well-known to all who have passed the Straits of Gibraltar. – –**



Goya: The Colossus (1810-12)

39.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
 His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands, 425
 And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;
 Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
 Flashing afar, – and at his iron feet
 Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done;
 For on this morn three potent nations meet,⁹⁷ 430
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

40.

By heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
 (For one who hath no friend, no brother there)⁹⁸
 Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery,
 Their various arms that glitter in the air! 435
 What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
 And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
 All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
 The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
 And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array. 440

97: France, Spain, and England.

98: H.'s brother Benjamin fought in the Peninsula.

41.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
 Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
 Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;
 The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
 The foe, the victim, and the fond ally 445
 That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
 Are met – as if at home they could not die –
 To feed the crow on Talavera's⁹⁹ plain,
 And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

42.

There shall they rot – Ambition's honoured fools! 450
 Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay! *
 Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,
 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
 By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
 With human hearts – to what? – a dream alone. 455
 Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?
 Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
 Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

* Collins.¹⁰⁰

99: Sir Arthur Wellesley's victory over the French under Marshal Victor at the battle of Talavera, fought on 27 and 28 July 1809, redeemed his reputation in the eyes of the establishment, and he was made Duke of Wellington.

100: Collins, *Ode written in ... 1746: Honour comes a pilgrim gray, / To bless the turf that wraps their clay.*

43.

Oh, Albuera!¹⁰¹ glorious field of grief!
 As o'er thy plain the pilgrim pricks his steed, 460
 Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
 A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed!
 Peace to the perished! may the warrior's meed
 And tears of triumph their reward prolong!
 Till others fall where other chieftains lead 465
 Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng;
 And shine in worthless lays the theme of transient song!

44.

Enough of Battle's minions! let them play
 Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame:
 Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay, 470
 Though thousands fall to deck some single name.
 In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim
 Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's good,
 And die, that living might have proved her shame;
 Perished, perchance, in some domestic feud, 475
 Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pursued.

45.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
 Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued:¹⁰²
 Yet is she free – the spoiler's wished-for prey!
 Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude, 480
 Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.¹⁰³
 Inevitable hour! 'gainst fate to strive
 Where Desolation plants her famished brood
 Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre, might yet survive,
 And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to thrive. 485

46.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,
 The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;
 Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
 Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds:
 Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck sounds; 490
 Here Folly still his votaries enthralls;
 And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight rounds:
 Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals,
 Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tott'ring walls.¹⁰⁴

101: Albuera (May 16th 1811: after B. had left Spain) was an English victory over the French.

102: Seville was to be the birthplace of Don Juan: see *Don Juan* I, 8, 1.

103: Seville surrendered to French forces in January 1810, five months after B. had been there.

104: Donna Josepha Beltram, B.'s landlady in Seville, offered herself to B. She expected him to come to her bedroom at two in the morning of Friday, July 28th 1809; but, being unused to such forwardness from a bourgeoisie, he turned her down, which she found amusing. This is the nearest he got to an erotic encounter during his short time in Spain.

47.

Not so the rustic – with his trembling mate 495
 He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,
 Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,
 Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.
 No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star
 Fandango twirls his jocund castanet: 500
 Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
 Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret;
 The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man be happy yet!

48.

How carols now the lusty muleteer?
 Of love, romance, devotion is his lay? 505
 As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,
 His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?
 No! as he speeds, he chants "Viva el Rey!" *
 And checks his song to execrate Godoy,¹⁰⁵
 The royal wittol Charles,¹⁰⁶ and curse the day 510
 When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy,
 And gore-faced Treason spring from her adulterate joy.

* "Viva el Rey Fernando!" (Long live King Ferdinand!) is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs: they are chiefly in dispraise of old King Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them; some of the airs are beautiful. Godoy, the *Principe de la Paz*, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish Guards; till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and raised him to the dukedom of Alcudia, &c., &c. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.

49.

On yon long, level plain, at distance crowned
 With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,
 Wide scattered hoof-marks dint the wounded ground; 515
 And, scathed by fire, the green sward's darkened vest
 Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest:
 Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host,
 Here the bold peasant stormed the dragon's nest;
 Still does he mark it with triumphant boast; 520
 And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won and lost.

105: Manuel Alvarez de Faria Ríos Sánchez Zarzosa de Godoy, Duke of Alcudia (1767-1851) Spanish Prime Minister and lover of Queen Maria Louisa. In 1795 he had, after a treaty with France, been given the title "Principe de la Paz." When Carlos abdicated he was imprisoned and then exiled.

106: A wittol is both a simpleton, and a complacent cuckold. King Carlos IV commanded no respect.

50.

And whomsoe'er along the path you meet,
 Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,
 Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet: *
 Woe to the man that walks in public view 525
 Without of loyalty this token true:
 Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;
 And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,
 If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloke,
 Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke. 530

* The red cockade, with "Fernando Septimo" in the centre.¹⁰⁷

51.

At every turn Morena's dusky height
 Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;
 And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
 The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,
 The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflowed, 535
 The stationed bands, the never-vacant watch,
 The magazine in rocky durance stowed,
 The holstered steed beneath the shed of thatch,
 The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match, *

* All who have seen a battery will recollect the pyramidal form in which shot and shells are piled. The Sierra Morena was fortified in every defile through which I passed in my way to Seville.¹⁰⁸

52.

Portend the deeds to come: – but he whose nod 540
 Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,
 A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod;
 A little moment deigneth to delay:
 Soon will his legions sweep through these their way;
 The West must own the Scourger of the world. 545
 Ah! Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,
 When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfurled,
 And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurled.¹⁰⁹

53.

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
 To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign? 550
 No step between submission and a grave?
 The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
 And doth the Power that man adores ordain
 Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
 Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain? 555
 And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,
 The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's heart of steel?

107: Carlos abdicated in 1808, and Ferdinand VII was restored in 1814. His reign was oppressive.

108: H.'s diary records, on July 25th 1809, "two leagues of the road through the Sierra Morena, most picturesque. Batteries on the heights – roads broke in several places."

109: But "Gaul's Vulture" (Napoleon) never conquered Spain.

54.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
 Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
 And, all unsexed, the Anlace¹¹⁰ hath espoused, 560
 Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
 And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
 Appalled, an owlet's larum chilled with dread,
 Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
 The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead 565
 Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.



Goya: *Y son fieras* (an unByronic depiction of Spanish women at war).

55.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,¹¹¹
 Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
 Marked her black eye that mocks her coal black veil,
 Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower, 570
 Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
 Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
 Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
 Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
 Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase. 575

110: The anlace is a two-edged dagger.

111: Augustina, The Maid of Saragoza, was a vivandière or camp-follower who may or may not have performed the deeds which B. relates. Her "lover" and "chief" may be polite fictions.

56.

Her lover sinks, – she sheds no ill-timed tear;
 Her chief is slain – she fills his fatal post;
 Her fellows flee – she checks their base career;
 The foe retires – she heads the sallying host:
 Who can appease like her a lover's ghost? 580
 Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
 What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost?
 Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
 Foiled by a woman's hand, before a battered wall? *

* Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza, **who by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines.** When the author was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by the command of the Junta.

57.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons, 585
 But formed for all the witching arts of love:
 Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,
 And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,
 'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove
 Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate: 590
 In softness as in firmness far above
 Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;
 Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as great.

58.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impressed
 Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch: * 595
 Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
 Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:
 Her glance how wildly beautiful! how much
 Hath Phœbus wooed in vain to spoil her cheek,
 Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch! 600
 Who round the North for paler dames would seek?
 How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan, and weak!

* "Sigilla¹¹² in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
 Vestigio demonstrant Mollitudinem."
 – AUL. GEL.¹¹³

112: In fact, "Luculla."

113: "Marks imprinted on the chin by the delicate finger of Love / Indicate (the chin's) softness in their traces." From a comedy called *Papiapapae* by Marcus Terentius Varro (116-27) quoted by Aulus Gellius (b. c. 135 AD), in *Noctes Atticae*, which include "what Marcus Varro wrote in a certain satire about the husband's duty."

59.

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to laud;
 Match me, ye harams of the land! where now *
 I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud 605
 Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow;
 Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow
 To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,
 With Spain's dark-glancing daughters – deign to know,
 There your wise Prophet's paradise we find, 610
 His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.¹¹⁴

* Written in Turkey with the greater part of the poem.

60.

Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey,¹¹⁵ *
 Not in the phrenzy of a dreamer's eye,
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky 615
 In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
 Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string, 619
 Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave her wing.

* These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Parnassus, now called Λιακυρα – Liakura.

61.

Oft have I dreamed of Thee! whose glorious name
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:
 And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame
 That I in feeblest accents must adore. 625
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore
 I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
 Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
 In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee!

62.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been, 630
 Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
 Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed scene,
 Which others rave of, though they know it not?
 Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
 And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave, 635
 Some gentle Spirit still pervades the spot,
 Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
 And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious Wave.

114: For houris, see *Don Juan* VIII, especially 115, 7-8.

115: Mount Parnassus; seat of the Muses, sacred to Apollo, head of the Castalian spring and seat of the Delphic Oracle. B and H. visited it on Saturday December 16th 1809. Notice it is B. the narrator, not Harold, who surveys it.

63.

Of thee hereafter. – Ev'n amidst my strain
 I turned aside to pay my homage here; 640
 Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;
 Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear;
 And hailed thee, not perchance without a tear.
 Now to my theme – but from thy holy haunt
 Let me some remnant, some memorial bear; 645
 Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,¹¹⁶
 Nor let thy votary's hope be deemed an idle vaunt.

64.

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount! when Greece was young,
 See round thy giant base a brighter choir,
 Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung 650
 The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
 Behold a train more fitting to inspire
 The song of love, than Andalusia's maids,
 Nursed in the glowing lap of soft desire: –
 Ah! that to these were given such peaceful shades 655
 As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly her glades.

65.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
 Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days; *
 But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
 Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise. 660
 Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
 While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
 The fascination of thy magic gaze?
 A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
 And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape. 665

* Seville was the HISPALIS of the Romans.

66.

When Paphos fell by Time – accursed Time!
 The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee –
 The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime;
 And Venus, constant to her native sea,
 To nought else constant, hither deigned to flee; 670
 And fixed her shrine within these walls of white:
 Though not to one dome circumscribeth she
 Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,
 A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.¹¹⁷

116: The laurel, bays from which bound the brows of esteemed poets. Daphne was turned into a laurel.

117: This obscure stanza, about Venus dwelling in Cadiz, may be a joke about H., who caught gonorrhœa from a Cadiz prostitute. See *Don Juan* II, 81, 7-8.

67.

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn 675
 Peeps blushing on the Revels laughing crew,
 The song is heard, the rosy garland worn,
 Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,
 Tread on each other's kibes.¹¹⁸ A long adieu
 He bids to sober joy that here sojourns: 680
 Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu
 Of true devotion monkish incense burns,
 And Love and Prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns.

68.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest;
 What hallows it upon this Christian shore? 685
 Lo! it is sacred to a solemn feast:
 Hark! heard you not the forest-monarch's roar?¹¹⁹
 Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore
 Of man and steed, o'er thrown beneath his horn;
 The thronged Arena shakes with shouts for more; 690
 Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
 Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects to mourn.

69.

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man.
 London! right well thou know'st the day of prayer:
 Then thy spruce citizen, washed artizan, 695
 And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air:
 Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,
 And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirl,
 To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow make repair;
 Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl, 700
 Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian Churl.

70.

Some o'er thy Thamias row the ribboned fair,
 Others along the safer Turnpike fly;
 Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware,
 And many to the steep of Highgate hie. 705
 Ask ye, Bæotian shades! the reason why? *
 'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,
 Grasped in the holy hand of Mystery,¹²⁰
 In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,
 And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn. 710

* This was written at Thebes, and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question; not as the birthplace of Pindar, but as the capital of Bæotia, where the first riddle was propounded and solved.

118: Kibes are chilblains. See *Hamlet* V, i, 138.

119: B and H. saw a bullfight at Puerto de Maria on Sunday July 30th 1809.

120: Drovers at the Gate House pub at the top of Highgate Hill in north London used to administer a comic oath to customers, by which they swore, on a set of horns, to eat, drink, and kiss one another, at will. B. would contrast such a Sunday ritual with the Spanish love of bull-fighting.

71.

All have their fooleries – not alike are thine,
 Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea!
 Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine,
 Thy Saint-adorers count the rosary:
 Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive them free 715
 (Well do I ween the only virgin there)
 From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be;
 Then to the crowded circus forth they fare,
 Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

72.

The lists are oped, the spacious area cleared, 720
 Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
 Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
 Ne vacant space for lated wight is found:
 Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
 Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye, 725
 Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
 None through their cold disdain are doomed to die,
 As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

73.

Hushed is the din of tongues – on gallant steeds,
 With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance, 730
 Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
 And lowly bending to the lists advance;
 Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance:
 If in the dangerous game they shine today,
 The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance, 735
 Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
 And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

74.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed,
 But all afoot, the light-limbed Matadore
 Stands in the centre, eager to invade 740
 The lord of lowing herds; but not before
 The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
 Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
 His arm a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
 Can man achieve without the friendly steed, 745
 Alas! too oft condemned for him to bear and bleed.

75.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
 The den expands, and Expectation mute
 Gapes round the silent Circle's peopled walls.
 Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,¹²¹ 750
 And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
 The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
 Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
 His first attack, wide waving to and fro
 His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow. 755

76.

Sudden he stops – his eye is fixed – away,
 Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
 Now is thy time, to perish, or display
 The skill that yet may check his mad career!
 With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer; * 760
 On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes,
 Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear;
 He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
 Dart follow dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his woes.

* The croupe is a particular leap taught in the manège.

77.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail, 765
 Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;
 Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
 Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
 One gallant steed is stretched a mangled corse;
 Another, hideous sight! unseamed appears, 770
 His gory chest unveils life's panting source;
 Though death-struck still his feeble frame he rears;¹²²
 Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharmed he bears.

78.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
 Full in the centre stands the bull at bay, 775
 Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray;
 And now the Matadores around him play,
 Shake the red cloak and poise the ready brand:
 Once more through all he bursts his thundering way – 780
 Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
 Wraps his fierce eye – 'tis past – he sinks upon the sand!

121: Hemingway tells us in *Death in the Afternoon* (Chapter 12) that in the mid-nineteenth century bulls were bred to be smaller and more easy to kill.

122: The line *Well our feeble frame he knows* occurs in Henry Lyte's 1834 hymn, *Praise my Soul the King of Heaven*.

79.

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
 Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
 He stops – he starts – disdainingly to decline: 785
 Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
 Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
 The decorated car appears – on high
 The corse is piled – sweet sight for vulgar eyes –
 Four steeds¹²³ that spurn the rein, as swift as shy, 790
 Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

80.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
 The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.
 Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
 In vengeance, gloating on another's pain. 795
 What private feuds the troubled village stain!
 Though now one phalanx'd host should meet the foe,
 Enough, alas! in humble homes remain,
 To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,
 For some slight cause of wrath whence life's warm stream must flow. *

*** The Spaniards are as revengeful as ever. At Santa Ollala I heard a young peasant threaten to stab a woman (an old one to be sure, which mitigates the offence), and was told on expressing some small surprise, that the ethic was by no means uncommon.**

81.

But Jealousy has fled: his bars, his bolts, 801
 His withered centinel, Duenna sage!
 And all whereat the generous soul revolts,
 Which the stern dotard deemed he could encage,
 Have passed to darkness with the vanished age. 805
 Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen,
 (Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage),
 With braided tresses bounding o'er the green,
 While on the gay dance shone Night's lover-loving Queen?

82.

Oh! many a time and oft, had Harold loved, 810
 Or dreamed he loved, since Rapture is a dream;
 But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,
 For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream;
 And lately had he learned with truth to deem
 Love has no gift so grateful as his wings: 815
 How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,
 Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
 Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings. *

*

“Medio de fonte leporum
 Surgit amari aliquid quod in insis floribus angat.”¹²⁴ – LUC.

123: Mules, not horses, were used to drag the bull's carcass from the arena.

124: Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, IV 1133-4: *nequiquam, quoniam medio de fonte leporum / Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipseis floribus angat* (“but all is vanity, since from the very heart of the fountain

83.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,
 Though now it moved him as it moves the wise; 820
 Not that Philosophy on such a mind
 E'er deigned to bend her chastely-awful eyes:
 But Passion raves herself to rest, or flies;
 And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,
 Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise: 825
 Pleasure's palled victim! life-abhorring gloom
 Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom.¹²⁵

84.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng;
 But viewed them not with misanthropic hate:
 Fain would he now have joined the dance, the song;¹²⁶ 830
 But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate?
 Nought that he saw his sadness could abate:
 Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway,
 And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,
 Poured forth his unpremeditated lay, 835
 To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day.

<not in Egerton 2027: **The Girl of Cadiz**¹²⁷

I

**Oh! never talk again to me
 Of northern charms, and British ladies,
 It has not been your lot to see
 Like me the lovely girl of Cadiz!
 Although her eyes be not of blue,
 Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,
 How far its own expressive hue
 The languid azure eye surpasses!**

II

**Prometheuslike from Heaven she stole
 The fire, that through those silken lashes
 In darkest glances seems to roll
 From eyes that cannot hide their flashes,
 And as along her bosom steal
 In lengthened flow her raven tresses,
 You'd swear each clustering lock could feel
 And curled to give her neck caresses.**

of delight there arises a jet of bitterness that poisons the fragrance of the flowers"). Compare *Don Juan* X, 78, 8.

125: Even though he has killed no-one. The lines seem a covert expression of B.'s heterosexual satiety, and homoerotic longing.

126: B. might have joined in the song; but his bad foot precluded his dancing.

127: This happily heterosexual number was B.'s first idea for Harold's Spanish song. The more Haroldian *To Inez* substituted.

III

Our English maids are long to woo
 And frigid even in possession,
 And if their charms be fair to view,
 Their lips are slow at Love's confession,
 But born beneath a brighter Sun
 For love ordained the Spanish maid is
 And who? when fondly, fairly won,
 Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

IV

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
 Nor joys to see a lover tremble,
 And if she love, or if she hate,
 Alike she knows not to dissemble.
 Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold –
 Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;
 And, though it will not bend to gold,
 'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

V

The Spanish girl that meets your love
 Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
 For every thought is bent to prove
 Her passion in the hour of trial.
 When thronging foemen menace Spain,
 She dares the deed and shares the danger;
 And should her lover press the plain,
 She hurls the spear, her love's avenger!

VI

And when, beneath the evening star,
 She mingles in the gay Bolero
 Or sings to her attuned guitar
 Of Christian knight, or Moorish hero,
 Or counts her beads with fairy hand
 Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper
 Or joins Devotion's choral band,
 Or chaunt the sweet & hallowed Vesper; –

VII

In each, her charms the heart must move
 Of all, who venture to behold her;
 Then let not maids less fair reprove
 Because her bosom is not colder;
 Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam
 Where many a soft & melting maid is,
 But none abroad, and few at home,
 May match the dark-eyed *Girl of Cadiz!*¹²⁸

To Inez¹²⁹**I**

Nay, smile not at my sullen bow,
 Alas, I cannot smile again;
 Yet heaven avert that ever thou
 Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain. 840

II

And dost thou ask what secret woe
 I bear, corroding joy and youth?
 And wilt thou vainly seek to know
 A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe?

III

It is not love, it is not hate, 845
 Nor low Ambition's honours lost,
 That bids me loathe my present state,
 And fly from all I prized the most:

IV

It is that weariness which springs
 From all I meet, or hear, or see: 850
 To me no pleasure Beauty brings;
 Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

V

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
 The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore,¹³⁰
 That will not look beyond the tomb, 855
 But cannot hope for rest before.

VI

What Exile from himself can flee?¹³¹
 To Zones, though more and more remote,
 Still, still pursues, where-e'er I be,
 The blight of life – the demon Thought. 860

VII

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
 And taste of all that I forsake:
 Oh! may they still of transport dream,
 And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

VIII

Thorough many a clime 'tis mine to go 865
 With many a retrospection curst,
 And all my solace is to know,
 Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

129: Commentators claim that Inez is Teresa Macri, the Maid of Athens: but she was too young to have inspired the emotions recorded in this song, and "Inez" is a Spanish name. The lines are more likely to be directed at an imaginative version of Josepha Beltram, whose laughing advances B. repelled.

130: Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew.

131: Compare *CHP* III, 16, 1: *Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again ...*

IX

What is that worst? Nay, do not ask,
 In pity from the search forbear: 870
 Smile on – nor venture to unmask
 Man’s heart, and view the Hell that’s there.¹³²

85.

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yes, a long adieu!
 Who may forget how well thy walls have stood?
 When all were changing, thou alone wert true, 875
 First to be free, and last to be subdued:
 And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
 Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye,¹³³
 A traitor only fell beneath the feud: *
 Here all were noble, save Nobility; 880
 None hugged a Conqueror’s chain, save fallen Chivalry!

* Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the governor of Cadiz, in May, 1809.¹³⁴

86.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate!
 They fight for freedom who were never free,
 A Kingless people for a nerveless state,
 Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee, 885
 True to the veriest slaves of Treachery:
 Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,
 Pride points the path that leads to Liberty;
 Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
 War, war is still the cry, “War even to the knife!” 890

* “War to the knife.” Palafox’s answer to the French general at the siege of Saragoza.¹³⁵

[86a: Egerton 2027 f.29v.]

**Ye! Who would more of Spain and Spaniards know
 Sights, Saints, Antiques, arts, Anecdotes and war,
 Go hie ye hence to Paternoster Row,¹³⁶ –
 Are they not written in the Boke of Carr?¹³⁷
 Green Erin’s Knight! and Europe’s wandering star!
 Then listen, readers, to the man of ink,
 Hear what he did, and sought, and wrote afar
 All these are cooped within one Quarto’s brink,¹³⁸
 This borrow, steal (don’t buy) and tell us what you think.**

132: Compare *Manfred*, I, i, 250-1: *I call upon thee! and compel / Thyself to be thy proper Hell!*

133: The seventh edition has “die.”

134: In May 1810 General Solano refused to attack the French fleet of Cadiz, and was lynched by a Spanish mob.

135: “Guerra al cuchillo!” were the reported words of General Palafox when the French asked him to surrender Saragoza in August 1808.

136: Paternoster Row was the publishers’ quarter of London.

137: Sir John Carr (1772-1832) travel writer. B. liked him but not his books. See BLJ I 221.

138: Carr’s 1811 book *Descriptive Travels ... in the Year 1809*.

[86b: Egerton 2027 f.29v.]

There may you read with spectacles or eyes,
 How many Wellesleys did embark for Spain,¹³⁹
 As if therein they meant to colonize,
 How many troops ycrossed the laughing Main,
 That neer beheld the same return again,
 How many buildings are in such a place,
 How many leagues from this to yonder plain,
 How many relics each Cathedral grace,
 And where Giralda stands on her gigantic base.¹⁴⁰

[86c: Egerton 2027 29v.-32r.]

There may you read (Oh Phœbus save Sir John!
 That these my words Prophetic may not err)
 All that was said or sung, & lost or won
 By vaunting Wellesley or by blundering Frere *
 (He that half wrote the “needy Knifegrinder”)¹⁴¹ †
 Thus Poesy the way to Grandeur paves
 (Who would not such diplomatists prefer?)
 But cease my Muse, thy speed some respite craves
 Leave legates to the House, and armies to their *Graves*.

* I presume the Marquis and Mr. Pole are returned by this time, and eke the bewildered Frere whose conduct was canvassed by the Commons.

† “The Needy Knife-Grinder” in the *Anti-Jacobin* was a joint production of Messrs. Frere and Canning.

[86d: erased at Egerton 2027 f.32r.]

<Yet here of Vulpes¹⁴² mention may be made
 Who for the Junta modelled sapient laws,
 Taught them to govern ere they were obeyed,
 Certes fit teacher to command, because
 His soul Socratic no Zantippe awes¹⁴³
 Blest with a dame in Virtue’s bosom nurst,
 With her let silent Admiration pause!
 True to her second husband as her first,¹⁴⁴
 On such unshaken fame let Satire do its worst.>¹⁴⁵

139: There were four members of the Wellesley family in Spain: Richard, Marquis of Wellesley; his brother Henry; “Long Pole” Wellesley; and last but not least, Sir Arthur Wellesley, later Duke of Wellington.

140: The Giralda is the tower of Seville cathedral.

141: John Hookham Frere, English minister to the Spanish Junta, was later to play a vital part in B.’s work with his poem *Whistlecraft*, which inspired *Beppo* and thus *Don Juan*. Here B. refers to his poem *The Needy Knife-Grinder*, a parody of Southey which appeared in the right-wing *Anti-Jacobin*.

142: “Vulpes” is Lord Holland, later B.’s Whig patron and dedicatee of *TBoA*. He was a Spanish expert, who advised the Junta which ruled Spain in the absence of its royal family.

143: Xantippe (sic) was Socrates’ shrewish wife.

144: Lady Holland had been the wife of Sir Godfrey Webster, but lived with Lord Holland, by whom she had had a son. On Webster’s suicide she married Holland.

145: Text edited from Erdman/Worrall 85-91.

87.

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
 Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife:
 Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foe
 Can act, is acting there against man's life:
 From flashing scimitar to secret knife, 895
 War mouldeth there each weapon to his need:
 So may he guard the sister and the wife,
 So may he make each curst oppressor bleed,
 So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed!

88.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead? 900
 Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain;
 Look on the hands with female slaughter red;
 Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,
 Then to the vulture let each corpse remain,
 Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw; 905
 Let their bleached bones, and blood's unbleaching stain,
 Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe:
 Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw!

89.

Nor yet, alas! the dreadful work is done;
 Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees; 910
 It deepens, still, the work is scarce begun,
 Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.
 Fall'n nations gaze on Spain; if freed, she frees
 More than her fell Pizarros once enchained:¹⁴⁶
 Strange retribution! now Columbia's ease 915
 Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustained,
 While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder unrestrained.¹⁴⁷

90.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
 Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,¹⁴⁸
 Not Albuera lavish of the dead, 920
 Have won for Spain her well asserted right.
 When shall her Olive-Branch be free from blight?
 When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?
 How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
 Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil, 925
 And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil!

146: Francisco Pizarro (1480-1541), conquistador and subduer of the Incas in Peru.

147: Spain's colonies took advantage of the French invasion to rebel. Quito is the capital of Ecuador, and a province of Peru.

148: The battle of Barossa occurred on March 5th 1811.

91.

And thou, my friend! – since unavailing woe *
 Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain –
 Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
 Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain: 930
 But thus unlaureled to descend in vain,
 By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
 And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
 While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
 What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest? 935

* The Honourable I. W. of the Guards, who died of fever at Coimbra.¹⁴⁹ I had known him ten years, the better half of his life, and the happiest part of mine.

In the short space of one month I have lost *her* who gave me being,¹⁵⁰ and most of those who had made that being tolerable. To me the lines of YOUNG are no fiction:

“Insatiate archer! could not once suffice?
 Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain,
 And thrice ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.”¹⁵¹

I should have ventured a verse to the memory of the late Charles Skinner Matthews, Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, were he not too much above all praise of mine.¹⁵² His powers of mind, shown in the attainment of great honours, against the ablest candidates, than those of any graduate on record at Cambridge, have sufficiently established his fame on the spot where it was acquired, while his softer qualities live in the recollection of friends who loved him too well to envy his superiority.

149: John Wingfield, who died on May 14th 1811.

150: Mrs Byron died on July 31st 1811.

151: Edward Young, *The Complaint, or Night-Thoughts*, Night the First (1765 edition p. 7).

152: Charles Skinner Matthews drowned in the Cam on August 2nd 1811.

92.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteemed the most!
 Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!
 Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
 In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
 And Morn in secret shall renew the tear 940
 Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,
 And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
 Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
 And mourned and mourner lie united in repose.

93.

Here is one fyttē * of Harold's pilgrimage: 945
 Ye who of him may further seek to know,
 Shall find some tidings in a future page,
 If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe.
 Is this too much? stern Critic! say not so:
 Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld 950
 In other lands, where he was doomed to go:
 Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,
 Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were quelled.

* Part.

END OF CANTO I.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

A ROMAUNT

Canto II¹⁵³

1.

Come, blue-eyed maid of heaven!¹⁵⁴ – but thou, alas!
 Didst never yet one mortal song inspire –
 Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,
 And is, despite of war and wasting fire, *
 And years, that bade thy worship to expire: 5
 But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow, †
 Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
 Of men who never felt the sacred glow
 That thoughts of thee and thine on polished breasts bestow.

* Part of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege.

† We can all feel, or imagine, the regret with which the ruins of cities, once the capitals of empires, are beheld; the reflections suggested by such objects are too trite to require recapitulation. But never did the littleness of man, and the vanity of his very best virtues, of patriotism to exalt, and of valour to defend his country, appear more conspicuous in the record of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is. The theatre of contention between mighty factions, of the struggles of orators, the exaltation and deposition of tyrants, the triumph and punishment of generals, is now become a scene of petty intrigue and perpetual disturbance, between the bickering agents of certain British nobility and gentry.¹⁵⁵ “The wild foxes, the owls and serpents in the ruins of Babylon,” were surely less degrading than such inhabitants. The Turks have the plea of conquest for their tyranny, and the Greeks have only suffered the fortune of war, incidental to the bravest; but how are the mighty fallen, when two painters contest the privilege of plundering the Parthenon, and triumph in turn, according to the tenor of each succeeding firman! Sylla could but punish,¹⁵⁶ Philip subdue,¹⁵⁷ and Xerxes burn Athens;¹⁵⁸ but it remained for the paltry Antiquarian, and his despicable agents, to render her contemptible as himself and his pursuits.

The Parthenon, before its destruction in part by fire during the Venetian siege, had been a temple, a church, and a mosque. In each point of view it is an object of regard; it changed its worshippers; but still it was a place of worship thrice sacred to devotion: its violation is a triple sacrilege. But

“Man, vain man,
 Drest in a little brief authority,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
 As make the angels weep.”¹⁵⁹

153: B.L.Egerton 2027 34r has “Childe Harold Canto 2d . / Byron – Joannina in Albania. Begun Oct 31st 1809 / Concluded Canto 2 – Smyrna . March 28th. 1810”

154: B. apostrophises Athena, the goddess of wisdom (and of Athens).

155: B refers to Lord Elgin, plunderer of the Parthenon.

156: Sulla (sic) waged war against the Greeks in 87-6 BC.

157: Philip of Macedon defeated the Athenians at Chaeronea in 338 BC.

158: Xerxes, King of Persia, pillaged a deserted Athens in 480 BC.

159: Isabella’s words at *Measure for Measure*, II ii, 117-121 (altered).

2.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where, 10
 Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
 Gone – glimmering through the dream of things that were,
 First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
 They won, and passed away – is this the whole?
 A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour! 15
 The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
 Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
 Dim with the most of years, gray flits the shade of power.

3.

Sun of the morning, rise! approach you here!
 Come – but molest not yon defenceless urn: 20
 Look on this spot – a nation's sepulchre!
 Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
 Even gods must yield – religions take their turn:
 'Twas Jove's – 'tis Mahomet's – and other creeds
 Will rise with other years, till man shall learn 25
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
 Poor child of Doubt and Death; whose hope is built on reeds.

4.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven –
 Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
 Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given, 30
 That being, thou wouldst be again, and go,
 Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so
 On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
 Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies: 35
 That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

5.

Or burst the vanished Hero's lofty mound;
 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps: *
 He fell, and falling nations mourned around;
 But now not one of saddening thousand weeps, 40
 Nor warlike-worshipper his vigil keeps
 Where demi-gods appeared, as records tell.
 Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps:¹⁶⁰
 Is that a temple where a God may dwell?
 Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her shattered cell! 45

* It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead; the greater Ajax in particular was interred entire. Almost all the chiefs became gods after their decease, and he was indeed neglected, who had not annual games near his tomb, or festivals in honour of his memory by his countrymen, as Achilles,¹⁶¹ Brasidas,¹⁶² &c. and at last even Antinous,¹⁶³ whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous.

160: Compare Hamlet on Yorick in V i; except that Yorick was Hamlet's friend.

161: Achilles' ashes were mixed, and buried with, those of his beloved Patroclus.

162: Brasidas (d. 422 BC) Spartan victor of the battle of Amphipolis in the Peloponnesian War..

163: Antinous was a youth beloved by the Emperor Hadrian.

6.

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
 The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:
 Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole, 50
 The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit
 And Passion's host, that never brooked control:
 Can all saint, sage or sophist ever writ,
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

7.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son! * 55
 "All that we know is, nothing can be known."¹⁶⁴
 Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?
 Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
 With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
 Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best; 60
 Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:
 There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
 But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome rest.

* Socrates.

[7a: erased at Egerton 2027 f.38r.]

**Frown not upon me, churlish Priest!¹⁶⁵ that I
 Look not for Life, where Life may never be,
 I am no sneerer at thy Phantasy,
 Thou pitiest me, - alas! I envy thee,
 Thou bold Discoverer in an unknown Sea
 Of happy Isles, and happier tenants there,
 I ask not thee to prove a Sadducee; *
 Still Dream of Paradise thou knowst not where!
 Which if it be thy Sins will never let thee share.¹⁶⁶**

* **The Sadducees did not believe in the Resurrection.**

8.

Yet if, the holiest men have deemed, there be
 A land of souls beyond that sable shore, 65
 To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
 And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;
 How sweet it were no concert to adore
 With those who made our mortal labours light!
 To hear each voice we feared to hear no more! 70
 Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
 The Bactrian, Samian sage,¹⁶⁷ and all who taught the right!

164: Socrates said that humility dictated that we should always confess ignorance: he did not query the "knowability" of things.

165: Laertes' words to the priest who is unwilling to give Ophelia Christian burial, at *Hamlet* V i..

166: Text from Erdman/Worrall 103.

167: The Bactrian sage is the dualistic Zoroaster; the Samian sage, the mathematical Pythagoras.

9.

There, thou!¹⁶⁸ – whose love and life together fled,
 Have left me here to love and live in vain –
 Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead, 75
 When busy Memory flashes on my brain?
 Well – I will dream that we may meet again,
 And woo the vision to my vacant breast:
 If aught of young Remembrance then remain,
 Be as it may Futurity's behest, 80
 For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest! *

*** In this age of bigotry, when the puritan and the priest have changed places, and the wretched catholic is visited with the “sins of his fathers,” even unto generations far beyond the pale of the commandment, the cast of opinion in these stanzas will doubtless meet with many a contemptuous anathema. But let it be remembered, that the spirit they breathe is desponding, not sneering, scepticism; that he who has seen the Greek and Moslem superstitions contending for mastery over the former shrines of Polytheism, – who has left in his own country “Pharisees, thanking God that they are not Publicans and Sinners,” and Spaniards in theirs, abhorring the Heretics, who have holpen them in their need, – will not be a little bewildered, and begin to think, that as only one of them can be right, they may most of them be wrong. With regard to morals, and the effect of religion on mankind, it appears, from all historical testimony, to have had less effect in making them love their neighbours, than inducing that cordial christian abhorrence between sectaries and schismatics. The Turks and Quakers are the most tolerant; if an Infidel pays heratch¹⁶⁹ to the former, he may pray how, when, and where he pleases; and the mild tenets, and devout demeanour of the latter, make their lives the truest commentary on the Sermon of the Mount. [deleted at Egerton 2027 f.54v.]**

10.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
 The marble column's yet unshaken base;
 Here, son of Saturn! was thy fav'rite throne: *
 Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace 85
 The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
 It may not be: nor ev'n can Fancy's eye
 Restore what Time hath laboured to deface.
 Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh;
 Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by. 90

* The temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which sixteen columns entirely of marble yet survive: originally there were 150. These columns, however, are by many supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon.

168: This stanza is a late insertion, and refers to the death of John Edleston.

169: Tax.

11.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane¹⁷⁰
 On high, where Pallas lingered, loth to flee
 The latest relic of her ancient reign –
 The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?¹⁷¹
 Blush, Caledonia! such thy son could be! 95
 England! I joy no child he was of thine:
 Thy free-born men should spare what once was free;
 Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
 And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine. *

* The ship was wrecked in the Archipelago.¹⁷²

12.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast, 100
 To rive what Goth and Turk, and Time hath spared: *
 Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
 His mind as barren and his heart as hard,
 Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared,
 Aught to displace Athena's poor remains: 105
 Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
 Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains,
 And never knew, till then, the weight of Despot's chains. †

* At this moment (January 3, 1809),¹⁷³ besides what has been already deposited in London, an Hydriot¹⁷⁴ vessel is in the Piræus to receive every portable relic. Thus, as I heard a young Greek observe in common with many of his countrymen – for, lost as they are, they yet feel on this occasion – thus may Lord Elgin boast of having ruined Athens. An Italian painter of the first eminence, named Lusieri,¹⁷⁵ is the agent of devastation; and, like the Greek *finder* of Verres¹⁷⁶ in Sicily, who followed the same profession, he has proved the able instrument of plunder. Between this artist and the French Consul Fauvel,¹⁷⁷ who wishes to rescue the remains for his own government, there is now a violent dispute concerning a car employed in their conveyance, the wheel of which – I wish they were both broken upon it – has been locked up by the Consul, and Lusieri has laid his complaint before the Waywode.¹⁷⁸ Lord Elgin has been extremely happy in his choice of Signor Lusieri. During a residence of ten years in Athens, he never had the curiosity to proceed as far as Sunium, [*see Byron's note N2 at the end*] till he accompanied us in our second excursion. However, his works, as far as they go, are most beautiful; but they are almost all unfinished. While he and his patrons confine themselves to tasting medals, appreciating cameos, sketching columns, and cheapening gems, their little absurdities are as harmless as insect or fox-hunting, maiden-speechifying, barouche-driving, or any such pastime: but when they carry away three or four shiploads of the most valuable and massy relics that time and barbarism have left to the most injured and

170: “yon fane” is the Parthenon, temple of Minerva (“Pallas”).

171: B. refers again to Lord Elgin.

172: In 1803, Elgin tried to ship some antiquities to Britain, but the vessel sank. The cargo was recovered.

173: B. in fact writes in January 1810.

174: The seventh edition has “Hydroit.”

175: Giovanni Battista Lusieri (17??-1821) had been a painter attached to Lord Elgin's retinue in 1799-1803. He was still supervising the removal of some of the artefacts which Elgin had collected.

176: Gaius Verres (d. 43 BC) Roman governor of Sicily, prosecuted by Cicero for corruption.

177: Louis François Sebastian Fauvel (1753-1838) French consul in Athens. In respect of archaeology and sculpture he was to France what Lusieri and Elgin were to England.

178: On January 3rd 1810, H. writes in his diary, “Mr Lusieri called today – tells that Mr Fauvel has got the body and remaining wheels of his cart.”

most celebrated of cities; when they destroy, in a vain attempt to tear down, those works which have been the admiration of ages, I know no motive which can excuse, no name which can designate, the perpetrators of this dastardly devastation. It was not the least of the crimes laid to the charge of Verres, that he had plundered Sicily, in the manner since imitated at Athens. The most unblushing impudence could hardly go farther than to affix the name of its plunderer to the walls of the Acropolis; while the wanton and useless defacement of the whole range of the basso-relievos, in one compartment of the temple, will never permit that name to be pronounced by an observer without execration.

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

Another noble Lord has done better, because he has done less: but some others, more or less noble, yet “all honourable men,” have done *best*, because, after a deal of excavation and execration, bribery to the Waywode, mining and countermining, they have done nothing at all. We had such ink-shed, and wine-shed, which almost ended in bloodshed! Lord E’s “prig,” – see Jonathan Wylde for the definition of “priggism,”¹⁷⁹ – quarrelled with another, *Gropius*¹⁸⁰ [see *Byron’s note N3 at the end*] by name, a very good name too for his business, and muttered something about satisfaction, in a verbal answer to a note of the poor Prussian: this was stated at table to Gropius, who laughed, but could eat no dinner afterwards. The rivals were not reconciled when I left Greece. I have reason to remember their squabble, for they wanted to make me their arbitrator.

† I cannot resist availing myself of the permission of my friend Dr. Clarke,¹⁸¹ whose name requires no comment with the public, but whose sanction will add tenfold weight to my testimony, to insert the following extract from a very obliging letter of his to me, as a note to the above lines: –

“When the last of the Metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and, in moving of it, great part of the superstructure with one of the triglyphs was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin employed, the Disdar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and in a supplicating tone of voice, said to Lusieri; Τέλος!¹⁸² – I was present.”

The Disdar alluded to was the father of the present Disdar.

12a [original rewritten at Egerton 2027 f.40r.]

**<What! shall it e’er be said by British tongue,
Albion was happy in Athena’s tears?
Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,
Albion! I would not see thee thus adorned
With gains thy generous spirit should have scorned,
From Man distinguished by some monstrous sign,
Like Attila the Hun was surely horned
Who worked this ravage amid works divine
Oh that Minerva’s voice lent its keen aid to mine>**

<Attila was horned, if we may trust contemporary legends, and the etchings of his visage in Lavater.>

179: A prig was a thief. See Fielding, *Jonathan Wild*, Chapter IV; or *The Winter’s Tale*, IV, iii, 96.

180: Karl Wilhelm Gropius (1793-1870) landscape and architectural draftsman. Austrian Vice-Consul at Athens.

181: Edward Daniel Clarke (1769-1822): Professor of Mineralogy at Cambridge.

182: “The end!”

13.

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,
 Albion was happy in Athena's tears? 110
 Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,
 Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears;
 The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears
 The last poor plunder from a bleeding land:
 Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears, 115
 Tore down those remnants with a Harpy's hand,
 Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrants left to stand.

[13a: deleted at Egerton 2027 f.40v.-41v.]

**Come then, ye classic thieves of each degree
 Dark Hamilton,¹⁸³ and sullen Aberdeen,¹⁸⁴
 Come pilfer all the Pilgrim loves to see
 All that yet consecrates the fading scene,
 Ah! better were it ye had never been
 Nor ye, nor Elgin, nor that lesser wight
 The victim sad of vase-collecting spleen,
 House-furnisher withal, one Thomas¹⁸⁵ hight; *
 Than ye should bear one stone from wronged Athena's sight.**

* Thomas Hope, Esq., if I mistake not – the man who publishes quartos on furniture and costume.

[13b: deleted at Egerton 2027 f.41v.]

**Or will the gentle Dilettanti crew
 Now delegate the task to digging Gell,¹⁸⁶ *
 That mighty limner of a birdseye view,
 How like to Nature let his volumes tell,
 Who can with him the folios' limit swell?
 With all the author saw, or said he saw?
 Who can topographize or delve so well?
 No boaster he, nor impudent and raw,
 His pencil, pen, and Spade, alike without a flaw?**

* It is rumoured Gell is coming out to dig in Olympia. I wish him more success than he had at Athens. According to Lusieri's account, he began digging most furiously without a firmann, but before the resurrection of a single sauce-pan, the Painter countermined and the Way-wode countermanded and sent him back to bookmaking.¹⁸⁷

183: William Richard Hamilton (1777-1859) was Elgin's agent in the removal of the Parthenon frieze.

184: George Hamilton Gordon, fourth Earl of Aberdeen (1784-1860) old Harrovian; Prime Minister during the Crimean War. Abused by B. at *EBSR* 509 and 1027.

185: Thomas Hope (1769-1831) author of *Anastasius* (1820), which B. wished he had written himself.

186: William Gell (1777-1836) classical topographer: B. called him "rapid Gell" because he surveyed the Plain of Troy in three days. See *EBSR* 1034.

187: Text edited from Erdman/Worrall 109.

14.

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas! that appalled
 Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way? *
 Where Peleus' son? whom Hell in vain enthralled, 120
 His shade from Hades upon that dread day,
 Bursting to light in terrible array!
 What! could not Pluto spare the chief once more,
 To scare a second robber from his prey?
 Idly he wandered on the Stygian shore, 125
 Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before.

* According to Zosimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis; but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer. – See CHANDLER.¹⁸⁸

15.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
 Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
 Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
 Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed 130
 By British hands, which it had best behoved
 To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.
 Curst be the hour when from their isle they roved,
 And once again thy hapless bosom gored, 134
 And snatched thy shrinking Gods to northern climes abhorred!

16.

But where is Harold? shall I then forget
 To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave?¹⁸⁹
 Little recked he of all that men regret;
 No loved-one now in feigned lament could rave;
 No friend the parting hand extended gave, 140
 Ere the cold stranger passed to other climes:
 Hard is his heart whom charms may not enslave;
 But Harold felt not as in other times,
 And left without a sigh the land of wars and crimes.

17.

He that has sailed upon the dark blue sea, 145
 Has viewed at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
 When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
 The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
 Masts, spires and strand retiring to the right,
 The glorious main expanding o'er the bow, 150
 The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
 The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
 So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

188: Zosimus was a Greek historian of the fifth century AD. The Visigoth King Alaric plundered Athens in 395 AD. Chandler is Richard Chandler (1738-1810) an archaeologist who travelled in, and wrote extensively about, Greece and Asia Minor. See *Travels in Greece* (1776).

189: Using Harold as excuse, B. now turns back on his own chronology, from Athens (1810-11) to Malta (1809).

18.

And oh, the little warlike world within!
 The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy, * 155
 The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
 When, at a word, the tops are manned on high:
 Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
 While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;
 Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by, 160
 Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
 And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

* The netting to prevent blocks or splinters falling on deck during action.

19.¹⁹⁰

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
 Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks:
 Look on that part which sacred doth remain 165
 For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
 Silent and feared by all – not oft he talks
 With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
 That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
 Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely swerve 170
 From law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve.

20.

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
 Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray;
 Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
 That lagging barks may make their lazy way. * 175
 Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
 To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
 What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day,
 Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
 The flapping sail hauled down to halt for logs like these! 180

* An additional “misery of Human Life” – lying to at Sunset for a large convoy, till the sternmost pass ahead. Mem – fine frigate fair wind likely to change before morning, but enough at present for ten knots!¹⁹¹

21.

The moon is up; by Heaven, a lovely eve!
 Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand;
 Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe:
 Such be our fate when we return to land!
 Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand 185
 Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;
 A circle there of merry listeners stand,
 Or to some well-known measure featly move,
 Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.

¹⁹⁰: In stanza 19 is shown the admiration for the British Navy which prevented B. from doing dramatic justice to the mutiny on HMS *Bounty* in *The Island* (1823).

¹⁹¹: Text from Erdman/Worrall 113. It seems that B. (or Harold) is waiting to leave Malta.

22.

Through Calpe's straits¹⁹² survey the steepy shore; 190
 Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
 Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor
 Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's¹⁹³ blaze:
 How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
 Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown, 195
 Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase;
 But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,
 From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

23.

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel
 We once have loved, though love is at an end: 200
 The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
 Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.
 Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
 When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?
 Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend, 205
 Death hath but little left him to destroy!
 Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

24.

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
 To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere;
 The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride, 210
 And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.
 None are so desolate but something dear,
 Dearer than self, possesses or possessed
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
 A flashing pang! of which the weary breast 215
 Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

25.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been; 220
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
 This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

192: The straits of Gibraltar. B. only passed through them from east to west.

193: *Macbeth*, II, i, 51.

26.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men, 226
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress! 230
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less
 Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued;
 This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

27.

More blest the life of godly Eremite, 235
 Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,
 Watching at eve upon the giant height,
 Which looks o'er waves so blue, – skies so serene,
 That he who there at such an hour hath been
 Will wistful linger on that hallowed spot; 240
 Then slowly tear him from the witching scene,
 Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
 Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

28.

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track
 Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind, 245
 Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
 And each well known caprice of wave and wind;
 Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
 Cooped in their winged sea-girt citadel;
 The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind, 250
 As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,
 Till on some jocund morn – lo, land! and all is well.

29.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles, *
 The sister tenants of the middle deep;
 There for the weary still a haven smiles, 255
 Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to weep,
 And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
 For him who dared prefer a mortal bride:¹⁹⁴
 Here, too, his boy essayed the dreadful leap
 Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide; 260
 While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen doubly sighed.¹⁹⁵

* Goza is said to have been the island of Calypso.¹⁹⁶

194: Odysseus, who preferred his wife Penelope to the nymph Calypso (see *Odyssey*, Book V).

195: A reference not to the *Odyssey*, but to Fénelon's *Télémaque* (1699).

196: The *Odyssey* gives Ogygia, not Goza as the name of Calypso's island (see Wright, *Horæ Ionicae*, p. 31). B. is anxious that we should see Harold as a type of Odysseus. See also below, 456, B.'s note.

30.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone:
 But trust not this; too easy youth, beware!
 A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
 And thou may'st find a new Calypso there. 265
 Sweet Florence!¹⁹⁷ could another ever share
 This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine:
 But checked by every tie, I may not dare
 To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
 Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine. 270

31.

Thus Harold deemed, as on the lady's eye
 He looked, and met its beam without a thought,
 Save Admiration glancing harmless by:
 Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,
 Who knew his votary often lost and caught, 275
 But knew him as his worshipper no more,
 And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought:
 Since now he vainly urged him to adore,
 Well deemed the little God his ancient sway was o'er.

32.

Fair Florence found, in sooth with some amaze, 280
 One who, 'twas said, still sighed to all he saw,
 Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,
 Which others hailed with real or mimic awe,
 Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law;
 All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims: 285
 And much she marvelled that a youth so raw
 Nor felt, nor feigned at least, the oft-told flames,
 Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger dames.

33.

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,
 Now masked in silence or withheld by pride, 290
 Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,
 And spread its snares licentious far and wide;
 Nor from the base pursuit had turned aside,
 As long as aught was worthy to pursue:
 But Harold on such arts no more relied; 295
 And had he doated on those eyes so blue,
 Yet never would he join the lover's whining crew.

197: Florence is Constance Spencer Smith, with whom B. had an affair on Malta. She was the daughter of the Austrian ambassador to Constantinople, and sister-in-law to Sir William Sidney Smith, victor of the siege of Acre in 1799. Her husband was the English Minister in Stuttgart, and she was friendly with the Bourbon court at Naples.

34.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
 Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;
 What careth she for hearts when once possessed? 300
 Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;
 But not too humbly, or she will despise
 Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes:
 Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise;
 Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes; 305
 Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion crowns thy hopes.

35.

'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,
 And those who know it best, deplore it most;
 When all is won that all desire to woo,
 The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost: 310
 Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,
 These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!
 If, kindly, cruel, early Hope is crost,
 Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
 Not to be cured when Love itself forgets to please. 315

36.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
 For we have many a mountain-path to tread,
 And many a varied shore to sail along,
 By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led –
 Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head 320
 Imagined in its little schemes of thought;
 Or e'er in new Utopias were ared,¹⁹⁸
 To teach man what he might be, or he ought;
 If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.

37.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still, 325
 Though alway changing, in her aspect mild;
 From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
 Her never-weened, though not her favoured child.
 Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
 Where nothing polished dares pollute her path: 330
 To me by day or night she ever smiled,
 Though I have marked her when none other hath,
 And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath.

198: "ared" is a medievalism for "a-read."

38.

Land of Albania! where Iskander¹⁹⁹ rose,
 Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise, 335
 And he his name-sake,²⁰⁰ whose oft-baffled foes
 Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprise:
 Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes *
 On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
 The cross descends, thy minarets arise, 340
 And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,²⁰¹
 Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

* Albania comprises part of Macedonia, Illyria, Chaonia, and Epirus. Iskander is the Turkish word for Alexander; and the celebrated Scanderbeg (Lord Alexander) is alluded to in the third and fourth lines of the thirty-eighth stanza. I do not know whether I am correct in making Scanderbeg the countryman of Alexander, who was born at Pella in Macedon, but Mr. Gibbon terms him so, and adds Pyrrhus to the list, in speaking of his exploits.²⁰²

Of Albania Gibbon remarks, that a country "within sight of Italy is less known than the interior of America."²⁰³ Circumstances, of little consequence to mention, led Mr. Hobhouse and myself into that country before we visited any other part of the Ottoman dominions;²⁰⁴ and with the exception of Major Leake,²⁰⁵ then officially resident at Joannina, no other Englishmen have ever advanced beyond the capital into the interior, as that gentleman very lately assured me. Ali Pacha was at that time (October, 1809) carrying on war against Ibrahim Pacha, whom he had driven to Berat, a strong fortress which he was then besieging on our arrival: at Joannina we were invited to Tepaleni, his Highness's birth-place, and favourite Serai, only one day's distance from Berat; at this juncture the Vizier had made it his head quarters.

After some stay in the capital, we accordingly followed; but though furnished with every accommodation and escorted by one of the Vizier's secretaries, we were nine days (on account of the rains) in accomplishing a journey which, on our return, barely occupied four.

On our route we passed two cities, Argyrcastro and Libochabo, apparently little inferior to Joannina in size; and no pencil or pen can ever do justice to the scenery in the vicinity of Zitzza and Delvinachi, the frontier village of Epirus and Albania proper.

On Albania and its inhabitants I am unwilling to descant, because this will be done so much better by my fellow-traveller, in a work which may probably precede this in publication, that I as little wish to follow as I would to anticipate him. But some few observations are necessary to the rest.

199: B. would have known of the Albanian hero Iskander, or Skanderbeg (1403-66), from Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, Chapter 67. He was raised a Moslem in Constantinople, but reneged, and fought for years, successfully, for Albanian freedom. On his death all he had achieved evaporated.

200: Alexander the Great.

201: It's strange to celebrate the beauties of Islamic architecture in a stanza which starts by apostrophising the renegado from Islam, Iskander.

202: The comparison is made at Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, Chap. 57: "The enthusiasm of chivalry and religion has ranked him with the names of Alexander and Pyrrhus"; but the comparison is also made at Pouqueville, *Voyages en Morée* (1805) III, 21.

203: This sentence does not occur in *Decline and Fall*. But see Pouqueville, *Voyages*, III, 2: "... un pays placé aux portes de l'Europe, et inconnu jusqu'à présent, ou sur lequel on n'a publié que des choses vagues et mensongères."

204: Why two inexperienced Englishmen should have ventured into Europe's equivalent of the Belgian Congo must have been a question readers asked themselves. H. writes (in his book, not his diary) that the availability of the brig which took them was "one of those accidents which often, in spite of preconcerted schemes, decide the conduct of travellers" (*Journey*, I, 1).

205: William Martin Leake (1777-1860) classical topographer and numismatist. He had been engaged on English diplomatic business in the Near East since 1799. He was consul in Joannina.

The Arnaouts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland, in dress, figure, and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian with a kinder climate. The kilt, though white; the spare, active form; their dialect, Celtic in its sound; and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven.²⁰⁶ No nation are so detested and dreaded by their neighbours as the Albanese: the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians, or the Turks as Moslems; and in fact they are a mixture of both, and sometimes neither. Their habits are predatory: all are armed; and the red shawled Arnaouts, the Montenegrins, Chimariots, and Gegdes are treacherous; the others differ somewhat in garb, and essentially in character. As far as my own experience goes, I can speak favourably. I was attended by two, and Infidel and a Mussulman, to Constantinople and every other part of Turkey which came within my observation; and more faithful in peril, or indefatigable in service, are rarely to be found. The Infidel was named Basilius, the Moslem, Dervish Tahiri; the former a man of middle age, and the latter about my own. Basili was strictly charged by Ali Pacha in person to attend us; and Dervish was one of fifty who accompanied us through the forests of Acanarnia to the banks of the Achelous, and onward to Messalunghi in Ætolia. There I took him into my own service, and never had occasion to repent it till the moment of my departure.

When in 1810, after the departure of my friend Mr. H. for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea, these men saved my life by frightening away my Physician, whose throat they threatened to cut if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attributed my recovery. I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens; my dragoman was as ill as myself, and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilization.

They had a variety of adventures; for the Moslem, Dervish, being a remarkably handsome man, was always squabbling with the husbands of Athens; insomuch that four of the principal Turks paid me a visit of remonstrance at the Convent, on the subject of his having taken a woman from the bath – whom he had lawfully bought however – a thing quite contrary to etiquette.

Basili was extremely gallant amongst his own persuasion, and had the greatest veneration for the church, mixed with the highest contempt of churchmen, whom he cuffed upon occasion in the most heterodox manner. Yet he never passed a church without crossing himself; and I remember the risk he ran in entering St. Sophia, in Stamboul, because it had once been a place of his worship. On remonstrating with him on his inconsistent proceedings, he invariably answered, “our church is holy, our priests are thieves;” and then he crossed himself a usual, and boxed the ears of the first “papas” who refused to assist in any required operation, as was always found to be necessary where the priest had any influence with the Cogia Bashi of his village. Indeed a more abandoned race of miscreants cannot exist than the lower orders of the Greek clergy.

When preparations were made for my return, my Albanians were summoned to receive their pay. Basili took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his quarters with his bag of piastres. I sent for Dervish, but for some time he was not to be found; at last he entered, just as Signor Logotheti, father to the ci-devant Anglo-consul of Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances paid me a visit. Dervish took the money, but on a sudden dashed it to the ground; and clasping his hands, which he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room weeping bitterly. From that moment to the hour of my embarkation he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts to console him only produced this answer, “Μ’ἀφεινεί,” “He leaves me.” Signor Logotheti, who never wept before for any thing less than the loss of a para, [* Para, about the fourth of a farthing] melted; the padre of the convent, my attendants, my visitors – and I verily believe that even “Sterne's foolish fat

206: In Scott's *St. Ronan's Well* (1824), Chapter 20, this passage is quoted to justify Egeus, in a provincial performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, being dressed in Highland gear.

scullion” would have left her “fish-kettle,” to sympathize with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian.²⁰⁷

For my own part, when I remembered that, a short time before my departure from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me because he had to attend a relation “to a milliner’s,” I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection.

That Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be expected: when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate; but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity, improved my opinion of the human heart. I believe this almost feudal fidelity is frequent amongst them. One day, on our journey over Parnassus, an Englishman in my service²⁰⁸ gave him a push in some dispute about the baggage, which he unluckily mistook for a blow; he spoke not, but sat down leaning his head upon his hands. Foreseeing the consequences, we endeavoured to explain away the affront, which produced the following answer: – “I *have been* a robber, I *am* a soldier; no captain ever struck me; *you* are my master, I have eaten your bread, but by *that* bread! (a usual oath) had it been otherwise, I would have stabbed the dog your servant, and gone to the mountains.” So the affair ended, but from that day forward he never forgave the thoughtless fellow who insulted him.

Dervish excelled in the dance of his country, conjectured to be a remnant of the ancient Pyrrhic;²⁰⁹ be that as it may, it is manly, and requires wonderful agility. It is very distinct from the stupid Romaika, the dull roundabout of the Greeks, of which our Athenian party had so many specimens.

The Albanians in general (I do not mean the cultivators of the earth in the provinces, who have also that appellation, but the mountaineers) have a fine cast of countenance; and the most beautiful women I ever beheld, in stature and in features, we saw *levelling the road* broken down by the torrents between Delvinachi and Libochavo.²¹⁰ Their manner of walking is truly theatrical; but this strut is probably the effect of the capote, or cloak, depending²¹¹ from one shoulder. Their long hair reminds you of the Spartans, and their courage in desultory warfare²¹² is unquestionable. Though they have some cavalry amongst the Gegdes, I never saw a good Arnaout horseman: my own preferred the English saddles, which, however, they could never keep. But on foot they are not to be subdued by fatigue.

207: – He was alive last *Whitsontide*, said the coachman. – *Whitsontide!* alas! cried *Trim*, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon, – what is *Whitsontide*, *Jonathan*, (for that was the coachman's name) or *Shrovetide*, or any tide or time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal, (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability) – and are we not – (dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment! – 'Twas infinitely striking! *Susannah* burst into a flood of tears. – We are not stocks and stones. – *Jonathan*, *Obadiah*, the cook-maid, all melted. – The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was rous'd with it. – Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*, V, 7 (not, as Coleridge and McGann and Tabuki all have it, IV, 44).

208: Fletcher, B.'s valet.

209: Compare *Don Juan II, Isles of Greece*, 10, 1-2: *You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet – / Where is the Pyrrhic Phalanx gone?*

210: H. records, on Wednesday October 18th 1809: “... zig-zag path up and down the sides of the mountains, the villagers chiefly women, making the way for us with pickaxes.”

211: B.'s use of “depending” is from Spenser's description of the Albanian costume of Doubt, at *The Faerie Queene*, III, xii, 10, 1-4, who *at his back a brode Capuccio had, / And sleeues dependant Albanese-wyse ...*

212: Guerilla warfare.

39.

Childe Harold sailed, and passed the barren spot, *
 Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave;²¹³
 And onward viewed the mount, not yet forgot, 345
 The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.²¹⁴
 Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
 That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
 Could she not live who life eternal gave?
 If life eternal may await the lyre, 350
 That only Heaven to which Earth's children may aspire.

* Ithaca.

40.

'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
 Childe Harold hailed Leucadia's cape afar;
 A spot he longed to see, nor cared to leave:
 Oft did he mark the scenes of vanished war, 355
 Actium,²¹⁵ Lepanto,²¹⁶ fatal Trafalgar;²¹⁷ *
 Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight
 (Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
 In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,
 But loathed the bravo's trade, and laughed at martial wight. 360

* Actium and Trafalgar need no further mention. The battle of Lepanto, equally bloody and considerable but less known, was fought in the gulph of Patras; here the author of Don Quixote lost his left hand.

41.

But when he saw the evening star above
 Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe, *
 And hailed the last resort of fruitless love,
 He felt, or deemed he felt, no common glow:²¹⁸
 And as the stately vessel glided slow 365
 Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
 He watched the billows' melancholy flow,
 And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
 More placid seemed his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

* Leucadia, now Santa Maura. From the promontory (The Lover's Leap) Sappho is said to have thrown herself.

213: Ithaca, which B first saw on Sunday September 24th 1809. What for Odysseus was his goal is for Harold a classical allusion, passed over briefly.

214: Leucadia (on Santa Maura), from a rock off which Sappho is said – in the heterosexual version of her legend – to have jumped. B. passed it on Thursday September 28th 1809. H.'s diary for that day reads: "Sailing in the channel between Ithaca and Santa Maura, passed Ithaca and saw Cefalonia stretching farther to the north – enclosing, as it were, Ithaca. Doubled the Leucate Promontory precipices." Compare Wright, *Horæ Ionicae*, p. 30.

215: The sea-battle of Actium (31 BC), where Octavius beat Antony and Cleopatra.

216: The sea-battle of Lepanto (1571), where Don John of Austria beat the Turks and Miguel de Cervantes lost the use of his left hand (not the entire hand).

217: The sea-battle of Trafalgar (1805), where Nelson beat the French.

218: This from the man who has just rejected Calypso seems sentimental.

42.

Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's hills, 370
 Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
 Robed half in mist, bedewed with snowy rills,
 Arrayed in many a dun and purple streak,
 Arise; and as the clouds along them break,
 Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer; 375
 Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,
 Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
 And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.

43.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,²¹⁹
 And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu; 380
 Now he adventured on a shore unknown,
 Which all admire, but many dread to view:
 His breast was armed 'gainst fate, his wants were few;
 Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet:
 The scene was savage, but the scene was new; 385
 This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
 Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed summer's heat.

219: B. was of course accompanied on his journey to Albania by H. and Fletcher.

44.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,
 Though sadly scoffed at by the circumcised,
 Forgets that pride to pampered Priesthood dear; 390
 Churchman and votary alike despised.
 Foul Superstition! howsoe'er disguised,
 Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
 For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
 Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss! 395
 Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross?

45.

Ambracia's gulph behold, where once was lost
 A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing!²²⁰
 In yonder rippling bay, their naval host
 Did many a Roman chief and Asian king * 400
 To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring:²²¹
 Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose: †
 Now, like the hands that reared them, withering:
 Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes!
 GOD! was thy globe ordained for such to win and lose? 405

* It is said, that on the day previous to the battle of Actium Anthony had thirteen kings at his levee.

† Nicopolis, whose ruins are most extensive, is at some distance from Actium, where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments.

46.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,
 Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,
 Childe Harold passed o'er many a mount sublime,
 Though lands scarce noticed in historic tales; 410
 Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales
 Are rarely seen; nor can fair Tempe boast
 A charm they know not; loved Parnassus fails,
 Though classic ground and consecrated most,
 To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast.

220: Actium is situated on the Ambracian Gulf; though "lovely, harmless thing" is a strange phrase to describe Cleopatra.

221: Echoes Wright, *Horæ Ionicæ*, p. 28.

47.

He passed bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake, * 415
 And left the primal city of the land,
 And onwards did his further journey take
 To great Albania's chief,²²² whose dread command †
 Is lawless law: for with a bloody hand
 He sways a nation, turbulent and bold: 420
 Yet here and there some daring mountain-band
 Disdain his power and from their rocky hold
 Hurl their defiance far, nor yield unless to gold. ‡

* According to Pouqueville the lake of Yanina; but Pouqueville is always out.²²³

† The celebrated Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville's Travels.²²⁴

‡ Five thousand Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Suli, withstood 30,000 Albanians for eighteen years: the castle was at last taken by bribery. In this contest there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece.²²⁵

48.

Monastic Zitza!²²⁶ From thy shady brow, *
 Thou small, but favoured spot of holy ground! 425
 Where'er we gaze around, above, below,
 What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!
 Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
 And bluest skies that harmonize the whole:
 Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound 430
 Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
 Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.

* The convent and village of Zitza are four hours journey from Joannina, or Yanina, the capital of the Pachalick. In the valley of the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows, and not far from Zitza forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinaki and parts of Acarnania and Ætolia may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Raphti, are very inferior; as also every scene in Ionia, or the Troad: I am almost inclined to add the approach to Constantinople; but from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made.

222: Ali Pacha (1741-1822) ruled Albania and much of northern Greece, nominally for the Sultan in Constantinople, but in fact for himself. "The third most hated man in modern Greek history after Hitler and Stalin," his greed, depredations and sadism were notorious. He had been coveting the Ionian islands, which the English – in contravention of promises made to him via William Martin Leake, *Our Man in Ioannina* – were now taking over themselves. The innocents, B. and H., were encouraged by Naval and Diplomatic Intelligence on Malta to go the bisexual Ali as a placatory gesture.

223: F.C.H.L. Pouqueville, author of *Voyages en Morée ... en Albanie* (1805); a book with which B. parades an acquaintance now, but which H., at least, does not read until July 1811 (he may be re-reading it: the day after he finishes it, he begins his *Journey into some Provinces of Turkey*). In 1809, Pouqueville was French Resident in Ioannina, though, because of the war, B. and H. never met him. H. writes in his diary for October 6th, 1809: "Captain Leake told us that Pukeville had never been in Albania when he wrote his book." This is clear from the book, in which the Albanian section is stated as being second-hand.

224: A perfectly adequate sketch of the life (so far) of Ali appears at Pouqueville's *Voyages* III, 22-7; except for the sentence *sa stature est haut et athlétique* (p. 24), which it wasn't.

225: An account of the capitulation of Suli to Ali Pacha occurs at Wright, *Horæ Ionicae*, pp. 25-6.

226: B. reached Zitza on Wednesday October 11th 1809.

49.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,
 Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh
 Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still, 435
 Might well itself be deemed of dignity,
 The convent's white walls glisten fair on high:
 Here dwells the caloyer,²²⁷ nor rude is he, *
 Nor niggard of his cheer; the passer by
 Is welcome still; nor heedless will he flee 440
 From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

* The Greek monks are so called.

50.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
 Fresh in the green beneath those aged trees;
 Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
 From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze: 445
 The plain is far beneath – oh! let him seize
 Pure pleasure while he can; the scorching ray
 Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease:
 Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
 And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away. 450

51.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,
 Nature's volcanic amphitheatre, *
 Chimæra's alps, extend from left to right:
 Beneath, a living valley seems to stir;
 Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain-fir 455
 Nodding above; behold black Acheron! †
 Once consecrated to the sepulchre.
 Pluto! If this be hell I look upon,
 Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for none.

* The Chimariot mountains appear to have been volcanic.

† Now called Kalamas.²²⁸

227: A caloyer is a monk. See *The Giaour*, 787.

228: As with B.'s "error" over Goza (see above, 253, B.'s note), this misleading note (for Kalamas is not Acheron, despite H. diary entries for October 12th and 13th 1809) makes the innocent reader think of Harold as an Odysseus. The idea that the lake of Ioannina is the Acherusian lake (through which Acheron flowed) is from Pouqueville, *Voyages*, III, 38. Pouqueville even goes so far as to imagine Ali Pacha, emerging from his Ioannina stronghold, as *un géant des bords de l'Achérusie* (*Voyages*, III, 41).

52.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view; 460
 Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
 Veiled by the screen of hills: here men are few,
 Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot:
 But peering down each precipice, the goat
 Browseth; and, pensive o'er his scattered flock, 465
 The little shepherd in his white capote *
 Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
 Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.

* Albanese cloke.

53.

Oh! where Dodona! is thine aged grove,
 Prophetic fount, and oracle divine? 470
 What valley echoed the response of Jove?
 What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine?
 All, all forgotten – and shall man repine
 That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke?
 Cease, fool! the fate of gods may well be thine: 475
 Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak?
 When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath the stroke!

54.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail;
 Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye
 Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale 480
 As ever Spring yclad in grassy die:
 Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,
 Where some bold river breaks the long expanse, *
 And woods along the banks are waving high,
 Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance, 485
 Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's solemn trance.

* The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it; and, immediately above Tepaleen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster; at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller, Mr. Hobhouse.²²⁹ In the summer it must be much narrower. It certainly is the finest river in the Levant; neither Achelous, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty.

229: H.'s diary for Thursday October 19th 1809 confirms this: "See the banks of the river, deep – a pretty village – Corvo – with a mosque on the other side. River as broad as the Thames at Westminster."

55.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit, *
 And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by,
 The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,
 When, down the steep banks winding warily, 490
 Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
 The glittering minarets of Tepalen,²³⁰
 Whose walls o'erlook the stream; and drawing nigh,
 He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
 Swelling the breeze that sighed along the lengthening glen. 495

* Anciently called Mount Tomarus.

56.

He passed the sacred Haram's silent tower,
 And underneath the wide o'erarching gate
 Surveyed the dwelling of this chief of power,
 Where all around proclaimed his high estate.²³¹
 Amidst no common pomp the despot sate, 500
 While busy preparation shook the court,
 Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests and santons²³² wait;
 Within, a palace, and without, a fort:
 Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

57.

Richly caparisoned, a ready row 505
 Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,
 Circled the wide extending court below:
 Above, strange groups adorned the corridore:
 And oft-times through the Area's echoing door,
 Some high-capped Tartar spurred his steed away: 510
 The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,
 Here mingled in their many-hued array,
 While the deep war-drum's sound announced the close of day.

230: Variously spelled. Ali Pacha's headquarters.

231: The next three stanzas should be compared with B.'s letter to his mother of: "In nine days I reached Tepaleen, our Journey was much prolonged by the torrents that had fallen from the mountains & intersected the roads. I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen at five in the afternoon as the Sun was going down, it brought to my recollection (with some change of *dress* however) Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his lay, & the feudal system. – The Albanians in their dresses (the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a long *white kilt*, gold worked cloak, crimson velvet gold laced jacket & waistcoat, silver mounted pistols & daggers,) the Tartars with their high caps, the Turks in their vast pelises & turbans, the soldiers & black slaves with the horses, the former stretched in groupes in an immense open gallery in front of the palace, the latter placed in a kind of cloister below it, two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment, couriers entering or passing out with dispatches, the kettle drums beating, boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque, altogether, with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new & delightful spectacle to a stranger" (BLJ I 226-7).

232: A santon was a kind of hermit or a holy man.

58.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
 With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun, 515
 And gold-embroidered garments, fair to see;
 The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon;
 The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
 And crooked glaive; the lively, supple Greek;
 And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son,²³³ 520
 The bearded Turk that rarely deigns to speak,
 Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

59.

Are mixed conspicuous: some recline in groups,
 Scanning the motley scene that varies round;
 There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops, 525
 And some that smoke, and some that play, are found;
 Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground;
 Half whispering there the Greek is heard to prate;
 Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,
 The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret, 530
 "There is no god but God! – to prayer – lo! God is great!"

60.

Just at this season Ramazani's fast
 Through the long day its penance did maintain:
 But when the lingering twilight hour was past,
 Revel and feast assumed the rule again: 535
 Now all was bustle, and the menial train
 Prepared and spread the plenteous board within;
 The vacant gallery now seemed made in vain,
 But from the chambers came the mingling din,
 As page and slave anon were passing out and in. 540

61.

Here woman's voice is never heard: apart,
 And scarce permitted, guarded, veiled, to move,
 She yields to one her person and her heart,
 Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove:
 For, not unhappy in her master's love, 545
 And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
 Blest cares! all other feelings far above!
 Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,
 Who never quits the breast, no meaner passion shares.

233: Boys from many countries other than Nubia were castrated and employed as eunuchs.

[61 original: ll.5-9 rewritten at Egerton 2027 f.49r.]

Here woman's voice is never heard – apart,
 And scarce permitted guarded, veiled to rove,
 She yields to one her person & her heart,
 Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to move;
 For boyish minions of unhallowed love
 The shameless torch of wild desire is lit,
 Caressed, preferred even woman's self above,
 Whose forms for Nature's gentler errors fit
 All frailties mote excuse save that which they commit.²³⁴

62.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring 550
 Of living water from the centre rose,
 Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
 And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
 ALI reclined, a man of war and woes;
 Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace, 555
 While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
 Along that aged venerable face,
 The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

63.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
 Ill suits the passions which belong to youth; 560
 Love conquers age – so Hafiz²³⁵ hath averred,
 So sings the Teian,²³⁶ and he sings in sooth –
 But crimes that scorn the tender voice of Ruth,
 Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
 In years, have marked him with a tyger's tooth; 565
 Blood follows blood, and through their mortal span,
 In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.

64.

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye
 The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,
 And gazed around on Moslem luxury, 570
 Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
 Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retreat
 Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise:
 And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet;
 But Peace abhorreth artificial joys, 575
 And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both destroys.

234: Text edited from Erdman/Worall 135.

235: Hafiz was a fourteenth-century Persian poet.

236: Anacreon. Compare *Don Juan III*, *The Isles of Greece*, 2, 1.

[64 original: rewritten at Egerton 2027 f.49v.]
**Childe Harold with that chief held colloquy,
 Yet what they spake, it boots not to repeat,²³⁷
 Converse may little charm strange ear, or eye; –
 Four days he rested in that spacious seat
 Of Moslem luxury,²³⁸ the choice retreat
 Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise,
 And were it humbler, it in sooth were sweet;
 But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,
 And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both destroys. –²³⁹**

65.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
 Not virtues, were those virtues more mature,
 Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
 Who can so well the toil of war endure? 580
 Their native fastnesses not more secure
 Than they in doubtful time of troublous need:
 Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure,
 When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed,
 Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead. 585

66.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's tower
 Thronging to war in splendour and success;
 And after viewed them, when, within their power,
 Himself awhile the victim of distress;
 That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press: 590
 But these did shelter him beneath their roof,
 When less barbarians would have cheered him less,
 And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof – *
 In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the proof!

* Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall.

67.²⁴⁰

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark 595
 Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,
 When all around was desolate and dark,²⁴¹
 To land was perilous, to sojourn more;
 Yet for a while the mariners forbore,
 Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk: 600
 At length they ventured forth, though doubting sore
 That those who loathe alike the Frank and Turk
 Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work.

237: See Appendix 3.

238: Perhaps indecent.

239: Text edited from Erdman/Worrall 139.

240: The adventure described here happened on November 8th – 9th 1809.

241: Compare *Stanzas to Augusta* (1816), line 1: *When all around grew drear and dark*

68.

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretched the welcome hand,
 Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp, 605
 Kinder than polished slaves though not so bland,
 And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments damp,
 And filled the bowl, and trimmed the cheerful lamp,
 And spread their fare; though homely, all they had:
 Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp – 610
 To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,
 Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least the bad.

69.

It came to pass, that when he did address
 Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,
 Combined marauders half-way barred egress, 615
 And wasted far and near with glaive and brand;
 And therefore did he take a trusty band²⁴²
 To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,
 In war well seasoned, and with labours tanned,
 Till he did greet white Achelous' tide, 620
 And from his further bank Ætolia's woods espied.

70.

Where lone Utraikey forms its circling cove,
 And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,
 How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,
 Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast, 625
 As winds come lightly whispering from the west,
 Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene: –
 Here Harold was received a welcome guest;
 Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,
 For many a joy could he from Night's soft presence glean. 630

71.

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed,
 The feast was done, the red wine circling fast, *
 And he that unawares had there ygzazed
 With gaping wonderment had stared aghast;
 For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past, 635
 The native revels of the troop began;
 Each Palikar his sabre from him cast, †
 And bounding hand in hand, man linked to man,
 Yelling their uncouth dirge, long danced the kirtled clan.

* The Albanian Musselmans do not abstain from wine, and indeed very few of the others.

† Palikar, shortened when addressed to a single person, from Παλικαρι, a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albinese who speak Romaic – it means properly “a lad.”²⁴³

²⁴²: Having been entertained by Ali Pacha, B. was given by him a fifty-strong bodyguard (“a trusty band”) to escort him back to the Gulf of Corinth; but the poem makes it sound as though he recruited the band himself.

²⁴³: A definition from Pouqueville, *Voyages en Morée*, III 20.

72.

Childe Harold at a long distance stood²⁴⁴ 640
 And viewed, but not displeased, the revelrie,
 Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude:
 In sooth it was no vulgar sight to see
 Their barbarous, yet their not indecent, glee,²⁴⁵
 And as the flames along their faces gleamed, 645
 Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,
 The long wild locks that to their girdles streamed,
 While thus in concert they this half sang, half screamed.²⁴⁶

I

Tambourgi! Tambourgi! thy 'larum afar *
 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war; 650
 All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,
 Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliot!

II

Oh! who is more brave than a dark Suliot,
 In his snowy camise and his shaggy capote?
 To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock, 655
 And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock.²⁴⁷

III

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive
 The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live?
 Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego?
 What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe? 660

IV

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race;
 For a time they abandon the cave and the chase;
 But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before
 The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

244: Harold is not mentioned in the poem again.

245: Such condescension ill befits one who was "Sore given to revel and ungodly glee" (I, 15 above).

246: H.'s diary entry for Tuesday, November 14th 1809, goes in part: We had with us, from Prevesa, including Captain Lato and Vasily, thirty-seven soldiers, and the scene at night-time was not a little picturesque, a goat being roasted whole for the Albanians. They assembled in four parties round as many fires, and the night being fine they sung and danced to their songs round the largest blaze after their manner. Several of these songs turned on the exploits of robbers, one beginning thus 'When we set sail a band of thieves from Parga – we were in number eighty-two.' 'κλεπτεῖς ποτε Πάργα! κλεπτεῖς ποτε Πάργα!' ['Robbers all at Parga! Robbers all at Parga!'] Indeed, we afterwards learnt that the most polished *Boli Basha* amongst them had been, only four years ago, a most formidable thief, commanding nearly two hundred men in the mountains of Hepacto, which, it seems, was also the condition of His Highness [*that is, Ali Pacha*] once, who began the world, at the death of the last Pacha for lower Albania, with, as he says, sixty *parasi*. This night, including the guard of the place, our company amounted to sixty-seven people."

247: Anticipates *The Destruction of Semnacherib* from *Hebrew Melodies*.

V

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves, 665
 And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,
 Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,
 And track to his covert the captive on shore.

VI

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
 My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy; 670
 Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair,
 And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

VII

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,
 Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall soothe;
 Let her bring from the chamber her many-toned lyre, 675
 And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

VI (original: rewritten at Egerton 2027 f.51v.)

**I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
 My Sabre shall win what the feeble must buy;
 Shall win the young minions with long-flowing hair,
 And many a maid from her mother shall tear. –**

VII (original: rewritten at Egerton 2027 f.51v.)

**I love the fair face of the maid, and the youth,
 Their caresses shall lull us, their voices shall soothe;
 Let them bring from their chambers their many-toned lyres,
 And sing us a song on the fall of their Sires.²⁴⁸**

VIII

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,²⁴⁹ †
 The shrieks of the conquered, the conquerors' yell;
 The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,
 The wealthy we slaughtered, the lovely we spared.²⁵⁰ 680

IX

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;
 He neither must know who would serve the Vizier.²⁵¹
 Since the days of our prophet the Crescent ne'er saw
 A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

248: Text edited from Erdman/Worrall 145.

249: Ali took Prevesa from the French, and sacked it, in October 1798: *Des torrens de flamme et de fumée annonçaient en même temps que les habitans de la malheureuse ville de Prévesa expiaient la peine due à leur déloyauté. C'était en vain qu'ils avaient tourné leurs armes contre les Français; c'était en vain que par un trait de perfidie, ils avaient espéré le salut; leurs femmes violées, ou fuyant sur des barques, leur maisons qui s'écroutaient au milieu d'un vaste incendie, étaient les présages affreux du sort qui leur était réservé* – Pouqueville, *Voyages en Morée*, III, 109.

250: Ali Pacha's men, according to Pouqueville, spared no lovely women. We see here the sentimentalisation of the brigands' life which B was to continue in *The Corsair* and *TBoA*.

251: The Vizier is Ali Pacha.

X

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped, 685
 Let the yellow-haired Giaours ‡ view his horse-tail with dread; §
 When his Delhis ¶ come dashing in blood o'er the banks,
 How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!

XI

Selictar! ** unsheathe then our chief's scimitar:
 Tambourgi! Thy 'larum gives promise of war. 690
 Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore!
 Shall view us as victors, or view us no more! ††

* Tambourgi: drummer.

† It was taken by storm from the French.

‡ Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians.

§ Horse-tails are the insignia of a Pacha.

¶ Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope.

** Selictar: sword-bearer.

†† These stanzas are partly taken from different Albinese songs, as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albinese in Romaic or Italian. – **With regard to the lines in S. 6 & 7 it must be understood that the Albinese in common with the Turks and Greeks are addicted to Pederasty though I must say in their favour what must be said for the Turks, that I believe they prefer women, however in Albania their number is small in proportion to the male population.**²⁵²

As a specimen of the Albanian or Arnaout dialect of the Illyric, I here insert two of their most popular choral songs, which are generally chaunted in dancing by men or women indiscriminately. The first words are merely a kind of chorus without meaning, like some in our own and all other languages [*THIS NOTE CONTINUES AS N4 AT THE END.*]

73.

Fair Greece! Sad relic of departed worth! *
 Immortal though no more; though fallen, great!
 Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth, 695
 And long accustomed bondage uncreate?
 Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
 The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
 In bleak Thermopylæ's²⁵³ sepulchral strait –
 Oh! Who that gallant spirit shall resume, 700
 Leap from Eurota's banks, and call thee from the tomb?

* Some thoughts on this subject will be found in the subjoined papers.²⁵⁴

²⁵²: Text edited in part from Erdman/Worrall 144, in part from CPW II 198.

²⁵³: In 480 BC Leonidas, King of Sparta, held the Thermopylæ pass against the Persians under Xerxes with a force of three hundred men, allowing the rest of Greece time to organise.

²⁵⁴: See below, "Byron's Thoughts on the subject of Greece".

74.

Spirit of Freedom! When on Phyle's brow
 Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus²⁵⁵ and his train, *
 Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
 Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain? 705
 Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
 But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
 Nor rise thy sons, but idly rain in vain,
 Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
 From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unmanned. 710

* Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains: it was seized by Thrasybulus previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.

75.

In all save form alone, how changed! and who
 That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
 Who but would deem their bosoms burned anew
 With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!
 And many dream withal the hour is nigh 715
 That gives them their father's heritage:
 For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
 Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
 Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

76.²⁵⁶

Hereditary bondsmen! Know ye not 720
 Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
 By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?
 Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? No!
 True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
 But not for you will Freedom's altars flame. 725
 Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
 Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
 Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

77.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
 The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest; 730
 And the Serai's impenetrable tower
 Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest; *
 Or Wahab's rebel brood²⁵⁷ who dared divest †
 The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,²⁵⁸
 May wind their path of blood along the West; 735
 But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
 But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil.

* When taken by the Latins, and retained for several years. – See GIBBON.

† Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing.

255: Thrasybulus liberated Athens from the tyranny of the Thirty, in 403 BC.

256: This stanza is a pre-echo of *The Isles of Greece* in *Don Juan* III.

257: The Wahabees were Islamic fundamentalists who were threatening the Moslem world.

258: The Wahabees had sacked Mecca and Medina in 1803 and 1804.

78.

Yet mark their mirth – ere lenten days begin,
 That penance which their holy rites prepare
 To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin, 740
 By daily abstinence and nightly prayer;
 But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,
 Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,
 To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,
 In motley robe to dance at masking ball, 745
 And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.²⁵⁹

79.

And whose more rife with merriment than thine,
 Oh Stamboul! once the empress of their reign?
 Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,
 And Greece her very altars eyes in vain, 750
 (Alas! Her woes will still pervade my strain!)
 Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,
 All felt the common joy they now must feign,
 Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,
 As wooed the eye, and thrilled the Bosphorus along. 755

80.

Loud was the lightsome tumult of the shore,
 Oft Music changed, but never ceased her tone,
 And timely echoed back the measured oar,
 And rippling waters made a pleasant moan:
 The Queen of tides on high consenting shone, 760
 And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,
 'Twas – as if darting from her heavenly throne,
 A brighter glance her form reflected gave,
 Till sparkling billows seemed to light the banks they lave.

81.

Glanced many a light caique²⁶⁰ along the foam, 765
 Dance on the shore the daughters of the land,
 Ne thought had man or maid or rest of home,
 While many a languid eye and thrilling hand,
 Exchanged the looks few bosoms may withstand,
 Or gently prest, returned the pressure still: 770
 Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
 Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
 These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill!

259: Coleridge and McGann assume that this carnival happens at Constantinople, but neither H. nor B. refers to any such. One did occur in their last days at Athens: "They [the Franks in Athens] have balls and parties in the winter and spring of the year, in their own small circle, to which the principal Greeks are invited, and particularly during the carnival, when they and many of the inhabitants are in masquerade. We were present at that season, and were visited by a young Athenian in an English uniform, who was highly delighted with his metamorphosis. The most favourite fancy of the Greeks seemed to be that of dressing themselves up like the Waiwode, the Cadi, or other principal Turks, and parading the streets with attendants also properly habited. One more daring humourist of my acquaintance, on one occasion mimicked the Archbishop himself as if in the ceremony of blessing the houses, but found the priests less tolerant than the Mahometans, for he was excommunicated" – *Journey* (I 299-300).

260: A caique, or caïque, is a light sailing boat.

82.

But midst the throng in merry masquerade,
 Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain? 775
 Even through the closest searment half betrayed?
 To such the gentle murmurs of the main
 Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain;
 To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd
 In source of wayward thought and stern disdain: 780
 How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,
 And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud!

83.

This must he feel – the true-born son of Greece,
 If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast,
 Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace – 785
 The bondsman's peace – who sighs for all he lost,
 Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,
 And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword:
 Ah! Greece! they love thee least who owe thee most –
 Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record 790
 Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde!

84.

When riseth Lacedemon's²⁶¹ hardihood,
 When Thebes Epaminondas²⁶² rears again,
 When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
 When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men, 795
 Then may'st thou be restored; but not till then.
 A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
 An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
 Can man its shattered splendour renovate,
 Recal its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate? 800

85.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
 Land of lost gods and godlike men! art thou!
 Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow, *
 Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now;
 Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow, 805
 Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
 Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
 So perish monuments of mortal birth,
 So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth;

* On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura, the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the Summer; but I never saw it lie on the plains even in Winter.

261: The Lacedaemonians, from Laconia in south-east Greece, rebelled against Sparta in 192 BC.

262: Epaminondas (c418-362 BC) Theban general who defeated the Spartans at Leuctra (371 BC).

86.

Save where some solitary column mourns 810
 Above its prostrate brethren of the cave; *
 Save where Tritonia's²⁶³ airy shrine adorns
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave;
 Save o'er some warriors' half-forgotten grave,
 Where the grey stones and unmolested grass 815
 Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
 While strangers only not regardless pass,
 Linger like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas!"

* Of Mount Pentelicus, from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendeli. An immense cave formed by the quarries still remains, and will till the end of time.

87.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields, 820
 Then olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
 And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;
 There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
 The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air;
 Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds, 825
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
 Art, glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

88.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould!
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around, 830
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
 Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone: 835
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

89.

The sun – the soil – but not the slave the same,
 Unchanged in all except its foreign lord,
 Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame,
 The Battle-field – where Persia's victim horde 840
 First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
 As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
 When Marathon became a magic word – *
 Which uttered – to the hearer's eye appear
 The camp – the host – the fight – the conqueror's career! 845

* "Siste Viator – heroa calcas!" was the epitaph on the famous Count Merci,²⁶⁴ – what then must be our feelings when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred (Greeks) who fell on

263: Tritonia was an ancient name for Athens.

²⁶⁴ "Stop, you that pass – you are treading on a hero!"; François Mercy de Lorraine (c1590-1645) protestant hero of the Thirty Years' War.

94.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song
 Hast soothed thine idlesse with inglorious lays,
 Soon shall thy voice be lost amidst the throng
 Of louder minstrels in these later days: 885
 To such resign the strife for fading bays –
 Ill may such contest now the spirit move
 Which heeds no keen reproach nor partial praise;
 Since cold each kinder heart that might approve,
 And none are left to please when none are left to love. 890

95.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one!²⁶⁷
 Whom youth and youth's affections bound to me;
 Who did for me what none beside have done,
 Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
 What is my being? thou hast ceased to be! 895
 Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,
 Who mourned o'er hours which we no more shall see –
 Would they had never been, or were to come!
 Would he had ne'er returned to find fresh cause to roam!

96.

Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved! 900
 How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
 And clings to thoughts now better far removed!
 But time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
 All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death! thou hast;
 The parent, friend, and now the more than friend.²⁶⁸ 905
 Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
 And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
 Hath snatched the little joy that life had yet to lend.

97.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
 And follow all that Peace disdains to seek? 910
 Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,
 False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
 To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak;
 Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,
 To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique; 915
 Smiles form the channel of a future tear,
 Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer.

267: B. refers covertly to John Edelston, the Trinity choirboy with whom he'd been in love; though as a precedent for lamenting the loss of a loved one otherwise not referred to in the poem, see Beattie, *The Minstrel*, II stanzas 62-3.

268: B., now back in England, refers to the deaths of his mother, of Charles Skinner Matthews, and of Edelstone (though he claims in his prose note that the third death is that of Wingfield).

98.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page, 920
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroyed:
Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,
Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoyed, 925
And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloyed.

END OF CANTO II

[NI: BYRON'S CONTINUED NOTE ON THE PORTUGUESE:]

We have heard wonders of the Portuguese lately, and their gallantry, – pray heaven it continue; yet, “would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well!”²⁶⁹ They must fight a great many hours, by “Shrewsbury clock,”²⁷⁰ before the number of their slain equals that of our countrymen, butchered by these kind creatures, now metamorphosed into “Caçadores,”²⁷¹ and what not. I merely state a fact not confined to Portugal, for in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian and Maltese is ever punished! The neglect of protection is disgraceful to our government and governors, for the murders are as notorious as the moon that shines upon them, and the apathy that overlooks them. The Portuguese, it is hoped, are complimented with the “Forlorn Hope,” – if the cowards are become brave, (like the rest of their kind, in a corner,) pray let them display it. But there is a subscription for these *θρασύ δειλον*,²⁷² (they need not be ashamed of the epithet once applied to the Spartans,) and all the charitable patronymicks, from ostentatious A. to diffident Z., and *Il. 1s. Od.* from “an admirer of valour,” are in requisition for the lists at Lloyd’s, and the honour of British benevolence. Well, we have fought and subscribed, and bestowed peerages, and buried the killed by our friends and foes; and, lo! all this is to be done over again! Like “young The” (in Goldsmith’s *Citizen of the World*,) as we “grow older, we grow never the better.”²⁷³ It would be pleasant to learn who will subscribe for us, in or about the year 1815, and what nation will send fifty thousand men, first to be decimated in the capital, and then decimated again (in the Irish fashion, *nine* out of *ten*,) in the “bed of honour,” which, as Serjeant Kite says, is considerably larger and more commodious than the “bed of Ware.”²⁷⁴ Then they must have a poet to write the “Vision of Don Perceval,” and generously bestow the profits of the well and widely-printed quarto to re-build the “Back-wynd” and the “Canon-gate,” or furnish new kilts for the half-roasted Highlanders. Lord Wellington, however, has enacted marvels; and so did his oriental brother, whom I saw charioteering over the French flag, and heard clipping bad Spanish, after listening to the speech of a patriotic cobbler of Cadiz,²⁷⁵ on the event of his own entry into that city, and the exit of some five thousand bold Britons out of this “best of all possible worlds.” Sorely were we puzzled how to dispose of that victory of Talavera; and a victory it surely was somewhere, for every body claimed it. The Spanish dispatch and mob called it *Cuesta’s*, and made no great mention of the Viscount; the French called it *theirs*, (to my great discomfiture, for a French consul stopped my mouth in Greece with a pestilent Paris Gazette, just as I had killed Sebastiani²⁷⁶ “in buckram,” and King Joseph in “Kendal green,”)²⁷⁷ – and we have not yet determined *what* to call it, or *whose*, for certes it was none of our own. However, Massena’s²⁷⁸ retreat is a great comfort, and as we have not been in the habit of pursuing for some years past, no wonder we are a little awkward at first. No doubt we shall improve, or if not, we have only to take to our old way of retrograding, and there we are at home.

269: *Henry IV I*, V, i, 125.

270: *Henry IV I*, V, iv, 150.

271: Cp. Italian *cacciatore*: huntsmen.

272: “Impudent cowards.”

273: Goldsmith, *The Citizen of the World* (1760-71) letters from China satirizing European manners.

274: Farquhar, *The Recruiting Officer*, I, i.

275: B. and H. heard the cobbler make this speech on August 1st 1809.

276: François Horace Bastien, Comte de Sebastiani (1772-1851) veteran of Marengo, Austerlitz, and the Russian campaign. Ambassador to Turkey 1806-7; later ambassador to London. Fought at Talavera.

277: *Henry IV I*, II, iv, 183 and 215. “King Joseph” is Joseph Bonaparte, whom his brother tried to make King of Spain.

278: Marshall André Masséna (1758-1817) had beaten Suvorov in Switzerland; now Napoleon’s C-in-C in Spain; unlike Ney, did not support him in 1815.

[N2: BYRON'S FIRST NOTE TO HIS OWN NOTE TO II, 101, "SUNIUM":]

Now Cape Colonna. In all Attica, if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "*Isles that crown the Ægean deep*:" but for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an added interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's *Shipwreck*. Pallas and Plato are forgotten, in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell.

"Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep."²⁷⁹

This temple of Minerva may be seen at sea from a great distance. In two journeys which I made, and one voyage to Cape Colonna, the view from either side, by land, was less striking than the approach from the isles. In our second land excursion, we had a narrow escape from a party of Mainnotes, concealed in the caverns beneath. We were told afterwards, by one of their prisoners subsequently ransomed, that they were deterred from attacking us by the appearance of my two Albanians: conjecturing very sagaciously, but falsely, that we had a complete guard of these Arnaouts at hand, they remained stationary, and thus saved our party, which was too small to have opposed any effectual resistance.

Colonna is no less a resort of painters than of pirates; there

"The hireling artist plants his paltry desk,
And makes degraded Nature picturesque."
(See Hodgson's *Lady Jane Grey, &c.*)²⁸⁰

But there Nature, with the aid of Art, has done that for herself. I was fortunate enough to engage a very superior German artist;²⁸¹ and hope to renew my acquaintance with this and many other Levantine scenes, by the arrival of his performances.

[N3: BYRON'S SECOND NOTE TO HIS OWN NOTE TO II, 101, "GROPIUS":]

This Sr. Gropius was employed by a noble Lord for the sole purpose of sketching, in which he excels; but I am sorry to say, that he has, through the abused sanction of that respectable name, been treading at humble distance in the footsteps of Sr. Lusieri. – A shipful of his trophies was detained, and I believe confiscated at Constantinople in 1810. I am most happy to be now enabled to state, that "this was not in his bond;" that he was employed solely as a painter, and that his noble patron disavows all connection with him, except as an artist. – If the error in the first and second edition has given the noble Lord a moment's pain, I am very sorry for it; Sr. Gropius has assumed for years the name of his agent; and though I cannot much condemn myself for sharing in the mistake of so many, I am happy in being one of the first to be undeceived. Indeed, I have as much pleasure in contradicting this as I felt regret in stating it.

279: Campbell, *The Pleasures of Hope* (1799), Part 2. Should be, "Yes, at the dead of night ..."

280: In fact, "The hireling painter plants his paltry desk; / Views the vast wreck of a demolish'd world, / And makes degraded nature picturesque" (Hodgson, *Lady Jane Grey* ... 1809, pp. 214-5). The poem reflects on the carnal history of the inhabitants of a ruined abbey, in the style of CHP I stanza 7 (above). See Appendix 1.

281: The German artist B. hired was Jacob Linckh (1787-1841).

[N4: BYRON'S NOTE ON THE ALBANIAN SONG,²⁸² CONTINUED FROM LINE II, 692:]

1.
Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo,
Naciarura, popuso.

2.
Naciarura na civin
Ha pe nderini ti hin.

3.
Ha pe uderi escrotini
Ti vin ti mar servetini.

4.
Caliriot me surme
Ea ha pe pse due tive.

5.
Buo, Bo, Bo, Bo,
Gi egem spirta esimiro.

6.
Caliriot vu le funde
Ede vete tunde tunde.

7.
Caliriot me surme
Ti me put e poi mi le.

8.
Si te puta citi mora
Si mi ri ne veti udo gia.

9.
Va le ni il che cadale
Celo more, more cello.

10.
Plu hari ti tirete

1.
Lo, Lo, I come, I come;
be thou silent.

2.
I come, I run; open the door
that I may enter.

3.
Open the door by halves,²⁸³
that I may take my
turban.

4.
Caliriot²⁸⁴ with the dark
Eyes, open the gate that I
may enter.

5.
Lo, Lo, I hear thee, my soul.

6.
An Arnaout girl, in costly
garb, walks with graceful
pride.²⁸⁵

7.
Caliriot maid of the dark
eyes, give me a kiss.²⁸⁶

8.
If I have kissed thee, what
hast thou gained?²⁸⁷ My
soul is consumed with
fire.

9.
Dance lightly, more gently,
and gently still.²⁸⁸

10.
Make not so much dust as

282: No comment has been passed on this song and its translation since Gustav Meyer, *Die Albanischen Tanzlieder in Byrons Childe Harold*, Anglia XV (1893) pp. 1-8, which I have consulted.

283: In fact, "Open the door to me, the wretched one."

284: In fact, "Girl from Kalirói."

285: In fact, "... puts on tassels and walks away with a swing of the hips."

286: In fact, "you kiss me and then you leave me."

287: In fact, "When I kissed you, what did I call you?"

288: In fact, "Dance lightly and more gently, you fine young man" [or similar].

Plu huron cia pra seti.

to destroy your
embroidered hose.

The last stanza would puzzle a commentator: the men have certainly buskins of the most beautiful texture, but the ladies (to whom the above is supposed to be addressed) have nothing under their little yellow boots and slippers but a well-turned and sometimes very white ankle.²⁸⁹ The Arnaout girls are much handsomer than the Greeks, and their dress is far more picturesque. They preserve their shape much longer also, from being always in the open air. It is to be observed, that the Arnaout is not a *written* language; the words of this song, therefore, as well as the one which follows, are spelt according to their pronunciation. They are copied by one who speaks and understands the dialect perfectly, and who is a native of Athens.

1.
Ndi sefda tinde ulavossa
Vettimi upri vi lofsa.

1.
I am wounded by thy love,
and have loved but to
scorch myself.

2.
Ah vaisisso mi privi lofse
Si mi rini mi la vosse.

2.
Thou hast consumed me!
Ah, maid! Thou hast
struck me to the heart.

3.
Uti tasa roba stua
Sitti eve tulati dua.

3.
I have said I wish no
dowry,²⁹⁰ but thine
eyes and eye-lashes.

4.
Roba stinori ssidua
Qu mi sini veti dua.

4.
The accursed dowry²⁹¹ I want
not, but thee only.²⁹²

5.
Qurmini dua civileni
Roba ti siarmi tildi eni.

5.
Give me thy charms,²⁹³ and
let the portion²⁹⁴ feed the
flames.

6.
Utara pisa vaisisso me
simi rin ti hapti
Eti mi bire a piste si
gui dendroi tiltati.

6.
I have loved thee, maid, with
a sincere soul, but thou
hast left me like a
withered tree.

7.
Udi vura udorini udiri
cicova cilti mora
Udorini talti hollna u

7.
If I have placed my hand on
thy bosom what have I
gained?²⁹⁵ my hand is

289: Compare Haidee's case at *Don Juan*, II, 121, 7-8: ... *what was shocking*, / *Her Small Snow feet had Slippers, but no Stocking*.

290: In fact, "dresses" or "clothes."

291: In fact, "dresses" or "clothes."

292: In fact, "thy body only."

293: In fact, "thy body."

294: In fact, "the dresses" or "the clothes."

295: In fact, "When I placed my hand between thy breasts, what did I call thee?"

ede caimoni mora.

withdrawn, but retains
the flame.

I believe the two last stanzas, as they are in a different measure, ought to belong to another ballad. An idea something similar to the thought in the last lines was expressed by Socrates, whose arm having come in contact with one of his “ὑποκόλτιοι,” Critobulus or Cleobulus, the philosopher complained of a shooting pain as far as his shoulder for some days after, and therefore very properly resolved to teach his disciples in future without touching them.

[Ns 5-9: BYRON’S THOUGHTS ON THE SUBJECT OF GREECE (see his note to Canto II stanza 73)]

PAPERS REFERRED TO BY NOTE 33.

I.

Before I say anything about a city of which every body, traveller or not, has thought it necessary to say something, I will request Miss Owenson,²⁹⁶ when she next borrows an Athenian heroine for her four volumes, to have the goodness to marry her to somebody more of a gentleman than a “Disdar Aga” (who by the by is not an Aga), the most impolite of petty officers, the greatest patron of larceny Athens ever saw (except Lord E.), and the unworthy occupant of the Acropolis, on a handsome annual stipend of 150 piastres (eight pounds sterling), out of which he has only to pay his garrison, the most ill-regulated corps in the ill-regulated Ottoman Empire. I speak it tenderly, seeing I was once the cause of the husband of “Ida of Athens” nearly suffering the bastinado,²⁹⁷ and because the said “Disdar” is a turbulent husband, and beats his wife; so that I exhort and beseech Miss Owenson to sue for a separate maintenance in behalf of “Ida.” Having premised thus much, on a matter of such import to the readers of romances, I may now leave Ida to mention her birthplace.

Setting aside the magic of the name, and all those associations which it would be pedantic and superfluous to recapitulate, the very situation of Athens would render it the favourite of all who have eyes for art or nature. The climate, to me at least, appeared a perpetual spring; during eight months I never passed a day without being as many hours on horseback: rain is extremely rare, snow never lies in the plains, and a cloudy day is an agreeable rarity. In Spain, Portugal, and every part of the East which I visited, except Ionia and Attica, I perceived no such superiority of climate to our own; and at Constantinople, where I passed May, June, and part of July (1810), you might “damn the climate, and complain of spleen,”²⁹⁸ five days out of seven.

The air of the Morea is heavy and unwholesome, but the moment you pass the isthmus in the direction of Megara the change is strikingly perceptible. But I fear Hesiod will still be found correct in his description of a Boeotian winter.²⁹⁹

We found at Livadia an “esprit fort” in a Greek bishop, of all free-thinkers!³⁰⁰ This worthy hypocrite rallied his own religion with great intrepidity (but not before his flock), and talked of a mass as a “coglioneria.”³⁰¹ It was impossible to think better of him for this; but, for a Boeotian, he was brisk with all his absurdity. This phenomenon (with the exception indeed of Thebes, the remains of Chæronea, the plain of Platea, Orchomenus, Livadia, and its nominal cave of Trophonius) was the only remarkable thing we saw before we passed Mount Cithæron.

The fountain of Dirce turns a mill: at least my companion (who, resolving to be at once cleanly and classical, bathed in it) pronounced it to be the fountain of Dirce, and any body who thinks it worth while may contradict him.³⁰² At Castri we drank of half a dozen streamlets, some not of the purest, before we decided to our satisfaction which was the true Castalian, and even that had a villanous twang, probably from the snow, though it did not throw us into an epic fever, like poor Dr. Chandler.³⁰³

From Fort Phyle, of which large remains still exist, the plain of Athens, Pentelicus, Hymettus, the Ægean, and the Acropolis, burst upon the eye at once; in my opinion, a more glorious prospect than

296: Lady Morgan (“Sydney Owenson”), author of *Woman, or Ida of Athens* (1812, after B.’s return).

297: Incident otherwise undocumented.

298: Swift, *A Description of a City Shower*, l.12.

299: Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 504-35.

300: The Archon Logotheti, whom they encountered on December 18th 1809.

301: Roughly, “bollocks”.

302: An in-joke. Hobhouse rarely washed.

303: Richard Chandler (1738-1810) an archaeologist who travelled in and wrote extensively about Greece and Asia Minor.

even Cintra or Istambol. Not the view from the Troad, with Ida, the Hellespont, and the more distant Mount Athos, can equal it, though so superior in extent.

I heard much of the beauty of Arcadia, but excepting the view from the Monastery of Megaspelion (which is inferior to Zitza in a command of country), and the descent from the mountains on the way from Tripolitza to Argos, Arcadia has little to recommend it beyond the name.

“Sternitur, et *dulces* moriens reminiscitur Argos.”³⁰⁴

Virgil could have put this into the mouth of none but an Argive, and (with reverence be it spoken) it does not deserve the epithet. And if the Polynices of Statius, “In mediis audit duo litora campis”,³⁰⁵ did actually hear both shores in crossing the isthmus of Corinth, he had better ears than have ever been worn in such a journey since.

“Athens,” says a celebrated topographer, “is still the most polished city of Greece.”³⁰⁶ Perhaps it may of *Greece*, but not of the *Greeks*; for Joannina in Epirus is universally allowed, amongst themselves, to be superior in the wealth, refinement, learning, and dialect of its inhabitants. The Athenians are remarkable for their cunning; and the lower orders are not improperly characterised in that proverb, which classes them with the “Jews of Salonica, and the Turks of the Negropont.”

Among the various foreigners resident in Athens, French, Italians, Germans, Ragusans, etc., there was never a difference of opinion in their estimate of the Greek character, though on all other topics they disputed with great acrimony.

M. Fauvel,³⁰⁷ the French Consul, who has passed thirty years principally at Athens, and to whose talents as an artist, and manners as a gentleman, none who have known him can refuse their testimony, has frequently declared in my hearing, that the Greeks do not deserve to be emancipated; reasoning on the grounds of their “national and individual depravity!” while he forgot that such depravity is to be attributed to causes which can only be removed by the measure he reprobrates.

M. Roque, a French merchant of respectability long settled in Athens,³⁰⁸ asserted with the most amusing gravity, “Sir, they are the same *canaille* that existed in *the days of Themistocles!*” an alarming remark to the “Laudator temporis acti.”³⁰⁹ The ancients banished Themistocles; the moderns cheat Monsieur Roque; thus great men have ever been treated!

In short, all the Franks who are fixtures, and most of the Englishmen, Germans, Danes, etc., of passage, came over by degrees to their opinion, on much the same grounds that a Turk in England would condemn the nation by wholesale, because he was wronged by his lacquey, and overcharged by his washerwoman.

Certainly it was not a little staggering when the Sieurs Fauvel and Lusieri,³¹⁰ the two greatest demagogues of the day, who divide between them the power of Pericles and the popularity of Cleon, and puzzle the poor Waywode with perpetual differences, agreed in the utter condemnation, “nulla virtute redemptum”,³¹¹ of the Greeks in general, and of the Athenians in particular. For my own humble opinion, I am loth to hazard it, knowing as I do, that there be now in MS. no less than five tours of the first magnitude, and of the most threatening aspect, all in typographical array, by persons of wit and honour, and regular common-place books: but, if I may say this, without offence, it seems to me rather hard to declare so positively and pertinaciously, as almost everybody has declared, that the Greeks, because they are very bad, will never be better.

Eton³¹² and Sonnini³¹³ have led us astray by their panegyrics and projects; but, on the other hand, De Pauw³¹⁴ and Thornton³¹⁵ have debased the Greeks beyond their demerits.

The Greeks will never be independent; they will never be sovereigns as heretofore, and God forbid they ever should! but they may be subjects without being slaves. Our colonies are not independent, but they are free and industrious, and such may Greece be hereafter.

304: Virgil, *Aeneid*, x. 782 “... and dying, dreams of his sweet Argos”.

305: Statius, *Thebaid*, i. 335 “... and in the central plain [Polynices] hears two shores resound”.

306: William Gell, *Itinerary of Greece* (1810), preface, p.xi.

307: Louis François Sebastian Fauvel (1753-1838): though at war with England, he was courteous to all.

308: Roque (dates unknown) was the husband of Theodora Macri and father of Marianna (“Dudu”) Roque.

309: “He who would praise times gone by”.

310: Giovanni Battista Lusieri (17??-1821) had been a painter attached to Lord Elgin’s retinue in 1799-1803. He was still supervising the removal of some of the numerous artefacts which Elgin had collected.

311: Juvenal, *Satire IV* line 2 (“... without a single redeeming virtue”).

312: William Eton, *A Survey of the Turkish Empire* (1798, subsequent editions).

313: Sonnini de Manoncourt (1751-1812) *Voyage en Grèce et en Turquie* (1801).

314: Cornelius de Pauw (1739-99), *Recherches Philosophiques sur les Grecs*.

315: Thomas Thornton, *The Present State of Turkey* (1807).

At present, like the Catholics of Ireland and the Jews throughout the world, and such other cudgelled and heterodox people, they suffer all the moral and physical ills that can afflict humanity. Their life is a struggle against truth; they are vicious in their own defence. They are so unused to kindness, that when they occasionally meet with it they look upon it with suspicion, as a dog often beaten snaps at your fingers if you attempt to caress him. "They are ungrateful, notoriously, abominably ungrateful!"—this is the general cry. Now, in the name of Nemesis! for what are they to be grateful? Where is the human being that ever conferred a benefit on Greek or Greeks? They are to be grateful to the Turks for their fetters, and to the Franks for their broken promises and lying counsels. They are to be grateful to the artist who engraves their ruins, and to the antiquary who carries them away; to the traveller whose janissary flogs them, and to the scribbler whose journal abuses them. This is the amount of their obligations to foreigners.

II.

Franciscan Convent, Athens, January 23, 1811.

Amongst the remnants of the barbarous policy of the earlier ages, are the traces of bondage which yet exist in different countries; whose inhabitants, however divided in religion and manners, almost all agree in oppression.

The English have at last compassionated their negroes, and under a less bigoted government, may probably one day release their Catholic brethren; but the interposition of foreigners alone can emancipate the Greeks, who, otherwise, appear to have as small a chance of redemption from the Turks, as the Jews have from mankind in general.

Of the ancient Greeks we know more than enough; at least the younger men of Europe devote much of their time to the study of the Greek writers and history, which would be more usefully spent in mastering their own. Of the moderns, we are perhaps more neglectful than they deserve; and while every man of any pretensions to learning is tiring out his youth, and often his age, in the study of the language and of the harangues of the Athenian demagogues in favour of freedom, the real or supposed descendants of these sturdy republicans are left to the actual tyranny of their masters, although a very slight effort is required to strike off their chains.

To talk, as the Greeks themselves do, of their rising again to their pristine superiority, would be ridiculous: as the rest of the world must resume its barbarism, after reasserting the sovereignty of Greece: but there seems to be no very great obstacle, except in the apathy of the Franks, to their becoming an useful dependency, or even a free state, with a proper guarantee;—under correction, however, be it spoken, for many and well-informed men doubt the practicability even of this.

The Greeks have never lost their hope, though they are now more divided in opinion on the subject of their probable deliverers. Religion recommends the Russians; but they have twice been deceived and abandoned by that power, and the dreadful lesson they received after the Muscovite desertion in the Morea has never been forgotten. The French they dislike; although the subjugation of the rest of Europe will, probably, be attended by the deliverance of continental Greece. The islanders look to the English for succour, as they have very lately possessed themselves of the Ionian republic, Corfu excepted. But whoever appear with arms in their hands will be welcome; and when that day arrives, Heaven have mercy on the Ottomans; they cannot expect it from the Giaours.

But instead of considering what they have been, and speculating on what they may be, let us look at them as they are.

And here it is impossible to reconcile the contrariety of opinions: some, particularly the merchants, decrying the Greeks in the strongest language; others, generally travellers, turning periods in their eulogy, and publishing very curious speculations grafted on their former state, which can have no more effect on their present lot, than the existence of the Incas on the future fortunes of Peru.

One very ingenious person terms them the "natural allies of Englishmen;"³¹⁶ another³¹⁷ no less ingenious, will not allow them to be the allies of anybody, and denies their very descent from the ancients; a third,³¹⁸ more ingenious than either, builds a Greek empire on a Russian foundation, and realises (on paper) all the chimeras of Catharine II. As to the question of their descent, what can it import whether the Mainotes are the lineal Laconians or not? or the present Athenians as indigenous as the bees of Hymettus, or as the grasshoppers, to which they once likened themselves? What Englishman cares if he be of a Danish, Saxon, Norman, or Trojan blood? or who, except a Welshman, is afflicted with a desire of being descended from Caractacus?

316: "very ingenious person" unidentified.

317: "another" unidentified.

318: "a third" unidentified.

The poor Greeks do not so much abound in the good things of this world, as to render even their claims to antiquity an object of envy; it is very cruel, then, in Mr. Thornton to disturb them in the possession of all that time has left them; viz. their pedigree, of which they are the more tenacious, as it is all they can call their own. It would be worth while to publish together, and compare, the works of Messrs. Thornton and De Pauw, Eton and Sonnini; paradox on one side, and prejudice on the other. Mr. Thornton conceives himself to have claims to public confidence from a fourteen years' residence at Pera; perhaps he may on the subject of the Turks, but this can give him no more insight into the real state of Greece and her inhabitants, than as many years spent in Wapping into that of the Western Highlands.

The Greeks of Constantinople live in Fanal; and if Mr. Thornton did not oftener cross the Golden Horn than his brother merchants are accustomed to do, I should place no great reliance on his information. I actually heard one of these gentlemen boast of their little general intercourse with the city, and assert of himself, with an air of triumph, that he had been but four times at Constantinople in as many years.

As to Mr. Thornton's voyages in the Black Sea with Greek vessels, they gave him the same idea of Greece as a cruise to Berwick in a Scotch smack would of Johnny Groat's house. Upon what grounds then does he arrogate the right of condemning by wholesale a body of men of whom he can know little? It is rather a curious circumstance that Mr. Thornton, who so lavishly dispraises Pouqueville³¹⁹ on every occasion of mentioning the Turks, has yet recourse to him as authority on the Greeks, and terms him an impartial observer. Now, Dr. Pouqueville is as little entitled to that appellation as Mr. Thornton to confer it on him.

The fact is, we are deplorably in want of information on the subject of the Greeks, and in particular their literature; nor is there any probability of our being better acquainted, till our intercourse becomes more intimate, or their independence confirmed. The relations of passing travellers are as little to be depended on as the invectives of angry factors; but till something more can be attained, we must be content with the little to be acquired from similar sources.³²⁰

However defective these may be, they are preferable to the paradoxes of men who have read superficially of the ancients, and seen nothing of the moderns, such as De Pauw; who, when he asserts that the British breed of horses is ruined by Newmarket, and that the Spartans were cowards in the field, betrays an equal knowledge of English horses and Spartan men. His "philosophical observations" have a much better claim to the title of "poetical." It could not be expected that he who so liberally condemns some of the most celebrated institutions of the ancient, should have mercy on the modern Greeks; and it fortunately happens, that the absurdity of his hypothesis on their forefathers refutes his sentence on themselves.

Let us trust, then, that, in spite of the prophecies of De Pauw, and the doubts of Mr. Thornton, there is a reasonable hope of the redemption of a race of men, who, whatever may be the errors of their religion and policy, have been amply punished by three centuries and a half of captivity.

319: F.C.H.L.Pouqueville, French consul in Ioannina; author of *Voyages en Morée ... en Albanie*.

320: Byron's note: A word, *en passant*, with Mr. Thornton and Dr. Pouqueville, who have been guilty between them of sadly clipping the Sultan's Turkish. / Dr. Pouqueville tells a long story of a Moslem who swallowed corrosive sublimate in such quantities that he acquired the name of "*Suleyman Yeyen*" i.e. quoth the Doctor, "*Suleyman, the eater of corrosive sublimate*." "Aha," thinks Mr. Thornton (angry with the Doctor for the fiftieth time), "have I caught you?"—Then, in a note, twice the thickness of the Doctor's anecdote, he questions the Doctor's proficiency in the Turkish tongue, and his veracity in his own.—"For," observes Mr. Thornton (after inflicting on us the tough participle of a Turkish verb), "it means nothing more than '*Suleyman the eater*,' and quite cashiers the supplementary *sublimate*." Now both are right, and both are wrong. If Mr. Thornton, when he next resides "fourteen years in the factory," will consult his Turkish dictionary, or ask any of his Stamboline acquaintance, he will discover that "*Suleyma'n yeyen*," put together discreetly, mean the "*Swallower of sublimate*" without any "*Suleyman*" in the case: "*Suleyma*" signifying "*corrosive sublimate*" [*The original is at F.C.H.L.Pouqueville, Voyages en Morée (1805) II pp.125-6, and concerns an old man who daily swallowed mercuric chloride (sublimé corrosif: "corrosive sublimate"), a common cure for syphilis.*] and not being a proper name on this occasion, although it be an orthodox name enough with the addition of n. After Mr. Thornton's frequent hints of profound Orientalism, he might have found this out before he sang such pæans over Dr. Pouqueville. / After this, I think "Travellers versus Factors" shall be our motto, though the above Mr. Thornton has condemned "hoc genus omne," for mistake and misrepresentation. "Ne Sutor ultra crepidam," "No merchant beyond his bales." N.B. For the benefit of Mr. Thornton, "Sutor" is not a proper name.

III.

Athens, Franciscan Convent, March 17, 1811.

“I must have some talk with this learned Theban.”³²¹

Some time after my return from Constantinople to this city I received the thirty-first number³²² of the *Edinburgh Review* as a great favour, and certainly at this distance an acceptable one, from the captain of an English frigate off Salamis. In that number, Art. 3, containing the review of a French translation of Strabo, there are introduced some remarks on the modern Greeks and their literature, with a short account of Coray,³²³ a co-translator in the French version. On those remarks I mean to ground a few observations; and the spot where I now write will, I hope, be sufficient excuse for introducing them in a work in some degree connected with the subject. Coray, the most celebrated of living Greeks, at least among the Franks, was born at Scio (in the *Review*, Smyrna is stated,³²⁴ I have reason to think, incorrectly), and besides the translation of Beccaria³²⁵ and other works mentioned by the Reviewer, has published a lexicon in Romaic and French, if I may trust the assurance of some Danish travellers lately arrived from Paris; but the latest we have seen here in French and Greek is that of Gregory Zolikogloou.³²⁶ Coray has recently been involved in an unpleasant controversy with M. Gail,³²⁷ a Parisian commentator and editor of some translations from the Greek poets, in consequence of the Institute having awarded him the prize for his version of Hippocrates’ “Περὶ ὑδάτων,” etc., to the disparagement, and consequently displeasure, of the said Gail. To his exertions, literary and patriotic, great praise is undoubtedly due; but a part of that praise ought not to be withheld from the two brothers Zosimado³²⁸ (merchants settled in Leghorn), who sent him to Paris and maintained him, for the express purpose of elucidating the ancient, and adding to the modern, researches of his countrymen. Coray, however, is not considered by his countrymen equal to some who lived in the two last centuries; more particularly Dorotheus of Mitylene, whose Hellenic writings are so much esteemed by the Greeks, that Miletius terms him “Μέτα τὸν Θουκυδίδην καὶ Ξενοφώντα ἀρίστος Ἑλλήνων” (P. 224, *Ecclesiastical History*, iv.).

Panagiotis Kodrikas, the translator of Fontenelle,³²⁹ and Kamarases, who translated Ocellus Lucanus on the Universe into French,³³⁰ Christodoulos,³³¹ and more particularly Psalida,³³² whom I have conversed with in Joannina, are also in high repute among their literati. The last-mentioned has published in Romaic and Latin a work on True Happiness, dedicated to Catherine II. But Polyzois, who is stated by the Reviewer to be the only modern except Coray who has distinguished himself by a knowledge of Hellenic,³³³ if he be the Polyzois Lampanitziotis of Yanina, who has published a number of editions in Romaic, was neither more nor less than an itinerant vender of books; with the contents of which he had no concern beyond his name on the title page, placed there to secure his property in the

321: Shakespeare, *King Lear*, III iv 153.

322: In fact, the sixteenth number. *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. XVI (April-August 1810), pp.55-62: review of *Geographie de Strabon. Traduite du Grec en Français. Tome Premier* (in part the work of Korais). The article queries Korais’s expertise in Ancient Greek: “... the circumstance of the vulgar Greek being his native tongue, so far from aiding him in his pursuits, must rather prove an embarrassment” (p.56).

323: Adamantios Korais (1748-1833), Greek intellectual exiled in Paris.

324: *Ed Rev* XVI, p.56.

325: Cesare Beccaria (1738-94), Italian jurist who argued against capital punishment.

326: Byron’s note: I have in my possession an excellent lexicon “τρίγλωσσον” which I received in exchange from S. G——, Esq., for a small gem: my antiquarian friends have never forgotten it or forgiven me. (E.H.Coleridge notes, “Λεξικὸν τρίγλωσσον τῆς Γαλλικῆς, Ἰταλικῆς, καὶ Ῥωμαικῆς διαλέκτου, κ.τ.λ., 3 vols., Vienna, 1790. By Georgie Vendoti [Bentotes, or Bendotes] of Joannina. The book was in Hobhouse’s possession in 1854”.)

327: Byron’s note: In Gail’s pamphlet against Coray, he talks of “throwing the insolent Hellenist out of the windows.” On this a French critic exclaims, “Ah, my God! throw an Hellenist out of the window! what sacrilege!” It certainly would be a serious business for those authors who dwell in the attics: but I have quoted the passage merely to prove the similarity of style among the controversialists of all polished countries; London or Edinburgh could hardly parallel this Parisian ebullition.

328: The Zosimados brothers supported Psalidas’ (see below) school in Ioannina, and also financed Korais.

329: Kodrikas was a political foe of Korais’ plans for the secularization of Greece. He was Professor of Greek at Paris.

330: Ioannis Kamarases was a Constantinopolitan Greek.

331: (??) Christodoulos [qu., Christopoulos?] was from Acarnania.

332: Athanasius Psalidas was a schoolmaster whom B. and Hobhouse met in Ioannina on October 2nd 1809: he corrected Hobhouse’s pronunciation of Greek. “True Happiness” is identified by Coleridge as *Ἀληθῆς Εὐδαιμονία* (Vienna, 1791).

333: *Ed. Rev.* XVI, p.56.

publication; and he was, moreover, a man utterly destitute of scholastic acquirements. As the name, however, is not uncommon, some other Polyzois may have edited the Epistles of Aristænetus.

It is to be regretted that the system of continental blockade has closed the few channels through which the Greeks received their publications, particularly Venice and Trieste. Even the common grammars for children are become too dear for the lower orders. Amongst their original works the Geography of Meletius, Archbishop of Athens,³³⁴ and a multitude of theological quartos and poetical pamphlets, are to be met with; their grammars and lexicons of two, three, and four languages are numerous and excellent. Their poetry is in rhyme. The most singular piece I have lately seen is a satire in dialogue between a Russian, English, and French traveller, and the Waywode of Wallachia (or Blackbey, as they term him), an archbishop, a merchant, and Cogia Bachi (or primate), in succession,³³⁵ to all of whom under the Turks the writer attributes their present degeneracy. Their songs are sometimes pretty and pathetic, but their tunes generally displeasing to the ear of a Frank; the best is the famous “Δευτε, παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων,”³³⁶ by the unfortunate Riga. But from a catalogue of more than sixty authors, now before me, only fifteen can be found who have touched on any theme except theology.

I am intrusted with a commission by a Greek of Athens named Marmarotouri³³⁷ to make arrangements, if possible, for printing in London a translation of Barthelemi’s Anacharsis³³⁸ in Romaic, as he has no other opportunity, unless he dispatches the MS. to Vienna by the Black Sea and Danube.

The Reviewer mentions a school established at Hecatonesi, and suppressed at the instigation of Sebastiani:³³⁹ he means Cidonies, or, in Turkish, Haivali; a town on the continent, where that institution for a hundred students and three professors still exists. It is true that this establishment was disturbed by the Porte, under the ridiculous pretext that the Greeks were constructing a fortress instead of a college; but on investigation, and the payment of some purses to the Divan, it has been permitted to continue. The principal professor, named Veniamin (i.e. Benjamin), is stated to be a man of talent, but a freethinker. He was born in Lesbos, studied in Italy, and is master of Hellenic, Latin, and some Frank languages: besides a smattering of the sciences.

Though it is not my intention to enter farther on this topic than may allude to the article in question, I cannot but observe that the Reviewer’s lamentation over the fall of the Greeks appears singular, when he closes it with these words: “*The change is to be attributed to their misfortunes rather than to any ‘physical degradation.’*”³⁴⁰ It may be true that the Greeks are not physically degenerated, and that Constantinople contained on the day when it changed masters as many men of six feet and upwards as in the hour of prosperity; but ancient history and modern politics instruct us that something more than physical perfection is necessary to preserve a state in vigour and independence; and the Greeks, in particular, are a melancholy example of the near connexion between moral degradation and national decay.

The Reviewer mentions a plan “*we believe*” by Potemkin³⁴¹ for the purification of the Romaic; and I have endeavoured in vain to procure any tidings or traces of its existence. There was an academy in St. Petersburg for the Greeks; but it was suppressed by Paul,³⁴² and has not been revived by his successor.

There is a slip of the pen, and it can only be a slip of the pen, in p. 58, No. 31, of the Edinburgh Review, where these words occur: “We are told that when the capital of the East yielded to *Solyman*”—It may be presumed that this last word will, in a future edition, be altered to Mahomet II.³⁴³

334: B. sells *Meletii Geographia Antiqua et Moderna, in Lingua Græca, Hodierna, russia, Ven* in 1816. It is stolen property. B. and Hobhouse took it from the Bishop of Chrisso in Greece on December 15th 1809.

335: The *Rossanglogallos*.

336: “Arise, children of Hellas”. It’s hard to believe that B. doesn’t know this to be a translation of the *Marseillaise*. Both he and Hobhouse translate it into English.

337: Ioannis Marmarotouris; said to have taught B. modern Greek.

338: Nothing seems to come of this plan to publish *Anacharsis*.

339: General Sebastiani had been French Ambassador at Constantinople when B. was there.

340: Ed. Rev. XVI, p.57.

341: Grigori Potemkin, lover and perhaps husband of Catherine the Great; see DJ VII sts.36-7. “Plan” unidentified.

342: Tsar Paul I, assassinated in 1801.

343: Byron’s note: In a former number of the Edinburgh Review, 1808, it is observed: “Lord Byron passed some of his early years in Scotland, where he might have learned that *pibroch* does not mean *a bagpipe*, any more than *duet* means *a fiddle*.” Query,—Was it in Scotland that the young gentlemen of the Edinburgh Review *learned* that *Solyman* means *Mahomet II*. any more than *criticism* means *infallibility*?—but thus it is,

“Cædimus inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.”

[Persius, Sat. iv. 42: “We alternately shoot, and expose our legs [??] to the shots” (indecent).]

The “ladies of Constantinople,” it seems, at that period spoke a dialect, “which would not have disgraced the lips of an Athenian.” I do not know how that might be, but am sorry to say that the ladies in general, and the Athenians in particular, are much altered; being far from choice either in their dialect or expressions, as the whole Attic race are barbarous to a proverb:

“Ω Ἀθηναί, πρώτη χώρα,
Τι γαῖδαρους τρέφεις τώρα;”³⁴⁴

In Gibbon, vol. x. p. 161, is the following sentence:—“The vulgar dialect of the city was gross and barbarous, though the compositions of the church and palace sometimes affected to copy the purity of the Attic models.” Whatever may be asserted on the subject, it is difficult to conceive that the “ladies of Constantinople,” in the reign of the last Cæsar, spoke a purer dialect than Anna Comnena³⁴⁵ wrote, three centuries before: and those royal pages are not esteemed the best models of composition, although the princess γλώτταν εἶχεν ΑΚΡΙΒΩΣ Ἀττικίζούσαν.³⁴⁶ In the Fanal, and in Yanina, the best Greek is spoken: in the latter there is a flourishing school under the direction of Psalida.

There is now in Athens a pupil of Psalida’s, who is making a tour of observation through Greece: he is intelligent, and better educated than a fellow-commoner of most colleges. I mention this as a proof that the spirit of inquiry is not dormant among the Greeks.

The Reviewer mentions Mr. Wright,³⁴⁷ the author of the beautiful poem *Horæ Ionicæ*, as qualified to give details of these nominal Romans and degenerate Greeks; and also of their language: but Mr. Wright, though a good poet and an able man, has made a mistake where he states the Albanian dialect of the Romaic to approximate nearest to the Hellenic; for the Albanians speak a Romaic as notoriously corrupt as the Scotch of Aberdeenshire, or the Italian of Naples. Yanina, (where, next to the Fanal, the Greek is purest,) although the capital of Ali Pacha’s dominions, is not in Albania, but Epirus; and beyond Delvinachi in Albania Proper up to Argyrocastro and Tepaleen (beyond which I did not advance) they speak worse Greek than even the Athenians. I was attended for a year and a half by two of these singular mountaineers, whose mother tongue is Illyric, and I never heard them or their countrymen (whom I have seen, not only at home, but to the amount of twenty thousand in the army of Vely Pacha) praised for their Greek, but often laughed at for their provincial barbarisms.

I have in my possession about twenty-five letters, amongst which some from the Bey of Corinth,³⁴⁸ written to me by Notaras, the Cogia Bachi, and others by the dragoman of the Caimacam of the Morea³⁴⁹ (which last governs in Vely Pacha’s absence), are said to be favourable specimens of their epistolary style. I also received some at Constantinople from private persons, written in a most hyperbolic style, but in the true antique character.³⁵⁰

The Reviewer proceeds, after some remarks on the tongue in its past and present state, to a paradox (page 59) on the great mischief the knowledge of his own language has done to Coray, who, it seems, is less likely to understand the ancient Greek, because he is perfect master of the modern! This observation follows a paragraph, recommending, in explicit terms, the study of the Romaic, as “a powerful auxiliary,” not only to the traveller and foreign merchant, but also to the classical scholar; in short, to every body except the only person who can be thoroughly acquainted with its uses; and by a parity of reasoning, our own language is conjectured to be probably more attainable by “foreigners” than by ourselves! Now, I am inclined to think, that a Dutch Tyro in our tongue (albeit himself of Saxon blood) would be sadly perplexed with “Sir Tristram,”³⁵¹ or any other given “Auchinleck MS.” with or without a grammar or glossary; and to most apprehensions it seems evident that none but a native can acquire a competent, far less complete, knowledge of our obsolete idioms. We may give the

The mistake seemed so completely a lapse of the pen (from the great *similarity* of the two words, and the *total absence of error* from the former pages of the literary leviathan) that I should have passed it over as in the text, had I not perceived in the Edinburgh Review much facetious exultation on all such detections, particularly a recent one, where words and syllables are subjects of disquisition and transposition; and the above-mentioned parallel passage in my own case irresistibly propelled me to hint how much easier it is to be critical than correct. The *gentlemen*, having enjoyed many a triumph on such victories, will hardly begrudge me a slight ovation for the present.

344: E.H.Coleridge translates, “O Athens, first of all lands, why in these latter days dost thou nourish asses?”

345: Byzantine princess (1083-1148); author of the *Alexiad*.

346: “her language was PRECISELY in the style of [*ancient*] Attic” (my thanks to Roddy Beaton). Coleridge traces this phrase to “Zonaras (Annales, B 240), lib. viii. cap. 26, A 4 Venice, 1729”.

347: Waller Rodwell Wright, whose *Horæ Ionicæ* (1809) is a kind of model for CHP I and II,

348: This is reproduced in the first CHP editions as a fold-out. Translation at *Byron and Orientalism*, pp.283-9.

349: Translation at *Byron and Orientalism*, pp.281-3.

350: Those surviving are all translated at *Byron and Orientalism*, Appendix.

351: A thirteenth-century romance edited by Scott in 1804.

critic credit for his ingenuity, but no more believe him than we do Smollett's Lismahago,³⁵² who maintains that the purest English is spoken in Edinburgh. That Coray may err is very possible; but if he does, the fault is in the man rather than in his mother tongue, which is, as it ought to be, of the greatest aid to the native student.—Here the Reviewer proceeds to business on Strabo's translators, and here I close my remarks.

Sir W. Drummond,³⁵³ Mr. Hamilton,³⁵⁴ Lord Aberdeen,³⁵⁵ Dr. Clarke,³⁵⁶ Captain Leake,³⁵⁷ Mr. Gell,³⁵⁸ Mr. Walpole,³⁵⁹ and many others now in England, have all the requisites to furnish details of this fallen people. The few observations I have offered I should have left where I made them, had not the article in question, and above all the spot where I read it, induced me to advert to those pages, which the advantage of my present situation enabled me to clear, or at least to make the attempt.

I have endeavoured to waive the personal feelings which rise in despite of me in touching upon any part of the Edinburgh Review,³⁶⁰ not from a wish to conciliate the favour of its writers, or to cancel the remembrance of a syllable I have formerly published, but simply from a sense of the impropriety of mixing up private resentments with a disquisition of the present kind, and more particularly at this distance of time and place.

ADDITIONAL NOTE, ON THE TURKS.

The difficulties of travelling in Turkey have been much exaggerated, or rather have considerably diminished, of late years. The Mussulmans have been beaten into a kind of sullen civility very comfortable to voyagers.

It is hazardous to say much on the subject of Turks and Turkey; since it is possible to live amongst them twenty years without acquiring information, at least from themselves. As far as my own slight experience carried me, I have no complaint to make; but am indebted for many civilities (I might almost say for friendship), and much hospitality, to Ali Pacha, his son Vely Pacha of the Morea, and several others of high rank in the provinces. Suleyman Aga, late Governor of Athens, and now of Thebes, was a *bon vivant*, and as social a being as ever sat cross-legged at a tray or a table. During the carnival, when our English party were masquerading, both himself and his successor were more happy to "receive masks" than any dowager in Grosvenor-square.

On one occasion of his supping at the convent, his friend and visitor, the Cadi of Thebes, was carried from table perfectly qualified for any club in Christendom; while the worthy Waywode himself triumphed in his fall.³⁶¹

In all money transactions with the Moslems, I ever found the strictest honour, the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them, there are none of those dirty peculations, under the name of interest, difference of exchange, commission, etc., etc., uniformly found in applying to a Greek consul to cash bills, even on the first houses in Pera.

With regard to presents, an established custom in the East, you will rarely find yourself a loser; as one worth acceptance is generally returned by another of similar value—a horse, or a shawl.

In the capital and at court the citizens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity; but there does not exist a more honourable, friendly, and high-spirited character than the true Turkish provincial Aga, or Moslem country gentleman. It is not meant here to designate the governors of towns, but those Agas who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess lands and houses, of more or less extent, in Greece and Asia Minor.

352: In Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*.

353: Sir William Drummond (1780-1828), philosopher and antiquarian.

354: William Richard Hamilton (1777-1859) was Elgin's agent in the removal of the Parthenon frieze.

355: George Hamilton Gordon, fourth Earl of Aberdeen (1784-1860) old Harrovian; Prime Minister during the Crimean War see also CHP II rejected Stanza 14, 2.

356: Edward Daniel Clarke (1769-1822), traveller; Cambridge friend of B. and admirer of CHP.

357: William Martin Leake, numismatist, topographer, gunrunner; future polemical foe of Hobhouse.

358: William Gell (1777-1836) classical topographer: B. called him "rapid Gell" because he surveyed the Plain of Troy in three days.

359: Robert Walpole (1781-1856), associate of E.D.Clarke.

360: B. refers to the *Edinburgh's* attack on *Hours of Idleness*, which led in turn to *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

361: B. to Francis Hodgson, November 14th 1810 (Harry Ransom Center, Texas; BLJ II 26): "The day before yesterday, the Waywode (or Governor of Athens) with the Mufti of Thebes (a sort of Mussulman Bishop) supped {here} and made themselves beastly with raw Rum, and the Padre of the convent being as drunk as we, my Attic feast went off with great eclât."

The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rabble in countries with greater pretensions to civilisation. A Moslem, in walking the streets of our country-towns, would be more incommoded in England than a Frank in a similar situation in Turkey. Regimentals are the best travelling dress.

The best accounts of the religion and different sects of Islamism may be found in D'Ohsson's French,³⁶² of their manners, etc., perhaps in Thornton's English. The Ottomans, with all their defects, are not a people to be despised. Equal at least to the Spaniards, they are superior to the Portuguese. If it be difficult to pronounce what they are, we can at least say what they are *not*: they are *not* treacherous, they are *not* cowardly, they do *not* burn heretics, they are *not* assassins, nor has an enemy advanced to *their* capital. They are faithful to their sultan till he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St. Sophia to-morrow, and the French or Russians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question whether Europe would gain by the exchange. England would certainly be the loser.

With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally, and sometimes justly accused, it may be doubted, always excepting France and England, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations. Is it in the common arts of life? In their manufactures? Is a Turkish sabre inferior to a Toledo? or is a Turk worse clothed or lodged, or fed and taught, than a Spaniard? Are their Pachas worse educated than a Grandee? or an Effendi than a Knight of St. Jago? I think not.

I remember Mahmout, the grandson of Ali Pacha, asking whether my fellow-traveller and myself were in the upper or lower House of Parliament. Now, this question from a boy of ten years old proved that his education had not been neglected. It may be doubted if an English boy at that age knows the difference of the Divan from a College of Dervises; but I am very sure a Spaniard does not. How little Mahmout, surrounded as he had been entirely by his Turkish tutors, had learned that there was such a thing as a Parliament, it were useless to conjecture, unless we suppose that his instructors did not confine his studies to the Koran.

In all the mosques there are schools established, which are very regularly attended; and the poor are taught without the church of Turkey being put into peril. I believe the system is not yet printed (though there is such a thing as a Turkish press, and books printed on the late military institution of the Nizam Gedidd),³⁶³ nor have I heard whether the Mufti and the Mollas have subscribed, or the Caimacan and the Tefterdar taken the alarm, for fear the ingenuous youth of the turban should be taught not to "pray to God their way." The Greeks also—a kind of Eastern Irish papists—have a college of their own at Maynooth,³⁶⁴—no, at Haivali; where the heterodox receive much the same kind of countenance from the Ottoman as the Catholic college from the English legislature. Who shall then affirm that the Turks are ignorant bigots, when they thus evince the exact proportion of Christian charity which is tolerated in the most prosperous and orthodox of all possible kingdoms? But though they allow all this, they will not suffer the Greeks to participate in their privileges: no, let them fight their battles, and pay their haratch (taxes), be drubbed in this world, and damned in the next. And shall we then emancipate our Irish Helots? Mahomet forbid! We should then be bad Mussulmans, and worse Christians: at present we unite the best of both—jesuitical faith, and something not much inferior to Turkish toleration.

Appendix.

Amongst an enslaved people, obliged to have recourse to foreign presses even for their books of religion, it is less to be wondered at that we find so few publications on general subjects than that we find any at all. The whole number of the Greeks, scattered up and down the Turkish empire and elsewhere, may amount, at most, to three millions; and yet, for so scanty a number, it is impossible to discover any nation with so great a proportion of books and their authors as the Greeks of the present century. "Aye," but say the generous advocates of oppression, who, while they assert the ignorance of the Greeks, wish to prevent them from dispelling it, "ay, but these are mostly, if not all, ecclesiastical tracts, and consequently good for nothing." Well! and pray what else can they write about? It is pleasant enough to hear a Frank, particularly an Englishman, who may abuse the government of his own country; or a Frenchman, who may abuse every government except his own, and who may range at will over every philosophical, religious, scientific, sceptical, or moral subject, sneering at the Greek legends. A Greek must not write on politics, and cannot touch on science for want of instruction; if he doubts he is excommunicated and damned; therefore his countrymen are not poisoned with modern philosophy; and as to morals, thanks to the Turks! there are no such things. What then is left him, if he

362: Mouradja D'Ohsson (1740-1804), an Armenian. *Tableau général de l'empire Othman* (2 vols. 1787-90).

363: The military system which Sultan Selim III had tried to found before he was assassinated (B. never mentions him).

364: Maynooth College in County Kildare was the first college permitted for the education of Catholic priests. B. refers to it in his second Lords speech.

has a turn for scribbling? Religion and holy biography; and it is natural enough that those who have so little in this life should look to the next. It is no great wonder then, that in a catalogue now before me of fifty-five Greek writers, many of whom were lately living, not above fifteen should have touched on anything but religion. The catalogue alluded to is contained in the twenty-sixth chapter of the fourth volume of Meletius' Ecclesiastical History.³⁶⁵

365: The book stolen by B. and Hobhouse from the Bishop of Chrisso in Greece on December 15th 1809.

APPENDIX 1: Francis Hodgson's poem *Lines on a ruined Abbey in a romantic Country*.

This occurs in *Lady Jane Grey and other poems* (1809) by Byron's friend Francis Hodgson. The note raises the possibility that *CHP* was based on material which Byron had shown to his friends before leaving England.

Lines on a ruined Abbey in a romantic Country.

'Hail venerable pile! whose ivied walls
 Proclaim their desolating lapse of years;
 And hail, ye hills, and murm'ring waterfalls,
 Where yet her head the ruin'd abbey rears.
 No longer now the matin-tolling bell,
 Re-echoing loud along the woody glade,
 Calls the fat abbot from his drowsy cell,
 And warns the maid to fly, if yet a maid.
 No longer now the festive bowl goes round,
 Nor monks get drunk in honour of their God;
 Nor through the night the Bacchanalian sound
 Peals through the cloisters of the foul abode.
 'Tis silence all – 'Where rocks on rocks are hurl'd,
 'The hireling painter plants his paltry desk,
 'Views the vast wreck of a demolish'd world,
 'And makes degraded nature picturesque.'

This last stanza is merely transposed from the verses of a friend on a similar subject.

Francis Hodgson, *Lady Jane Grey ...a tale, ... with miscellaneous poems in English and Latin*, 1809, pp. 214-5.

APPENDIX 2: Lord Maxwell's Goodnight

Byron writes that *Childe Harold's Farewell* "was suggested by" the following poem. However, where Harold is thoroughly alienated, Maxwell has home and marital ties which he would rather not have to sever.

LORD MAXWELL'S GOODNIGHT.

"Adieu, madame, my mother dear,
 But and my sisters three!
 Adieu, fair Robert of Orchardstane!
 My heart is wae for thee.
 Adieu, the lily and the rose,
 The primrose fair to see:
 Adieu, my ladie, and only joy!
 For I may not stay with thee

"Though I hae slain the Lord Johnstone,
 What care I for their feid?
 My noble mind their wrath disdains:
 He was my father's deid.
 Both night and day I laboured oft
 Of him avenged to be;
 But now I've got what lang I sought,
 And I may not stay with thee.

“Adieu! Drumlanrig, false wert aye,
 And Closebrun in a band!
 The laird of Lag, frae my father that fled,
 When the Johnston struck off his hand.
 They were three brethren in a band –
 Joy may they never see!
 Their treacherous art, and cowardly heart,
 Has twined my love and me.

“Adieu! Dumfries, my proper place,
 But and Carlaverock fair!
 Adieu! my castle of the Thieve
 Wi’ a’ my buildings there:
 Adieu! Lochmaben’s gates sae fair,
 The Langholm-holm where birks there be;
 Adieu! my ladye, and only joy,
 For, trust me, I may not stay wi’ thee.

“Adieu! fair Eskdale up and down,
 Where my puir friends do dwell;
 The bangisters * will ding them down,
 And will them sair compel.
 But I’ll avenge their feid mysell,
 When I come o’er the sea;
 Adieu! my ladye, and only joy,
 For I may not stay with thee.

* Bangisters – the
 prevailing party.

“Lord of the land!” – that ladye said,
 “O wad ye go wi’ me,
 Unto my brother’s stately tower,
 Where safest ye may be!
 There Hamilton and Douglas baith,
 Shall rise to succour thee.”
 “Thanks for thy kindness, fair my dame,
 But I may not stay wi’ thee.”

Then he tuik off a gay gold ring,
 Thereat hang signets three;
 “Hae, take thee that, mine ain dear thing,
 And still hae mind o’ me:
 But, if thou take another lord,
 Ere I come ower the sea –
 His life is but a three day’s lease,
 Tho’ I may not stay wi’ thee.”

The wind was fair, the ship was clear,
 That good lord went away;
 And most part of his friends were there,
 To give him a fair convey.
 They drank the wine, they did na spair,
 Even in that good lord’s sight –
 Sae now he’s o’er the floods sae gray,
 And Lord Maxwell has ta’en his Goodnight.

APPENDIX 3: The meetings with Ali Pacha

A) Byron's letter to his mother:

The next day I was introduced to Ali Pacha, I was dressed in a full suit of Staff uniform with a very magnificent sabre &c. – – The Vizier received me in a large room paved with marble, a fountain was playing in the centre, the apartment was surrounded by scarlet Ottomans, he received me *standing*, a wonderful compliment from a Mussulman, & made me sit down on his right hand. – I have a Greek interpreter for general use, but a Physician's of Ali's named Tanilario who understands Latin acted for me on this occasion. – His first question was why at so early an age I left my country? (the Turks have no idea of travelling for amusement) he then said the English Minister had told him I was of a great family, & desired his respects to my mother, which I now in the name of Ali Pacha present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands, and expressed himself pleased with my appearance & garb. He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, & said he looked on me as his son. Indeed he treated me like a child, sending me almonds & sugared sherbet, fruit & sweetmeats 20 times a day. – He begged me to visit him often, and at night when he was more at leisure. He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, & said he looked on me as his son. Indeed he treated me like a child, sending me almonds & sugared sherbet, fruit & sweetmeats 20 times a day. – He begged me to visit him often, and at night when he was more at leisure ...” (BLJ I 228).

B) Hobhouse's book, *A Journey through Albania, and other Provinces of Turkey in Europe and Asia, to Constantinople during the years 1809 and 1810* (second edition, 1813, I, pp. 105-114, that is, the end of Letter X and start of XI):

The court at Tepellenè, which was enclosed on two sides by the palace, and on the other two sides by a high wall, presented us at our first entrance, with a sight something like what we might have, perhaps, beheld some hundred years ago in the castle-yard of a great Feudal Lord. Soldiers, with their arms piled against the wall near them, were assembled in different parts of the square: some of them pacing slowly backwards and forwards, and other sitting on the ground in groups. Several horses, completely caparisoned, were being led about, whilst others were neighing under the hands of the grooms. In the part farthest from the dwelling, preparations were making for the feast of the night; and several kids and sheep were being dressed by cooks who were themselves half armed. Every thing wore a most martial look, though not exactly in the style of the head-quarters of a Christian general; for many of the soldiers were in the most common dress, without shoes, and having more wildness in their air and manner than the Albanians we had before seen.

On our arrival, we were informed that we were to be lodged in the palace; and, accordingly, dismounting, we ascended a flight of wooden steps into a long gallery with two wings, opening into which, as in a large English inn, were the doors of several apartments. Into one of these we were shown, and found ourselves lodged in a chamber fitted up with large silken sofas, and having another room above it for sleeping; a convenience scarcely ever to be met with in Turkey. His Highness (for so the Pashas of three tails are called by their attendant Greeks) sent a congratulatory message to us on our arrival, ordering every thing to be provided for us by his own household; and mentioning, at the same time, that he was sorry the Ramazan prevented him from having our company with him at one of his repasts. He ordered, however, that sherbets, sweetmeats, and fruits, should be sent to us from his own harem.

At sunset the drum was beat in the yard, and the Albanians, most of them being Turks, went in to prayers. In the gallery, which was open on one side, there were eight or nine little boxes fitted up with raised seats and cushions, between the wooden pillars supporting the roof; and in each of these there was a party smoking, or playing at draughts.

I had now an opportunity of remarking the peculiar quietness and ease with which the Mahometans say their prayers; for, in the gallery, some of the graver sort began their

devotions in the places where they were sitting, entirely undisturbed and unnoticed by those around them, who were otherwise employed. The prayers, which last about ten minutes, are not said aloud, but muttered sometimes in a low voice, and sometimes with only a motion of the lips; and, whether performed in the public street or in a room, excite no attention from any one. Of more than a hundred in the gallery, there were no more than five or six at prayers. The Albanians are not reckoned strict Mahometans; but no Turk, however irreligious himself, is ever seen to smile at the devotion of others; and to disturb a man at prayers would in most cases, be productive of fatal consequences.

In the evening we were visited by two physicians of the Vizier's household; one of them, dressed in the Frank habit, a native of Alsace, and a very agreeable man, the other a Greek, who spoke the German, French, Italian, Latin, Turkish, and Albanian languages. The Frank gentleman, as we were informed, was very much in the confidence of the Vizier, and was reputed to be a man of ability. It was a question not to be asked him, but one would like to have known, what possible inducement could have settled him in Turkey, especially as he was the son of physician of great eminence at Vienna. These physicians are in constant attendance upon Ali; who, however, a short time before our arrival in the country, had requested and obtained the assistance of two English surgeons from our Adriatic Squadron, but without finding much benefit from their advice.

The day after our arrival was fixed upon for our first audience of the Vizier, and we passed the evening chiefly in the company of the two physicians.

We were disturbed during the night by the perpetual carousal which seemed to be kept up in the gallery, and by the drum, and by the voice of the "muezzinn," or chanter, calling the Turks to prayers from the minaret of the mosck attached to the palace. This chanter was a boy, and he sang out his hymn in a sort of loud melancholy recitative. He was a long time repeating the purport of these few words: "God most high! I bear witness that there is no God but God: I bear witness that Mahomet is the Prophet of God. Come to prayer; come to the asylum of salvation. Great God! There is no God but God!" – The first exclamation was repeated four times, the remaining words twice, and the long and piercing note in which he concluded this confession of faith, by twice crying out the word "*hou **," still rings in my ears.

Ya-hou, meaning *he who is*, is the Mahometan periphrasis for the ineffable name of God, as was the word Jehovah among the Jews. Dean Swift hardly knew this when, satirizing the brutal qualities of the human species, he gave that name to his slave of the Houyhnhnms.

* The simple confession of faith is this: "La illah – illah – Llah, Mehemed resool ullah – "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet."

About noon, on the 12th of October, an officer of the palace, with a white wand, announced to us that we were to attend the Vizier; and accordingly we left our apartment, accompanied by our dragoman, and by the Secretary, who put on his worst cloak to attend his master, that he might not appear too rich, and a fit object for extortion.

The officer preceded us along the gallery, now crowded with soldiers, to the other wing of the building, and leading us over some rubbish where a room had fallen in, and through some shabby apartments, he ushered us into the chamber where was Ali himself. He was standing when we came in; which was meant as a compliment, for a Turk of consequence never rises to receive any one but his superior, and, if he wishes to be condescending, contrives to be found standing. As we advanced towards him, he seated himself, and desired us to sit down near him. He was in a large room, very handsomely furnished, and having a marble cistern and fountain in the middle, ornamented with painted tiles, of the kind which we call Dutch tile.

The Vizier was a short man, about five feet five inches in height, and very fat, though not particularly corpulent. He had a very pleasing face, fair and round, with blue quick eyes, not at all settled into a Turkish gravity. His beard was long and white, and such a one as any other

Turk would have been proud of; though he, who was more taken up with his guests than himself, did not continue looking at it, nor smelling and stroking it, as is usually the custom of his countrymen, to fill up the pauses of conversation. He was not very magnificently dressed, except that his high turban, and his attaghan, or long dagger, was studded with brilliants.

He was mightily civil; and said he considered us as his children. He showed us a mountain howitzer, which was lying in his apartment, and took the opportunity of telling us that he had several large cannon. He turned round two or three times to look through an English telescope, and at last handed it to us, that we might look at a party of Turks on horseback riding along the banks of the river towards Tepellenè. He then said, "that man whom you see on the road is the chief minister of my enemy, Ibrahim Pasha, and he is now coming over to me, having deserted his master to take the stronger side." He addressed this with a smile to the Secretary, desiring him to interpret it to us.

We took pipes, coffee, and sweetmeats, with him; but he did not seem so particular about these things as other Turks whom we have seen. He was in great good humour, and several times laughed aloud, which is very uncommon in a man of consequence: I never saw another instance of it in Turkey. – Instead of having his room crowded with the officers of his court, which is very much the custom of the Pashas and other great men, he was quite unattended, except for four or five young persons very magnificently dressed in the Albanian habit, and having their hair flowing half way down their backs: these brought in the refreshments, and continued supplying us with pipes, which, though perhaps not half emptied, were changed three times, as is the custom when particular honours are intended for a guest.

There are no common topics of discourse between a Turkish Vizier and a traveller, which can discover the abilities of either party, especially as these conversations are always in the form of question and answer. However, a Frank may think his Turk above the common run, if his host does not put any foolish interrogatories to him, and Ali did not put any questions to us that betrayed his ignorance. His liveliness and ease gave us very favourable impressions of his natural capacity.

In the evening of the next day we paid the Vizier another visit, in an apartment more elegantly furnished than the one with the fountain. Whilst we were with him, a messenger came in from "Berat," the place which Ali's army (of about five thousand men) was then besieging. We were not acquainted with the contents of a letter, which was read aloud, until a long gun, like a duck-gun, was brought into the room; and then, upon one of us asking the Secretary if there were many wild fowl in the neighbourhood, he answered, Yes; but that for the gun, it was going to the siege of Berat, there being a want of ordnance in the Vizier's army. It was impossible not to smile at this war in miniature.

During this interview, Ali congratulated us upon the news which had arrived a fortnight before, of the surrender of Zante, Cefalonia, Ithaca, and Cerigo, to the British Squadron: he said, he was happy to have the English for his neighbours; that he was sure they would not serve him as the Russians and the French had done, in protecting his runaway robbers; that he had always been a friend to our Nation, even during our war with Turkey, and had been instrumental in bringing about the peace.

He asked us, what had made us travel to Albania? We told him, the desire of seeing so great a man as himself. "Aye," returned he, "did you ever hear of me in England?" We, of course, assured him, that he was a very common subject of conversation in our country; and he seemed by no means inaccessible to the flattery.

He showed us some pistols and a sabre; and then took down a gun that was hanging over his head in a bag, and told us it was a present from the King of the French. It was a short rifle, with the stock inlaid with silver, and studded with diamonds and brilliants, and looked like a handsome present; but the Secretary informed us, that when the gun came from Napoleon, it had only a common stock, and that all the ornaments had been added by his Highness, to make it look more like a royal gift.

Before we took our leave, the Vizier informed us, that there were in the neighbourhood of Tepellenè some remains of antiquity – a palæo-castro, as all pieces of old wall, or carved stones, are called in Albania and Greece, and said that he would order some horses for us to ride to it the next morning.

According to his advice, we went on Sunday to see these ruins, which are very trifling, being only a few bits of wall, as it appeared to me, not ancient, on a hill about five miles to the north-west of Tepellenè.

In the evening of the same day, we paid his Highness our last visit. He then asked us which way we intended to go; and we told him, it was our wish to get from Ioannina into the Morea. He appeared to be acquainted with every road, and all the stages, and the state of the country most minutely. He said, that we could not go by the common road through Triccala, as that part of the country was infested by large bands of robbers; but that we might go through Carnia, crossing the gulf of Arta at Salora, or going to the head of the Gulf; and that, as that country was also suspicious, he would give us orders to his several military posts, to take as many guards as might be necessary. In case, however, we should not like to go through Carnia, he furnished us with an order to his Governor at Prevesa, to send us in an armed galliot to Patrass. He also gave us a letter to his son, Veli, Pasha of the Morea, and wished to know if he could do any thing to serve us.

We only asked permission to take our Albanian Vasily to attend us whilst in Turkey, which he readily granted, and asked where the man was. On being informed that he was at the chamber door, he sent for him, and accordingly Vasily entered; and, though with every proper respect, still was not embarrassed, but, with his hand on his left breast, answered the Vizier's questions in a firm and fluent manner. Ali called him by his name, and asked him, why, being at the door, he had not come in to see him? "for you know, Vasily," added he, "I should have been glad to see you!" He then told him that he was to attend us, and see that we wanted nothing, and talked a good deal to him about the different stages of our route, summing all up by telling him in a jocose way, that if any accident happened to us, he would cut off his head: and that we were to write, mentioning how he had behaved. Shortly after this, and having agreed to give his Highness some relation of our travels by letter, we withdrew, and took our last leave of this singular man ...

C) Hobhouse's diary

Friday October 20th 1809

Waited on the Vizier with Dragoman Georgio Fousmioti, and the Secretary. Vizier affable, good-humoured, about my own height, fat, a white beard, high turban, many folds, attagan studded with diamonds, in a room with a fountain in the middle. Showed us a mountain howitzer, and, looking through his glass, observed that on the other side of the river he saw the Prime Minister of his enemy Ibrahim, who had come over to his part. He asked Lord Byron, whom I thought he looked a little leeringly at, how he could have had the heart to leave his mother. He said he considered us as his children. He sent us fruit after dinner, and desired moreover that we might have everything we wished.

Conversed with Doctors ... & Frank, an Alsatian. The last told me that the Pasha had not a wound in his body, that Tepellene is in Chaonia, that the Zapoyges are to the west, near Tepellene, that Lord Elgin had discovered a remain at Mycene, that it is not uncommon to hear a man in Albania say, "Ten years ago when I was a robber," that robbery is a profession, and in some instances winked at by the Vizier, that Albania comprises in its various little districts and villages every form of government. Argyrocastro has no governor – ask the question, they cannot tell – some parts are savage, some more polished – the *Gegotes in rei* most brutal at Constantinople. They know nothing, or ought to know nothing, of the little war with Ibrahim. Doctor ... talks Latin, and told us that pederasty, which here was openly practised, was to be found more or less in any large body of men living without females, who, said he with the utmost coolness, *aut pueri aut mastrupratione utuntur*. The Doctor himself looked a little rogueish, being fat and tall – after dinner Doctor Frank came in, and talk[ed] French politics.

To bed early – Fletcher has been lousing all day with great success especially in my lord's shirt.

Saturday October 21st 1809

Sent a gun of Manton's, single barrel, and a telescope of Berger's, with a promise of another gun. Also Lord Byron's rifle of Manton's. He much pleased, and gave an order for eighty *piastres* to Fletcher, who attended with Georgio and the Secretary. The Secretary disgusted because the Vizier did not give him an order for a cloth cloak!!

A fine gallery in this place, full of lounging Albanians whose number increases daily – now two and three hundred. Called on the Vizier – found two men giving an account of the campaign against Ibrahim. It seems they stated that ordnance was wanting – directly, long gun like a duck gun brought in to be examined and sent out to take Ibrahim – war in miniature!! The Vizier observed Lord Byron's little ears, by which he observed to Georgio that he could discover him to be of an ancient house.

Sunday October 22nd 1809

After breakfast rode with Dr Tanilario and Byron to see an ancient ruin about an hour off, on the Vizier's horses and Turkish saddles. Considered the Turkish saddles are not so good as ours – dined. Went to the Vizier, took leave, and asked leave to take Vasily about with us, and another domestic Albanian. Vasily called in and spoken to very kindly by His Highness, who knows how to do these things well.

Told it was time to go, having to get up early next morning!! The regular at this court will amount to thirty-three *zechins*, at least. Every man brings you a small specimen of the *carica*, or the things furnished at [the] office which he holds – and expects a present.

A short description of the person of his Highness Ali Pasha

[In Greek:] “His Highness Ali Pacha, governor of Albania, is an elderly man of moderate stature, and fat in the body. He is of noble movement, and a pleasing aspect, to such an extent that it makes up for his smallness and fatness. He has a reddish beard, which is long according to religious custom, his face is round, his eyes blue, his mouth of moderate size, with a well-made nose, and his colour is closer to that of the western race. The [] of the northern clime; the whole forming a handsome, percipient and inspiring physiognomy”³⁶⁶

October 22nd 1809

The Greek written by Signor Speridion Collovo, Secretary to his Highness.

[The next page is torn out; the stub reads:]

There is a fool with a high round / a Zechin selon

[The diary continues:]

Ali Pacha entertains a fellow with a high round fur cap, whose *carica* it is to play the fool and gambol before him – to this man we gave, *selon l'usage*, a *zechin*.

Translation of an Italian stanza
written in the window of a Turkish Harem

Dear Youth, whose form and face unite
To lead my sinful soul astray;
Whose wanton willing looks invite

366: Translation by David Holton.

To every bliss, and teach the way,

Ah spare thyself, thyself and me,
 Withold the too-distracting joy;
 Ah cease so fair and fond to be,
 And look less lovely, or more coy.

D) *Don Juan V*, Byron's note to stanza 55:

A Common furniture. – I recollect being received by Ali Pacha in a room containing a marble bason and fountain &°. &°. &°.

E) *Don Juan V*, Byron's note to stanza 106:

<It> There is perhaps nothing <so> more distinctive of <high> birth than the <fine> hand – it is almost the <last> only sign of blood which <the> Aristocracy can generate. – I remember a <Turki> Pacha's remarking that he knew that a certain Englishman was *nobly born* – because "he had *small ears – small hands, & curling silky hair.*["] – –