

‘The Controlless Core of Human Hearts’: Writing the Self in Byron’s *Don Juan*

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Abstract

This article examines Byron’s sense of self through his mercurial relationship with history, verse form and the imagination. Drawing mainly on close readings of *Don Juan*, it links his bathetic and idealistic impulses to his own vocal uncertainties. In tracing these impulses in Byron’s more elegiac modes the essay argues for a revised understanding of Byronic illusion: one alert to the written nature of the poet’s voice, to its complex commitments to history and fiction, and to its need to elegise the self in voices associated with the speaking poet.

‘But I hate things *all fiction*’, claims Byron, writing to his publisher John Murray in April 1817: ‘there should always be some foundation of fact for the most airy fabric – and pure invention is but the talent of a liar’.¹ The apparent insight of this view is a rare moment of resolution for Byron, in which the familiar artistic conflict between imagined illusion and the world of flesh and blood is somehow allowed to dissolve. The ‘most airy fabric’ of things fictive or fantastical joins a long line of metaphors for art, with all their Sidneyan and Platonic variations, before resting on a common accusation: that of lies.² What truth might mean for Byron is itself a troubled issue. Following its Latin root, ‘fact’ refers to things done, and therefore historically happened, as opposed syntactically to ‘things *all fiction*’. The exalted clouds of glory that ‘pure’ and ‘airy’ seem to trail betray a certain appeal, though even their reassuring ‘fabric’ rises above and away from a firm ‘foundation’ of fact. These tensions between the imagined and the happened, the abstract and the tangible, are ones that also haunt Byron’s sense of self.

Taken from a quick-witted letter, such a strong statement has all Byron’s sense of rhetorical effects for their own stylistic sake. Its own ‘invention’ through words can easily implicate its author in the type of ingenuity that throughout Western civilisation has endured the repeated charges of deception, sophistry and literary fabrication. Yet the nuances of this view of the imagination, as simultaneously false and enabling, recur so many times in Byron’s writing that they suggest almost the same struggles between the figurative poet and the literal man that have divided many subsequent critics.³ This article re-examines these struggles in *Don Juan*’s first four cantos, seeking to understand how Byron, a name associated with poetic irony, seems at times to value a residual but objective sincerity behind the illusions of verse.

Byron's consciousness of what has retrospectively been termed his 'scepticism'⁴ towards truth is clear from his *Detached Thoughts*:

It is singular how soon we lose the impression of what ceases to be *constantly* before us. – A year impairs, a lustre obliterates. – There is little distinct left without an *effort* of memory, – *then* indeed the lights are rekindled for a moment – but who can be sure that the Imagination is not the torch-bearer?⁵

The effort to hold back a ceaseless darkening of the past appears initially consistent with David Hume's famous statement that 'memory, senses and understanding are, therefore, all of them founded on the imagination, or the vivacity of our ideas'.⁶ Memory seems in both quotations to offer a mercurial link between past experiences and the imagination of the present mind they influence. Emily A. Bernhard Jackson sees similar moments in Byron as showing a 'well thought-out and fully articulated' scepticism, both 'liberating and empowering', that by 1818, she claims, frees the reader's mind to 'determine [...] what will be true' in *Don Juan*.⁷ While this reading is ostensibly more positive than Frederick Garber's claim that for Byron '[t]here is only the perpetual making and remaking of self and text',⁸ its more damning logical extension is expressed by Jerome McGann: 'Theatricality replaces Sincerity',⁹ making "'sincerity" *for the poet* [...] an artifice of language'.¹⁰

For McGann Byron's 'sincerity' can only involve a '[breaking] apart' of his lyrical modes in order to unmask the hypocrisy of sincere poetic postures.¹¹ Yet such hinging of sincerity on the conventions of verse ignores its emotive pull that the Byron of *Don Juan* openly and self-consciously embraces. The phrase 'who can be sure'¹² in the *Detached Thoughts* hangs honestly between implication and simple question – an uncertainty towards any coherent philosophy that only increases in his more ordered forms. When Byron dramatises in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* Canto III the creation of his 'being more intense' (6), for example, the already well-rehearsed synthesis of form and self prompts an effect of Shelleyan sincerity.¹³ For a poet created in his readers' imaginations, the illusion of lyric can be laid bare even while the poet needs the powers his illusion commands:

'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now.
What am I? Nothing; but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,
Invisible but gazing, as I glow
Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feeling's death.
(*CHP*, III, 6)

The invention of a poetic name and voice 'with whom I traverse earth' is understandably hard to separate from the historical man, particularly as the speaker remains alert

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to how verse can change the poet. 'What am I? Nothing', he dramatises for an idolising readership, which in Canto IV is to witness Childe Harold and the narrator merge. But although Canto IV thrives off an uncertainty over which voice has subsumed the other, the jostle, perhaps nothing more than competing voices, is assigned in the act of reading to a Byronic persona. Even as 'we' pulls back to 'I', as 'I' unmask its own creation in form, and as form re-implicates itself into real appearance, the virtuosic walk between the one and the many reminds of a single poet behind its creations. The powerful, aural binding of the word 'live' to the quality the verse will 'give' is well-trodden ground in recent Byron studies.¹⁴ Yet 'The life we image', separate from but informed by its author, is both performative and genuinely reliant on reality – both mask and the admitted persona of an individualist poet burning his path to immortality.

In the London Cantos of *Don Juan*, this tension tends towards social critique, in the form of Lady Adeline, a character whose closeness to Byron's own performances prompts the question of how his writings avoid his own denigration. From the high-minded nobility of the 'being more intense' to the games and mock postures of *Don Juan*, Byron escapes fairly unscathed from his own incisive if excited depictions of social performance:

Juan, when he cast a glance
On Adeline while playing her grand role,
Which she went through as though it were a dance,
(Betraying only now and then her soul
By a look scarce perceptibly askance
Of weariness or scorn) began to feel
Some doubt how much of Adeline was *real* (*DJ*, XVI, 96)

In staging a coalescence of feeling, doubt and reality, the lines evoke a theatrical self that in the next stanza the narrating voice compares to art even as he refuses exactly to align the two: 'not of art, / Though seeming so' (XVI, 97). '[A]rt' again coils back in the *ottava rima* verse form to the previous 'heart', associated with 'temperament' – humanity that the rhymes work hard to indicate, but that exists in a sound world capable of consuming the self in 'what is nearest'. And yet it is also this ordering force of rhyme that displays the ability of a mind to work figuratively, gathering up conflicting impulses. The 'glance' (96) of perception is pitted through sound against staged spectacle, 'dance', and the potential for error, 'askance', whilst a social 'role' chimes with the possibility for something deeper: 'her soul', that in the act of 'Betraying' itself oddly indicates existence. This questioning of authenticity, for more reasons than *Don Juan*'s unfinished state, is left unresolved, whilst the poem's own performance to a readership implicates the verse in its 'doubt' over how much of its act is *real*. The poem's Byronic speaker relishes his powers of performance, off which the verse openly thrives, while still displaying alarm at the ease with which reality can quietly disappear.

Much of *Don Juan*, in fact, blends seamlessly between these tones: merging the realistic with the bizarre, and the serious with the comedic, at unexpected moments. The potential for unfixed identity that runs through *Don Juan* dramatises both the mind's

ability to write, talk or sing itself into an imagined reality, and yet also its decision to depict a more vulnerable version of itself. As Byron's famous cancelled stanza in Canto I indicates:

<I would to Heaven that I were so much Clay –
As I am blood – bone – marrow, passion – feeling –
Because at least the past were past away –
And for the future – (but I write this reeling
Having got drunk exceedingly to day
So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling)
I say – the future is a serious matter –
And so – for Godsake – Hock and Soda water>.¹⁵

The same verse that signals lyrical aspirations, layering clusters of assonance around its initial calming iambics, also rhymes its high mode with mundane and comedic experience. A conscious mind craves its own ignorance, the conditionals, and the need to enact this state, betraying the reality that the imagination cannot overcome. The word 'blood' fragments, syntactically and anatomically, into 'bone' then 'marrow', the comma melding flesh and blood with feeling and passions, all forming the very idealistic abstractions the verse seeks to avoid: 'marrow, passion – feeling –'. Each abstraction resists monosyllabic containment, reassembling the self into the brief heartbeat of an organic duple metre. 'Feeling', even as its impulse seems genuine, snakes with bathos into the rich rhymes of 'reeling' and 'ceiling', conflating the desire for an imaginatively inactive future with more worldly ways of ceasing to sense. As intoxication bleeds into idealism, the narrative voice sounds knowingly subversive, the startling rhymes twisting as they merge disparate and increasingly mundane conditions in a single moment of present participles.

Temporarily in this typically Byronic example of *ottava rima*, a non-Romantic irony can dispatch its created sense of sincerity; spatially, however, the two co-exist, the 'serious matter' frequently destroyed in its final couplets, yet lingering in the ear. What is left is a voice as synecdoche for a speaking self: one through which textual and psychological disorder fleetingly seem to originate from a coherent presence. David Hume identifies in his *Treatise of Human Nature* that a self's sense of unity ultimately requires an act of memory to unite its disparate feelings and pasts.¹⁶ In Byron's passage, too, 'passion' and 'feeling' may be strong constituents of selfhood, but his voice's simultaneous desire and refusal to commit memory to clay approaches, whilst rejecting, nihilism. It is this awareness and extreme negative capability, breaking through at numerous points in these cantos, that allows the voice to retain such seriousness as echoes around the edges of irony. The ironic levelling of abstract ideals naturally carries with its associations of worldly experience an authentic and empirical appeal – 'Sorrow is knowledge' (I, i, 10) in *Manfred*, for instance, or 'The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life' (I, i, 12). But it is no affective fallacy to ascribe to this particular moment in *Don Juan* a genuinely embattled scepticism that Byron still struggles to reconcile with both historical and poetic sources of the self.

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Such is the primary aim of elegy, whose memorialising modes Byron's song slips into after Haidée's death in Canto IV, the passionate need for memorial bridging the ultimate disjunction between the ideal and the real:

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants past away;
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of *human clay*;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
No stone is there to show, no tongue to say
What was; no dirge, except the hollow sea's,
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades. (72; emphasis added)

The desire of elegy to write a fallen self into an idealised and remembered existence, always questioning what Peter Sacks terms 'the adequacy of [its] own utterance',¹⁷ naturally fuses an impossible task with an acknowledgement that this memory shall simply fade. In the above lines at least, this fading is again familiar to traditional definitions of lyricism in its downward falling phrases and its striving for certainty that the ephemerality of music or art cannot offer. Language here seems eloquent and tender precisely for its simplicity, stripped of the spells that render idealistic language a failed project, and leaving behind the vain wish for the verse to achieve an aim that it knows as futile. 'That [specific] isle' (72), defined by negation and its former 'tenants past away', enacts the retreat to a 'grave' of literal 'clay'. 'None', 'nothing', 'Ye could not know' and the removal of a 'tongue' even to describe 'What was' narrate their own transformation into elegy in the next stanza: 'But many a Greek maid in a loving song / Sighs o'er her name' (73), where the enjambling melody brings the full force of its line opening down on the sigh into which its 'loving song' must turn.

And yet the lyric lament that cannot be quantified by philosophy seems even more genuine for the unclear relationship between the elegist and the elegised. '[D]wellings' (72) that are 'down' were simply 'gone' in Byron's draft manuscript, establishing memorial song as either a stand against absence or a voice for a ruined presence.¹⁸ Post-draft tightening of the stanza's punctuation also under-represents the sheer fragmentation of each line's originally dashed ending, which records an attempt to find words fuelled by passions that are inseparable from the self: a dependence that in Canto I he terms 'the controlless core / Of human hearts' (116). Even the reading and writing of personality are blurred: 'No stone is there to show', for example, begins in draft form as 'to read', remaining so in Byron's fair copy until his hand records the final variant, which is in turn crossed out before being rewritten.¹⁹ The self and its remains are bound up with an exercise of writing the singularities of the mind into the material world as much as into the poem. But the causality of remembering and becoming, Byron suggests in one of his most telling series of revisions, can work both ways. His pull back from elegy 'for fear of seeming rather touch'd myself' (74) is just one product of a string of self-confusions that appears as authentic for the poet as do his more serious moments. '[S]eeming' reads 'being'²⁰ in his draft, the two separate enough to warrant

distinction in poetry and in criticism; yet causally and empirically they are hard to distinguish. The draft then replaces 'being' with 'getting', the verse's tones purporting to alter the man behind the mask – a causality that changes again in the fair copy, where 'getting' is corrected to 'seeming'. Each state merges in the poetic present, leaving traces of real passions even after the poem's mode subsequently shifts.

Viewed in this manner, the ridiculing of elegy in stanza 74 that infuriated Hazlitt and Jeffrey represents a return to another equally flawed but needed illusion: of strength in the face of inadequacy.²¹ The author of *Don Juan* may '[take] a pleasure in defacing the images of beauty his hands have wrought', as Hazlitt indicates,²² or as Jeffrey writes 'convince his readers, both directly and indirectly, that all ennobling pursuits [...] are mere deceits or illusions'.²³ But he seems not to 'hallow' entirely 'in order to desecrate'²⁴ and if he has 'the unlucky gift of personating all those sweet and lofty illusions [...] with such grace and force and truth to nature' that he seems briefly 'among the most devoted of their votaries'²⁵ then such personal impressions remain even after he 'resumes his mockery at all things serious or sublime'.²⁶ This stanza, in other words, does not invalidate Haidée's brief elegy, which through its emotive pull threatens to overthrow intentionalist interpretations of an ostensibly subversive poet. Rather, the change of tone retains some knowledge of how close it is to inexpressibility, and to Canto IV's conceptual framing:

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep; and if I weep,
'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy (IV, 4).

Even though the near-hyperbolic voice of this passage may be disingenuous and even if such intentions could be established, the authorial presence lives in its constructed sound world of impulses that, like the heart, are not always under control when read. The passage ascribes agency to its constructed 'I' and 'we', as the paralleled conditionals saturate his verse with reflexive pronouns and the desire to 'bring' through verbs the 'thing' of clay away from the void of apathy. Yet the phrase 'cannot always' suggests a yearning for apathetic and referential simplicity, even while 'bring', which enjambes across the gap of a line ending to find 'Itself', performs the effort and lurking nihilism in emotional numbness that paradoxically evinces pain.

Nowhere is that pain, as an affirmation of the self, more emotive to Byron than when any notion of imaginatively supplied unity runs up against the mortality of the historical George Gordon who writes in the compositional present.²⁷ The appearance of emotive outpour in these passages creates a mode of experience for the 'I' that refracts when the 'real' Byron allows himself to seem most at risk. The verse almost resembles, to quote *Childe Harold* III, a 'broken mirror,' where 'every fragment multiplies; and makes / A thousand images of one that was' (33). '[W]as', similar to Haidée's elegy, signals a tension between the construction of identity through memory and the medium that sustains and alters remembrance. In so doing, it joins concerns common to elegy, over whether the self can slow life's narrative through the immediacy of a poetic voice. Like

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Juan's and Haidée's perfectly blissful moment ('Why did they not then die?' [IV, 27]) Byron's lyricism can understand the 'cruel things or wrong' (27) that the 'Years could but bring' (27); though he continues to search in his own voice for a controlled core that synthesizes feeling and form in written 'beings passionate as Sappho's song' (27). As he says of Juan and Haidée, 'Love was born *with* them, *in* them, so intense, / It was their very spirit – not [merely] a sense' (27). But even as familiarly 'intense' beings transcend 'sense' an equally powerful rhyming thread binds its own 'song' to 'wrong' and the knowledge of having 'lived too long', the 'passionate *as* Sappho's song' still maintaining difference alongside its comparison: a distinction that charges the poet's self-descriptions through the slightness of this gap, but that haunts both lyrical and comedic attempts to bridge it.

When changing philosophical systems and emotions collide with a literally ageing George Gordon, then, the emotive and comedic both exert a force of passion:

No more – no more – Oh! never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee:
Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower. (*DJ*, I, 214)

'Extracts' at first suggests that this beauty is still rooted in objective reality, 'Hived' in '*our bosoms*' (emphasis added) that seem to store sensory impressions rather than to co-create them. As philosophy blurs with metaphor, however, each new word continues to complicate any advancing philosophical line. Feigning to locate 'beauty' and its more Keatsian relative truth outside his own perceptions, the speaker cannot avoid accepting a dialogic imagination that, once freed from illusion, makes that illusion 'gone for ever' (215). 'No more – no more', followed by the lyric invocation of absolute negativity ('Oh! never more'), resonates with extremes of emotion that lead Shakespeare's *Lear*, for example, to clutch at similarly useless words.²⁸ Stanza 215 may parody and intensify the self-apostrophe, tightened by the clearer referent 'my heart', yet this heart, earlier labelled a 'core' (I, 116), has at least been capable of being 'my sole world' in the face of a quietly halting 'curse' (215).

Acknowledging the power of and need for illusion through a voice that arises from aesthetic artifice, *Don Juan* at these moments can still generate the sense of a real voice in the barren lands of the world beyond the imagination.²⁹ Its stanza forms consistently interweave emotive writings with the knowledge that over-reliance on illusion can, whilst comforting, slip back into ignorance:

But I being fond of true philosophy,
Say very often to myself, 'Alas!
All things that have been born were born to die,
And flesh (which Death mows down to hay) is grass;

You've pass'd your youth not so unpleasantly,
And if you had it o'er again – 'twould pass –
So thank your stars that matters are no worse,
And read your Bible, sir, and mind your purse.' (I, 220)

Matthew Bevis glosses parliamentary influences on Byron's use of the adversative 'but', drawing too on Christopher Ricks's particularly sharp expression of its logical function: "'But' is the vocable for a profound and generous sceptic [...] 'but' is also a word that recognizes conflicting impulses, and conflicting impulses are at the heart of Byron's feat."³⁰ Here, however, that adversative also adopts its traditional lyric function: the *volta* of a loosely sceptic stanza that veers logically, unable to settle on a final philosophical system precisely because it remains aware of the conflicting passions behind each temporary illusion. The long vowels and winding chiasmus betray a lived wisdom, while aligning experience with a presence in verse rather than a nihilistic recognition of mortality. 'All things [...] were born to die' attempts reconciliation with death beyond, say, the forlorn attempts in Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale' to aestheticise that which achieves ignorance ('Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!' [61]).³¹ '[F]lesh' is harvested through the seasonal imagery to which Keats too gives way in 'To Autumn', both writers aware of a real limit to the poet *in propria persona*. Even as this wisdom eases suffering, however, the *ottava rima* twists back into cant that allows both modes equal force: 'And read your Bible, sir, and mind your purse'.

In preventing a resolution for his competing styles, philosophies and voices, then, Byron's bizarre humanity in *Don Juan* hinges on a telling number of selves housed within and without the cracked mirror of literary illusions. This disjunction, between things happened and things all fiction, helps to explain why Byron's constructions of the self seem to support both historical and formal readings so convincingly. Yet the desire for some truth behind the invention of wit, and for performance beyond the transience of flesh, also reveals Byron's elegiac moments as more significant to his sense of the self than is often acknowledged. His doubt that a stable version of the poet will survive the man turns repeatedly to attempts to elegise the historical self beyond its words. '[I]s it not *life*, is it not *the thing*?', Byron asks Kinnaird in a letter; 'Could any man have written it – who has not lived in the world?'³² The letter, like the poem, grants powerful writing the status of life, though only for its faithfulness to lived experience. Even if *Don Juan* veers ironically between its 'spontaneous' and 'powerful' feelings,³³ its artifice appeals to a mortal limit from which it is never far but that arises from a final physical difference between poet and verse.

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- 1 Letter to John Murray of 2 April 1817, in *BLJ*, V, p. 203.
- 2 Prominent in this lineage of artistic metaphors is Prospero's famous speech in *The Tempest*, discussing his 'art': 'These our actors / (As I foretold you) were all spirits, and / Are melted into air, into thin air, / And like the baseless fabric of this vision, / The cloud-capp'd tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces, / The solemn temples, the great globe itself, / Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, / And like this insubstantial pageant faded / Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff / As dreams are made on; and our little life is rounded with a sleep.' William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, IV, i, 148–58, in *The Riverside Shakespeare*, ed. by G. Blakemore Evans (Boston, MA: Houghton Mifflin, 1974).
- 3 See also Byron's letter to Thomas Moore of 28 October 1815, in *BLJ*, IV, p. 323.
- 4 Emily A. Bernhard Jackson, *The Development of Byron's Philosophy of Knowledge: Certain in Uncertainty* (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2010); Donald H. Reiman, *Intervals of Inspiration: The Skeptical Tradition and the Psychology of Romanticism* (Greenwood, FL: Penkevill, 1988).
- 5 *Detached Thoughts*, 51, in *BLJ*, IX, p. 29.
- 6 David Hume, *A Treatise of Human Nature*, ed. by Ernest C. Mossner (London: Penguin, 1985), p. 313.
- 7 Jackson, *Philosophy of Knowledge*, pp. 2, 6, 180.
- 8 Frederick Garber, *Self, Text, and Romantic Irony: The Example of Byron* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1988), p. 312.
- 9 Jerome J. McGann, *Byron and Romanticism*, ed. by James Soderholm (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002), p. 95.
- 10 McGann, *Romanticism*, p. 96.
- 11 McGann, *Romanticism*, p. 95. For an exploration of Romantic lyricism's troublesome definition, and for its negotiation of musicality, pained aesthetic constructions, and conflicting emotions and thoughts, see: Northrop Frye, 'Approaching the Lyric', in *Lyric Poetry: Beyond New Criticism*, ed. by Chaviva Hošek and Patricia Parker (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1985), pp. 31–7; Simon Jarvis, *Wordsworth's Philosophic Song* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2007); Angela Leighton, 'Lyric and the lyrical', in *The Cambridge History of Victorian Literature*, ed. by Kate Flint (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2012), pp. 151–71.
- 12 *Detached Thoughts*, 51, in *BLJ*, IX, p. 29.
- 13 For accounts of Shelley's presence in *Childe Harold* Canto III, following his and Byron's summer together at the Villa Diodati in 1816, see Charles E. Robinson, *Shelley and Byron: The Snake and Eagle Wreathed in Fight* (Baltimore, MD: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1976); also William D. Brewer, *The Shelley-Byron Conversation* (Gainesville, FL: University Press of Florida, 1994).
- 14 See, for example: Vincent Newey, 'Authoring the Self: *Childe Harold* III and IV', in *Byron and the Limits of Fiction*, ed. by Bernard Beatty and Vincent Newey (Liverpool: Liverpool University Press, 1988), p. 148 (pp. 148–90); Jerome J. McGann, *Fiery Dust: Byron's Poetic Development* (Chicago, IL: The University of Chicago Press, 1968), pp. 38–9; Michael O'Neill, *Romanticism and the Self-Conscious Poem* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1997); Bernard Beatty, "'The Glory and the Nothing of a Name'", *The Byron Journal*, 36 (2008), pp. 91–104; Madeleine Callaghan, "'A Being More Intense": Byronic Poetic Intensity and the Stanza Form', in *Byron's Poetry*, ed. by Peter Cochran (Newcastle upon Tyne: Cambridge Scholars, 2012), pp. 163–70.
- 15 *Don Juan, Cantos I-V: A Facsimile of the Original Drafts*, ed. by Alice Levine and Jerome J. McGann, *The Manuscripts of the Younger Romantics: Lord Byron* (New York: Garland, 1985), vol. 2, p. 96.
- 16 Hume, *Treatise of Human Nature*, p. 308.
- 17 Peter M. Sacks, *The English Elegy: Studies in the Genre from Spenser to Yeats* (Baltimore, MD: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1985), p. 65.
- 18 Byron, *Manuscripts*, vol. 2, p. 254.

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- 19 *Don Juan, Cantos III-IV Manuscript: A Facsimile of the Fair Copy Manuscripts in the University of London Library*, ed. by Andrew Nicholson, *The Manuscripts of the Younger Romantics: Lord Byron* (New York: Garland, 1992), vol. 8, pp. 100–101.
- 20 Byron, *Manuscripts*, vol. 2, p. 255.
- 21 See William Hazlitt, 'Hazlitt on Byron 1825', in *Byron: The Critical Heritage*, ed. by Andrew Rutherford (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1970), p. 275 (pp. 268–78); see also Francis Jeffrey, 'Jeffrey on *Don Juan* 1822', in Rutherford, *The Critical Heritage*, p. 202 (pp. 199–205).
- 22 Hazlitt, p. 275.
- 23 Jeffrey, p. 202.
- 24 See the statement 'He hallows in order to desecrate', in Hazlitt, p. 275.
- 25 Jeffrey, p. 203.
- 26 Ibid.
- 27 See Jean-Jacques Rousseau's distinctions between 'Jean-Jacques' the man and 'Rousseau' the socially written construct, in *Judge of Jean-Jacques: Dialogues*, ed. by Roger D. Masters and Christopher Kelly, trans. by Judith R. Bush, Christopher Kelly and Roger D. Masters, *The Collected Writings of Rousseau*, 13 vols (Hanover, NH: Published for Dartmouth College by University Press of New England, 1990), vol. 1, p. 5.
- 28 William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, V, iii, 306–12, in *The Riverside Shakespeare*.
- 29 See Joseph Addison, 'No. 413', in *The Spectator*, ed. by Donald F. Bond, 5 vols (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1965), vol. 3, pp. 546–7 (pp. 544–7).
- 30 Matthew Bevis, *The Art of Eloquence: Byron, Dickens, Tennyson, Joyce* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2007), p. 36; Christopher Ricks, *Allusion to the Poets* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2002), p. 146.
- 31 *The Poems of John Keats*, ed. by Jack Stillinger (London: Heinemann, 1978).
- 32 Letter to Douglas Kinnaird of 26 October 1818 [1819], in *BLJ*, VI, p. 232.
- 33 William Wordsworth, *The Major Works*, ed. by Stephen Gill (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008), p. 598.

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