

“WORDS ARE THINGS”: BYRON’S *FUGITIVE PIECES*

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IT IS A commonplace that Byron’s genius erupts suddenly, that his poetic development fledges with a broadside against unkind reviewers. His juvenilia, preceding this vendetta of a scorned young poet, consequently suffer by and large from scholarly neglect, with a few notable exceptions. In the instances in which his early works are considered, the analysis tends to content itself with a primarily biographical reading. Such readings serve well to illuminate the psychobiographical concerns the young lord, schoolboy, and lover is working through in his writings, the feelings of the fledgling poet writing from life finding their expression at times in teenage angst, at others in rodomontade. But we must also read these poems as poetry, the mode Byron opts for to explore the magic of words. Byron, through his teenage forays into poetising and publication, learns the hard way that *words* can be *things*, not just expressions of feeling. That is to say, more than merely rendering a state of affairs intelligible, words have their own reality, efficacy, and obstinacy. Most importantly, words are things not because we handle them like objects, but because they stand against (ob-ject) any attempt to gain some command over them. For young Byron, words reveal themselves to be problematic, and his poetic project arguably constitutes a sustained effort to work through the problems posed by language. If this indeed proves true for the juvenilia, they become the template for the sublimation of adversity typical of the Byronic mode and anticipate, as I argue, Byron’s later poetics.

As he looked back on the publication of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*, Byron is said to have remarked, “I awoke one morning and found myself famous” (Moore 159). The year of 1812 could then be taken as the watershed of poetic maturity: it is at this moment, at the age of twenty-four, that Byron becomes “Byronic,” a man catapulted into fame and all of a sudden embodying the public persona he should maintain until his death twelve years later. This narrative of development compels on both biographical and literary counts. “Maturity” here is

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tied to the notion of recognition; Byron both comes into his own when modelling the Childe on himself and reaches an audience wider than any other canonical Romantic poet. When we investigate what potentialised Byron's meteoric rise, however, we may find that his arrival on the literary scene came incrementally, in the process blurring the line between private and public, between the writing and the written, between the word and the thing. *Childe Harold* made Byron famous, but he had already achieved a certain notoriety with the publication of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* three years earlier, a poem that, from the second edition onwards, carried his name. That poem, in turn, was written partly as a response to a devastating piece in the *Edinburgh Review* (unsigned though now known to have been authored by Henry Brougham), an eviscerating ad hominem attack against the young lord's first published collection, *Hours of Idleness* (1807). In retaliation, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* mounts a satiric attack against most major and many minor literary figures of the day. But with time came a change of heart, and Byron tried to disown the work. Remorsefully picking up John Murray's manuscript copy of the poem in 1816, he scribbled on the title page: "The *binding* of this volume is considerably too valuable for the contents. ... Nothing but the consideration of its being the property of another prevents me from consigning this miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony to the flames" (*CPW* 1: 227n). The original spell of anger may have long since passed, but the sentiment has been book-bound into a grating physical presence, resisting Byron's performative attempt at self-censure; once publicly voiced, the thing is out of his hands—Byron's act of repossessing his former intellectual property by disowning it is a private one—and would not be recalled save in the compunctious mind. On other occasions, Byron did not stop at wishful thinking. A journal entry from 6 December 1813 reads, "I have just thrown a Poem into the fire (which it has relighted to my great comfort), and have smoked out of my head the plan of another" (*BLJ* 3: 235). Famously, after his death, a close circle of friends (no doubt driven by concerns about Byron's reputation) decided to incinerate his memoirs. And Byron's first-ever collection, *Fugitive Pieces*, was printed in 1806, but then deemed unfit for distribution, wherefore the author ordered it to be burnt. Fortunately, four copies survive in the hands of various people, standing witness to the contingency of an oeuvre. Works and words are things in their own right, evidently, operating independently from (and occasionally to the great annoyance of) the mind of their creator.

There is no small degree of irony to this; in the case of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, some literary figures mentioned have been largely forgotten and are commemorated chiefly for having once been subject to Byron's vitriol. The case of *Fugitive Pieces* highlights how publication forms an important step from word to thing: the author denounced the poems in this collection as "trifles" and, because they were "never intended to meet the public eye," as not requiring an apology (Dedication to *FP*, n.p.). Byron's private readership, however, who in some candid poems recognised thinly veiled allusions to Southwell life and personages, thought them more than

trifling matters. Words never solely serve one master, and never stand in isolation. The insight, later formalised by Wittgenstein, that there cannot be a private language, is one that Byron will probe throughout his career. In time, Byron learns to harness the ironic, double-edged quality of words. *Don Juan*, his magnum opus, will eventually enshrine the puissance of writing in writing:

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think;
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his. (*CPW* 5: 192–93; can. 3, st. 88)

Don Juan is highly conscious of its incorporation of recent events; “a rag like this,” that is, writing reminiscent of a newspaper as well as wastepaper, here puns on the contemporary appetite for news, which one would find cluttering the gazettes.¹ But even when printed upon such ephemeral cloth, words may yet turn out to be more robust than “Frail man.” In contrast to that of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, the binding of *Don Juan* may not be “considerably too valuable for its contents”—the opposite is the case—but that does not diminish the perdurance of the written word.

My aim, having started by sketching these two contradistinctive impulses, one that shows the volatility of the word, the other its potency, is to investigate how *Fugitive Pieces* and the other early collections anticipate the curious tension we find throughout Byron's corpus between the unstable signifiers of *word* and *thing*. With the focus on close reading, the argument presented here is narrow in the sense that it proceeds along what Juliet McMaster calls a vertical line, meaning the development from early to “‘mature’ work” (136). This serves to suggest a reappraisal of Byron's juvenilia in terms of what later manifests as something akin to a poetic idea (he never fleshed out a poetic theory), verticality here signifying a procedure rather than a hierarchy. Such a focus on the formation of ideas seeks to redress a biographical reading (like that of Jerome J. McGann's seminal study *Fiery Dust*, for instance), one of whose symptoms manifests in an understanding, still somewhat *de règle*, that posits Byron's juvenilia as psychological as much as literary steppingstones en route to establishing himself as a poet.

From his very first forays into writing Byron recognises in words an inner dynamism. His understanding, already evident in the juvenilia, is that poetry opens up a temporal gap: the juvenile pieces wrestle with past experience, best exemplified perhaps by the valedictory poem “Childish Recollections,” which he composed during an illness. Although this adolescent retrospective assumes a meditative stance in the face of leaving boyhood friends, Byron does not avail himself of the Romantic

trope of a child coming to experience; the young writer mourns the loss not of his innocence but of the pubertal, homosocial environment of Harrow, eulogising his friends. His conscience is clean, which sets him apart from later Byronic heroes like Manfred, who suffers in the wake of a dark deed. In the version written for *Poems on Various Occasions*, compiled and printed shortly after *Fugitive Pieces*, we read of a former public-school boy stung by memory and left a “wretched, isolated, gloomy thing, / Curs’d by reflection’s deep corroding sting” (ll. 377–78).² The “thing” to which the speaker is reduced marks a public display of a very private, indeed privative, state of affairs, marked by isolation and reflection. In this concatenation we may recognise the highly individualised condition of the Byronic hero, and the reason why his archetype Manfred, for instance, cannot give words to his woes. Byron’s use of “thing” is half legitimised by Samuel Johnson, whose dictionary entry states—after declaring that things describe objects which are not persons—that sometimes it “is used of persons in contempt, or sometimes with pity.” This self-objectification, this ossification into thinghood would then seem likely to entail a descent into stasis and ineffectual lament, but while “Childish Recollections” acknowledges it may be a “vain endeavour” to seek to counter the “fruitless loss of time” in verse (ll. 361, 363), loss does not end in paralysis as it does for Manfred. The “cheerful comfort” (l. 386) the speaker retains is that he is precisely not conscience-stricken: dramatically, he must move on, albeit crawlingly, and don a smile to mask an embittered heart, until the very end: “Remembrance slumbers only in the grave” (l. 412). These lines would not appear out of place in the *Turkish Tales*, and indeed, Byron seemed to remember and rework motifs which in their habitual repetitiveness came to be recognised as Byronic. The self suffering its own sting is metaphorised in *The Giaour*, for instance, as the image of a scorpion committing suicide (*CPW* 3: 53–54; ll. 422–38). It is an ouroboric image, as self-referential as it is self-absorbed. Still, it is not atemporal: in Byron’s poetry, any “thing” always inscribes its own history, the bitter knowledge, as *Manfred* has it, of “Having been otherwise” (*CPW* 4: 64; act 1, sc. 2, l. 71).

None of this is articulated explicitly in Byron’s juvenilia, but a reading of a poem titled “To Mary, on Receiving her Picture” (most likely composed before September 1806 according to McGann, *CPW* 1: 50n) may, if we accept that it harbours these lines of thought in their nascency, illuminate what otherwise appears to be a stock piece. Having received what he calls a “faint resemblance” of his amour, the poet pens these lines, with the goal of tracing her beauty in the artwork, but comes to an abrupt stop when he realises that the vivacity of her eyes cannot be captured on paper: “Here I can trace—ah no! that eye, / ... / Must all the painter’s art defy” (*FP* 28, ll. 9, 11). On the face of it affirming the commonplace that art cannot live up to life, the poem, then, must seem self-defeating, being further removed from the object of adoration, a mere copy of a “copy” (*FP* 29, l. 17). Yet there is something slippery about the deixis in the work. “*This* faint resemblance of thy charms”; “*Here* I can trace...”; “*Here* I behold...” [my emphasis]: the demonstratives point as much to the portrait as they reflexively refer back to the page. This dual tracing denies to both

picture and poem the straightforwardly relational status of a “counterfeit presentment”; the sketch does not represent or recall into the present a past moment but rather, by conjuring up the memory of how the picture was placed in the speaker’s bosom, sets the tone for things to come:

Through hours, through years, through time ’twill cheer,
My hope in gloomy moments raise;
In life’s last conflict ’twill appear,
And meet my fond, expiring gaze. (*FP* 29, ll. 25–28)

The words touched more than the hearts of a young couple, however. The poem may be a hyperbolic token of Byron’s infatuation, but the private audience who read *Fugitive Pieces* inferred from the lustre of the description the lust of the poet. Though this verse is rather innocent when compared with the more explicit poem “To Mary” (*FP* 17–19), which Byron warned was “*improper* for the perusal of Ladies” (*BLJ* 1: 97), it exemplifies the conundrum of words making public what should have remained private. Elizabeth Pigot, Byron’s childhood friend and amanuensis, jots down a disparaging remark about “naughty Mary” on a sheet pasted into the Newstead copy of the book, explaining that the liaison caused “such a commotion” in Southwell that “this Edition [was] put to the fire” (*CPW* 1: 50n). Like other commentators, she takes exception to the schoolboyish kiss-and-tell, a faux pas unbecoming the gentleman-to-be, but the fact that these lines survive, making their way into *Poems on Various Occasions*, *Hours of Idleness*, and *Poems Original and Translated*, the three collections that follow *Fugitive Pieces*, casts doubt on whether the severity of Pigot’s judgment was universally shared. Today, Mary’s identity is forgotten. “Remembrance slumbers only in the grave,” and yet, as *Don Juan* professes, words endure beyond the grave, growing, as in Shakespeare’s immortal sonnet 18, “in eternal lines to time.” Words have, in absence of their subject, become the thing.

Byron is certainly not the only early-nineteenth-century writer examining this relationship between signifier and signified. In a critique of the grammarian John Horne Tooke’s efforts to place nouns, naming *things*, at the centre of language, the essayist William Hazlitt asks: “Is quackery a thing, i.e. a substance?” (127). English usage, however, disarticulates “thing” from simple substance or mere materiality, and in half a century has further eroded some of the rigidity lingering in Johnson’s definitions. As David Woodhouse points out, an 1823 dictionary of slang gives numerous examples for the curious polysemy and indeterminacy of “thing,” which, the entry tautologises, applies “to every thing of every kind” (171).³ Byron adopts this understanding of thinghood as plastic and expands it by affording things a temporal dimension.

Hazlitt’s critique aligns with Byron’s project along a critical axis: for the essayist, the verb takes precedence over the noun; for the poet, words are things not in the sense that they are material substances, in that they possess a corporeal, physical

existence, but insofar as they exhibit a perdurance and power that equally privileges the verbal, active character of language. To be, for Byron, is to be determined by the past but only insofar as it opens a space of possibilities to which it is the task of language—poetry—to rise; “words are things,” therefore, is not the expression of a state—a static fact about the world—but rather an expression that condenses the eventfulness of language into an aphorism: put differently, words constitute the bricolage of poetry not because of what they represent but because of what they do.

An example from *Hours of Idleness* illustrates just how tensile the categories of “word” and “thing” are. In the poem “Lachin Y Gair,” a ballad retracing Byron’s juvenescence in the Highlands, a charitable reader may find an instance of metonymy. Here the poet conflates a “pibroch,” a Scottish melody, with the instrument producing the music, an ostensible error that earned him the ridicule of a slightly less charitable reader, Henry Brougham, in the *Edinburgh Review* (the piece that provoked *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*). Given that he spent his childhood in Scotland, Byron “might have learnt that *pibroch* is not a bagpipe, any more than duet means a fiddle,” quips Brougham (31).⁴ Yet, poetic licence aside, the conflation of music and instrument points to a mental imaginary in which the thing becomes a marker of continuity in a transient world: mixing autobiography and history, Byron equates the ditties he would have heard as a young boy with the ceremonial tunes that—he presumes—mourned his ancestors at Culloden, played on the same instrument. What is lost to time resounds and re-sounds in the lyrical imagination in its wistful effort to recollect the past.

Much of Byron’s later poetry plays on the same theme: echoes of the past make the present reverberate with a sense of loss, as in a well-known stanza from the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*:

And slight withal may be the things which bring
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
 Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
 A tone of music,—summer’s eve—or spring,
 A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we’re darkly bound[.] (*CPW* 2: 132; can.
 4, st. 23)

While the catalogue of “things” expands to include more concrete, increasingly vast, more sublime founts of memory, something as ephemeral as a sound may bring the full and oppressive weight of the past to bear on the present. Byron felt this weight long before *Childe Harold* captured the *Weltschmerz* of a generation, and before he himself was identified with the gloomy character of the Byronic hero. Much of the early poetry is written from the heart—the faux modesty Byron displays with respect to the autobiographical material provides Brougham with a readymade source for his ad hominem attack—and opening *Fugitive Pieces*, we encounter an angsty adolescent

trying to come to terms with the expectations of a station to which he has only recently ascended. At the mere age of ten, the death of his great-uncle bestowed a barony and the estate of Newstead Abbey in Nottinghamshire onto the boy. Five years later, when Byron was attending school at Harrow, he recounted the experience of departure from a place that never acquired the uncomplicated wholeness of a home. The poem, “On leaving N—st—d,” bespeaks a desire for doing right by one’s inheritance, though this desire rests on unstable ground: the poem pits the lasting bond of a family name against the material caducity of an estate that had fallen into dilapidation long before Byron took residence there. The title itself is hollowed out; only a shell remains of the name. In the first print version, the opening line speaks of “cracks in [the] battlements” (*FP* 1, l. 1), yet these cracks are paraged in later editions (*Poems on Various Occasions*, *Hours of Idleness*, and *Poems Original and Translated*), where the first line reads: “Thro’ thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle” (*CPW* 1: 35). The supposedly strengthened battlements are now undermined by oxymoronically “hollow winds” that howl through and around the Gothic edifice. They whistle, “for the hall of my fathers art gone to decay,” the following line laments.

Whether this is because, as the rhyme demands, the Scottish “thistle” has usurped the English “rose” (3, 4), growing where it should not, or whether Byron but stands witness to a decay whose roots run much deeper in history, remains unresolved; the wind, however, would continue to echo in Byron’s mind, singing of a life left behind when he had not just departed for Harrow but had left England altogether. Staging an alter-ego homecoming in canto thirteen of *Don Juan*, he reserves some stanzas for solemn reminiscence amidst Gothic pastiche, describing “Norman Abbey,” a mirror image of Newstead, thus: “A mighty Window, hollow in the centre” nightly gives rise to “a strange unearthly Sound” (*CPW* 5: 543; sts. 62, 63). Yet the reflective break with narrative time achieves no closure, and quickly dissolves into parody:

some original shape or form,
Shaped perchance by Decay, hath given the Power
.....
To this grey Ruin with a voice to charm;
Sad but serene, it sweeps o’er tree or tower;
The Cause I know not, nor can solve, but such
The fact; I’ve heard it—once perhaps too much. (*CPW* 5: 543; st. 64)

For a brief moment, the hauntological drift of these lines, with its markers of uncertainty, challenges an aesthetic that holds art and life, word and thing to stand in a mimetic, representational, and thus timeless relationship.

About *Don Juan*, Byron asked his friend Douglas Kinnaird in October 1819, “is it not *life*, is it not the *thing*?” (*BLJ* 6: 232). Byron understands life as lived forwards but understood backwards, though always only half-understood. Words essentially

dilate time, giving afterlife to life; they signal not presence but meaning deferred. If sounds are things, then here they are spectral rather than substantial things. Sound, which ought to signal the immediacy of sense perception (linguistics, for instance, binds sensibility to intelligibility through the phoneme), evokes a past for Byron that is impressing itself on the present moment through the impression on the senses. In the verses cited above, sounds are echoes predicated on decay and departure, a chain that “darkly” binds but is not forged of unbroken links. The passage from *Don Juan* illustrates such a rebounding rather than straightforward reverberation, for in the description of Norman Abbey’s soundscape, we find a twofold echo, firstly of the Newstead chapter of Byron’s life, and secondly of the poem composed on the occasion of his departure from the estate. While the experience has, in the course of his life, been poetically refined and recast, the thing—life, sound, effect, or what *Childe Harold* terms “the weight” of the past—remains.

Memory is one end of an unequal bargain, but the problem of inheritance cuts both ways. Byron habitually turns to tradition in order to grapple with his legacy, be it personal or poetical. Rachel M. Brownstein makes a compelling case for reading his work as an “endless imitation” of classical and neoclassical models (though not an imitation as ventriloquistic as, say, Robert Gleckner views it); McGann focuses on immediate precursors like Strangford and Moore (9). But while Byron glances behind, he also gazes, Janus-like, ahead into an imagined future. Despite being the “dominant motif” in the Preface to *Hours of Idleness* (McGann, *Fiery Dust*, 14, 16), fame, for Byron, is a fickle companion, no less so after his breakthrough with *Childe Harold*. But already from his earliest experiments in poetry, much of his writing is concerned with an afterlife, human and literary. One of the most enduring pieces of juvenilia is “A Fragment,” not least because it is the only poem from *Fugitive Pieces* and the other early publications to find its way into McGann’s 1986 *Oxford World’s Classics* edition, and thus one of the few poems by the young Byron today’s readers are likely to encounter. Composed in 1803 when Byron was fifteen, it already assumes a posthumous perspective. Here is the fragment in full:

When to their airy hall, my father’s voice
 Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice,
 When, pois’d upon the gale, my form shall ride,
 Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain’s side;
 Oh! May my shade behold no sculptur’d urns,
 To mark the spot, where earth to earth returns.
 No lengthen’d scroll of virtue, and renown,
 My epitaph shall be, my name alone;
 If that with honour fail to crown my clay,
 Oh! May no other fame my deeds repay;
 That, only that, shall single out the spot,⁵
 By that remember’d, or fore’er forgot.— (*FP* 19–20)

In Byron’s dualistic understanding, the human being is both clay and spirit, combined into one thing, but, as earth returns to earth, only a word—his name—remains. A lot hinges on a name, a proper noun, which will accrue layers of meaning in the years to come. What the one-word epitaph does becomes more important than what it is (the name itself gets no mention): it may bestow honour, or it may not, and in this the signifier opens a space of possibility for future remembrance or oblivion. At the point of writing, this is yet to be determined—the fragment ends in a long dash, a sempiternal appendix.

Words are things, for Byron, in that they effect temporal change, and in that they are themselves affected by change rather than persisting against the flow of time as atemporal substance, eternal present. About Wordsworth, the young Byron admires that his senior makes for a “genuine poet, feeling as he writes” (*CMP* 8), the conjunction *as* assuming both a comparative and temporal function. While Byron does not hold the same kind of theory of poetry that Wordsworth expounds in the preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, he presumes a similar kind of spontaneity. However, for Byron, this encompasses not merely a faculty of the mind in which immediate sentiment is expressed poetically, but the spontaneity of words themselves, which in turn occasion feeling. It is worth noting, therefore, that he does not say “writing as he feels”; poetry is compassed in its affective dimension, not as a subjective expression of emotion. As Byron puts it later, in *Don Juan*, “Feeling, in a Poet, is the Source / Of Others’ feeling” (*CPW* 5: 192; can. 3, st. 87). This, for Byron, is *poesis* properly understood, the meaning of “words” as “things.” It is the Promethean task of the poet to bring fire to language, which Byron did, both in a destructive and creative sense. Thus, words and things signal anything but a permanent, unchanging essence; while Prometheus may bear well the “wretched gift of Eternity” (*CPW* 4: 32; l. 24), he is wretched because eternity offers no future in any meaningful sense. Poetry, by contrast, must trace the irreducible indeterminacy and dynamism of the word in eternal recurrence. In Byron’s eponymous poem, therefore, Prometheus does not speak—the poet has to speak for him. As we come full circle, the Titan Prometheus becomes, in the words of the poem, “a symbol and a sign” (*CPW* 4: 32; l. 45), and in words as Byron utters them elsewhere, a “thing” which, to the revolutionary Romantic imagination, has made “thousands, perhaps millions, think.”

If there is something that persists from the juvenilia to the works Byron composed shortly before his death, it is, I have suggested, that words are first and foremost characterised by open-endedness and incompleteness, fragmentation and contestation; words are things in that they effectuate and eventuate, but their effects and the events they bring about cannot be fully surveyed until much later, if at all. It may be appropriate, then, having traced certain developments from the earliest published poems, to bring matters to a close with an aperçu from one of Byron’s last works, canto 17 of *Don Juan*, which was left unfinished at his death. Surrounded by contradictory, inexplicable, and sometimes supernatural things, the narrator, himself embodying a myriad of contradictions, appears to capitulate: “I leave the thing a

problem, like all things" (*CPW* 5: 660; can. 17, st. 13). But it is precisely at the point when things become problematic that they become the stuff of poetry, the signs of which are already perceptible in the juvenilia. Some of Byron's pieces may be fugitive—they are not, however, fleeting.

NOTES

- ¹ A book-historical perspective may shed further light on these lines, for *Don Juan* was published by John Murray in a pricey quarto format that all but opened the door to a market for cheap, pirated copies; ironically, these made Murray's edition of the first two cantos so unpopular that "the last one hundred and fifty copies were sold as waste paper" (Luke 201).
- ² The lines from "Childish Recollections" that I quote here appear only in *POVO*; they are not in the version we find in later editions, such as *Hours of Idleness*. McGann provides these lines in footnotes to the poem; see *CPW* 1: 157–72.
- ³ David Woodhouse, "The Conception of *Don Juan*: Lakers, Cockneys and *Don Giovanni*," *Conference for the Bicentennial of Don Juan I & II*, Nottingham, 7 December 2019.
- ⁴ The *Oxford English Dictionary*, in fact, credits Byron with the (albeit rare) meaning of "a set of bagpipes" for "pibroch."
- ⁵ "Spot" is misprinted as "shot" in *FP*.

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Works frequently cited have been identified by the following abbreviations:

<i>BLJ</i>	Byron, George Gordon, Lord. <i>Byron's Letters and Journals</i> . Edited by Leslie Marchand, 13 vols. John Murray, 1974–1994.
<i>CMP</i>	———. <i>Lord Byron: The Complete Miscellaneous Prose</i> . Edited by Andrew Nicholson, Oxford UP, 1991.
<i>CPW</i>	———. <i>Lord Byron: The Complete Poetical Works</i> . Edited by Jerome J. McGann, 7 vols. Oxford UP, 1980–1993.
<i>FP</i>	———. <i>Fugitive Pieces</i> . 1806.
<i>POVO</i>	———. <i>Poems on Various Occasions</i> . 1807.

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