

‘Full many a line undone’: Why Misprints Matter in *Don Juan*

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Abstract

Both in *Don Juan* and in his correspondence, Byron repeatedly frets about misprints and textual slip-ups. This essay attempts to make sense of that anxiety, which is linked to several of *Don Juan*'s preoccupations. For Byron, the remembrance of the dead is a serious duty, so misprints can be a serious failing. When dealing with war or religion, Byron recognised a responsibility to be accurate; the example of Dr Johnson, meanwhile, provided a justification for extreme care over minutiae. The circumstances of *Don Juan*'s hectic publication made these concerns immediate, and in his attitude to misprints many of Byron's deeper convictions were brought together. The essay suggests a response to those critics – from Hazlitt to the present day – who have seen Byron's poetic manner as chiefly destructive or even cynical.

By the second stanza of *Don Juan* I, Byron is already drawing our attention to the dead military leaders who have received their ‘tithe of talk’. The French soldiers, we find in the next stanza, are ‘not at all adapted to my rhymes’ – worse luck for them, since what is the fate of those whom the poets pass over? Like Agamemnon's predecessors, ‘they shone not on the poet's page, / And so have been forgotten’ (I, 5). Heroes have earned a ‘tithe’ from the poet, who cannot excuse himself from paying up (I, 3). A literary tribute might compensate for the inevitable decay of reputation, but Byron's conclusion is still pessimistic in the case of someone who is adapted to his rhymes: ‘Let not a monument give you or me hopes, / Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops’ (I, 219). Nonetheless, the name survives, and that small achievement is worth Byron's effort. Cheops would be unremembered, however, had not ‘somebody or other’ (they have certainly not earned a memorial) dishonourably and ‘Burglariously’ uncovered his mummy (I, 219). Cheops's memory depended on his grave's violation, and the same paradox could unsettle the poet who rolls away the stone and digs out the mummified name.

If *Don Juan* is a poem of overproduction, as has been persuasively argued,¹ then one of its most shamelessly overproduced goods is the name. ‘Cato’ and ‘potato’ is an opportunistic rhyme on the first occasion it is used, but not the third time (see VII, 4, XIII, 92 and XV, 37). It is excessive to swear ‘By Swift, by Machiavel, by Rochefoucault, / By Fenelon, by Luther, and by Plato; / By Tillotson, and Wesley, and

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Rousseau' (VII, 4,) or to reel off 'Strongenoff, and Strokonoff, / Meknop, Serge Lwow, Arseniew of modern Greece, / And Tschitsshakoff, and Roguenoff, and Chokenoff' (VII, 15). When so much weight is given to the act of naming, misnaming becomes like desecration:

Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
In the despatch: I knew a man whose loss
Was printed *Grove*, although his name was Grose. (VIII, 18)

It is worth asking why Byron so frequently returns in *Don Juan* to the idea of such textual mistakes. Misprints tormented Byron, as his letters demonstrate: 'The *misprinting* was shameful – such nonsense! – in some of the clearest passages too'; 'Words added – misplaced – misspelt – & in short – a frequent disfigurement'; 'The new Don Juans are full of such gross *misprints*'.³ But the poem itself corrects one gross misprint – the misprinting of Grose. The lists of the dead are naturally open to lazy sentiment; appropriate, then, that grossness is prettified into a Grove. Desecration is one kind of disrespect – and we are one further mistake away from Grave – but so is the averting of the eyes from horror: 'Think how the joys of reading a Gazette / Are purchased by all agonies and crimes' (VIII, 125).

Don Juan's publication was unimaginably chaotic. The reading public had never been larger, but the technology that would make it easy to mass-produce books had not yet arrived,⁴ and copyright did not, in *Don Juan's* case, apply, leading to mass piracy.⁵ In the age of moveable type it was possible to make corrections at every stage, so that there were often variations within the same edition.⁶ Early copies of the first two cantos had some passages blanked out with asterisks,⁷ but the controversy was still enormous – and '*Don Juan* was read by more people in its first twenty years than any previous work of English literature'.⁸ Byron must have felt *Don Juan* to be a living creature, rapidly outgrowing its creator: it is no wonder that each misprint felt like a major event. But misprints had a deeper significance for Byron too. They are a cause for shame – '[I] have no opportunity of not proving myself the fool yr. printer makes me'⁹ – partly because they can involve the crime of dishonouring the dead, of not paying one's tithe. Does this seem melodramatic? Well, Byron might reply, look at what happened to Catherine the Great:

That injured Queen, by chroniclers so coarse,
Has been accused (I doubt not by conspiracy)
Of an improper friendship for her horse
(Love like religion sometimes runs to heresy);
This monstrous tale had probably its source
(For such exaggerations here and there I see)
In printing 'Courser' by mistake for 'Courier':
I wish the case would come before a jury here. (V, 61)

However reasonable the argument here, there is also a protective irony that restrains the reader from joining in with Byron's demands for justice. There are four asides

in eight lines, which is itself exaggerated, and a playful fascination with the ‘heresy’ that runs the risk of coarseness or impropriety. Moreover, the account of how this mistake entered the historical record contradicts itself. Either it was all a conspiracy (which Byron doubts not), or it was down to an exaggerated mistake (which he thinks probable), but hardly both. The historical record is not much clearer for Byron’s intervention. He appears even less sincere when it is recalled that the final line is an irreverent dig at the adulterous Queen Caroline, and less still when we are informed by Byron’s editor that he asked for this stanza to be cut from later editions.¹⁰ That self-editing would be almost as unjust as propagating the untruth in the first place.

There is no reason to conclude from the fact that Byron treats something lightly that he does not also take it seriously. It was the author of *Don Juan* who warned us not to take self-contradiction as invalidating: ‘if a writer should be quite consistent, / How could he possibly show things existent?’ (XV, 87). By frankly allowing that errors and inconsistency are a part of his poem and of life, Byron makes it possible to *come to terms* with both those things – a phrase that *Don Juan*’s critics have found useful: Philip W. Martin writes that the poem exhibits ‘a deliberately facetious and non-serious way of coming to terms with the world’;¹¹ Helen Gardner refers to ‘the courage and buoyancy with which Byron came to terms with a world as shabby and confused as ours’.¹² But which terms – since Martin thinks them facetious and Gardner calls them courageous? The terms must themselves be ambiguous. In this spirit, Auden described *Don Juan* as predominantly comic rather than satirical: it accepts contradictions rather than demanding that one point of view annihilate the other.¹³

‘The heart may slip even as the tongue and pen’ (II, 135), and so *Don Juan* is open to blemishes and expects slip-ups. *Childe Harold*’s very different atmosphere – especially in its first two cantos – presents a useful comparison. We would not expect to see the lines about Grose in a stanza of *Childe Harold*. The earlier poem, though marked by Byronic irony, is less likely to turn upon itself so self-consciously. The greater innocence of *Childe Harold* and the greater ingenuousness of its hero lead to a greater disappointment. Harold’s responses to the battlefields he visits, and his reflections on war, are for the most part despairing and contemptuous: ‘Enough of Battle’s minions! Let them play / Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame!’; ‘Morat! the proud!, the patriot field! where man / May gaze on ghastly triumphs of the slain’ (*Childe Harold*, I, 44, IV, 63). What has changed by the time that Byron writes, in *Don Juan*, ‘Mars no doubt’s a God I / Praise’ (VII, 21)? Byron’s depictions of cruelty in warfare angered contemporary readers. Charges of bad taste were accompanied by the accusation that, as William St Clair summarises it, in *Don Juan* Byron ‘had made war seem casual, pointless, and essentially ridiculous’.¹⁴ But *Childe Harold* fits that description much better: its hero ‘would not delight [...] / In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight, / But loath’d the bravo’s trade, and laughed at martial wight’ (II, 40). Laughing *at* is important. Byron’s respect for soldiers, and his felt need to memorialise them, though accompanied by laughter, is not, in *Don Juan*, the laughter of mockery. Nor is it laughing with (that would be too much to ask), but rather, perhaps, laughing about. To laugh at

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something is to declare one's discomfort with it; laughing about it is one way of coming to terms with a difficult fact. A stanza in *Don Juan* such as this combines a suppressed comedy with a proper sobriety:

This valiant man killed all the Turks he met,
But could not eat them, being in his turn
Slain by some Mussulmans, who would not yet,
Without resistance, see their city burn.
The walls were won, but 'twas an even bet
Which of the armies would have cause to mourn:
'Twas blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,
For one would not retreat, nor t'other flinch. (VIII, 77)

There is, between the respectful and the merely tasteless, a frankness of tone here that is in fact familiar from hearing experts or eyewitnesses discuss tragic events, or hearing the bereaved talk about their relative's illness. If Byron's matter-of-factness takes us aback, it is not because he seems to be deliberately nasty but more because of his detachment. Detachment, however, is the source of *Don Juan's* redeeming irony. Hazlitt was quite right to say that Byron 'hallows in order to desecrate; takes a pleasure in defacing the images of beauty his hands have wrought'.¹⁵ But the reverse is also true. Byron takes a pleasure in undefaced images of beauty. The condition of their beauty is that they will be defaced. *Childe Harold* censures war and leaves it at that; *Don Juan* censures war because otherwise its account of military glory would ring false. Auden, in the essay already referred to, says: 'If the sacred were annulled, we should laugh outright, but the sacred is still felt to be present, so that a conflict ensues between the desire to laugh and the feeling that laughter is inappropriate.'¹⁶

Misprints are an example of this unresolved conflict. They are usually trivial, but they are not always a laughing matter. History may not give a true account, since history 'can only take things in the gross' (VIII, 3), like Suwarrow, who was 'much too gross to see them in detail' (VII, 72). However, if Grose was your name, the detail of one missed letter might seem rather important. *Childe Harold's* narrower perspective chiefly sees soldiers as 'Ambition's honour'd fools' (I, 42): 'Their very graves are gone, and what are they?' (III, 51). Military glory passes quickly and is soon forgotten. *Don Juan* makes remembrance into a joke, but by repeating the joke enough turns it into a highly significant part of the poem. To poke fun at the unpronounceable names of Russian 'men of weapons' (VII, 17) and to suggest that only this stands between them and immortalisation (VII, 14–17) is facetious but nonetheless generous.

The poem's fastidiousness is also funny because the contrast between the soldier's task and the poet's appears bathetic. But, as we have seen, in *Don Juan* bathos is always threatening to turn into something less easily managed. And Byron liked to employ military metaphors when he wrote about writing: of his literary enemies he quotes Coriolanus's 'On fair ground / I could beat forty of them';¹⁷ his hated opponents in the printer's office come at him with swords, 'cutting and slashing'.¹⁸ 'Mutilating' is another favourite term: 'it is not to be published in a *garbled* or *mutilated* state';¹⁹ 'There

shall be *no mutilations* in either, *nor omissions*’.²⁰ Mutilation, wounding (to death), is one misfortune of battle; omission – being missed off the lists of the dead – is another. In *Don Juan*, when wondering at the equivalence of death and posthumous remembrance, Byron phrased his question in terms of a typesetting error: ‘I wonder [...] if a man’s name in a *bulletin* / May make up for a *bullet* in his body?’ (VII, 21).

Byron’s idea of the poet participating in war might be a reaction against that part of the public mood that eventually concluded that imagination ‘leads to fantasising which leads to masturbation which leads to physical weakness, insanity, and an early death – as the example of Byron was thought to prove.’²¹ Hence, perhaps, his determination to overturn that image: ‘I will war, at least in words (and – should / My chance so happen – deeds)’ (IX, 24). Before the chance arose, one consolation would be to make poetry warlike and war poetic: the fact that the ‘Russian batteries were incomplete, / Because they were constructed in a hurry’, for example, is compared with his publishers hurrying him, ‘which makes a verse want feet’. It is ‘the same cause’ (VII, 26), whatever the impact, and poets should feel as great a responsibility as they would if they were at war. They ought to be wary of hastiness, of textual mistakes, omissions, misprints, because when names, or batteries, or people, go missing, the impact is not trivial:

Whether it was their engineer’s stupidity,
Their haste, or waste, I neither know nor care,
Or some contractor’s personal cupidity,
Saving his soul by cheating in the ware
Of homicide, but there was no solidity
In the new batteries erected there;
They either missed, or they were never missed,
And added greatly to the missing list. (VII, 27)

Byron’s thoughts turn again to the Gazette’s ‘list’ with its lurking typos. This link between warfare (with its attendant risk of death) and writing (with its attendant risk of misprints) is surprising given how little respect Byron professed to have for writers: ‘No one should be a rhymer who could be anything better’;²² ‘If one’s years can’t be better employed than in sweating poesy – a man had better be a ditcher.’²³ He is frequently insisting on his own machismo, as when he repeats the story about his swimming triumphs,²⁴ which looks like compensation for his insecurities about the job of writing.

However, one of Byron’s literary heroes raised the dignity of literature, partly by putting it on an equal level with ditching. Dr Johnson compared minor authors to agricultural labourers who ‘lie buried in obscurity’ but whose work, taken together, is invaluable.²⁵ He himself, as a lexicographer, felt himself to be a ‘pioneer of literature’ – someone who works tediously in the ground.²⁶ So if Byron was to be able to say ‘I ditch, at least in words’, his labour would need to be like Johnson’s: a thankless attention to detail. ‘The care of such minute particulars’, Johnson writes in the Preface to the *Dictionary*, ‘may be censured as trifling, but [...]’, going on to add: ‘I know well, my Lord, how trifling many of these remarks may appear separately considered [...] but no terrestrial greatness is more than an aggregate of little things, and [...] drops added

to drops constitute the ocean.²⁷ We are reminded of Byron's 'small drop of ink' (*Don Juan*, III, 88).

Byron's tone often has less in common with that of his contemporaries than with Johnson's. There is the frank recognition that 'a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task', and that the fruit of difficult working conditions is 'a few wild blunders, and risible absurdities'.²⁸ There is the fussing – what Gardner called Byron's 'almost neurotic concern with precision of fact'²⁹ – which to many readers will appear obsessive. And, above all, there is the sense that a true picture of experience will need to include the little points that in the end undermine generalisations. Thomas Reinert suggests that Johnson's 'attention to particulars leads naturally to his taste for biography. If one is to convey moral instruction, it will have to be by way of the concrete scenes of real lives with their complexity of circumstance.'³⁰ We might recall, in this connection, Imlac's caution in *Rasselas*: 'keep this thought always prevalent, that you are only one atom of the mass of humanity, and have neither such virtue or vice, as that you should be singled out for supernatural favours or afflictions.'³¹ Don Juan, up until Byron, is a vicious figure 'singled out' for some major afflictions; in Byron's poem, it is the weight of detail, digression, anecdote and inconsistency that keeps him in place as just another atom.

'Perhaps', Johnson allowed, 'to correct the language of nations by books of grammar, and amend their manners by discourses of morality, may be tasks equally difficult'³² – but they are also, it is implied, equally important. In sifting details and troubling with textual minutiae, Johnson, or Byron, can earn a respect for literary endeavour itself, which is also a source of self-respect. But does all this make Byron seem too sombre? Are we missing his irony? Jerome McGann, in *Don Juan in Context*, portrays Byron as in reaction to his fellow-Romantics' great claims for poetry: '*Don Juan* is constantly trying to remind Byron's contemporaries, and us, that the measure of events passes beyond human perception because the contexts of events are always larger than our own awareness'.³³ Only narrowness, McGann argues on Byron's behalf, can result from cramming 'the actual variety and experience of the world into coherent mentalistic ranges'.³⁴ Byron, then, is the anti-Coleridge, reversing the latter's formula that narrative converts a series into a whole.³⁵

This corresponds to some extent with our reading of *Don Juan*. The poem is pointedly messy and expansive and, at times, Byron does renounce any attempt at theorising or generalising: 'I leave the thing a problem, like all things' (XVII, 13). Yet McGann's noncommittal Byron is only one side of the story, and if it were true that Byron always steers clear of 'coherent mentalistic ranges' his poem would fizzle out. Compared to Shelley's, say, Byron's view of poetry's capacities and duties is indeed in ironic opposition; but, as we have seen, the irony of *Don Juan* gives a great deal back to the thing it ironises.

One 'mentalistic range' that does organise the variety of experience is that associated with the dead and our obligations to the dead. Those who came before us, especially if they died in battle, are owed something. In Byron's case the debt appeared

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about what happens is the narrator's absence from it: from the scene of battle, from the sources of his own legacy. Poetry is a displacement: 'I war, at least in words'. These different concerns come together in one stanza in particular:

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
But these had fallen, not where the friars fell,
But in the war which struck Charles from his throne
When each house was a fortalice – as tell
The annals of full many a line undone, –
The gallant Cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign. (XIII, 60)

'For those who knew not to resign' is undone by a spelling correction – 'or reign' – which is also the making of it, bringing it into sonic and metrical line. Before we reach 'or reign', the final three lines are not yet undone – the Cavaliers have still a hope, the king is defiant, not yet incompetent. It is the obligation of rhyme that changes everything for the worse; and yet, though Byron is aware of this, rhyme here also shows up the vulnerability of all inhabitants of 'each house', whose annals are still being written. 'Full many a line' might again be undone, like a line of troops or a line misshapen by a misspelling, or as in the parallel bringing-together of poetic and familial lines in stanza 33 of Canto XV: 'Or grave Lord George, with whom perhaps might end / A line, and leave posterity undone'.

Laughing about the dead may well be a part of *Don Juan*, then, but merely laughing at the dead is unacceptable, and may end with terrifying visits from what appear to be their ghosts. Similarly, God, whether or not there is one, is not to be trifled with:

Correct this – I pray – not for the public or the poetry – but I do not choose to have blunders made in addressing any of the deities [...] in addressing the deity a blunder may become a blasphemy.³⁷

The minor misprint expands into a major impiety: a possibility implied by many moments in *Don Juan*. The seriousness of this is the seriousness latent in *Don Juan*'s caution about the dead. For we know that Byron could be awed and extremely moved by epitaphs. In the note to stanza 66 of *Childe Harold* III, he writes of the epitaph of a young girl who died to save her father: 'I know of no human composition so affecting as this'.³⁸ Later, Byron remarked to Murray that he would like his own epitaph to be '*implora pace*', which he saw on a headstone on 7 June 1819: 'Can any thing be more full of pathos! those few words say all that can be said or sought – the dead had had enough of life – all they wanted was rest – and this they "implore"'.³⁹

The epitaph's simplicity is at the heart of its authenticity, which is what makes it so moving: a sentiment not far from Wordsworth's in his 'Second Essay on Epitaphs'. Wordsworth scolds Johnson for thinking it a compliment to say an epitaph 'contains nothing taken from common places'. On the contrary, the commonplace contains truths: 'it is required that these truths should be instinctively ejaculated'.⁴⁰ On the other

hand, when Johnson remarks that epitaphs tend not to differ much because ‘the greater part of mankind have no character at all’, Wordsworth leaps in with: ‘Such language may be holden without blame among the generalities of common conversation; but does not become a critic and a moralist speaking seriously upon a serious subject.’⁴¹ There is something questionable here. In one case Johnson is not common enough and in the other he is too common; he is either deaf to instinctive ejaculations or too prone to them. Wordsworth is a little compromised, since what he is looking for is a particular kind of common speech that he can assimilate, but it is clear that his priorities are different from Johnson’s. This is not to deny the difference between an Augustan and a Romantic sensibility. However, the difference is not abrupt or easily defined, and is certainly not unbridgeable, since in Byron we have a comic bridge. Johnson might not weep Byron’s tears, but Wordsworth would not laugh with his jests. And Byron does not have to choose – he purchases flexibility at the cost of an admitted inconsistency.

If Byron seems unserious next to Wordsworth, we should turn back to *Don Juan*. The importance he attaches to misprints – apparently out of all proportion – is of a piece with his idea of the poem as intensely performative. It is not just a chatty excursion, but a form of waging war and a tribute to the dead. A misprint is a rupture in that sincere attempt, and insincerity is itself a kind of misprint. When Walter Scott writes complacently that ‘Love rules the camp, the court, the grove’, Byron denounces him thus: ‘I say *that* line’s a lapsus of the pen’ (XII, 16).

Byron’s pedantry is not vanity. It is a determination to do his duty, to acknowledge his ancestors, to record the dead, to do what the unfeeling Gazette falls short of. That is a grave task:

a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think:
’Tis strange, the smallest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages. (III, 88)

By the same dramatic expansion, ‘a blunder may become a blasphemy’. Byron confessed proudly that ‘no one’ had ‘done more through negligence to *corrupt the language*’ than he had.⁴² But it is precisely his awareness of the possibilities for language’s corruption (misprints being of especial symbolic importance) that reminds us what literature carries as it moves between the dead and the living.

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1 See Corinna Russell, ‘The Profligate Catalogue: *Don Juan*, *Don Giovanni*, and the Reproduction of Life’, in Ross Wilson (ed.), *The Meaning of ‘Life’ in Romantic Poetry and Poetics* (New York: Routledge, 2009), pp. 146–63.

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- 2 Letter to Douglas Kinnaird of 4 November 1821, in *BLJ*, IX, p. 55.
- 3 Letter to Kinnaird of 31 August 1821, in *BLJ*, VIII, p. 194.
- 4 James Raven, *The Business of Books: British Booksellers and the English Book Trade* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2007), p. 224.
- 5 William St Clair, *The Reading Nation in the Romantic Period* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2004), pp. 322–36.
- 6 *Ibid.*, p. 179.
- 7 *Ibid.*, p. 323.
- 8 *Ibid.*, p. 333.
- 9 Letter to John Murray of '[31st August 1821]', in *BLJ*, VIII, p. 194.
- 10 See McGann's note to stanza 61 of *Don Juan*, V, in *CPW*, V, p. 708.
- 11 Philip W. Martin, *Byron: A Poet Before His Public* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1982), p. 187.
- 12 Helen Gardner, 'Don Juan', in Paul West (ed.), *Byron: A Collection of Critical Essays* (Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1963), pp. 113–21 (p. 121).
- 13 W. H. Auden, *The Dyer's Hand* (London: Faber, 1975), p. 388.
- 14 St Clair, *The Reading Nation in the Romantic Period*, p. 288.
- 15 'Lord Byron', from *The Spirit of the Age* (1825), in Andrew Rutherford (ed.), *Byron: The Critical Heritage* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1970), pp. 268–78 (p. 275).
- 16 Auden, *The Dyer's Hand*, pp. 389–90.
- 17 See Byron's letter to Kinnaird of 2 June 1821, in *BLJ*, VIII, p. 133.
- 18 See Byron's letter to John Cam Hobhouse and Kinnaird of 19 January 1819 (*BLJ*, VI, p. 91) and his letters to John Murray of 6 April 1819 (*BLJ*, VI, p. 105) and 9 August 1819 (*BLJ*, VI, p. 206).
- 19 Letter to Murray of 23 April 1818, in *BLJ*, VI, p. 35.
- 20 Letter to Murray of 2 April 1819, in *BLJ*, VI, p. 104.
- 21 St Clair, *The Reading Nation in the Romantic Period*, pp. 283–84.
- 22 Journal entry for 24 November 1813, in *BLJ*, III, p. 217.
- 23 Letter to Murray of 6 April 1819, in *BLJ*, VI, p. 105.
- 24 See Byron's letters to Hobhouse (25 June 1818), Kinnaird (15 July 1818) and Murray (21 February 1821), in *BLJ*, VI, pp. 54–55, VI, p. 60, VIII, pp. 81–83.
- 25 *The Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson*, ed. by John H. Middendorf, 23 vols (New Haven, CT, and London: Yale University Press, 1958–2010), V, pp. 8–12.
- 26 *Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson*, XVIII, p. 73.
- 27 *Ibid.*, XVIII, p. 39, XVIII, pp. 51–52.
- 28 *Ibid.*, XVIII, pp. 110–11.
- 29 Gardner, 'Don Juan', p. 117.
- 30 *Regulating Confusion: Samuel Johnson and the Crowd* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1996), p. 36.
- 31 *Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson*, XVI, p. 163.
- 32 *Ibid.*, XVIII, p. 57.
- 33 Jerome McGann, *Don Juan in Context* (London: John Murray, 1976), p. 157.
- 34 *Ibid.*, pp. 110–11.
- 35 *Ibid.*, p. 109.
- 36 St Clair, *The Reading Nation in the Romantic Period*, p. 162.
- 37 Letter to Murray of 24 September 1818, in *BLJ*, VI, p. 71.
- 38 See *CPW*, II, p. 302.
- 39 Letter of 7 June 1819, in *BLJ*, VI, p. 149.
- 40 'Essay Upon Epitaphs, II', in *Wordsworth's Literary Criticism*, ed. by W. J. B. Owen (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1974), pp. 134–49 (pp. 148–49).
- 41 *Ibid.*, p. 128.
- 42 Letter to Murray of 28 September 1820, in *BLJ*, VII, p. 182.

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