

STANZAS

ON THE

TURKISH BATH,

WITH

PLAIN RULES FOR CLEANLINESS
OF THE BODY,

AND THE

PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

PART THE FIRST.

Remedium ægrotantibus et lenimen labore defessis

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TO THE READER.

It is customary, as the reader well knows, when keepers of lodging houses have not fitting accommodation for ladies or families, to stick up a bill on the window with "Apartments for Single Gentlemen to let" written on it, thus warning every discreet mother or sober family man, who is looking about for a temporary home, not to enquire there. The case of the writer of these Stanzas is somewhat similar. He is desirous that single gentlemen alone should take what may be called his First Story,* and hopes that the low price at which he offers it may tempt them: but he earnestly exhorts every woman, who has any sense of decorum about her, to leave the half pay captain, the briefless barrister, the nobleman's younger son, and the city clerk, in the enjoyment of it.

To speak in plainer language,—a few useful hygienic rules for cleanliness of the person are here set down in rhyme; and as they lead to details which most parents might prefer keeping from the sight of their daughters, it has been considered proper to declare that these precepts are addressed to men only.

Such a declaration, it is humbly suggested, should disarm the severest critic. If it has been found necessary to descend to more minute particulars than is consistent with the customary style of didactic verse, it arises from the nature of the subject of baths, which until a recent period has never been fully brought under public discussion.

The Mahometan writers who are less scrupulous than we are, and give very precise and minute instructions about cleanliness and the operations of the bath, may be consulted by the curious reader, who will find some of their names mentioned in D'Ohsson's work entitled *L'Empire Ottoman*.

* Note.—The writer begs leave to anticipate the good natured critic, who may possibly call this his First Floor.

TURKISH BATHS.

Part the First.

I.

To Robert John who in his palace dwells,
And reigns omnipotent o'er all the *See*,
Right Reverend Bishop of both *Bath* and *Wells*,
I dedicate my aqueous minstrelsy.
And then among episcopalian swells,
The suds, dear Sam, are justly due to thee.
For soap and water and a bishop's blessing,
Whatever Swift may say, are worth possessing.

II.

Not that my Muse had very far to go
In search, for dedication, of a name ;
Full half a dozen faced her in a row,
Who o'er the prelates had a prior claim.
There's Urquhart, taking, with his Eastern bow,
At all his clammy foes unerring aim.
There's Barter, Haughton, Crawshay ; and there's Witt,
Who, first of all, his *hypocaustum* lit.

III.

I've heard folks say that years and years ago,
 A little treatise * issued from the press,
 Wherein the author did his best to shew
 How Turkish Baths promoted cleanliness,
 The same as now.—But who from that would go
 Inferring new-born writers' claims were less,
 Because they borrowed from another's book,
 And what they borrowed unacknowledged took?

IV.

That's perfect nonsense! When a work's obscure,
 Grown obsolete, forgotten, out of date,
 'Tis fair to use it; as it's pretty sure
 The author's fame no one will vindicate.
 Who can resist when kindred thoughts allure?
 What's ready take: why matter fresh create?
 For others' flowers, neglected as they were,
 May find admirers placed in your parterre.

V.

Urquhart had travelled over lands and seas,
 And written books with thermal dissertations;
 (One was "the Pillars" styled "of Hercules,")
 Besides harangues and hot-air perorations.
 His colloquies with surgeons and M.D.'s
 In facts abounded and in explanations.
 His hearers hung delighted on his theme,
 And saw a dawn of new existence beam.

* *Strictures on the Personal Cleanliness of the English, with a description of the hammams of the Turks, and an attempt to shew their conformity with the Baths of the ancient Romans, &c., 1828. Printed for the Author.*

VI.

And now behold, the seeds have taken root,
 And men are watching what the growth will end in,
 Doubting if ever baths will bear the fruit,
 Which those who laud them always are pretending.
 Doctors of physic know it does not suit
 Their calling : no one would for them be sending.
 And if hammàms give health, why, what a ninney
 Is he, who spends in doctor's fees a guinea.

VII.

The faculty, no doubt, feels some misgiving,
 To think hammàms will conquer all diseases.
 What will they do, deprived of means of living,
 Bereft of broughams, where riding such an ease is ?
 No summer-holyday to climb Ben Nevin,
 No soirée, when the wife or daughter pleases :
 No ducal mansion rented for a while,
 To make the vulgar stare and wise men smile.

VIII.

But thy disciples, Preistnitz ! think of them !
 To see cold-water cures neglected quite,
 Hydropathists must have some German phlegm,
 And be incapable of ire or spite.
 In vain they try the torrent's force to stem ;
 Gully may advertise and Wilson write.
 All things by fashion go : when that is o'er ;
 They disappear, and then are called a bore.

IX.

How long these thermal fabrics will endure,
 Which now are rising round us fast and thick,
 Not e'en the prophet Daniel could be sure,
 Whether of plaster built, or stone or brick.
 What human maladies they yet may cure ;
 Whether old age will throw away its stick,
 The gout its crutch, Jack Tar his timber toe,
 Are miracles to come, which we shall know.

X.

But let us count the number of our foes,
 Arrayed against us in the battle field,
 Who, bent these innovations to oppose,
 Are destined soon the victory to yield.
 Men on the beach, who cast away their clothes,
 And think in Neptune's arms their frames are steeled,
 Whose skins are salted in autumnal weather,
 And turned to hides as tough as any leather.

XI.

Women, who loom like mermaids on the sands,
 With hair dishevelled hanging down their backs,
 With death-like pallor on their feet and hands,
 With features haggard and their muscles lax,
 The blast's cold finger on their tumid glands ;
 And ducked affrighted by those Endor hacks.
 If this is health, I say " Good Lord, deliver
 " Frail frames from seeking it through such a shiver."

XII.

The sea is good for sturdy constitutions,
 Whose blood is seething in the swelling veins,
 Who never dream of bodily ablutions,
 Nor mark how life its porous rill sustains.
 They nothing care for thermal institutions ;
 His boast is prized who o'er the billows reigns.
 And when they talk of Turkey, all they want
 Is just to swim across the Hellespont.

XIII.

Their pride is when athwart the toppling wave,
 They rushed to rescue some poor drowning man,
 Or when the ship on fire, their lives to save,
 As flames along the deck and rigging ran,
 From the high poop a desp'rate leap they gave,
 Whilst signals fly and boats do what they can.
 These ford the Granicus with Alexander,
 And tell the tale of Hero and Leander.

XIV.

Of such the type was that accomplished "Childe,"
 Whose aspirations led him to the East,—
 Where with the muses he his hours beguiled,
 And on Parnassus shared Apollo's feast.
 Old Neptune on him ever friendly smiled,
 In mutual intercourse they never ceased :—
 Neptune, whose back was furrowed with his ship,
 And with him Byron held good fellowship.

XV.

He joyed to frolic on the briny sea,
 And shake his curls, emerging from the wave :
 Thus far, a bold adventurer was he !—
 To thermal joys he no attention gave,
 Timid perhaps with his infirmity,
 The gaze of strangers in hammàms to brave.
 And, as we gather from his written works,
 He liked with Greeks to bathe, much more than Turks.

XVI.

I would not condescend to contradict
 The vile aspersions cast upon his fame :
 Such calumnies much less disgrace inflict
 On him, than on the authors whence they came.
 Granted, his morals were not over strict :
 But are we then, ourselves, devoid of blame ?
 He loved his wife as *skippers* love their craft,
 And looked with pleasure on her, fore and aft.

XVII.

I pity women who espouse a poet,
 Who spends in versifying all his time.
 Poor Lady Byron had to undergo it ;
 And his neglect, whilst he was making rhyme,
 At meals, out riding, or in bed, will shew it.
 Absence in thought was Byron's only crime.
 The world asked why the husband was forsaken ;—
 This was the reason, or I'm much mistaken.

XVIII.

Next, those a mad fraternity I call,
 Who suffer martyrdom with daily shocks
 From show'ring baths, which on their noddles fall,
 Or spouting douches from a hundred cocks,
 Hot from their beds and delicate withal ;—
 ('Tis so prescribed by doctors orthodox.)
 Or sponge their bodies in a morning tubbing,
 And bring back animation with a rubbing.

XIX.

The Turks (our masters in such matters) use
 Napkins of cotton, and in texture loose,
 Thick, coarse, and white, or checked in sundry hues :—
 And, when the sweat is flowing like a sluice,
 Forced from the porous skin in heated stews,
 These wrappers, coiled around, fresh warmth produce.
 Thus, not by friction, but by gentle pressure
 Wet is absorbed, and every sense is fresher.

XX.

Rub on, good folks ! your Baden Baden towels
 Are woven all in sheer misapprehension.
 Their texture's wrong ; they irritate the bowels,
 And other ills create which I could mention.
 What though you purchase them at James & Howell's,
 Yellow in tint, and of the last invention,
 The thread is flax, in that the error lies.—
 Use cotton napkins, if you would be wise.

XXI.

Come, bishop, aid my perilous attempt !

My song's of dirt, and dirt leaves nothing clean,
No rank in life is from the stain exempt,

And perspiration may pollute a queen.

I've heard young ladies make a bold attempt,

And cry "Perspire ! I don't know what you mean.
As if a spouting moisture on the skin
Was in their estimation quite a sin.

XXII.

Poor souls ! to real good, they shut their eyes,

And that, to which they owe their preservation
In health of body, openly despise.

Thus false, two ways—in mental reservation,
Because the truth they knowingly disguise,

Likewise in boldness of asseveration
In owning not the boon of their Creator,
To hide a little lie they tell a greater.

XXIII.

A man from birth until the hour he dies

(The proverb says) consumes a peck of dirt.

We might behold just whereabouts it lies,

Could we but see the inside of a flirt,
Who seems an angel in her outward guise,

Decked out with gloves, with farthingale, and skirt.
So, how the dirt's got rid of, which she eats,
Is that of which the present poem treats.

XXIV.

Decked out in farthingales !—and who was she,
 That, hooped in steel around her tiny waist,
 Looked like a demi-john ? It would not be
 The Empress, whom so many virtues graced.
Marchandes de Modes before her bend the knee ;
 And just as she directs the FOLLET's traced.
 Fashion obedient follows her command
 And cuts and shapes : the Empress guides her hand,

XXV.

Alas ! but why should France two sceptres wield ;
 And, when her husband nods his plotting head,
 Should legions rush apparelled to the field,
 And anxious Europe some new conflict dread,
 Are both their hearts by Mars and Fashion steeled ?
 And must ambition be by victims fed ?
 That men should perish by the cannon's fire,
 And women burnt in crinoline expire !

XXVI.

'Twas not enough that women's tightened stays
 Leave to the lungs no room for respiration ;
 'Twas not enough, imprisoned gases raise
 Moans audible, like souls in desperation ;
 Whilst indigestion on the stomach preys,
 Till cheeks grow wan and lose their animation :
 But now, between the two, the world they keep
 Affrighted ; so that none in quiet sleep.

XXVII.

The pomp of courts depends on little things :
 Dress, ribbons, stars, and titles make it all.
 No better clay are emperors and kings
 Than his, that's buried with the union pall.
 Where greatness flourishes there envy clings :
 On tallest pinnacles the lightnings fall.
 For all the harm they do us, go and see 'em
 Shrouded and rotting in a mausoleum.

XXVIII.

I never covet diplomatic skill,
 Which only aims at cunning and deceit,
 Which seldom leads to good, but oft to ill.
 And is the power for evil then so sweet ?
 Why does Napoleon every bosom fill
 With anxious thoughts and apprehensions great ?
 Why does the Empress study to restore
 Dresses that burn our daughters by the score ?

XXIX.

The first Napoleon, when he gained a throne,
 Found that he needed courtiers for support.
 The ancient nobles left him all alone :
 And what's an Emperor without a court ?
 So, with the present man, St. Germain's floun,
 Himself called *upstart*, and of kings the sport,
 He, whose career such wondrous phases mark,
 Takes for his model France's *Grand Monarque*.

XXX.

'Twas therefore that the Empress led the van
 In skirts expanding wider every day,
 Thus forwarding her husband's costly plan :
 (For what care monarchs ? 'tis the people pay.)
 From one excess she to another ran ;
 Till now we see a woman 'stop the way.'
 'Twas once a bullock or pot-bellied dean :
 'Tis now a woman drest in crinoline.

XXXI.

In all the latest medical reviews
 Erasmus Wilson meets with approbation.
 He wrote a book to which you can't refuse
 The tribute of your boundless admiration.
 For, like a man of independent views,
 He holds all lucre in abomination :
 So that you never for a moment stop,
 And think he's getting custom for the shop.

XXXII.

Well ! he declares (and other men, expert,
 Whose lives are spent in study without slumber,
 Upon the best authority assert)
 Our pores exceed six millions in their number,
 All which from open mouths a fluid spirt.—
 Some flatly ask "How nature could encumber
 The epidermis so ;" and then deny
 Of half the sum the possibility.

XXXIII.

For facts, though true, are often controverted,
 And false assertions more approval win.
 So cones are said something to stand inverted
 Upon their points, when boys a peg-top spin.
 The lie holds good, until the force exerted
 Ceases ; and then the proper weights begin
 To gravitate : and, whether fact or cone,
 Both are adjusted on their base alone.

XXXIV.

But pores are punctures hardly to be seen,
 Except by help of glasses microscopic,
 In some are closed, or have an aspect green,
 When nutmegged livers make us turn hydropic,
 As frequently with rich nabobs is seen :
 But this is not a very pleasant topic.
 'Twas forced upon me—not of my own choosing—
 And so we turn to something more amusing.

XXXV.

The artisan, who, coated o'er with dust
 Fresh from his labour, feels the sweat run down
 His weary limbs, acquires an outward crust ;
 And scented dandies, as he passes, frown,
 And stop their turned-up noses in disgust,
 And shun the contact of the ill-bred clown.
 Yet in the dandy's tissues often lurks
 More hidden slime than does in one that works.

XXXVI.

For, take them to the Turkish Bath : let each
 Be sudded o'er with soap from top to toe.
 You'll see forthwith the perspiration reach
 The workman's skin ; but on the dandy's ?—No.
 Because the one's emunctories we breach
 By toil, the other's oppilated grow.
 The burthened membranes would their charge unload
 From cells filled up, but cannot find a road.

XXXVII.

So beer in casks throws out a filthy scum,
 And wine ferments before the flavour's good :
 So all mimosas must expel a gum ;
 So pitchy drops start out from barks of wood.
 From lavender see cuckoo-spittle come :
 And Cornish diamonds have been understood
 To sweat from rocks : but in my estimation
 A real pearl's a drop of perspiration.

XXXVIII.

Then come with me : together let us go,
 All ye, whose minds no prejudices fetter !
 Unrobe : upon that bench your garments throw ;
 Preaching is good, but practice is much better.
 Try Turkish baths : and let the people know
 Who found Hammàms makes all the nation debtor.
 If, after proof, you think I've led you wrong,
 Read not the second Canto of my song.

TURKISH BATHS.

Part the Second.

I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
 Although, no doubt, his real intent was good,
 For speaking out so plainly in his song—
 So much, indeed, as to be downright rude.

DON JUAN, *Canto* 1. 43.

I.

When little boys to writing schools are sent,
 Pothooks and hangers they at first essay ;
 And, as the master shews himself content,
 They make advances onward day by day ;
 'Till round-hand copies, for instruction meant,
 Some useful truths to children's minds convey :
 And this, with other sayings, is a text—
 Be godly first, then cleanliness comes next.

II.

For cleanliness and godliness akin
 Must always be. External negligence
 And unwashed filth upon the porous skin
 Shew want of decency and want of sense.
 Outside impurities denote within
 Foul disregard of God's beneficence,
 Who gives us streams where crystal waters flow,
 And lets us in our wants their purpose know.

III.

The scripture teaches us in sundry places
 To enter not the temple of the Lord
 Unclean. Thus folks on Sundays wash their faces,
 And think their lives with holy writ accord.
 But such interpretation, which disgraces
 The sacred tome, by sages is abhorred ;
 And Turks (though infidels) would be astounded
 To hear the term *ablution* so expounded.

IV.

Alas ! my countrymen, it grieves me much
 To see that word so little understood,
 And 'tis a subject whereupon to touch
 I long, but apprehend with little good.
 Among you all the prejudice is such,
 I dare not say one half of what I would.
 Yet, as I hope hereafter for salvation,
 I call you in a lump a dirty nation.

V.

In outside shew I own you all are tidy :
 Clean gowns and shirts and stockings meet the sight—
 Washed hands and faces.—That's not *bonâ fide*
 The purity which should the heart delight.
 Take an old Roman for your surest guide : he
 With maxims better far would set you right,
 And tell you that in men are many places
 Want washing ten times more than hands and faces.

VI.

For have you read the Elder Pliny's letter !
 [Who lived by rule in hope of living long]
 Wherein he says "No regimen is better
 Than bathing every day to make us strong?"
 And Celsus says the same, to whom I'm debtor :
 For, from his reputation, it were wrong
 To doubt what he asserts is strictly true,
 Since Dr. Celsuses are very few.

VII.

Consult likewise the Moslem commentators,
 Expounding all the merits of ablution,
 And, if a spark of shame is in your natures,
 Your faces needs must redden with confusion.
 Moslems in these affairs are nice scrutators,
 And hidden nook and fleshy convolution
 Wash every day with such severe attention,
 That cleaner people no where can I mention.

VIII.

When Mr. Bull, upon his neighbour's nose,
 Some mucus spies, 'tis "Oh ! the beastly fellow."
 Or if he sees him dressed in unbrushed clothes,
 He cries—"The sloven !" loud as he can bellow.
 And yet perhaps his own offensive toes
 Bear dirt from long neglect grown rich and mellow :
 And, though protected by his shining boots,
 Shew that the title best the scoffer suits.

IX.

All ye, who health and recreation seek,
 Ask not how oft ablutions should be used,
 Nor think that sweating makes the body weak.
 The blood by heat is through the skin transfused,
 And all our pores seem, open-mouthed, to leek,
 Till from their jets the coated filth has oozed,
 Profuse, like foul miasmata which rise
 From noxious fens beneath autumnal skies.

X.

Come, reader, let me take you by the hand,
 To play Don Juan for a little while,
 In thought transplanted to some Moslem land,
 Where in hammàms the Turks their hours beguile.
 'Tis there true bathing you will understand.—
 Now enter.—Contemplate the noble pile.
 But where's our *dragoman*? or else, by Jingo,
 You'll find it hard to understand their lingo.

XI.

Awhile to me an ear attentive lend ;
 For I long years have dwelt in Turkish lands,
 Where sojourners, who held me as their friend,
 Themselves committed to my guiding hands.
 'Twas one of these whose visit I have penned,
 Our Juan ; one who nothing understands
 Of Moslem cleanliness. With your consent
 I'll shew the process that he underwent.

XII.

In baths the sexes claim alternate sway.
 From early dawn till noon it is the men.
 Women succeed until the close of day,
 And leave them with reluctance even then.
 'Tis there the choicest trinkets they display,
 And in each others forms defects they ken.
 They dye their finger-nails and flowing locks
 In henna leaves, which much the stranger shocks.

XIII.

There the young maiden destined for a bride
 Sweetens her person for the wedding night :
 There some by fate to hated masters tied,
 In whispers low discoursing, take delight
 To praise gallànts, through lattices espied
 With stealthy glance, for fear their lords should chide.
 Whilst to the soothing music of the lute
 The dancing girls lascivious postures suit.

XIV.

Complete dominion o'er the female mind,
 Or o'er her person, man can ne'er attain,
 To circumvent us means they always find ;
 Eunuchs and locks and blinds alike are vain.
 In *feridjees*,* loose boots, and veils confined,
 Although a seeming modesty she feign,
 Woman is woman in her feelings still,
 And as her fancies lead will have her will.

* *Feridjees* are the large cloaks worn by Turkish women to conceal their persons when out of doors.

XV.

There the *hammamy** on his bench cross-legged
 Sits to receive each comer, at the door,
 And take the pay.—Of those likewise, who begged
 Such favour, and a watch or trinket wore,
 He locked it up, or to the wainscoat pegged,
 Careful the same, on going to restore.
 He welcomed Juan with a hubble-bubble,
 Winked at the dragoman, and charged him double.

XVI.

The room within was crowned with vaulted dome,
 Which massive walls upheld ; against whose side
 A broad divàn, breast high, was built ; where some
 Were dressing, others stripping to their hide.
 A fountain in the centre made a hum,
 Which on the ear in tinklings faintly died.
 The floor was chequered marble, black and white,
 And coloured windows dimmed the glaring light.

XVII.

Juan undressed ; and, drawing off his shirt,
 A servant with a silken napkin near,
 Covered his waist : for decency is hurt
 If parts held shameful ever should appear.
 His head was also with a napkin girt.
 Juan, already warned (though feeling queer)
 Yet did as he was told ; observed their signs,
 Then asks the dragoman or else divines.

* Hammamy, bath master.

XVIII.

Then hands were clapped, which is the Eastern call
 To summon waiters—bells are there unknown.
 One came, and led him to a splendid hall
 Cased o'er in marble, with the quarried stone
 Of porphyry and verd in columns tall.
 The shape was circular. Recesses lone
 Opened on every side ; where some had rather
 In private undergo the soapy lather.

XIX.

The centre was a platform raised, whereon
 Sat bathers melting into perspiration,
 Looking as grave as any Spanish Don,
 Half somnolent from such a calm sensation.
 Each round his waist a *peshtimal** had on :
 Some smoking sat in pleasing expectation,
 Waiting their turn ; whilst others at their length
 Displayed their youthful forms, or manly strength.

XX.

Around the walls from perforations gushed
 The heated stream and into basins fell.
 With warmth congenial ev'ry muscle flushed.
 Juan observed the scene about them well,
 He saw a felted door, which open pushed
 Disclosed another group ; for here pell-mell
 Were sundry bathers taking their diversion,
 In plunging baths like ours—baths of immersion.

* The name in Turkish for the towel wound round the waist.

XXI.

Here might a painter revel in his art !
 Limbs, muscles, features, young, mature, and old,
 The human form displayed in every part ;
 Fit for the limner's brush or sculptor's mould.
 'Twas scenes like these gave ancient times the start,
 Guiding the chisel in conceptions bold ;
 And as the student cast his eyes around
 In ev'ry move new attitudes he found.

XXII.

In ancient Greece gymnasias were frequented,
 Where naked youths contended in the games :
 And those were schools which artists have lamented
 Exist no more. For then what beauteous frames
 Of boys and men were to the sight presented !
 Thus Phidias formed his hand.—Nay Spartan dames
 Exposed their daughters to the public gaze :
 But that's a custom which I cannot praise.

XXIII.

Mark you, how painting and how sculpture pine
 In these sad days of puritanic cant !
 Where are those fingers now, whose touch divine
 Wrought breathing pictures and made marble pant ?
 Can arts e'er flourish where dull fools combine
 To wither ev'ry flower the muses plant ?
 When Peers, turned lady's maids, indulge in twaddle,
 And ask for laws against a naked model.

XXIV.

A hand now beckons Juan to advance
 To where a cloth, fresh laid upon the floor,
 Secures sufficient space, or left by chance
 By the last bather or not used before.
 Supine full length his body there he plants.
 The cloth which girded him is now spread o'er
 His waist : another rolled up on the pavement
 Serves as a pillow, and his head's to save meant.

XXV.

And now the agile *dellak** shews his skill,
 And, tightly clawing with his closing hands
 The arms and legs, he moulds them at his will ;
 Whilst at each squeeze the yielding flesh expands.
 The limbs grow supple, and a little rill
 Of perspiration on the surface stands,
 Forced from obstructed pores. So wrestlers clasp
 Their stout opponents and the muscles grasp.

XXVI.

The trunk he next assails, and there expends
 Redoubled force to lubricate the skin.
 Juan he turns from side to side, and bends
 And twists the joints which crackle out and in.
 Upon the chest he stands—his legs extends
 On either breast. Inflated to the chin
 The ribs support the feet, which gently glide
 Off to the pavement down the slippery side.

* *Dellak* the name in Arabic for the rubber or shampooer.

XXVII.

Each while the dellak claps his hands together,
 As if in ecstasy of pure delight
 Quite infantine, to see how human leather,
 Tanned with old filth, resumes a colour bright.
 Toes, vertebræ, and fingers crack ; and whether
 Some are, or all, not dislocated quite
 Juan ignores, but with himself debated
 If other folks were thus manipulated.

XXVIII.

And now begins another operation.
 Upon his hand a bag the dellak draws
 Of camel's hair, and takes a squatting station
 At Juan's feet. Then first one leg he claws,
 And from the ankle to the annexation
 Of hip and thigh he rubs without a pause :
 Then takes the other leg the like to do ;
 And subjects to it arms and body too.

XXIX.

From time to time he gives his hand a jerk,
 And from the bag loose pellicles are cast
 In rolls like crow quills, shewing how the work
 Of simple washing is by this surpassed.
 For foul obstructions, which neglected lurk
 Beneath the clothes, from indolence amassed,
 Like lazy tenants sweated to eviction,
 Are gathered up and then expelled by friction.

XXX.

When this is over, rising to his seat
 Juan looks round and feels so light and strong
 He thinks the ceremony quite complete.

For fresher air he now begins to long,
 Surrounded by a suffocating heat.

But, in conjectures like a novice wrong,
 He waits to know what farther more's to come,—
 Not speaking Turkish fain he must be dumb.

XXXI.

Hot water next is poured upon his head.

Then in a wooden bowl a matted tuft
 Of thready fibres, twirled about and fed

With soap and water into suds is puffed.
 Up swells the lather from the frothy bed.

Gasping for breath whilst Juan fumed and huffed,
 The dellak covers him from top to toe
 With suds, and makes his body white as snow.

XXXII.

Soused from the cauldron with another bowl,

A second time the lather he repeats :
 A second deluge washes off the whole.

Lastly with courtly compliments he greets
 The patient Juan—" May you reach the goal
 Of Paradise, and ever taste its sweets."

And then anew he claps his hands to call
 The tiring-waiter from the outward hall.

XXXIII.

He comes, and folded on his head there lie
 Napkins of texture soft, or three or four.
 One he presents to form a covering dry
 Around the waist, as dropping on the floor
 Juan lets fall the wetted one, whereby
 He covered up his nudities before.
 Two round his shoulders and his chest he winds :
 And like a turban one his temples binds.

XXXIV.

A pair of *cabcocks*—"cabcocks! what are they?
 I'm bored with all these Arabic expressions"
 (Methinks I hear some testy reader say;
 So pardon these occasional disgressions.)
 Cabcocks are clogs, which for a rainy day
 Were one of tidy housemaids' former fashions.
 But clogs, long-handled scrubbing brushes, mops
 Are things no longer seen in grocer's shops.

XXXV.

My friends, a land has misery in store
 When useful implements go out of date.
 No longer mops are trundled at the door,
 And maids in crinoline at table wait.
 On hands and knees they wash the kitchen floor,
 And horny skin and swellings white create.
 With stockings worn a week and full of holes
 They wear high heels and carry parasols.

XXXVI.

A hat and feather, and a brooch and pin,
 A tawdry dress made up of sundry matters,
 Make up their outside finery: within
 Is under linen, merely rags and tatters,
 Feet seldom washed, a foul and sweaty skin,
 Hair greased with dripping taken from the platters,
 And filthy smears in secret lodgments pent,
 The yellow marks of unwiped excrement.

XXXVII.

Valets in turn no cleaner are than these,
 With stockings white and liveries well cut,
 Dressed up their lustful mistresses to please,
 Who like to see a flunkey's occiput,
 A pair of calves, his shoe-ties and his knees,
 And how the shoulders and the hip-bones jut ;
 And other points : whilst he, in strict decorum
 Sits with the coachman on the box before 'em.

XXXVIII.

I wonder why the mistresses oppose
 Some custom similar for dressing maids.
 Masters no doubt could do it if they chose,
 And have a uniform for handsome jades.
 Surely 'tis better far to furnish clothes
 To pretty girls than vulgar flunkey blades ;
 And to this project I attention draw,
 And hope that Parliament will make it law.

XXXIX.

Oh! would Her Gracious Majesty the Queen
 But interfere and set the balance right!
 Long borne this female stratagem has been,—
 James made a beau and Betty left a fright.
 James in the hall and at the dinner's seen,
 Opens the carriage door and gets a sight;
 Betty is told her masters steps to shun,
 And caught in converse with him is undone.

XL.

Why from my subject did I sudden turn
 And quit a moment what I had to say?
 Twas indignation made my bosom burn,
 To think that women always get the day.
 We like to dress a Lais in our turn,
 As do Antinous and Hector they,
 So leaving all to Parliament, I tack
 About again, and go to Juan back.

XLI.

Juan, assisted by the dellak's arm
 The calidarium quits, and, gently brought
 To where he first undressed, he feels the charm
 Which now this thermal purity has wrought.
 Adieu to fear, away with all alarm.
 A wondrous change experiment has taught.
 Fancy to dreams of bliss expands her gates;
 And with sensations new the breast dilates.

XLII.

Upon an elevated broad divan
 Juan in still serenity reposes ;
 Whilst by his side again the serving man
 Fresh napkins o'er his heated frame disposes,
 As from his pores the perspiration ran,
 Not charged with fetid smells, but sweet as roses.
 Again his limbs by practised palms are pressed ;
 And then they leave him quietly to rest.

XLIII.

Who shall describe the soft delicious calm
 That now pervades his renovated frame,
 And, like nepenthe, spreads a secret balm
 That shews him happiness beyond a name.
 Delightful thoughts extinguish every qualm :
 Imagination plays her lively game.
 Cares vanish ; e'en infirmities decrease,
 And there he lies in quietude and peace.

XLIV.

The dream's soon over and the body cools.—
 Wake, man ! The sad realities of life
 Call you away from hygienic rules.
 Hunger and thirst, and all the busy strife,
 Where virtue struggles and ambition fools ;
 Where probity is scarce and knavery rife.
 Go : but, when worldly torments rack your brain,
 Think of the *thermæ*, and come here again.