

**THE GALLERY OF BYRON
BEAUTIES; PORTRAITS OF THE
PRINCIPAL FEMALE CHARACTERS
IN LORD BYRON'S POEMS**

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The gallery of Byron beauties; portraits of the principal female characters in Lord Byron's poems
by George Gordon Byron

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GEORGE GORDON BYRON

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THE GALLERY
OF
BYRON BEAUTIES;

Portraits of
THE PRINCIPAL FEMALE CHARACTERS

IN
LORD BYRON'S POEMS.

FROM ORIGINAL PAINTINGS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

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DOUGLAS F. T. H. A.

DONNA JULIA.



AMONGST her numerous acquaintance, all
Selected for discretion and devotion,
There was the Donna Julia, whom to call
Pretty were but to give a feeble notion
Of many charms in her as natural
As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean,
Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid,
(But this last simile is trite and stupid).

* * * * *

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise
Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,
And love than either; and there would arise
A something in them which was not desire,
But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul
Which struggled through and chasten'd down the whole.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair, and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape was like th' aërial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,

DONNA JULIA.

Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,
As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth,
Possess'd an air and grace by no means common:
Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.

TENDER and impassioned, but possessing neither information to occupy her intellect, nor good principles to regulate her conduct, Donna Julia is an illustration of the women of Seville, of whom Lord Byron remarked, that "their minds have but one idea, and the business of their lives is intrigue." The slave of every impulse, whether for good or ill, she is represented, as now prostrated before the altar of the Virgin, making the noblest efforts "for honour, pride, religion, virtue's sake;" and then, "in full security of innocence," seeking temptation till "she stood on guilt's steep brink," and found retreat impracticable.

Of her crime, palliated as it is by the influence of national custom, climate, and circumstance, it is difficult to speak with deserved censure, when we witness the suffering consequent upon it, so touchingly described in the letter addressed to her lover, "which breathes," says Mr. Jeffrey, "the very spirit of warm, devoted, pure, unalterable love;" and condemnation is lost in pity, when we follow her in idea to the monastic seclusion in which, an unwilling votaress, her remaining years were spent,

"Where memory lingered o'er the grave of passion,
Watching its tranced sleep."—MATURIN.

