A NORTON CRITICAL EDITION

BYRON'S POETRY AND PROSE

AUTHORITATIVE TEXTS
CRITICISM

Selected and Edited by
ALICE LEVINE
HOFSTRA UNIVERSITY

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC.
Also Publishes

ENGLISH RENAISSANCE DRAMA: A NORTON ANTHOLOGY
edited by David Bevington et al.

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF AFRICAN AMERICAN LITERATURE
edited by Henry Louis Gates Jr. and Nellie Y. McKay et al.

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE
edited by Nina Baym et al.

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE
edited by Jack Zipes et al.

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
edited by M. H. Abrams and Stephen Greenblatt et al.

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF LITERATURE BY WOMEN
edited by Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN AND CONTEMPORARY POETRY
edited by John Ramazani, Richard Ellman, and Robert O’Clair

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY
edited by Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, and Jon Stallworthy

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF SHORT FICTION
edited by R. V. Cassill and Richard Bausch

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF THEORY AND CRITICISM
edited by Vincent B. Leitch et al.

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD LITERATURE
edited by Sarah Lewall et al.

THE NORTON FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST FOLIO OF SHAKESPEARE
prepared by Charlton Hiamou

THE NORTON INTRODUCTION TO LITERATURE
edited by Alison Booth, J. Paul Hunter, and Kelly J. Mays

THE NORTON INTRODUCTION TO THE SHORT NOVEL
edited by Jerome Beaty

THE NORTON READER
edited by Linda H. Peterson and John C. Brereton

THE NORTON SAMPLER
edited by Thomas Conley

THE NORTON SHAKESPEARE, BASED ON THE OXFORD EDITION
edited by Stephen Greenblatt et al.

For a complete list of Norton Critical Editions, visit
www.norton.com/college/English/nce_home.htm

W • W • NORTON & COMPANY • New York • London
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage  On July 2, 1809, with his friend John Cam Hobhouse, Byron left England for a tour of Portugal, Spain, Malta, Greece, Albania, and Turkey. When he returned in 1811, he brought with him two cantos of a long semi-autobiographical poem that he had drafted in the fall of 1809 and spring of 1810 and that he called "Childe Burrun's Pilgrimage," using an old form of the Byron family name. Robert Charles Dallas, a distant relative (eventually Byron's literary agent), urged him to publish the poem with the important bookseller John Murray. Even before returning to England Byron had begun the process of heavily revising the poem, which was published on March 10, 1812. The effect of Cantos I–II of Childe Harold, according to Thomas Moore, was "electric," the first edition of five hundred copies selling out in three days. Indeed, the ten editions of the poem that Murray published over the next three years, along with Byron's Eastern tales, led to Byron's enjoying an unprecedented celebrity in the literary and social world of England from 1812 to 1815. During his second and final exile from England, Byron wrote two additional cantos: Canto III, written in Switzerland in 1816, and Canto IV, written in Italy in 1817–18. Although Byron regarded the poem as a single poetic unit, as Jerome McGann points out, "the work neither is nor was a unified composition," and it "can be read in three ways: as a single, integral poem, as two loosely related units (Cantos I–II and Cantos III–IV), or as three separate parts of one changing poetic project (Cantos I–II, Canto III, Canto IV)." (CPW 2.265).

Childe Harold originated as a sentimental travelogue poem, cast as (or parodying) a romance in the style of Edmund Spenser's Faerie Queene (1590, 1596), using Spenser's nine-line stanza and, intermittently, diction, and focusing on a young, questing hero. "Childe" was a medieval term for a young nobleman before taking his vows of knighthood. But readers quickly perceived that the doleful, wandering Harold was a thinly disguised alter ego of the poet—despite Byron's insistence that his "child of imagination" was intended only as a unifying device and an illustration of a "misdirected" soul that shows "that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones ..." (see the Preface and Addition to the Preface). The travelogue, moreover, provided the poet with a framework for expressing his sharp criticism of Europe's emerging political order: notably France's conflict with England; Napoleon's encroachment into Portugal and Spain and the subsequent Peninsular War; and the still feudal Ottoman empire in its dying stages, with the subjection to Turkey of Greece, the birthplace and symbol to Byron of civilization, freedom, and glory. This criticism is set against the poet's alternating responses to the world: on the one hand, his appreciation of nature and humankind, and; on the other, his acute awareness of human failures and history's perpetual disappointments.

Through a process of revision and accretions that continued throughout the publication of the first seven editions, Childe Harold I–II deepened into a serious personal poem and Kunstlerroman, or artist's biography. The deaths of his mother, John Edleston, and three close friends occurred while Byron was writing and revising the poem, and his deeply felt personal loss intensified and was intensified by his observation of history's recurrent wars and failures. Thus, like Goethe's best-selling novel The Sorrows of Young Werther (1774), Childe Harold captured the spirit of the age as a prime illustration of the literature of Welfschmerz—the world's sorrow experienced as a personal condition. "Pilgrimage," moreover, is ironic, secular, Romantic: the poet neither seeks nor discovers a shrine, and his only redemption is that of "Consciousness awakening to her woes." (1.941).

Besides the appeal of the mysteriously melancholy, deep-feeling yet aloof persona at the center of the poem, its immediate impact is traceable to the "Byronic" thought and style: the emotionally heightened rhetoric of loss
(Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee, / Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved" [II.127-28]); striking, dramatic descriptions—as of a bullfight in Cadiz ("Hark! he heard you not the forest-marcher's roar? / Crushing the lance, he shoves the spearing gore / Of man and steed, o'erbeaten beneath his horn; / The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for more; / Yells the mad crowd o'er entwined flesh torn, / Nor shrinks the female eye, nor even affects to mourn" [I.687-92]); topographical immediacy and intertextual echoes ("Ambracia's Gulf beheld, where once was lost / A world for woman..." [II.397-98], recalling Plutarch's, Shakespeare's, and Dryden's accounts of Antony's defeat at Actium as a result of following Cleopatra's ships); classical prosody and Romantic rhetoric ("And must they fall: the young, the proud, the brave, / To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign? / No step between submission and a grave? / The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?" [I.549-52]).

Despite weaknesses, such as uneven verse quality and formal inconsistence, Childe Harold I-IV remains "one of the most important works in modern western literature" (Fiery Dust, 94). It provided the framework for the poetically more mature third and fourth cantos and the prototype of a range of literature depicting the man-of-sensibility as hero (or anti-hero) in an alienated (typically post-war) world—from Lermontov's A Hero of Our Time (1840) to Eliot's The Waste Land (1922), Salinger's The Catcher in the Rye (1951), and Kerouac's On the Road (1957). Yet the relation of the exile/pilgrim to the contemporary world in Childe Harold remains uniquely Byronic as an unfolding drama of engagement and alienation. The poet's acute awareness of history, political critique, and respectful observation of different countries and cultures disrupt the poem's Romantic interiority. These worldly preoccupations are evident not only in the body of the poem but in Byron's numerous, detailed, and sometimes lengthy notes, the cosmopolitan, at times sardonic, tone of which further destabilizes the poem's Romantic agenda. Finally, the relationship between the hero and poet-narrator (though weakly drawn in this poem) and the dominance of the narrator's commentaries and digressions represent Byron's earliest efforts in a form that he would eventually manage with unsurpassed virtuosity in his later masterpiece, Don Juan.


1. "The universe is a sort of book, of which one has only read the first page when one has only seen one's country. I have perused a great number, which I have found equally bad. This study has not at all been fruitful. I hated my country. All the folks of the diverse people among whom I have lived have reconciled me with her. Should I not have rapped another benefit from my travels than that? I would regret neither the expense nor the effort," Fougeret de Monbron, Le Cosmopolite, ou, le Cheveu du Monde (London, 1755).

2. Walter Scott's Minstrels of the Scottish Border (1802). Other writers and works mentioned in the Preface and Additions to the Preface: James Beattie (Scottish scholar, 1735-1808), Letter of September 22, 1766; in Forbes' Life of Beattie (1806) 1:99; Ludovico Ariosto (Italian poet, 1474-1533); James Thomson (Scottish poet, 1700-1748); Jean-Baptiste de la Croix de Sainte-Palaye (French scholar, 1697-1758); Memoires sur l'assassinat de Charette (Paris, 1791); Rolland d'Écourt, Recueils...sur le Cours d'Amour (Paris, 1787); Edmund Burke (British statesman and philosopher, 1729-1797), Reflections on the Revolution in France (1886), p. 89; Pierre Lipp, Chevalier de Bayard (c. 1474-1524), known widely as the knight "sans peur et sans reproche"; Joseph Banks, et al., Hauksensont's Voyages (1773).
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. 3

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr Beattie 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 may; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition.— 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, Thomson, 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 Childre' (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 unknighthly, 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 temps, l'amour antique flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Sainte-Palaye, passim, and more particularly vol. ii. p. 69. The vices of chivalry were no better kept than any other vices 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, parlements d'amour, ou de courtoise et de gentillesse' had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Roland on the same subject with Sainte-Palaye. Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage Childre Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—No wailer, but a knight templar. 4 By the by, I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights 'sans peur,' though not 'sans reproche.' If the story of the 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. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie-Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honours lances were shivered, and knights unhorsed.

Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks (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 'Childre 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 sating 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. 5

London, 1813.

To lanthe 6

Not in those climes where I have late been straying,
Though Beauty long hath there been matchless deem'd;
Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd.
Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seem'd?
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint those charms which varied as they beam'd—
To such as see thee not my words were weak;
To those who gazed on thee what language could they speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseeem the promise of thy spring,
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth without his wing,
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining!
And surely she who now so fondly rears
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
Beholds the rainbow of her future years.
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

5. Timon: a ruined nobleman turned misanthropic philosopher of Athens (fifth century B.C.), subject of works by Pope and Shakespeare; cf. 'I rest, a perfect Timon, not a villain!' ('Childish Recollections' [1806], variant, CPW 1.158). The eponymous villain-hero of a novel by John Moore (1798).

6. These stanzas were added in the seventh edition of the poem (1814). 'Lanthe' ['Flower of the Nereids,' Ovid, Metamorphoses] refers to Lady Charlotte Harley, the thirteen-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Oxford; during 1812-14 Byron was romantically involved with Lady Oxford, referred to in lines 15–18.

3. The lands bordering the eastern shores of the Mediterranean Sea, e.g., Albania, Greece, and Turkey.

4. The Rover, or the Double Arrangement (Poetry of the Anti-Jacobein [1854]), 199, by John Hookham Freere.
CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Canto I

Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine!  
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

2

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

3

Childe Harold was he hight:—but whence his name  
And lineage long, it suits me not to say;  
Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,  
And had been glorious in another day.  
But one sad losel* solus a name for aye,  
However mighty in the olden time;  
Nor all that heralds take from coffin'd clay,  
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme.  
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

4

Childe Harold hark'd him in the noontide sun,  
Disporting there like any other fly;  
Nor dream'd before his little day was done  
One blast might chill him into misery,  
But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,  
Worse than adversity the Childe befell;  
He felt the fulness of satiety:  
Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,  
Which seem'd to him more lone than Eremitic's* sad cell.

5

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,  
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,  
Had sigh'd to many though he loved but one,  
And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.

---

7. In Persian mythology, a beautiful fairylike being descended from fallen angels.
8. Greece.
9. "The little village of Castri stands partly on the site of Delphi. Along the path of the mountain, from Chryssos, are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock. One, said the guide, of a king Chryssos, is the largest tomb in Greece, of immense depth; the upper part of it was paved, and now a cowshouse. On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery; some say it is a cave, supposed the Pythian, of immense deep. Above which is a cliff on the rock, with a vast range of caverns, the uppermost of which is the chief's in the rock, with a range of caves of different ascent, and apparently leading to the interior of the mountain, probably the Cynic Cavern mentioned by Pausanias. From this part descend the fountain and the 'Dew of Castalis.'" Delphi is the site of the shrine and oracle of Apollo, Greek god of poetry.

1. In Greek myth, the nine Muses were the inspiring goddesses of the various arts; shell: the lyre of the epic bard. Note: might: Byron's use of Spenserian diction is generally abandoned after the opening thirteen stanzas.
2. England's Whalome; once upon a time.
3. Peron.
5. Sconderel.
6. Hennin's.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

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 spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd to taste.

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 congeal'd the drop within his eye:
Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;
With pleasure drugg'd, he almost long'd for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.

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

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow,
As if the memory of some deadly feud
Or disappointed passion lurk'd 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,
Nor sought he friend to counsel or console,
Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could not control.

And none did love him—though to hall and bower
He gather'd revellers from far and near.

Canto I

He knew them flatterers of the festal hour;
The heartless parasites of present cheer.
Yea! none did love him—not his leman's* 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,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs* might despair.

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:
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 dote upon
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.

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 sainthood of an anchorite;*
And long had fed his youthful appetite;
His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,
And all that mote to luxury invite,
Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,
And traverse Paynim's shores, and pass Earth's central line.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew,
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
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

---

7. Worshipers of Bacchus, ancient Roman god of wine and revelry.
9. I.e., concubines, prostitutes; the island Paphos was sacred to Aphrodite, goddess of beauty and love. In lines 60-63 Byron alludes to the long tradition of tales about secret licentiousness in monasteries, tales that were revived in Gothic novels of the Romantic period, particularly The Monk (1796) by Byron's friend Matthew G. Lewis. At Newstead, Byron would dress in friar's robes with his friends and play at being a dissolute monk.
10. Lovers.
11. Love; Eros: Greek god of passionate love.
12. One of the nine orders of angels; Mammon: in medieval tradition, the demon of material wealth.
14. Medieval word for "pagan.
CANTO I

Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind:
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and one above.

"My father bless'd me fervently,
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;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
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.

"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,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
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
No thing that claims a tear.

---

7. Robert Buxton, son of a Newstead tenant, traveling with Byron, became homesick and returned home from Gibraltar.
8. Companions; mates.
9

“And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
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.

10

“With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
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,
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,
New shores descried make every bosom gay;
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,
And Tagus' dashed onward to the deep,
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.

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!
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,

9. The Bay of Biscay is the traveler's entry into the waters of Spain and Portugal.
1. Cintra (or Sintra) is a Portuguese town near Lisbon, site of the infamous Convention of Cintra (1808), where England, after helping the Portuguese repel a French invasion, agreed to give the French Army safe conduct out of the country. Byron, like the other Romantics, felt that England's behavior was a betrayal of the national spirit of revolutionary nationalism (see stanzas 24–26) — for while the English would aid their satellite, Portugal, in resisting Napoleon's attempt to isolate England economically from the European Continent, they would not allow triumph to the point of real national independence from foreign policies.
2. Portugal's central river, which according to legend carried gold particles in its depths.
3. Portuguese, from "Lusitania," an ancient name for Portugal.

CANTO 1

With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge
Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen purge.

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,
And to the Lusians did her aid afford:
A nation sworn with ignorance and pride,
Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

17

But whose entereth within this town,
That, sheen'd far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
Mid many things unsightly to strange eye;
For hut and palace show like filthily:
The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt;
Ne personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtient or shirt,
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd, unhurt.

18

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noblest scenes—
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?
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
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates?

19

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrownd,
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,

4. The French army, which had invaded Portugal.
5. Napoleon Bonaparte.
6. Elysium is the Paradise of Roman myth, described by Virgil (70–19 B.C.E.) in the sixth book of the Aeneid.
34

But ere the mingling bounds have far been pass’d
Dark Guardians rolls his power along
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient roundelay 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
Mix’d on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppress’d.

35

Oh, lovely Spain! renown’d, romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava’s traitor-sire first call’d the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?§
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Waved o’er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?§
Red gleam’d the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
While Afric’s echoes thrill’d with Moorish matrons’ wail.

36

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
Ah! such, alas! the hero’s ampest 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;
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?

37

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
But wields not, as of old, her thristy lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:

2. Spanish river flowing into Portugal.
3. C. of Ecclesiastes 9:11: “The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong…”
5. “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 Grenada.” Count Julian of Cava (Cava) in 711 aided the Muslim invasion of Spain. This invasion was resisted heroically by the Christian king Pelagio (Pelayo), who ruled 718–37.
6. Ferdinand and Isabella expelled the Moors in 1492.
7. Stanzas 37–42 refer to a bloody battle between French and English troops fought at the town of Talavera de la Reina, near Madrid, on July 27–28, 1809.
8. A region in southern Spain.
9. The Sirocco, the hot southern wind of the Mediterranean area.
10. Both a common and, figuratively, the gigantic power of Napoleon’s France.
11. Prayers.
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
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’s plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot—Ambition’s honour’d fools!
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,
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?

Oh, Albucera, glorious field of grief!
As o’er thy plain the Pilgrim’s pricked his steed,
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed!
Peace to the perish’d may the warrior’s meed!
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng.
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient song.

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

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
Where proud Sevilla triumphs un subdued:
Yet is she free—the spoiler’s wish’d-for prey!

Soon, soon shall Conquest’s fiery foot intrude,
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
Inevitable hour! ‘Gainst fate to strive
Where Desolation plants her famish’d brood
Is vain, or Lion, Tyre’ might yet survive.
And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to thrive.

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 rebuke’s sounds;
Here Folly still his votaries inhalls.
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.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate
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’s twirls his jocund castanet:
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!

How carols now the lusty muleteer?
Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,
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 execute Godoy,
The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day.

7. Lion (Llun, or Troy) and Tyre were splendid ancient cities whose falls have been the subject of moralizing reflections.
8. A Renaissance stringed musical instrument.
10. “Viva el Rey Fernando!” Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. The other is “Viva el Rey!”

3. See p. 38, n. 7.
4. A Spanish town where the British, Spanish, and Portuguese forces defeated the French army on May 16, 1811, all suffering severe losses.
5. Harold.
6. Reward.
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
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's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

42

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools!
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.
Can despots compass aught that halls their sway?
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

43

Oh, Albueria, glorious field of grief!
As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim prickt his steed,
Who could foresee thee, in 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,
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 re-animate their clay.
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:
Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud,
Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pursued.

45

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued:
Yet is she free—the spoiler’s wish’d-for prey!

Soon, soon shall Conquest’s fiery foot intrude,
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive
Where Desolation plants her famish’d brood
Is vain, or Lion, Tyre might yet survive,
And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to thrive.

46

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

47

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate
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:
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.
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 execute Godoy,
The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day.

7. Lion (Ilium, or Troy) and Tyre were splendid ancient cities whose falls have been the subject of moralizing reflections.
8. A Renaissance stringed musical instrument.
9. Lively Spanish dance, with dancer playing castanets.
10. “Viva el Rey Ferdinando!” Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. They are chiefly in disparage of the old King Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace.
11. There have been many of them; some of the airs are beautiful. Don Manuel Godoy, the Princes de la Paz, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badaux, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish guards, till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and caused him to the dukedom of Alcudia. &c &c. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country. After Napoleon had replaced Charles IV with his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, Spanish resistance to French occupation centered around loyalty to the rightful, exiled king, Charles's son Ferdinand VII. It was Godoy, the Spanish diplomat and queen's lover, who first persuaded Charles (the "wittol" or fool) to join in European resistance to the French Revolution in 1793 and who in 1807–08 was instrumental in furthering French occupation of Spain.
When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy,
And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adulterate joy.

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

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.1
Woe to the man that walks in public view
Without of loyalty this token true:
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;
And sorely would the Gallic3 foeman rue,
If subtle poniards, wrap beneath the cloak,
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke.

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'erflow'd,
The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,
The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,
The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match,

Portend the deeds to come:—but he whose nod
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 Scourger6 of the world.
Ah! Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,
When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfurl'd,
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurl'd.

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign?
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?
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,
The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's heart of steel?

Is it for this the Spanish maid,2 aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unused, the anlance4 hath espoused,
Sung the loud sound, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
The falchion5 flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars' might quake to tread.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,
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 Gorgon6 face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

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;

2. "The red cockade, with 'Fernando VII.' in the centre." Refers to the restoration of Ferdinand VII in 1812.
3. French.
4. The mountain chain, chief bastion of the city of Seville's resistance to French siege.
5. "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."
6. Napoleon—"Gaul's Vulture" (line 547) and the "bloated Chief" (line 550).
7. Augustina, the "Maid of Saragoza." In 1808 in Saragoza (Saragossa), capital of the province of Aragon in Spain, the citizens, including the women, successfully held off an invading French army.
8. A long, tapering dagger.
9. A broad sword.
10. In Roman myth, Minerva was goddess of wisdom and Mars god of war.
11. In classical myth, a female monster whose gaze turned men to stone.
When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy,
And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adulterate joy.

49
On yon long, level plain, at distance crown'd
With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,
Wide scatter'd hoof-marks dint the wounded ground;
And, scathed by fire, the greensward's dark'en'd vest
Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest:
Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host,
Here the bold peasant storm'd the dragon's nest;
Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won and lost.

50
And whomso'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:2
Woe to the man that walks in public view
Without of loyalty this token true;
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;
And sorely would the Gallic3 foeman rue,
If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloak,
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke.

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-howitz, the broken road,
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflow'd,
The station's bands, the never-vacant watch,
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,
The holster's steed beneath the shed of thatch,
The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match,

52
Portend the deeds to come—but he whose nod
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;

53
And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated Chief's unworthy reign?
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?
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,
The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's heart of steel?

54
Is it for this the Spanish maid,? aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsex'd, the anlaca6 hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall'd, an owl's larum chill'd with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
The falchion's flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars' might quake to tread.

55
Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragossa's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon's face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

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;

6. Napoleon—"Gaul's Vulture" (line 547) and the "bloated Chief" (line 550).
7. Augustine, the "Maid of Saragossa." In 1808 in Saragossa (Saragossa), capital of the province of Aragon in Spain, the citizens, including the women, successfully held off an invading French army.
8. A long, tapering dagger.
9. A broad sword.
10. In Roman myth, Minerva was goddess of wisdom and Mars god of war.
11. In classical myth, a female monster whose gaze turned men to stone.
CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

The foe retires—she heads the sallying host: 580
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons, 585
But form'd 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 hoovers o'er her mate:
In softness as in firmness far above
Remoter females, famed for sickening prate; 590
Her mind is nobler sure, her charms per chance as great.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd 595
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 wildy beautiful! how much
Hath Phoebus' woo'd 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!

Match me, ye cliums! which poets love to laud; 600
Match me, ye harams of the land! where now
I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud
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,

3. "Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragossa, 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 command of the Junta."

4. See above, 580.

5. Of numerous unflattering references to English society women found in Byron's poetry and letters.

6. "Nigilla memento impressa Amoris digito / Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem." AUL. GEL.

7. From a Pharsalia poem, comedies by Marcus Terentius Varro (b. 116 B.C.E.).

8. "Nigilla memento impressa Amoris digito / Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem." (Translation and Editor's note based on Cocke.)

9. Apoll. in his role as sun god; in the lines that follow Byron disparages the English aristocratic bias for fair-skinned women.

10. "This stanza was written in Turkey." (Byron's note on the fair copy continues, "with the greater part of the poem.

11. A baron of angelic concubines promised in the Koran to the faithful after death.

CANTO I

There your wise Prophet's paradise we find, 610
His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.

Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey, 615
Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
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.
Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave
her wing.

Oft have I dream'd of Thee! whose glorious name 630
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.
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!

Happier in this than mightiest hards have been, 635
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd 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,
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.

Of thee hereafter.—Ev'n amidst my strain 640
I turn'd aside to pay my homage here;
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;
Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear;
And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.
Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt
Let me some remnant, some memorial bear;

1. "These stanzas [60–64] were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Parnassus, now called Aµelassa (Liakura). Dec. 1809. Parnassus was the Greek mountain sacred to the Muses and to the god of poetry, Apollo.
Yield me one leaf of Daphne’s deathless plant,
Nor let thy votary’s hope be deem’d an idle vaunt.

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
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
Behold a train more fitting to inspire
The song of love than Andalusia’s maids,
Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire:
Ah! that to these were given such peaceful shades
As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly her glades.

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.
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.

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 deign’d to flee;
And fix’d 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.

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn
Peeps blushing on the revel’s laughing crew,
The song is heard, the rosy garland worn;

2. Daphne, pursued by Apollo, was saved by being transformed into a laurel tree, an evergreen (Ovid, Metamorphoses I).
3. From Pythian, an older name of Apollo’s sacred grove, Delphi.
4. “Seville was the Hispalis of the Romans.”
5. Cadiz, cite of vice, is imagined by Byron as a combination of beautiful boy (cherub) and mythical, many-headed serpent.
6. Island sacred to Venus, Roman goddess of love, the “Queen” of the next line.
7. Echoes Milton, Paradise Lost 1.742-43: “... from morn / To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve.”
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.

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

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

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!

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

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

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!
Who may forget how well thy walls have stood?
When all were changing thou alone wert true,
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,

A traitor only fell beneath the feud;
Here all were noble, save Nobility;
None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save fallen Chivalry!

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,
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!'

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,
War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—
So may be guard the sister and the wife,
So may he make each curst oppressor bleed,
So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed!

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead?
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 corse remain;
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw,
Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleaching stain,
Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe:
Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw!

Nor yet, alas! the dreadful work is done;
Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees;
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresee.
Fall'n nations gaze on Spain; if freed, she frees
More than her fell Pizarros' once enchain'd:

8. "Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the governor of Cadiz, in May, 1809."
9. "'War to the knife.' Palafox's answer to the French general at the siege of Saragossa."
10. Francisco Pizarro, the sixteenth century conqueror of Peru, led the Incas ("Quito's sons") into bondage; now Spain herself is in bondage while America (Columbia) is thriving, liberated from European rule.
Strange retribution! now Columbia’s case
Repairs the wrongs that Quito’s sons sustain’d,
While o’er the parent clime prows Murder unrestrain’d.

Not all the blood at Talavera’s shed,
Not all the marvels of Barossa’s fight,
Not Albuera lavish of the dead,
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,
And Freedom’s stranger-tree grow native of the soil!

And thou, my friend!—since unwavering woe
Bursts from my heart, and mingleth with the strain—
Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might forbid e’en Friendship to complain:
But thus unlaurel’d to descend in vain,
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
While Glory crowneth so many a meager crest!
What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?

Oh, known the earliest, and esteem’d 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
Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,
And Fancy hover o’er thy bloodless bier.

CANTO II

Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
And mournd’ and mourner lie united in repose.

Here is one fyte4 of Harold’s pilgrimage:
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
In other lands, where he was doom’d to go:
Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands’ were quell’d.

CANTO THE SECOND

Come, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—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 expire:
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 polish’d breasts bestow.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?

4. Medieval word for “canto” or “section.”
5. The Turks.
1. Athena (Homeric epithet).
2. “Part of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege.” In 1687, the Venetians bombarded the Turks.
3. “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 exult, and of valour to defend his country, appear more conspicuous than in the record of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is. This theatre of contention between mighty factions, of the struggles of orators, the extolation and deposition of tyrants, the triumph and punishment of generals, is now become a scene of petty intrigue and perpetual disturbance, between the huckstering agents of certain British nobility and gentility. The wild hoses, the owls and serpents in the ruins of Babelon, were surely less degrading than such inhabitants. The Turks have the pleas of conquest for their tyranny, and the Greeks have only suffered the fortunes of war, incidentally 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 terror of each succeeding firmam! Sylla could but punish. Philip subdued, and Verses burn Athens: 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 regret: it changed its worshipping; but still it was a place of worship thrice sacred to devotion; its violation is a triple sacrilege. But—

Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.”
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were:
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole—and
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

3
Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come—but molest not ye defenceless urn:
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
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,
That being, thou would'st be again, and go,
Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region,
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:
That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

5
Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty mound;
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps:
He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around;
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
Nor warlike-worshipper his vigil keeps
Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.
Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps:
Is that a temple where a God may dwell?
Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell!

CANTO II

6
Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd 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 lacustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit
And Passion's host, that never brook'd control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever write,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

7
Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son?
"All that we know is, nothing can be known."
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;
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:
There no forced banquet claims the satred guest,
But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome rest.

8
Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducees:
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light!
To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right!

9
There, thou!—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,
When busy Memory flashes on my brain?
Well—I will dream that we may meet again,

4. Short cloak worn by the group of ancient Athenian philosophers known as Sophists.
5. I.e., man, or specifically here a person from the Levant, or lands on the Mediterranean Sea's eastern coast, also, epitaph for Lucifer, the fallen angel of exalted aspiations, in Isaiah 14:12.
6. On the advice of his friend and literary agent, Robert Dallas, Byron withdrew a paragraph-length note criticizing religion; it is printed in Dallas, Recollections, pp. 171-72.
7. it was not always the custom of the Greeks to bury 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, Brissidius, &c., and at last even Antinous, whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous.
8. The Parthenon, temple of Athena, on the Acropolis in Athens.
1. In classical myth, a river in Hades, the underworld or land of the dead.
2. The Sadducees did not believe in the Resurrection" [Byron's manuscript note]. The Sadducees were a Jewish sect formed ca. 200 B.C.E., who upheld only the written law and not the oral tradition followed by the Pharisees.
3. Zoroaster of Bactria (in ancient Persia) and Pythagoras of Samos (in ancient Greece).
4. John Edleston, the chorister in Cambridge whom Byron loved. Byrons deep feelings for Edleston upon learning of his death in 1811 are also the subject of stanza 55 and 96, as well as "The Corinolan" (p. 4) and the "Thryza" lyrics (see "To Thrasyra" [p. 98]). Byron attempted to cover up the identity (and gender) of the subject of these stanzas and the Thryza poems; however, the evidence that Edleston is the subject is factually unassailable (see Marchand 1:107-08 and 295-99, and Crompton, pp. 175-79).
And woo the vision to my vacant breast:
If aught of young Remembrance then remain,
Be as it may Futurity's behest,
For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest!

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
The marble column's yet unshaken base;
Here, son of Saturn! was thy fav'rite throne: 5
Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
It may not be: nor ev'n can Fancy's eye
Restore what Time hath labour'd to deface.
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh;
Unmoved the Moslem's sits; the light Greek carols by.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
On high, where Pallas' linger'd, loth to flee
The latest relic of her ancient reign:
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?
Blush, Caledonia! such thy son could be!
England! I joy no child 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-reclamant brine. 9

But most the modern Picts' ignoble boast,
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared: 10
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,
Is he whose head conceiv'd, whose hand prepared,
Aught to displace Athena's poor remains:
Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains, 1
And never knew, till then, the weight of Despot's chains.

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, a 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 Lusier, 'Tâche!—I was present. The Disdar alluded to was the father of the present Disdar.'

1. The Picis were early inhabitants of Scotland.
2. See Appendix to this Canto. A [A], for a note too long to be placed here.
3. I cannot resist availing myself of the permission of my friend Dr Clarke, whose name requires no comment with the public, but whose sanction will add weight to my testimony, to insert
4. 1. Age.
5. Shield.
6. According to Zostimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis; but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as miscible as the Scottish peers—See CHANDLER. According
to this account, the shade of "Peleus' son" (line 120), Achilles, rose from the underworld, hades (line 121).
7. Refers to the River Styx in Hades; Pluto: ruler of the underworld in classical myth.
Imagined in its little schemes of thought;  
Or e'er in new Utopias were aried,  
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,  
Though alway changing, in her aspect mild;  
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,  
Her never-ween'd, though not her favour'd child.  
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,  
Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path:  
To me by day or night she ever smiled,  
Though I have mark'd her when none other hath,  
And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath.

38

Land of Albanial where Iskander's rose,  
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,  
And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes  
Shrank 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,  
And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,  
Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

39

Childe Harold sail'd, and pass'd the barren spot,  
Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave:  
And onward view'd the mount, not yet forgot,  
The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.  
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,  
That only heaven to which Earth's children aspire.

40

'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve  
Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar:  
A spot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave;  
Oft did he mark the scenes of vanish'd war,
Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar;  
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.

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

Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania’s hills,  
Dark Suli’s rocks, and Pindus’ inland peak.  
Robed half in mist, bedew’d with snowy rills,  
Array’d in many a dun and purple streak,  
Arise; and, as the clouds along them break,  
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer:  
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.

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

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,  
Though sadly scoff’d at by the circumcised.

6. Cleopatra; a reference to Antony’s retiring from the battle at Actium (in “Ambracia’s gulf”) to follow her, precipitating the surrender of his navy.
7. “It is said, that, on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Antony had thirteen kings at his levee.”
8. “Nicopolis, whose ruins are most extensive, is at some distance from Actium, where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments. These ruins are large masses of brickwork, the bricks of which are joined by interstices of mortar, as large as the bricks themselves, and equally durable.”
9. One of the areas in Greece made famous in classical literature, along with Attica (Athens), Tempe, and Mount Parnassus.
10. According to Pausanias, the lake of Ymania; but Pausanias is always out.”
11. The celebrated Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pausanias’s Travels. Byron describes his encounter with Ali Pacha in his letter to his mother, November 12, 1809 (see p. 111). Cecil Lang discusses the significance to Byron of this encounter in “Narcissus Jilted: Byron, Don Juan and the Biographical Imperative” (see p. 972).
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.3

Monastic Zitra,4 from thy shady brow,
Thou small, but favoured spot of holy ground!
Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
And blest skies that harmonise the whole:
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.

Amidst the grove that crowns thy tufted hill,
Which were it not for many a mountain nigh
Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,
Might well itself be deemed of dignity,
The convent's white walls glisten fair on high:
Here dwells the caloyer,5 nor rude is he,
Nor niggard of his cheer; the passer by
Is welcome still; nor heedless will he flee
From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

Here in the sulriest season let him rest,
Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees;
Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze:
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 pillow lay,
And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,
Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,6
Chimaera's alps extend from left to right:
Beneath, a living valley seems to stir;
Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain-fir
Nodding above; behold black Acheron!7
Once consecrated to the sepulchre
Pluto! if this be hell I look upon,
Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for none.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view;
Unseen is Yanina,8 though not remote,
Veil'd 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 scatter'd flock,
The little shepherd in his white capote9
Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.

Oh! where, Dodona10 is thine aged grove,
Prophetic fount, and oracle divine?
What valley echo'd the response of Jove?
What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shriek?
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 think:
Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak?
When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath the stroke!

Epirus11 bounds recede, and mountains fail;
Tired of up-gazing still, the weared eye
Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale
As ever Spring yclad in grassy dye;
Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,
Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,

3. "Five thousand Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Suli, withstood thirty thousand Albanians for eighteen years; the castle at last was taken by bribery. In this contest there were several acts performed not worthy of the better days of Greece." Suli is a region in northwestern Greece; during the eighteenth century its inhabitants persistently fought the Turkish occupiers.
4. "The convent and village of Zita are four hours' journey from Ioannina or Yanina, the capital of the Pachalick. In the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows; and, not far from Zita, forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinach and parts of Acarnania and Aetolia may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Balzi, are very inferior; as also every ascent in Ionia, or the Troiad. I am almost inclined to add the approach to Constantinople; but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made."
5. "The Greek monks are so called."
6. "The Chimaerion mountains appear to have been volcanic." By "Chimaera's Alps" (line 453) Byron probably meant the Ceraunian Mountains to the north of Yanina, not the Chimaerion Mountains.
7. "Now called Kalamos."
8. "Now called Kalamos."
9. In classical myth, Elysium was the abode of the blessed after death.
10. Ioannina, in northwest Greece.
12. Located at the foot of Mount Tomaros (Mount Olytyska), the site, in classical myth, of the oracle of Jove (line 417), i.e., the Roman god Jupiter (or in Greek myth Zeus), father of the gods and god of thunder.
13. Ancient country of Greece in the region of present-day northwest Greece and southern Albania.
CANTO II

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,
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
Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde!

84
When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas' rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
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?

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,
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;

86
Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff; and gleams along the wave;

1. Sparta's.
3. "On many of the mountains, particularly Kikakura, 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."
4. "Of Mount Pentselicus, 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."
5. Athena's.
6. "In all Attica, if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. In 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 Aegean.
Canto II

Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim hord
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant Glory dear.
When Marathon became a magic word:*
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career,

The flying Mede,² his shaftless broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!
Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurs around.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng
Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,³
Hail the bright chime of battle and of song;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;
Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth;
He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth;
But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

---

1. *Siste Vistor—hera calca* was the epigraph on the famous Count Merci—what then must be our feelings when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred [Greeks] who fell on Marathon? The principal harrow has recently been opened by Fauroel: few or no relics, as vases, &c. were found by the excavator. The plain of Marathon was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres, about nine hundred pounds! Alas!—*Expone—quot libros in duce summis—invenis!*—was the dust of Milhades worth no more? It could scarcely have fetched less if sold by weight.

2. Persian.

3. The wind from the Ionian Sea, west of Greece.

---

[Notes and footnotes are included, but for brevity, they are not transcribed here.]
93
Let such approach this consecrated land,
And pass in peace along the magic waste;
But spare its relics—let no busy hand
Deface the scenes, already how defaced!
Not for such purpose were these altars placed:
Revere the remnants nations once revered:
So may our country's name be undisgraced,
So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was rear'd,
By every honest joy of love and life endear'd!

94
For thee, who thus in too protracted song
Hast soothed thine idlesse with inglorious lays,
Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
Of louder minstrels in these later days:
To such resign the strife for fading bays—
Ill may such contest now the spirit move
Which needs nor 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.

95
Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one!
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!
Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,
Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—
Would they had never been, or were to come!
Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause to roam!

96
O h! ever loving, lovely, and beloved!
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:
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend.

Appendix to Canto the Second

Note [A]

"To rise what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared."

At this moment (January 3, 1810), besides what has been already deposited in London, an Hydriot vessel is in the Pyæus 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, is the agent of devastation; and like the Greek findor of Verres in Sicily, who followed the same profession, he has proved the able instrument of plunder. Between this artist and the French Consul Fauvel, 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 Wayside. 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 (now Capronna), 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 most celebrated of cities; when they destroy, in 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 unhumble 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 basset-relievo 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 of collections, 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, were more or less noble, yet all honourable men, have done best, because, after a deal of execration and execration, bribery to the Wayde, 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 Wild for the definition of prigism — quarrelled with another, Gropitis 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 stayed at table to Gropitis, who laughed, but could eat no dinner afterwards. The rivals were not reconciled when I left Greece. I have reason to remember their squable, for they wanted to make me their arbitrator.

Note [B]

"Lord of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!"

STANZA [37]. LINES 5 and 6.

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 Macedonia, but Mr. Gibbon terms him so, and adds Pyrrhus to the list, in speaking of his exploits.

Of Albania Gibbon remarks, that a country “within sight of Italy is less known than the interior of America.” Circumstances, of little consequence to mention, led Mr. Hobhouse and myself into that country before we visited any other part of the Ottoman dominions; and with the exception of Major Leake, 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 birthplace, and favourite Serai, only one day’s distance from Berat: at this juncture the Vizier had made it his headquarters. 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, Argyrocastro and Libochobo, apparently little inferior to Larina in size, and no pencil or pen can ever do justice to the scenery in the vicinity of Zita and Delsinachi, 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 text. 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. No nation are so destitute 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, Chinarots, and Gogles, 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, an Infidel and a Musselman, 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 Eaheri; 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 Acarnania to the banks of Acheloos, and onward to Mesolonghi in Aetolia. 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 Hobhouse 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 dragoon was as ill as myself, and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilisation. 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—tho thing quite contrary to etiquette. Basili also 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 a most heterodox manner; yet he never passed a church without crossing himself, and I remember the risk he ran in entering St Sophia, in Stambul, 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 as 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 a priest had any influence with the Cogia Bash 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.

* This Sr Gropitis was employed by a noble Lord for the sole purpose of sketching, in which he excelled: but I am sorry to say, that he has, through the abused sanction of that most respectable name, been treating at humble distance in the steps of Mr Lasen—A dupe of his trophies was detected, and I was more confounded 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 disowns all connection with him, except as an artist. It is a error in the first and second edition of this poem has given the noble Lord a moment’s pain. I am very sorry for it: Sr Gropitis has assumed for years the name of his agent, and though I cannot much commend 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.—Note to third edition.
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, 'Mi felice,' 'He leaves me.' Signor Logotheti, who never wept before for any thing less than the loss of a 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 scullion' would have left her 'fish-kettle,' to sympathise with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian.

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 miller'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 service gave me 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 (an 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 thoroughly forgave the thoughtless fellow who insulted him. Dervish excelled in the dance of his country, conjectured to be a remnant of the ancient Pyrrhic: be that as it may, it is manly, and requires wonderful agility. It is very distinct from the stupid Romakka, the dull round-about 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 Libochabo. Their manner of walking is truly theatrical; but this strut is probably the effect of the capote, or cloak, depending from one shoulder. Their long hair reminds you of the Spartans, and their courage in desultory warfare 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.

Note [C]

While thus in concert, &c.

STANZA [72]. LINE LAST.

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 chanted 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.

1. Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Naciurara, popuso.
2. Naciurara na civin Ha pen dermi ti hin.
3. Ha pe uderi escrutini Ti vin ti mar servetini.
4. Caliriote me surme Eha ma pse dua tive.
5. Caliriote vu le funde Ede vete tunde tunde.
6. Caliriote me surme Ti mi put e poi mi le.
7. Se ti puta ciri mora Si mi ri ni veti udo gia.
8. Va le ni il che cadale Celmo more, more celo.
10. I am wounded by thy love, and have loved but to scorch myself.
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 horse-back: 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 Lonia 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," 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.

We found at Livadia an "esprit fort" in a Greek bishop, of all free-thinkers! This worthy hypocrite rallied his own religion with great intrepidity (but not before his flock), and talked of a mass as a "coglomeria." 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 Chaeronea, the plain of Platea, Orchomenus, Livadia, and its nominal cave of Trophonius) was the only remarkable thing we saw before we passed Mount Cithaeron.

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. 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 then that had a villainous twang, probably from the snow, though it did not throw us into an epic fever, like poor Dr. Chander.

From Fort Phyle, of which large remains still exist, the Plain of Athens, Pentelicus, Hymettus, the Aegean, and the Acropolis, burst upon the eye at once; in my opinion, a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Istanbul. 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 Megapolion (which is inferior to Zitra in a command of country) and the descent from the mountains on the way from Tripolis to Argos, Arcadia has little to recommend it beyond the name.

"Sternitur, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."

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 meditis audit duo litora campis," 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." Perhaps it may of Greece, but not of the Greeks; for Joanna 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 cuesing; and the lower orders are not improperly characterised in that proverb, which classes them with "the Jews of Salomica, and the Turks of the Negropont."

Among the various foreigners resident in Athens, French, Italians, Germans, Bagusans, &c., 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, 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 reprobates.

M. Roque, a French merchant of respectable station settled in Athens, 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." 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 Faure and Lusieri, the two greatest demagogues of the day, who divide between them the power of Péricles and the popularity of Cleon, and puzzle the poor Waywode with perpetual differences, agreed in the utter condemnation, "nulla virtute redemptum," 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 every body has declared, that the Greeks, because they are very bad, will never be better.

Eton and Sonnini have led us astray by their panegyrics and projects; but, on the other hand, De Pauw and Thornton have debase the Greeks beyond their deserts.

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.

At present, like the Catholics of Ireland and the Jews throughout the world, and such other cadged 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 remnant of the harrowing 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 least compassed 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 barbarities 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 reassuming 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 hopes, 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 grated 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," another no less ingenious, will not allow them to be the allies of anybody, and denies their very descent from the ancients: a third, more ingenious than either, builds a delusive edifice on a Russian foundation, and realises (on paper) all the chimera 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 Hymentos, 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 Carthuciou?

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 often 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 disparises Pouqueville 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 inquests of angry factors; but till something more can be attained, we must be content with the little to be acquired from similar sources.

However defective these may be, they are preferable to the paradoxes of men who have read superficially of the ancients, and seem 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 fortuitously 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.

A word, en passant, with Mr. Thornton and Dr. Pouqueville, who have been guilty between them of badly 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, the eater of corrosive sublimate." "Ah," says the Doctor, "Suleyman, the eater of corrosive sublimate!" (Ah, says Mr. Thornton, angrily to 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 inquiring on the tough particle of a Turkish verb), "it means nothing more than Suleyman (after inquiring on the tough particle of a Turkish verb), 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 factors, will consult his Turkish dictionary, or ask advice of his Bosphorean acquaintance, he will discover that "Suleyman, the eater of corrosive sublimate," put together directly, mean the "Swallower of sublimate," without any «'Suleyman" in the case; and after this, I think "Travellers versus Factors" shall be our motto, though the above Mr. Thornton has condemned "hoc genus innove," for mistake and misrepresentation. "Ne sitore ultra crepidaem."

No merchant beyond his bales."—N. B. For the benefit of Mr. Thornton, "Suleyman" is not a proper name.

* A word, en passant, with Mr. Thornton and Dr. Pouqueville, who have been guilty between them of wildly 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, the eater of corrosive sublimate." "Ah," says the Doctor, "Suleyman, the eater of corrosive sublimate!" (Ah, says Mr. Thornton, angrily to 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 inquiring on the tough particle of a Turkish verb), "it means nothing more than Suleyman (after inquiring on the tough particle of a Turkish verb), 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 factors, will consult his Turkish dictionary, or ask advice of his Bosphorean acquaintance, he will discover that "Suleyman, the eater of corrosive sublimate," put together directly, mean the "Swallower of sublimate," without any «'Suleyman" in the case; and after this, I think "Travellers versus Factors" shall be our motto, though the above Mr. Thornton has condemned "hoc genus innove," for mistake and misrepresentation. "Ne sitore ultra crepidaem."

No merchant beyond his bales."—N. B. For the benefit of Mr. Thornton, "Suleyman" is not a proper name.

* I have in my possession an excellent lexicon "gygloepov," which I received in exchange from S. G.—Es. for a small gem: my antiquarian friends have never forgotten it, or forgiven me.

In God's pamphlet against Cora, he talks of "throwing the insolent Hellenist out of the windows." Of this a French correspondent, "Ah, my God, there is an Hellenist out of the window—what sort of fellow!" 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 controversy of all polished countries: London or Edinburgh could hardly parallel this Persian ebullition.
too dear for the lower orders. Amongst their original works the Geography of Meletius, Archbishop of Athens, and a multitude of theological quatrains 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 Blackey, as they term him), an archbishop, a merchant, and Cogia Bachi (or prime), in succession, to all of whom under the Turk the writer attributes their present degeneracy. Their songs are sometimes pretty and pathetic, but their tune, generally displeasing to the ear of a Frank; the best is the famous "Δίκαια παπάς τῶν Ελλήνων" by the unfortunate Bica. 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 Maromartou to make arrangements, if possible, for printing in London a translation of Bartholemis Anaecharis's Panticipi, 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 Uenumian (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." It may be true that the Greeks are not physically degenerated, and that Constantineople contained on the day it changed masters as many men of six feet and upwards as in the hour of prosperity; but ancient history and modern politics, political, craft, and that of Aberdeen, or the Italian of Naples. Janina, (where, next to the Fanal, the Greek is purest,) had the capital of the Thesprotian dominions, is not in Albania but Epirus; and beyond Delvinechi in Albania Proper up to Argoastro and Tepalaei (which was abandoned) 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 barbarism.

I have in my possession about twenty-five letters, amongst which some from the Bey of Corinth, written to me by Notaras, the Cogia Bachi, and others by the dragoman of the Caimacan of the Morea (which last governs in Vely Pacha's absence) are said to be favourable specimens of their epistolary style. I also received some at Constantineople from private persons, written in a most hyperbolical style, but in the true antique character.

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 Romain, "as a powerful auxiliary," not only to the traveller and foreign merchant, but also to the classical scholar; in short, to everybody except the only person who can be thoroughly acquainted with its uses; and by a parity of reasoning, our old language is conjectured to be probably more attainable by "foreigners" on all such detections, particularly a recent one, where words and syllables are subjects of disputation and transposition; and the above-mentioned parallel passage in my own case irresistibly propelled me to judge how much easier it is to be critical than correct. The gentleman, having enjoyed many a triumph on such occasions, will hardly begrudge me a slight observation for the present.
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 Tristrem," or any other given "Auchtinleck 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 critic credit for his ingenuity, but no more believe him than we do Smollett's Lismahago, who maintains that the purest English is spoken in Edinburgh. That Genoa may err is very possible; but if he does, the fault is in the map, 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, Mr. Hamilton, Lord Aberdeen, Dr. Clarke, Captain Leake, Mr. Gell, Mr. Walpole, and many others now in England, have all the requisites to furnish details of this fallen people. The few observations I have offered should have left where I made them, had not the article is 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 wave the personal feelings, which rise in spite of me in touching upon any part of the Edinburgh Review; 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 resentment with a disposition 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 Musulmans 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, and 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 Veli 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 successors were more happy to "receive meals" than any dawager 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.

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, &c. &c. uniformly found in applying to a Greek consul to cash bills, even on the first houses in Perä.

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 sword.

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.

The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rabble in countries with greater pretensions to civilization. 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'Ossino's French; of their manners, &c. 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 do 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 unjustly 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 Mahmoud, 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 Mahmoud, 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 Gedid); nor have I heard whether the Mufti and the Mollas have subscribed, or the Caimacam and the Jeffedar taken the alarm, for fear the ingenious youth of the turban should be taught not to "pray to God their way." The Greeks— --a kind of Eastern Irish papists—have a college of their own at Maynooth—no, at Haïfa! 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 haruch (taxes), be drummed in this world, and damned in the next. And shall we then emancipate our Irish Helots? Mahomet forbid! We should then be bad Musulmans, and worse Christians: at present we unite the best of both—jeesitual faith, and something not much inferior to Turkish toleration.1

1. An additional lengthy appendix ("Remarks on the Roman or Modern Greek Language, with Specimens and Translations"); printed in the early editions of Childe Harold, further reveals Byron's scholarly industriousness.