

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH



*Francesca and Alp*¹

This is the best of the “Turkish Tales,” and the least acknowledged and written-about. Its single-span narrative is simple but gripping, its terminal battle-sequence exciting, (compare the rushed battle at the end of *Bride*, or Byron’s indifference about an entire war near the end of *Lara*). Its heroine (either though, or because, she is dead), is a moving figure, and its economy-version Byronic hero memorable – his depiction is without the annoying qualities which makes us query the masculinity of Conrad, or doubt Byron’s objectivity in depicting Lara. Byron achieves an impersonality in *The Siege of Corinth* which is unusual. The poem sums up everything which is effective about the “Turkish Tales,” without possessing any of their weaknesses. That the heroine can only appear as a ghost – and that the “hero” is more than usually iron-souled in his immovability (for the inspiration of this, see the borrowing from *Vathek*, confessed by Byron in his note to 598) may have something to do with this.

Alp, the protagonist, really is what *The Giaour* is only suspected of being – a renegade. Renegades, those who changed political or religious allegiance either from conviction, or from calculation, were by 1815 to the forefront of Byron’s mind, perhaps with the double renegeing of Marshal Ney before the eyes of all. Ney had transferred allegiance from Napoleon to the Bourbons, then transferred it back to Napoleon at the start of the Hundred Days – assisted Napoleon at Waterloo – helped him lose – and at last been shot for treason on December 7th 1815, less than a month after *Siege* was finished. The idea that such self-defeating inconsistency might be not a weakness, but dictated by historical necessity, would have impressed Byron.

After 1817, Byron associated the word renegado above all with Southey, in his youth a republican and “pantistocrat,” but now in early middle age an enthusiastic Poet Laureate, hymning the Hanoverians, the Bourbons, the Hohenzollerns, the Habsburgs, the Romanovs – anyone, as Byron thought, who would pay him, and most who would never read a word he wrote. Given his own changeability, and his capacity for doubting everything and seeing life in many different perspectives, Byron found Southey’s example unnerving – he himself could easily become one such. The prostitute poet who sings *The Isles of Greece* in *Don Juan*’s third canto is thus at once Byron, and Southey.

¹: Illustration from <<http://people.bu.edu/jwvail/byron_illustrations.html>>.

The Siege of Corinth A Poem

*Guns, Trumpets, Blunderbusses, Drums, and Thunder.*²

TO
JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ.,
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED BY HIS FRIEND.
January 22, 1816.

ADVERTISEMENT

“The grand army of the Turks, (in 1715), under the Prime Vizier, to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea, and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania, the most considerable place in all that country,* thought it best in the first place to attack Corinth, upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened, and the governor seeing it was impossible to hold out against so mighty a force, thought it fit to beat a parley; but while they were treating about the articles, one of the magazines in the Turkish army, wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed; which so enraged the infidels, that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury, that they took it, and put most of the garrison, with Signior Minotti, the governor, to the sword. The rest, with Antonio Bembo, proveditor extraordinary, were made prisoners of war.” – *History of the Turks*, vol. iii. p. 151.

* Napoli di Romania is not now the most considerable place in the Morea, but Tripolitza, where the Pacha resides, and maintains his government. Napoli is near Argos. I visited all three in 1810-11; and, in the course of journeying through the country from my first arrival in 1809, I crossed the Isthmus eight times in my way from Attica to the Morea, over the mountains, or in the other direction, when passing from the Gulf of Athens to that of Lepanto. Both the routes are picturesque and beautiful, though very different; that by sea has more sameness; but the voyage being always within sight of land, and often very near it, presents many attractive views of the islands Salamis, Ægina, Poro, &c. and the coast of the continent.

In the year since Jesus died for men,³
Eighteen hundred years and ten,
We were a gallant company,
Riding o'er land, and sailing o'er sea.
Oh! but we went merrily! 5
We forded the river, and clomb the high hill,
Never our steeds for a day stood still;
Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed;
Whether we couched in our rough capote, 10
On the rougher plank of our gliding boat,
Or stretched on the beach, or our saddles spread,
As a pillow beneath the resting head,
Fresh we woke upon the morrow:
All our thoughts and words had scope, 15
We had health, and we had hope,
Toil and travel, but no sorrow.
We were of all tongues and creeds;
Some were those who counted beads,

²: Unlike the irrelevant Dantesque epigraphs to *Corsair*, this is a jocular one, inaccurately remembered from Pope, *Imitations of Horace, Satires*, II i, 26: *Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, & Thunder?*

³: The lines printed in red were sketched by B. for inclusion in *Siege*, excluded at his part-suggestion, and not published until 1832.

Some of mosque, and some of church, 20
 And some, or I mis-say, of neither;
 Yet through the wide world might ye search,
 Nor find a motlier crew nor blither.

But some are dead, and some are gone,
 And some are scattered and alone, 25
 And some are rebels on the hills
 That look along Epirus' valleys,
 Where Freedom still at moments rallies,
 And pays in blood Oppression's ills;
 And some are in a far coundree, 30
 And some all restlessly at home;
 But never more, oh! never, we
 Shall meet to revel and to roam.
 But those hardy days flew cheerily!
 And when they now fall drearily, 35
 My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main,
 And bear my spirit back again
 Over the earth, and through the air,
 A wild bird and a wanderer.
 'Tis this that ever wakes my strain, 40
 And oft, too oft, implores again
 The few who may endure my lay,
 To follow me so far away.
 Stranger, wilt thou follow now,
 And sit with me on Acro-Corinth's brow? 45

1.

Many a vanished year and age,
 And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
 Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands
 A fortress formed to Freedom's hands.
 The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock 5
 Have left untouched her hoary rock,
 The keystone of a land, which still,
 Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill,
 The landmark to the double tide
 That purpling rolls on either side, 10
 As if their waters chafed to meet,
 Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.
 But could the blood before her shed
 Since first Timoleon's brother bled,⁴
 Or baffled Persia's despot⁵ fled, 15
 Arise from out the earth which drank
 The stream of slaughter as it sank,
 That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
 Her isthmus idly spread below:
 Or could the bones of all the slain, 20
 Who perished there, be piled again,
 That rival pyramid would rise

4: Timoleon was a king of Corinth who first saved his brother's life, but then killed him for plotting.

5: King Xerxes, defeated at Salamis. Protagonist of Aeschylus' *The Persians*.

More mountain-like, through those clear skies
 Than yon tower-capped Acropolis,
 Which seems the very clouds to kiss. 25

2.

On dun Cithæron's ridge appears
 The gleam of twice ten thousand spears;
 And downward to the Isthmian plain,
 From shore to shore of either main,
 The tent is pitched, the crescent shines 30
 Along the Moslem's leaguering lines;
 And the dusk Spahi's bands advance
 Beneath each bearded pasha's glance;
 And far and wide as eye can reach
 The turbaned cohorts throng the beach; 35
 And there the Arab's camel kneels,⁶
 And there his steed the Tartar wheels;
 The Turcoman hath left his herd,*
 The sabre round his loins to gird;
 And there the volleying thunders pour, 40
 Till waves grow smoother to the roar.
 The trench is dug, the cannon's breath
 Wings the far hissing globe of death;
 Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,
 Which crumbles with the ponderous ball; 45
 And from that wall the foe replies,
 O'er dusty plain and smoky skies,
 With fires that answer fast and well
 The summons of the Infidel.

* The life of the Turcomans is wandering and patriarchal: they dwell in tents.

3.

But near and nearest to the wall 50
 Of those who wish and work its fall,
 With deeper skill in war's black art
 Than Othman's sons, and high of heart
 As any chief that ever stood
 Triumphant in the fields of blood; 55
 From post to post, and deed to deed,
 Fast spurring on his reeking steed,
 Where sallying ranks the trench assail,
 And make the foremost Moslem quail;
 Or where the battery, guarded well, 60
 Remains as yet impregnable,
 Alighting cheerly to inspire
 The soldier slackening in his fire;
 The first and freshest of the host
 Which Stamboul's Sultan there can boast, 65
 To guide the follower o'er the field,
 To point the tube, the lance to wield,

6: Compare *Hebrew Melodies, On Jordan's Banks*, first line.

Or whirl around the bickering blade –
Was Alp, the Adrian renegade!⁷

4.

From Venice – once a race of worth 70
His gentle sires – he drew his birth;
But late an exile from her shore,
Against his countrymen he bore
The arms they taught to bear; and now
The turban girt his shaven brow. 75
Through many a change had Corinth passed
With Greece to Venice' rule at last;
And here, before her walls, with those
To Greece and Venice equal foes,
He stood a foe, with all the zeal 80
Which young and fiery converts feel,
Within whose heated bosom throngs
The memory of a thousand wrongs.
To him had Venice ceased to be
Her ancient civic boast – “the Free;” 85
And in the palace of St Mark
Unnamed accusers in the dark
Within the “Lion's mouth”⁸ had placed
A charge against him uneffaced –
He fled in time, and saved his life, 90
To waste his future years in strife,
That taught his land how great her loss
In him who triumphed o'er the Cross,
'Gainst which he reared the Crescent high,
And battled to avenge or die. 95

5.

Coumourgi – he whose closing scene *
Adorned the triumph of Eugene,
When on Carlowitz' bloody plain,
The last and mightiest of the slain,
He sank, regretting not to die, 100
But cursed the Christian's victory –
Coumourgi – can his glory cease,
That latest conqueror of Greece,
Till Christian hands to Greece restore
The freedom Venice gave of yore? 105
A hundred years have rolled away
Since he refixed the Moslem's sway,
And now he led the Mussulman,
And gave the guidance of the van

7: Adrian: from Venice, situated on the Adriatic. The renegade, who had changed either religious or political allegiance, or both, was one of the changeable B.'s favourite figures, Southey being an important example. But see the comical Beppo (like Alp, from Venice), who had become *A Renegade of indifferent fame* (Beppo, 94, 8). Both Hassan and the nameless monk presume the Giaour to be a renegade: see *Giaour* 614 and 812; but the poem is not clear about it. Alp is named after Alp-Arslan, an eleventh century Seljuk leader.

8: The Lion's mouth was a kind of post-box at the top of the Giant's Stairs at the Ducal Palace in Venice, into which anonymous accusations could be placed.

To Alp, who well repaid the trust 110
 By cities levelled with the dust;
 And proved, by many a deed of death,
 How firm his heart in novel faith.

* Ali Comourgi, the favourite of three sultans, and Grand Vizier to Achmet III, after recovering Peloponnesus from the Venetians in one campaign, was mortally wounded in the next, against the Germans, at the battle of Peterwaradin, (in the plain of Carlowitz) in Hungary, endeavouring to rally his guards. He died of his wounds next day. His last order was the decapitation of General Breunner, and some other German prisoners; and his last words, "Oh that I could thus serve all the Christian dogs!" a speech and act not unlike one of Caligula.⁹ He was a young man of great ambition and unbounded presumption; on being told that Prince Eugene, then opposed to him, "was a great general," he said, "I shall become a greater, and at his expense."

6.

The walls grew weak; and fast and hot
 Against them poured the ceaseless shot, 115
 With unabating fury sent,
 From battery to battlement;
 And thunder-like the pealing din
 Rose from each heated culverin;
 And here and there some crackling dome 120
 Was fired before the exploding bomb;
 And as the fabric sank beneath
 The shattering shell's volcanic breath,
 In red and wreathing columns flashed
 The flame, as loud the ruin crashed, 125
 Or into countless meteors driven,
 Its earth-stars melted into heaven;
 Whose clouds that day grew doubly dun,
 Impervious to the hidden sun,
 With volumed smoke that slowly grew 130
 To one wide sky of sulphurous hue.

7.

But not for vengeance, long delayed,
 Alone, did Alp, the renegade,
 The Moslem warriors sternly teach
 His skill to pierce the promised breach – 135
 Within those walls a maid was pent
 His hope would win, without consent
 Of that inexorable sire,
 Whose heart refused him in its ire,
 When Alp, beneath his Christian name,¹⁰ 140
 Her virgin hand aspired to claim.
 In happier mood, and earlier time,
 While unimpeached for traitorous crime,
 Gayest in gondola or hall,
 He glittered through the Carnival; 145
 And tuned the softest serenade

⁹: Caligula is said to have wished the entire Roman population had one neck, so that he could sever it at a stroke.

¹⁰: Alp's Christian name had been Lanciotto: compare *Beppo*, 97, 8.

That e'er on Adria's waters played
At midnight to Italian maid.

8.

And many deemed her heart was won;
For sought by numbers, given to none, 150
Had young Francesca's hand remained
Still by the church's bond unchained:
And when the Adriatic bore
Lanciotto to the Paynim shore,
Her wonted smiles were seen to fail, 155
And pensive waxed the maid and pale;
More constant at confessional,
More rare at masque and festival;
Or seen at such, with downcast eyes,
Which conquered hearts they ceased to prize. 160
With listless look she seems to gaze;
With humbler care her form arrays;
Her voice less lively in the song;
Her step, though light, less fleet among
The pairs, on whom the Morning's glance 165
Breaks, yet unsated with the dance.

9.

Sent by the state to guard the land,
(Which, wrested from the Moslem's hand,
While Sobieski tamed his pride
By Buda's wall and Danube's side,¹¹ 170
The chiefs of Venice wrung away
From Patra to Eubœa's bay.)
Minotti held in Corinth's towers
The Doge's delegated powers,¹²
While yet the pitying eye of Peace 175
Smiled o'er her long-forgotten Greece;
And ere that faithless truce was broke
Which freed her from the unchristian yoke,
With him his gentle daughter came;
Nor there, since Menelaus' dame¹³ 180
Forsook her lord and land, to prove
What woes await on lawless love,
Had fairer form adorned the shore
Than she, the matchless stranger, bore.

10.

The wall is rent, the ruins yawn, 185
And, with to-morrow's earliest dawn,
O'er the disjointed mass shall vault
The foremost of the fierce assault.

11: The Polish king Jan Sobieski raised the Turkish siege of Vienna in 1683.

12: Venice controlled the Morea (southern Greece, below the Gulf of Corinth) from 1699 to 1715.

13: Helen of Troy, wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, brother to Agamemnon.

The bands are ranked; the chosen van
 Of Tartar and of Mussulman, 190
 The full of hope, misnamed “forlorn,”¹⁴
 Who hold the thought of death in scorn,
 And win their way with falchions’ force,
 Or pave the path with many a corse,
 O’er which the following brave may rise, 195
 Their stepping-stone – the last who dies!

11.

’Tis midnight: on the mountains brown
 The cold, round moon shines deeply down:
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high, 200
 Bespangled with those isles of light,
 So wildly, spiritually bright;
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,
 And turned to earth without repining,
 Nor wished for wings to flee away, 205
 And mix with their eternal ray?
 The waves on either shore lay there,
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
 But murmured meekly as the brook. 210
 The winds were pillowed on the waves;
 The banners drooped along their staves,
 And, as they fell around them furling,
 Above them shone the crescent curling;
 And that deep silence was unbroke, 215
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,
 Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
 And echo answered from the hill,
 And the wide hum of that wild host
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast, 220
 As rose the Muezzin’s voice in air
 In midnight call to wonted prayer;¹⁵
 It rose, that chaunted mournful strain,
 Like some lone spirit’s o’er the plain:
 ’Twas musical, but sadly sweet, 225
 Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
 And take a long-unmeasured tone,
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.
 It seemed to those within the wall
 A cry prophetic of their fall; 230
 It struck even the besieger’s ear
 With something ominous and drear,
 An undefined and sudden thrill,
 Which makes the heart a moment still,
 Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed 235
 Of that strange sense its silence framed:

14: Compare *CHP* II, song, tenth stanza; *BoA* 236; or *Don Juan* VII, 62, 2.

15: There is no midnight prayer in Islam. The last prayer of the day is an hour and a half after sunset. B. has forgotten *Vathek*: The stated seasons of publick prayer, in the twenty four-hours, were five: day-break; noon; mid-time between noon and sun-set; immediately as the sun leaves the horizon; and an hour and half after it is down (1786, p.228: Lonsdale, p.129 / 30n).

Such as a sudden passing-bell
Wakes though but for a stranger's knell.

12.

The tent of Alp was on the shore;
The sound was hushed, the prayer was o'er; 240
The watch was set, the night-round made,
All mandates issued and obeyed:
'Tis but another anxious night,
His pains the morrow may requite
With all revenge and love can pay, 245
In guerdon for their long delay.
Few hours remain, and he hath need
Of rest, to nerve for many a deed
Of slaughter; but within his soul
The thoughts like troubled waters roll. 250
He stood alone among the host;
Not his the loud fanatic boast
To plant the Crescent o'er the Cross
Or risk a life with little loss,
Secure in Paradise to be 255
By Houris¹⁶ loved immortally;
Nor his, what burning patriots feel,
The stern exaltedness of zeal,
Profuse of blood, untired in toil,
When battling on the parent soil. 260
He stood alone – a renegade
Against the country he betrayed.
He stood alone amidst his band,
Without a trusted heart or hand;
They followed him, for he was brave, 265
And great the spoil he got and gave;
They crouched to him, for he had skill
To warp and wield the vulgar will;
But still his Christian origin
With them was little less than sin. 270
They envied even the faithless fame
He earned beneath a Moslem name;
Since he, their mightiest chief had been
In youth, a bitter Nazarene.
They did not know how pride can stoop, 275
When baffled feelings withering droop;
They did not know how hate can burn
In hearts once changed from soft to stern;
Nor all the false and fatal zeal
The convert of revenge can feel. 280
He ruled them – man may rule the worst
By ever daring to be first –
So lions o'er the jackall sway;
The jackall points, he fells the prey,
Then on the vulgar yelling press, 285
To gorge the relics of success.

16: See *Vathek* p.125 / 3n1.

13.

His head grows fevered, and his pulse
 The quick successive throbs convulse;
 In vain from side to side he throws
 His form, in courtship of repose; 290
 Or if he dozed, a sound, a start
 Awoke him with a sunken heart.
 The turban on his hot brow pressed,
 The mail weighed lead-like on his breast,
 Though oft and long beneath its weight 295
 Upon his eyes had slumber sate,
 Without or couch or canopy,
 Except a rougher field and sky
 Than now might yield a warrior's bed,
 Than now along the heaven was spread. 300
 He could not rest, he could not stay
 Within his tent to wait for day,
 But walked him forth along the sand,
 Where thousand sleepers strewed the strand.
 What pillowed them? and why should he 305
 More wakeful than the humblest be?¹⁷
 Since more their peril, worse their toil,
 And yet they fearless dream of spoil;
 While he alone, where thousands passed
 A night of sleep, perchance their last, 310
 In sickly vigil wandered on,
 And envied all he gazed upon.

14.

He felt his soul become more light
 Beneath the freshness of the night. 315
 Cool was the silent sky, though calm,
 And bathed his brow with airy balm;
 Behind, the camp – before him lay,
 In many a winding creek and bay,
 Lepanto's gulf; and on the brow
 Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow, 320
 High and eternal, such as shone
 Through thousand summers brightly gone.
 Along the gulf, the mount, the clime;
 It will not melt, like man, to time;
 Tyrant and slave are swept away, 325
 Less formed to wear the before the ray;
 But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,
 Which on the mighty mount¹⁸ thou hailest,
 Shines o'er its craggy battlement; 330
 In form a peak, in height a cloud,
 In texture like a hovering shroud,
 Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
 As from her fond abode she fled,

17: Alp's midnight walk recalls that of Henry V before Agincourt: see *Henry V*, IV, I; except that Alp meets no-one.

18: The *mighty mount* is Parnassus.

And lingered on the spot, where long 335
 Her prophet spirit spake in song.
 Oh! still her step at moments falters
 O'er withered fields, and ruined altars,
 And fain would wake, in souls too broken,
 By pointing to each glorious token. 340
 But vain her voice, till better days
 Dawn in those yet remembered rays
 Which shone upon the Persian flying,
 And saw the Spartan smile in dying.¹⁹

15.

Not mindless of these mighty times 345
 Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes;
 And through this night, as on he wandered,
 And o'er the past and present pondered,
 And thought upon the glorious dead
 Who there in better cause had bled, 350
 He felt how faint and feebly dim
 The fame that could accrue to him,
 Who cheered the band, and waved the sword
 A traitor in a turbaned horde;
 And led them to the lawless siege, 355
 Whose best success were sacrilege.
 Not so had those his fancy numbered,
 The chiefs whose dust around him slumbered;
 Their phalanx marshalled on the plain,
 Whose bulwarks were not then in vain. 360
 They fell devoted, but undying;
 The very gale their names seemed sighing;
 The waters murmured of their name;
 The woods were peopled with their fame;
 The silent pillar, lone and gray, 365
 Claimed kindred with their sacred clay;
 Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain,
 Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain,
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
 Rolled mingling with their fame for ever. 370
 Despite of every yoke she bears,
 That land is glory's still, and theirs!
 'Tis still a watch-word to the earth.
 When man would do a deed of worth
 He points to Greece, and turns to tread, 375
 So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head –
 He looks to her, and rushes on
 Where life is lost, or freedom won.

¹⁹: Leonidas, the Spartan leader at Thermopylae.

16.

Still by the shore Alp mutely mused,
 And wooed the freshness Night diffused. 380
 There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,*
 Which changeless rolls eternally;
 So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,
 Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood;
 And the powerless moon beholds them flow, 385
 Heedless if she come or go –
 Calm or high, in main or bay,
 On their course she hath no sway.
 The rock unworn its base doth bare,
 And looks o'er the surf, but it comes not there; 390
 And the fringe of the foam may be seen below,
 On the line that it left long ages ago:
 A smooth short space of yellow sand
 Between it and the greener land.

He wandered on, along the beach, 395
 Till within the range of a carbine's reach
 Of the leaguered wall; but they saw him not,
 Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot?
 Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold?
 Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts waxed cold? 400
 I know not, in sooth; but from yonder wall
 There flashed no fire, and there hissed no ball,
 Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,
 That flanked the sea-ward gate of the town;
 Though he heard the sound, and could almost tell 405
 The sullen words of the sentinel,
 As his measured step on the stone below
 Clanked, as he paced it to and fro;
 And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
 Hold o'er the dead their carnival,²⁰ 410
 Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb;
 They were too busy to bark at him!
 From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,
 As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;
 And their white tusks crunched o'er the whiter skull, † 415
 As it slipped through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,
 As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
 When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed;
 So well had they broken a lingering fast
 With those who had fall'n for that night's repast. 420
 And Alp knew, by the turbans that rolled on the sand,
 The foremost of these were the best of his band:
 Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,
 And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair, ‡
 All the rest was shaven and bare. 425
 The scalps were in the wild-dog's maw,
 The hair was tangled round his jaw.
 But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,

20: Hobhouse's diary records, as they pass the Seraglio on Monday May 14th, 1810: *Saw two dogs gnawing a body.*

There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,
 Who had stol'n from the hills, but kept away, 430
 Scared by the dogs, from the human prey;
 But he seized on his share of a steed that lay
 Picked by the birds, on the sands of the bay.

* The reader need hardly be reminded that there are no perceptible tides in the Mediterranean.

† This spectacle I have seen, such as described, beneath the wall of the Seraglio at Constantinople, in the little cavities worn by the Bosphorous in the rock, a narrow terrace of which projects between the wall and the water. I think the fact is also mentioned in Hobhouse's Travels. The bodies were probably those of some refractory Janizaries.

‡ This tuft, or long lock, is left from a superstition that Mahomet will draw them into paradise by it.

17.

Alp turned him from the sickening sight;
 Never had shaken his nerves in fight; 435
 But he better could brook to behold the dying,
 Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,
 Scorched with death-thirst, and writing in vain,
 Than the perishing dead who are past all pain.
 There is something of pride in the perilous hour, 440
 Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower;
 For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
 And Honour's eye on daring deeds!
 But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
 O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead, 445
 And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
 Beasts of the forest, all gathering there;
 All regarding man as their prey,
 All rejoicing in his decay.

18.

There is a temple in ruin stands, 450
 Fashioned by long-forgotten hands;
 Two or three columns, and many a stone,
 Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!
 Out upon Time! it will leave no more
 Of the things to come than the things before! 455
 Out upon Time! who for ever will leave
 But enough of the past for the future to grieve
 O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be!
 What we have seen, our sons shall see;
 Remnants of things that have passed away, 460
 Fragments of stone, reared by creatures of clay!

19.

He sate him down at a pillar's base,
 And passed his hand athwart his face;
 Like one in dreary musing mood,
 Declining was his attitude; 465

His head was drooping on his breast,
 Fevered, throbbing, and opprest;
 And o'er his brow, so downward bent,
 Oft his beating fingers went,
 Hurriedly, as you may see 470
 Your own run over the ivory key,
 Ere the measured tone is taken,
 By the chords you would awaken.
 There he sate all heavily,
 As he heard the night-wind sigh. 475
 Was it the wind, through some hollow stone,*
 Sent that soft and tender moan?
 He lifted his head, and he looked on the sea,
 But it was unrippled as glass may be;
 He looked on the long grass – it waved not a blade; 480
 How was that gentle sound conveyed?
 He looked to the banners – each flag lay still,
 So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,
 And he felt not a breath come over his cheek;
 What did that sudden sound bespeak? 485
 He turned to the left – is he sure of sight?
 There sate a lady, youthful and bright!²¹

* I must here acknowledge a close, though unintentional, resemblance in these twelve lines to a passage in an unpublished poem of Mr Coleridge, called "Christabel." It was not till after these lines were written that I heard that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem recited: and the MS. of that production I never saw till very recently, by the kindness of Mr Coleridge himself, who, I hope, is convinced that I have not been a wilful plagiarist. The original idea undoubtedly pertains to Mr Coleridge, whose poem has been composed above fourteen years. Let me conclude by a hope that he will not longer delay the publication of a production, of which I can only add my mite of approbation to the applause of far more competent judges.²²

21: The apparition of Astarte to Manfred in II iv is an *extremely* economical version of the apparition of Francesca to Alp; but see also the confrontation of Laura and the protagonist at the climax of *Beppo*.

22: The lines to which B.refers are *Christabel*, 43-60:

The night is chill; the forest bare;
 Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
 There is not wind enough in the air
 To move away the ringlet curl
 From the lovely lady's cheek –
 There is not wind enough to twirl
 The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
 That dances as often as dance it can,
 Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
 On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.
 Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
 Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
 She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
 And stole to the other side of the oak.
 What sees she there?
 There she sees a damsel bright,
 Dressed in a silken robe of white,
 That shadowy in the moonlight shone ...

Coleridge's damsel bright does not, however, have anyone's salvation in view.

20.

He started up with more of fear
 Than if an armed foe were near.
 "God of my fathers! what is here? 490
 Who art thou, and wherefore sent
 So near a hostile armament?"
 His trembling hands refused to sign
 The cross he deemed no more divine –
 He had resumed it in that hour, 495
 But conscience wrung away the power.
 He gazed – he saw: he knew the face
 Of beauty, and the form of grace;
 It was Francesca by his side,
 The maid who might have been his bride! 500

The rose was yet upon her cheek,²³
 But mellowed with a tenderer streak:
 Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
 Gone was the smile that enlivened their red. 505
 The ocean's calm within their view,
 Beside her eye had less of blue;
 But like that cold wave it stood still,
 And its glance, though clear, was chill.
 Around her form a thin robe twining,
 Nought concealed her bosom shining; 510
 Through the parting of her hair,
 Floating darkly downward there,
 Her rounded arm shewed white and bare –
 And ere yet she made reply,
 Once she raised her hand on high; 515
 It was so wan and transparent of hue,
 You might have seen the moon shine through.

21.

"I come from my rest to him I love best,
 That I may be happy, and he may be blest. 520
 I have passed the guards, the gate, the wall;
 Sought thee in safety through foes and all.
 'Tis said the lion will turn and flee
 From a maid in the pride of her purity;
 And the Power on high, that can shield the good
 Thus from the tyrant of the wood, 525
 Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well
 From the hands of the leaguering infidel.
 I come – and if I come in vain,
 Never, oh never, we meet again!
 Thou hast done a fearful deed 530
 In falling away from thy fathers' creed –
 But dash that turban to earth, and sign
 The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine;
 Wring the black drop from thy heart,

23: Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, V, iii, 95; or *Manfred*, II, iv, 98-191.

And to-morrow unites us no more to part.” 535

“And where should our bridal-couch be spread?
 In the midst of the dying and the dead?
 For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame
 The sons and shrines of the Christian name.
 None, save thou and thine, I’ve sworn, 540
 Shall be left upon the morn:
 But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,
 Where our hands shall be joined, and our sorrow forgot.
 There thou yet shall be my bride,
 When once again I’ve quelled the pride 545
 Of Venice; and her hated race
 Have felt the arm they would debase
 Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those
 Whom vice and envy made my foes.”

Upon his hand she laid her own – 550
 Light was the touch, but it thrilled to the bone,
 And shot a chillness to his heart,
 Which fixed him beyond the power to start.
 Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,
 He could not lose him from its hold; 555
 But never did clasp of one so dear
 Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,
 As those thin fingers, long and white,
 Froze through his blood by their touch that night.
 The feverish glow of his brow was gone, 560
 And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone,
 As he looked on the face, and beheld its hue,
 So deeply changed from what he knew –
 Fair but faint – without the ray
 Of mind, that made each feature play 565
 Like sparkling waves on a sunny day;
 And her motionless lips lay still as death,
 And her words came forth without her breath,
 And there rose not a heave o’er her bosom’s swell,
 And there seemed not a pulse in her veins to dwell. 570
 Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fixed,²⁴
 And the glance that it gave was wild and unmixed
 With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
 Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream:
 Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare, 575
 Stirred by the breath of the wintry air,
 So seen by the dying lamp’s fitful light,
 Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight;
 As they seem, through the dimness, about to come down
 From the shadowy wall where their images frown; 580
 Fearfully flitting to and fro,
 As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.²⁵

“If not for the love of me be given

24: Compare *Macbeth*, V i, 23-4: *You see her eyes are open. – Aye, but their sense is shut.*

25: Compare *Lara*, 136-8; or the Norman Abbey portraits at *Don Juan*, XIII, stanzas 67-70.

Thus much, then, for the love of Heaven –
 Again I say – that turban tear 585
 From off thy faithless brow,²⁶ and swear
 Thine injured country's sons to spare,
 Or thou art lost; and never shalt see –
 Not earth – that's past – but Heaven or me.
 If this thou dost accord, albeit 590
 A heavy doom 'tis thine to me,
 That doom shall half absolve thy sin,
 And mercy's gate may receive thee within;
 But pause one moment more, and take
 The curse of Him thou didst forsake; 595
 And look once more to Heaven, and see
 Its love for ever shut from thee.
 There is a light cloud by the moon – *
 'Tis passing, and will pass full soon –
 If, by the time its vapoury sail 600
 Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
 Thy heart within thee is not changed,
 Then God and man are both avenged;
 Dark will thy doom be, darker still
 Thine immortality of ill." 605

Alp looked to Heaven, and saw on high
 The sign she spake of in the sky;
 But his heart was swoll'n, and turned aside,
 By deep interminable pride.
 This first false passion of his breast 610
 Rolled like a torrent o'er the rest.
He sue for mercy! *He* dismayed
 By wild words of a timid maid!
He, wronged by Venice, vow to save
 Her sons, devoted to the grave! 615
 No – though that cloud were thunder's worst,
 And charged to crush him – let it burst!

He looked upon it earnestly,
 Without an accent of reply;
 He watched it passing – it is flown: 620
 Full on his eye the clear moon shone.
 And thus he spake – “Whate'er my fate,
 I am no changeling – 'tis too late:
 The reed in storms may bow and quiver,
 Then rise again; the tree must shiver. 625
 What Venice made me, I must be,
 Her foe in all, save love to thee:
 But thou art safe – oh, fly with me!”
 He turned, but she is gone!
 Nothing is there but the column stone. 630
 Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in air?
 He saw not – he knew not – but nothing is there.

26: Compare the words of Laura at Beppo, 93, 1-3: “*Beppo! that beard of yours becomes you not – / “It shall be shaved before you're a day older – / “Why do you wear it? ... and so on.*”

Alp at their head; his right arm is bare, 660
 So is the blade of his scimitar;
 The Khan and the Pachas are all at their post:
 The Vizier himself at the head of the host.
 When the culverin's signal is fired, then on;
 Leave not in Corinth a living one – 665
 A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
 A hearth in her mansions, a stone in her walls.
 God and the Prophet – Allah Hu!
 Up to the skies with that wild halloo!
 "There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to scale 670
 And your hands on your sabres, and how should ye fail?
 He who first downs with the red cross may crave
 His heart's dearest wish; let him ask it, and have!"
 Thus uttered Coumourgi, the dauntless Vizier;
 The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear, 675
 And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire –
 Silence – hark to the signal – fire!

23.

As the wolves, that headlong go
 On the stately buffalo,
 Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar, 680
 And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,
 He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
 The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die;
 Thus against the wall they went,
 Thus the first were backward bent; 685
 Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,
 Strewed the earth like broken glass,
 Shivered by the shot, that tore
 The ground whereon they moved no more –
 Even as they fell, in files they lay, 690
 Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
 When work is done on the levelled plain;
 Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

24.

As the spring-tides, with heavy splash,
 From the cliffs invading dash 695
 Huge fragments, sapped by the ceaseless flow,
 Till white and thundering down they go,
 Like the avalanche's snow
 On the Alpine vales below;
 Thus at length, outbreathed and worn, 700
 Corinth's sons were downward borne
 By the long and oft-renewed
 Charge of the Moslem multitude.
 In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
 Heaped, by the host of the infidel, 705
 Hand to hand, and foot to foot:
 Nothing there, save death, was mute;
 Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry

For quarter, or for victory,
 Mingle there with the volleying thunder, 710
 Which makes the distant cities wonder
 How the sounding battle goes,
 If with them, or for their foes;
 If they must mourn, or may rejoice
 In that annihilating voice, 715
 Which pierces the deep hills through and through
 With an echo dread and new –
 You might have heard it, on that day,
 O'er Salamis and Megara;
 (We have heard the hearers say,) 720
 Even unto Piræus' bay.

25.

From the point of encountering blades to the hilt,
 Sabres and swords with blood were gilt –³⁰
 But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun 725
 And all but the after carnage done.
 Shriller shrieks now mingling come
 From within the plundered dome –
 Hark to the haste of flying feet,
 That splash in the blood of the slippery street;
 But here and there, where 'vantage ground 730
 Against the foe may still be found,
 Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,
 Make a pause, and turn again –
 With banded backs against the wall,
 Fiercely stand, or fighting fall.³¹ 735

There stood an old man³² – his hairs were white,
 But his veteran arm was full of might:
 So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,
 The dead before him on that day,
 In a semicircle lay; 740
 Still he combated unwounded,
 Though retreating, unsurrounded.
 Many a scar of former fight
 Lurked beneath his corslet bright;
 But of every wound his body bore, 745
 Each and all had been ta'en before,³³
 Though aged, he was so iron of limb,
 Few of our youth could cope with him;
 And the foes, whom he singly kept at bay,
 Outnumbered his thin hairs of silver gray. 750
 From right to left his sabre swept:
 Many an Othman mother wept
 Sons that were unborn, when dipped
 His weapon first in Moslem gore,

30: Compare Lady Macbeth's similar pun, at II, ii, 55-7: *If he do bleed, / I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, / For it must seem their guilt.*

31: Compare *CHP* III, 23, 9: *He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.*

32: Compare the Tartar Khan at *Don Juan* VIII, stanza 105, *et. seq.*

33: Compare *Macbeth*, V, vii, 46-7: *Had he his hurts before? – Why, then God's soldier be he!*

Ere his years could count a score. 755
 Of all he might have been the sire
 Who fell that day beneath his ire –
 For, sonless left long years ago,
 His wrath made many a childless foe;
 And since the day, when in the strait * 760
 His only boy had met his fate
 His parent's iron hand did doom
 More than a human hecatomb.
 If shades by carnage be appeased,
 Patroclus' spirit less was pleased 765
 Than his, Minotti's son, who died
 Where Asia's bounds and ours divide.
 Buried he lay, where thousands before
 For thousands of years were inhumed on the shore;
 What of them is left, to tell 770
 Where they lie, and how they fell?
 Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves;
 But they live in the verse that immortally saves.³⁴

* In the naval battle at the mouth of the Dardanelles, between the Venetians and the Turks.

26.

Hark to the Allah shout! a band
 Of the Mussulman bravest and best is at hand: 775
 Their leader's nervous arm is bare,
 Swifter to smite, and never to spare –
 Unclothed to the shoulder it waves them on;
 Thus in the fight is he ever known:
 Others a gaudier garb may show, 780
 To them the spoil of the greedy foe;
 Many a hand's on a richer hilt,
 But none on a steel more ruddily gilt;
 Many a loftier turban may wear, –
 Alp is but known by the white arm bare; 785
 Look through the thick of the fight, 'tis there!
 There is not a standard on the shore
 So well advanced the ranks before;
 There is not a banner in Moslem war
 Will lure the Delhis half so far; 790
 It glances like a falling star!
 Where'er that mighty arm is seen,
 The bravest be, or late have been;
 There the craven cries for quarter
 Vainly to the vengeful Tartar; 795
 Or the hero, silent lying,
 Scorns to yield a groan in dying;
 Mustering his last feeble blow
 'Gainst the nearest levelled foe,
 Though faint beneath the mutual wound, 800
 Grappling on the gory ground.

34: B. refers to Homer.

27.

Still the old man stood erect,
 And Alp's career a moment checked.
 "Yield thee, Minotti; quarter take,
 For thine own, thy daughter's sake." 805

"Never, renegado, never!
 Though the life of thy gift would last for ever."

"Francesca! – Oh, my promised bride:
 Must she too perish by thy pride?"

"She is safe." – "Where? where?" – "In Heaven;
 From whence thy traitor soul is driven –
 Far from thee, and undefiled." 810

Grimly then Minotti smiled
 As he saw Alp staggering bow
 Before his words, as with a blow. 815

"O God! when died she?" – "Yesternight –
 Nor weep I for her spirit's flight;
 None of my pure race shall be
 Slaves to Mahomet and thee –
 Come on!" That challenge is in vain – 820

Alp's already with the slain!
 While Minotti's words were wreaking
 More revenge in bitter speaking
 Than his falchion's point had found,
 Had the time allowed to wound, 825

From within the neighbouring porch
 Of a long-defended church,
 Where the last and desperate few
 Would the failing fight renew,
 The sharp shot dashed Alp to the ground;
 Ere an eye could view the wound 830

That crashed through the brain of the infidel,
 Round he spun, and down he fell;
 A flash like fire within his eyes
 Blazed, as he bent no more to rise, 835

And then eternal darkness sunk
 Through all the palpitating trunk;
 Nought of life left, save a quivering
 Where his limbs were slightly shivering³⁵ –

They turned him on his back; his breast
 And brow were stained with gore and dust,
 And through his lips the life-blood oozed,
 From its deep veins lately loosed;

But in his pulse there was no throb,
 Nor on his lips one dying sob; 845
 Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath
 Heralded his way to death –
 Ere his very thought could pray,

35: Echoed at *Don Juan II*, 90 7-8: *Then he himself sunk down all dumb and Shivering, / And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.* – –

Unaneled³⁶ he passed away,
 Without a hope from mercy's aid – 850
 To the last – a Renegade.

28.

Fearfully the yell arose
 Of his followers, and his foes;
 These in joy, in fury those –
 Then again in conflict mixing, 855
 Clashing swords, and spears transfixing,
 Interchanged the blow and thrust,
 Hurling warriors in the dust.
 Street by street, and foot by foot,
 Still Minotti dares dispute 860
 The latest portion of the land
 Left beneath his high command;
 With him, aiding heart and hand,
 The remnant of his gallant band.
 Still the church is tenable, 865
 Whence issued the fated ball
 That half avenged the city's fall,
 When Alp, her fierce assailant, fell –
 Thither bending sternly back,
 They leave before a bloody track; 870
 And, with their faces to the foe,
 Dealing wounds with every blow,
 The chief, and his retreating train,
 Join to those within the fane;
 There they yet may breathe awhile, 875
 Sheltered by the massy pile.

29.

Brief breathing-time! the turbaned host,
 With added ranks and raging boast,
 Press onwards with such strength and heat,
 Their numbers balk their own retreat; 880
 For narrow the way that led to the spot
 Where still the Christians yielded not;
 And the foremost, if fearful, may vainly try
 Through the massy column to turn and fly;
 They perforce must do or die. 885
 They die – but ere their eyes could close,
 Avengers o'er their bodies rose;
 Fresh and furious, fast they fill
 The ranks unthinned, though slaughtered still:
 And faint the weary Christians wax 890
 Before the still renewed attacks;
 And now the Othmans gain the gate;
 Still resists its iron weight,
 And still, all deadly aimed and hot,
 From every crevice comes the shot; 895

36: Unreconciled to God. See *Hamlet*, I, v, 77: *Unhous'led, disappointed, uaneled ...*

From every shattered window pour
 The volleys of the sulphurous shower –
 But the portal wavering grows and weak –
 The iron yields, the hinges creak –
 It bends – it falls – and all is o'er;
 Lost Corinth may resist no more!

900

30.

Dark, sternly, and all alone,
 Minotti stood o'er the altar stone;
 Madonna's face upon him shone,³⁷
 Painted in heavenly hues above,
 With eyes of light and looks of love;
 And placed upon that holy shrine
 To fix our thoughts on things divine,
 When pictured there we kneeling see
 Her, and the boy-God on her knee,
 Smiling sweetly on each prayer
 To Heaven, as if to waft it there.
 Still she smiled; even now she smiles,
 Though slaughter streams along her aisles:
 Minotti lifted his aged eye,
 And made the sign of a cross with a sigh,
 Then seized a torch which blazed thereby;
 And still he stood, while, with steel and flame,
 Inward and onward the Mussulman came.

905

910

915

31.

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone
 Contained the dead of ages gone –
 Their names were on the graven floor,
 But now illegible with gore;
 The carved crests, and curious hues
 The varied marble's veins diffuse,
 Were smeared, and slippery – stained, and strown
 With broken swords, and helms o'erthrown;
 There were dead above, and the dead below
 Lay cold in many a coffined row;
 You might see them piled in sable state,
 By a pale light through a gloomy grate;
 But War had entered their dark caves,
 And stored along the vaulted graves
 Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread
 In masses by the fleshless dead;
 Here, throughout the siege, had been
 The Christians' chiefest magazine;
 To these a late-formed train now led,
 Minotti's last and stern resource,
 Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

920

925

930

935

940

37: One of the rare depictions of the Blessed Virgin in B.'s work. Compare *Don Juan XIII*, stanza 61.

32.

The foe came on, and few remain
 To strive, and those must strive in vain –
 For lack of further lives, to slake
 The thirst of vengeance now awake,
 With barbarous blows they gash the dead, 945
 And lop the already lifeless head,
 And fell the statues from their niche,
 And spoil the shrine of offerings rich,
 And from each other's rude hands wrest
 The silver vessels saints had blessed. 950
 To the high altar on they go;
 Oh, but it made a glorious show!
 On its table still behold
 The cup of consecrated gold;
 Massy and deep, a glittering prize, 955
 Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes –
 That morn it held the holy wine,
 Converted by Christ to His blood so divine,
 Which His worshippers drank at the break of day
 To shrive their souls ere they joined in the fray, 960
 Still a few drops within it lay;
 And round the sacred table glow
 Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,
 From the purest metal cast;
 A spoil – the richest, and the last. 965

33.

So near they came, the nearest stretched
 To grasp the spoil he almost reached,
 When old Minotti's hand
 Touched with a torch the train –
 'Tis fired!³⁸ 970
 Spire, vaults, and shrine, the spoil, the slain,
 The turbaned victors, the Christian band,
 All that of living or dead remain,
 Hurl'd on high with the shivered fane,
 In one wild roar expired! 975
 The shattered town – the walls thrown down –
 The waves a moment backward bent –
 The hills that shake, although unrent,
 As if an earthquake passed –
 The thousand shapeless things all driven 980
 In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,
 By that tremendous blast –
 Proclaimed the desperate conflict o'er
 On that too long afflicted shore!
 Up to the sky like rockets go 985
 All that mingled there below –

38: There are other historical precedents for such an explosion. In 1566 the Hungarian commander of the besieged town of Zsigetvar fired the powder magazine, killing himself and his enemies. On September 26th 1687 the Parthenon suffered the most severe damage in its history when a Venetian ball hit the powder the Turks kept stored there, blowing the roof off. In July 1718, lightning struck the powder magazine in the Venetian fortress on Corfu, destroying it.

Many a tall and goodly man,
 Scorched and shrivelled to a span,
 When he fell to earth again
 Like a cinder strewed the plain; 990
 Down the ashes shower like rain;
 Some fell in the gulf, which received the sprinkles
 With a thousand circling wrinkles;
 Some fell on the shore, but, far away,
 Scattered o'er the isthmus lay; 995
 Christian or Moslem, which be they?
 Let their mothers see and say!
 When in cradled rest they lay,
 And each nursing mother smiled
 On the sweet sleep of her child, 1000
 Little deemed she such a day
 Would rend those tender limbs away.
 Not the matrons that them bore
 Could discern their offspring more;³⁹
 That one moment left no trace 1005
 More of human form or face
 Save a scattered scalp or bone –
 And down came blazing rafters, strown
 Around, and many a falling stone,
 Deeply dented in the clay, 1010
 All blackened there and reeking lay.
 All the living things that heard
 That deadly earth-shock disappeared.
 The wild birds flew; the wild dogs fled,⁴⁰
 And howling left the unburied dead; 1015
 The camels from their keepers broke;
 The distant steer forsook the yoke –
 The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,
 And burst his girth, and tore his rein;
 The bull-frog's note, from out the marsh, 1020
 Deep-mouthed arose, and doubly harsh;
 The wolves yelled on the caverned hill,
 Where echo rolled in thunder still;
 The jackall's troop, in gathered cry,*
 Bayed from afar complainingly, 1025
 With mixed and mournful sound,
 Like crying babe, and beaten hound –

39: This becomes a favourite Byronic topos: compare *Don Juan* II, stanza 102; *TVOJ*, 78. 5-6; or *Island*, 181-4.

40: A passage from Book XXI of Southey's *Roderick, Last of the Goths* runs:

Far and wide the thundering shout,
 Rolling among reduplicating rocks,
 Peal'd o'er the hills, and up the mountain vales.
 The wild ass starting in the forest glade
 Ran to the covert; the affrighted wolf
 Skulked through the thicket, to a closer brake;
 The sluggish bear, awakened in his den,
 Roused up, and answered with a sullen growl,
 Long-breathed and long; and at the uproar scared
 The brooding eagle from her nest took wing.

However, as with the *Christabel* borrowing, B. inverts the meaning of his model. Southey's beasts cannot understand the explosion of human noise (made when a King of Spain is elevated); B.'s wheel in shock at the explosion, but are superior to it, and will survive it.

With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,
The eagle left his rocky nest,
 And mounted nearer to the sun, 1030
 The clouds beneath him seemed so dun;
Their smoke assailed his startled beak,
And made him higher soar and shriek –
 Thus was Corinth lost and won!

* I believe I have taken a poetical license to transplant the jackall from Asia. In Greece I never saw nor heard these animals; but among the ruins of Ephesus I have heard them by hundreds.⁴¹ They haunt ruins, and follow armies.

41: B. was determined to let the world know that he had seen eagles over Parnassus, and heard jackals howling in the ruins of Ephesus. Hobhouse records neither, and his diary for Tuesday March 13th 1810, as they set off for Ephesus, reads, *Loud croaking of the frogs.*

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