

**THE TERMINATION OF THE
SIXTEENTH CANTO OF
LORD BYRON'S DON
JUAN**

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The termination of the sixteenth canto of lord Byron's Don Juan by Harry W. Wetton

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HARRY W. WETTON

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[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

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OF THE
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OF
LORD BYRON'S
DON JUAN.

BY
HARRY W. WETTON.

"I have not loved the world nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,—
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them." * * *

Childe Harold.



LONDON:
TRÜBNER & CO., 60, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1864.

280. b. 72.



P R E F A C E.

FOR the space of forty years the grave has hidden from human eyes the mortal remains of one who astounded the world by the brilliant magnificence of his genius, and awed it by the gloomy grandeur of his sublimity; to thousands now living it may seem but a day since George Gordon Noel Lord Byron was among them, revelling in the power of his stupendous intellect—a poetical meteor; to use his own words—“the grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.” To endeavour to *imitate*, far more, to proclaim to men you intend to *proceed* with an unfinished work, the fruit of

his vivid imagination, savours strongly of egregious madness, and appears the acme of all possible presumption ; the very respect, it may be presumed, with which we ought to revere the memory of the "illustrious dead," doubtless by some would be deemed alone a sufficiency to deter any candidate for poetic honours from undertaking the completion of that marvellous composition, "Don Juan."

I know, as forcibly as any man *can*, the audacity and the egotism this ever severe world will impute to my charge by issuing these few stanzas. Utterly unknown in the annals of literature, this is my primary essay in authorship. I am indeed an "intruder" into Parnassian groves, when my daring muse would snatch the brightest flowers which bloom in the gardens of that fabled Arcadia, aiming, as I do, to effect the termination of an effusion which is the creation of one "*it were vain to blame and useless to praise.*"

But let this pass. If I *can* offer any apology on

behalf of my muse, I have here done so by the tenor of my previous reflections. The alluring plains of poësy are, I believe, open to all aspirants. The laurel wreath was assumed by the ancients to be as applicable to bind the brow of one man as another, if he had proved worthy of such glorious distinction. How far I may do so is, *perhaps*, to be judged hereafter; my present composition is, I fear, far too fragmentary, and the digressions too frequent in accordance with its brevity. I have now neither the time nor the inclination to revise or rewrite it, and although I publish, I know I do so, as far as these stanzas are personally concerned, under somewhat unfavourable auspices.

However, should they meet with the sufficient moiety of approbation to warrant their continuance, and are decreed not utterly worthless, I shall again appear before you, and, by a more diligent study, endeavour to delineate the conceits and occurrences of succeeding cantos in a

manner worthier of your attention than their predecessors.

A few words more and I will no longer trespass upon your patience. Originally it was my intention to have published anonymously, but as I will neither attack persons nor opinions from behind a "cloud of night," I here boldly declare myself unto the world; and awaiting my sentence, *not* from the lips of sundry prejudiced or pedantic individuals, with whom my hero is *decidedly unpopular*, but from the general mass of society, who, it has been affirmed, "rarely blame unjustly or without due cause," to them, I now submit this little book of imperfections.

H. W. W.

LONDON, *May 1861.*