

DOCUMENTS**“Dramfed, A Dramatic Poem,” by
George Longmore?****Edited and Introduced by Tracy Ware**

The Canadian Poetry Press editions of early Canadian long poems demonstrate that Byron was a vital, political, and surprisingly immediate influence on early Canadian literature. Perhaps because of their distance from England, the early Canadian writers were generally more interested in Byron's poetry and politics than in his life. In England, by contrast, Byron's political principles, in William Ruddick's words, "were either dismissed as irrelevant to the appreciation of his poetry or condemned as shallow and insincere on grounds largely arising from a knowledge of his personal or social situation" (26). In *The Charivari; or Canadian Poetics: A Tale, After the Manner of Beppo* (1824), George Longmore wittily adapts Byron's satire to contemporary Montreal, "the demographic and commercial capital of the Canadas" (Bentley 124). In *Jean Baptiste: A Poetic Olio in II Cantos* (1825), Levi Adams responds to parts of *Don Juan* that were not published until 1824 (Ware xiv). In *Tecumseh* (1828), John Richardson celebrates in ottava rima the hero with whom he fought in the War of 1812. In *Kensington Gardens in 1830*, Richardson tries his hand at Byronic satire. In *The Huron Chief* (1830), Adam Kidd takes Byron as an ally in his battles against what D.M.R. Bentley calls "the high centres of secular and ecclesiastical authority in Lower Canada and the United States" (154). To this cluster of works can now be added another: "Dramfed, A Dramatic Poem," which appeared anonymously in the first issue of *The Canadian Review and Literary and Historical Journal*, where a note identifies it as "a Parody upon Lord Byron's Celebrated Drama of 'Manfred.'" As Mary Lu MacDonald argues, the parody is "almost certainly" by Longmore: "Both the source of the inspiration and the wit of the parody point to him" ("George Longmore" 280).¹ As this Introduction will argue, the mockery of *Manfred* is not inconsistent with the admiration for Byron's other works expressed by Longmore.

Longmore, who was born in Quebec City and lived in or near Montreal from October of 1819 to November of 1824 (MacDonald, "Further" 63), wrote various works inspired by Byron, including *The Charivari* (1824), *Don Juan, A Sequel: Cantos XIX and XX* (1850), and an essay on (*Tales* 289-98) and an elegy for Byron (*Tales* 301-06), as well as a "Translation, from the Italian of Monti's *Mascheroni-ana*" inspired by Stendhal's report of Byron's admiration for the original (*Tales* 286-87). So it might at first seem unlikely that he should be the author of "Dramfed." As his essay on Byron reveals, however, Longmore's admiration was qualified, at least in the 1820s. Not surprisingly for a veteran of the Peninsular War, Longmore argues that the "greatest shade in the character of Lord Byron, was his want of nationality, and applying in some instances a caustic to irritate the sore, rather than a balsam to heal the wound" (*Tales* 295). The first canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* is Longmore's main example, though he is also uneasy with Byron's attitude towards Napoleon, and he finds the plays "inferior in composition" (298). Notwithstanding these reservations, Longmore calls *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* "that master piece of his talent, particularly the 3rd and 4th Cantos" (295), and he also praises "those beautiful Tales"—that is, such works as *The Corsair* and *Lara* (298). A similar emphasis appears in the anonymous review of Byron's *The Deformed Transformed* in the same issue of *The Canadian Review and Literary and Historical Journal* as "Dramfed" (see Klinck 40). There it is argued that "the first charge against [Byron] as an author, compiling his ideas for the instruction and amusement of the public, is his ingloriousness as a Britain, and an unpatriotic feeling towards the land of his sires, which nursed and educated him" (56). The probability that the review is by Longmore increases when we notice that *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* is again called "the master-piece of his talents" (54), that *The Corsair*, *Lara*, and *The Bride of Abydos* are praised (54), that Napoleon is seen as a predator (55), and that forms of the word "portray" are idiosyncratically spelled "pourtray" (54, 56, 57; see *Tales* 294; *The Charivari* l. 494; "Dramfed" l.i.175). The tonal difference is explained by the review's focus on one work by a writer presumed to be in mid-career,² whereas the essay surveys the whole career of a recently-deceased writer. Even the review assumes that Byron should be judged by the highest standards: "Of a person, whose reputation is elevated so highly, much is expected, and ought to be, when the sonneteer, and *namby pamby* writer of lyrics

would be passed over in contemptuous silence" (60).³ And when the author writes that the second part of *The Deformed Transformed* "commences with a chorus of Spirits, which to speak the best of, is as tiresome as it is lengthy . . ." (61), his attitude is consistent with that implicit in "Dramfed."

"Dramfed" is a high burlesque, in that it uses "an inappropriately heightened style for an inconsequential subject" (Murfin and Ray 36). Reviewing *The Charivari* in the same issue that contains "Dramfed" and the review of *The Deformed Transformed*, David Chisholme argues that burlesque "is clearly distinguishable into burlesque that excites laughter merely, and burlesque that provokes derision or ridicule" (187). "Dramfed," like *The Charivari*, is primarily a work of the first type. Its parody of the first Act of *Manfred* is so close that the author must have worked with the text at hand. A broad outline indicates the nature of the burlesque. *Manfred* begins in "a Gothic gallery" (53), where in his opening soliloquy Manfred states that "The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life" (I.i.12). "Dramfed" begins in an attic, where in his opening soliloquy Dramfed states that "The tree of prudence doth not bring forth grapes / For abstinence" (I.i.12-13). Manfred summons the seven "Spirits of earth and air" (I.i.41) in order to ask for "Oblivion, self-oblivion" (I.i.144), which they cannot deliver. As the scene ends, the seventh spirit takes the "shape of a beautiful female figure" and a voice pronounces this curse:

Lo! the spell now works around thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound thee;
O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been pass'd—now wither!
(I.i.258-61)

Dramfed summons the spirits to ask for "quenchless thirst, without the weaker spell / Of wild intoxication" (I.i.127-28), which they cannot deliver. As the scene ends, the seventh spirit takes the form of "a chrystal goblet," and the chorus of spirits pronounces this curse:

Lo, the spirit is at work,
Haste thee then, and draw the cork,
To thy lips, the goblet fated,

'Tis drawn—now got intoxicated!—
(I.i.253-56)

In the famous second scene, Manfred is “alone upon the Cliffs” of the Jungfrau, where he contrasts himself with a flying eagle and considers suicide:

Mountains have fallen,
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters;
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel—thus,
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg—
Why stood I not beneath it?

(I.ii.92-100)

He is then saved by a Chamois Hunter, who says, as the two “descend the rocks with difficulty,” “You should have been a hunter” (I.ii.125). In his second scene, Dramfed is alone upon a roof, where he contrasts himself with a climbing cat, which distracts him before he too considers suicide:

Houses have fallen
Leaving a gap in the streets, and with their fall
Shaken down others—thus blockading up
The broad pav'd ways, with their vast stony fragments:
Choaking up wells and pools, with gurgling splash,
Making the pumps quite useless—thus it was
In former times, so did Old Thames Street see,
Why was not I within it?

(I.ii.75-82)

He is then seized by a Watchman, who says, as the two enter an attic window, “he should have been a chimney-sweep” (I.ii.105).

If “Dramfed” is more than a spoof of *Manfred* it is because of the passage towards the end in which Dramfed hesitates to commit suicide:

What! shall I plunge—I have the greatest mind
Madman e'er had—I will—farewell; but stop,

Shall I in actual seriousness of heart
 Bid a farewell to all carousing friends?
 (I.ii.87-90)

Here the quick shift from melancholy meditation to thoughts of "carousing friends" captures a well-known tension in Byron's character, while the boastful claim to "the greatest mind / Madman e'er had" suggests that the Byronic hero, or at least Manfred, is not only excessive, but self-servingly egotistical. We should not make the parody seem too harsh, for as Peter Manning observes, "We misunderstand [Byron]—and lose the wit of the letters as well as of the poems—if we fail to take into account the pleasure he found in dramatically setting forth his misery" (12). Such qualities make it hard to satirize Byron, as Longmore would have been well aware.

Notes to the Introduction

I am grateful to Mary Lu MacDonald for pointing me towards "Dramfed," providing a copy of *Don Juan, A Sequel*, and sharing her knowledge of Longmore.

- 1 Although he conflates the work of Longmore and Adams and tentatively attributes all of it to the latter, Carl F. Klinck notes that "Dramfed" is probably the work of the author of *The Charivari*. He adds that "one may sketch, not altogether fancifully, the literary development of this poet, in terms of the shifting currents in Lord Byron's publications, and, indeed, almost entirely within the bounds of Byron's own life-time" (40-41). MacDonald notes that in 1824 Longmore published more than he could have written with "full-time military duties to perform": except for *The Charivari* and *Tecumthé*, the other poems (including "Dramfed") are "probably earlier works, long since finished and available for publication when the medium presented itself" ("Some Notes" 38).
- 2 A footnote explains that "Since putting this and several other articles to press relative to the same author, we have received the melancholy tidings of his Lordship's death. We trust, however, that nothing will appear in either article reflecting more severity on the character of this great poet during his lifetime, than may with equal justice be made after his death" (54).
- 3 See the attack on "sonnetteers" in the second stanza of *The Charivari*.

Works Cited in the Introduction

- Adams, Levi. *Jean Baptiste: a Poetic Olio in II Cantos*. Ed. Tracy Ware. London, ON: Canadian Poetry Press, 1996.
- Bentley, D.M.R. *Mimic Fires: Accounts of Early Long Poems on Canada*. Kingston: McGill-Queen's UP, 1994.
- Byron, Lord. *Manfred, a Dramatic Poem. The Complete Poetical Works*. Ed. Jerome J. McGann. Vol. IV. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1986. 51-102.
- Chisholme, David. Rev. of *The Charivari; or Canadian Poetics: a Tale, After the Manner of Beppe*. *The Canadian Review and Literary and Historical Journal* 1.1 (July 1824): 183-201.
- "Dramfed, A Dramatic Poem." *The Canadian Review and Literary and Historical Journal* 1.1 (July 1824): 104-10.
- Kidd, Adam. *The Huron Chief*. Ed. D.M.R. Bentley and Charles R. Steele. London, ON: Canadian Poetry Press, 1987.
- Klinck, Carl F. "The Charivari and Levi Adams." *Dalhousie Review* 40 (1960): 34-42.
- Longmore, George. *The Charivari; or Canadian Poetics: a Tale, After the Manner of Beppe*. Ed. D.M.R. Bentley. London, ON: Canadian Poetry Press, 1991.
- . *Don Juan, A Sequel: Cantos XIX and XX*. Cape Town: W.L. Sammons, 1850.
- . *Tales of Chivalry and Romance*. Edinburgh: James Robertson, 1826.
- MacDonald, Mary Lu. "Further Light on a Life: George Longmore in Cape Colony." *Canadian Poetry: Studies, Documents, Reviews* 24 (1989): 62-77.
- . "George Longmore: A New Literary Ancestor." *Dalhousie Review* 59 (1979): 265-85.
- . "Some Notes on the Montreal Literary Scene in the Mid-1820s." *Canadian Poetry: Studies, Documents, Reviews* 5 (1979): 29-40.
- Manning, Peter. *Byron and His Fictions*. Detroit: Wayne State UP, 1978.
- Murfin, Ross, and Supryia M. Ray. *The Bedford Glossary of Critical and Literary Terms*. Boston: Bedford Books, 1997.
- Rev. of *The Deformed Transformed: a Drama*. By Lord Byron. *The Canadian Review and Literary and Historical Journal* 1.1 (July 1824): 54-64.
- Richardson, John. *Major Richardson's Kensington Gardens in 1830*. Ed. Carl F. Klinck. Toronto: Bibliographical Society of Canada, 1957.
- . *Tecumseh, a Poem in Four Cantos*. Ed. Douglas Daymond and Leslie Monkman. London, ON: Canadian Poetry Press, 1992.
- Ruddick, William. "Byron and England: the Persistence of Byron's Political Ideas." *Byron's Political and Cultural Influence in Nineteenth-Century Europe: A Symposium*. Ed. Paul Graham Trueblood. London: Macmillan, 1981. 25-47.
- Ware, Tracy. "Introduction" to Adams ix-xxv.

DRAMFED* A DRAMATIC POEM

Dramatis Personae

Dramfed	The Spirits of Hebe
A Watchman	Bacchus
The Priest of the Parish	Ganymedes
Lavish	The Destinies
Lukewarm	Spirits, &c. &c.

SCENE, IN AN ATTIC

DRAMFED ALONE

Dram.—The glass must be replenish'd, but even then
 It will not last so long as I can drink.
 I drink and yet my thirst I cannot quench,
 'Tis a continuance of enduring thirst,
 5 Which still I can resist not, in my vitals
 There is a longing, and these lips but ope
 To swallow vainly; yet I think and bear
 The aspect and the thoughts of sober men.
 Tho' temperance is called wisdom, revelling is
 10 The zenith of all joys, they know it most
 Who contemplate upon the sparkling goblet.
 The tree of prudence doth not bring forth grapes
 For abstinence, and solitude, and all
 The sophisms of a misconceived world
 15 I have once tried, but in my mind, there's
 Nothing like rosy Wine, it hath a power
 (Like the philosopher's magnetic stone,)
 Which if it cannot make us think, that we
 Are rich and happy, makes us yet forget
 20 That we are miserable; I have had
 My days of woe, but they have been dispelled,
 For when intoxication sets its power,
 Man has no sorrow, feels no fear, no danger,

* It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that this is a Parody upon Lord Byron's Celebrated Drama of "Manfred."

- 21 But all his hopes and wishes seem enshrin'd
To lap him in Elysium.
- Delicious fruit,
Thou paragon of all Earth yields most rich
That twine your tendrils beautiful and hang
Purple and gushing from the very rocks,
[O]f Alp and Appennine, the traveller's hope
- 30 And happiness amidst those wilder haunts,
I call upon thy spirits by a spell
Which gives thee power amongst mankind;
Appear!
Now by a power, which is more great than ye,
- 35 Who is supernal, hasten, and arise!
(A pause.)
- Then ye defy? but ye shall not elude
All potent Bacchus, conqueror of Ind,
Osiris, of old Egypt's swarthy race,
Who hast thy triumphs, in the glorious gift
- 40 Bequeathed by thee unto a captive world,
By the stern spell which incantates my soul,
The thirst which is within me, unallay'd,
I call thee to compel the minor slaves
Who are subservient to thee, to appear!
*A light is seen at the window,
and a voice is heard singing.*
- First Spirit.*
- 45 Mortal, by the power of him
Who presides o'er goblets brim,
With the ruby reddened'd potion,
Mirthful mortal's fond devotion;
Earth and Ocean travers'd o'er
- 50 From the Lusian's rugged shore,
Lo, I hasten at command
By the magic of that wand,
At whose incantation, we
Spell bound are—what would'st with me?
- 55 Teneriffe, is the vinter of mountains,
- Second Spirit.*
- Which mortals long have found;
Its towering rocks are not its pride,
But its garland of vines around,
Oh, it is known, as the lovely zone

- 60 Which twines beneath its crest;
And their flowers must droop, 'ere it shall stoop
From its station amidst the rest,
The tendrils fair, with the balmy air
Spring lovelily day by day,
65 But I am the Spirit ruling these,
What would'st thou, child of clay[.]

Third Spirit

- Behold, where the Ocean
Begirts yon green Isle,
Where winter's no wizard
70 But Summer's beams smile,
Where Flora is crowning
Her tresses with flowers,
And lovely Pomona
Her fruits thickly showers;
75 From the fields of Azores
Summon'd, (swift I appear,)
By our first-master-spirit
Thy wishes to hear.

Fourth Spirit.

- Where the groaning volcano
80 Sleeps smothered in smoke,
And the dark lavas spread
Forms the mountain, a cloak,
Whose crater, 'tis said
Is the gateway to hell,
85 Whilst its cap, in the clouds
Seems 'gainst heav'n to rebel;
If to question thy doom,—
Thou wouldst firmly rely,—
From its summits I come
90 To give thee, reply.

Fifth Spirit.

- I am the effervescent juice,
To lighten forth the soul,—
Where e'er I am,—all hearts refuse
To own but my controul—
95 Lo, from the plain, of fair Champagne,
Fresh sparkling from the still,
In haste I fly,—its spirit, I;—
To bide unto thy will.—

Sixth Spirit.

100 My birth place is the valley of the Rhine,
How can thy lips quaff other wine than mine.

Seventh Spirit.

The liquid which o'ersways thy frame,
Was form'd when first this earth became
The cradle, and the grave of man.
Disposed by some most mighty plan—
105 Its source was limpid,—pure and free,
Not bitter as the briny sea,
Until thy first-formed parents' birth,
Polluted the pure springs of earth—
A muddy current,—and a stream
110 Ting'd often with the blood-stained beam
Of war and rancour I became
All for the “nothingness of name,”
Wrought by man's evil deeds of woe
Discolouring each streamlet's flow.
115 But now, I come here to befriend;
Bethink thee I would deign to blend
With the weak spirits, who rehearse
With the strong poison and a curse?
Then, mortal, learn what thou should'st be[.]
120 Haste thee, and quickly ask of me.

The Spirits

Spirits of Wine—Spirits of Water—all
Hover around thee, heritant of sin,
Would'st thou break bondage from the weighty thrall,
Which is the tyrant of thy soul—begin,
125 *Dramfed*,—Perpetuity.

1st Spir.—Of what and wherefore?

Dram.—Of quenchless thirst, without the weaker spell
Of wild intoxication—dare ye this?

Spirit.—'Tis not so vested in our hands to check
130 The powerful charm distill'd;—we will confer
The thirst you ask,—but of the fountain pure
The nobler element, whereof you shall

Drink, and still have the power to quaff,—demand
And you shall have this[.]

135 *Dramfed.*— 'Tis not what I seek
It is the power without th' infirmity
Of mortals so to quaff the vintage bright
Of the rich grape incessantly, and yet
Still, not get drunk.

140 *Spirit.*— We have it not to grant,
Drink—but thou must get drunk.

Dramfed.— Do ye not quaff
And still are sober?

145 *Spirit.*— Ours is essence drain'd
Whose spirit is electric, and o'er us
It has no power or spell; art thou replied?

Dram.—I hear you laugh, but I will not be fool'd,
Slaves, I will drink with ye, as long or deep
As your ethereal lips—if such they are)
150 Can swallow, and not then yield up the palm
Altho' my frame is mortal form and flesh,
Speak, or expect the vengeance of my hand.

Spirit.—We have no more to say.

Dramfed.— Do ye deny?

155 *Spirit.*—Pride has conspir'd in thee to mock our power,
But, we have told thee, Drunkenness has nought
To do with us.—

Dramfed.— Curse then, upon ye, slaves[.]
I must get drunk,—

160 *Spirit.*— Aye, son of clay; but speak;
What, wilt thou have, 'ere yet our steps depart?
Spirits, or Wine, and of what sort, declare.

Dram.—Curse them, I say—I've had too much already,
Divest me of intoxication's weakness,
165 And I will drink, if not, ye fools, begone.

Spirit.—Stop yet, and think, if we cannot assist thee,
Is there no gift which will make up for what
We cannot grant?

Dram.— None, none: yet pause awhile
170 I still would taste, what Spirit 'tis, ye proffer.
I heard the sound of "Champagne" from your lips
Limpid, as fountain streamlets—and behold
A cloud, the shape e'vn of a goblet, there;
Appear, yet not as Fancy would pourtray,
175 But in your forms, of bright reality.

Spirit.—The goblet or the vessel which receives
Our liquid bodies, frames us to its will;
In what then would'st thou, that we should be viewed?

Dram.—I have no choice, come in what shape ye will:
180 The taste's alike to me—let that which sway
The spirit of most men, appear.—

Seventh Spirit (appearing as a chrystal goblet.)
Look there.—

Dram.—By Jove—'tis water, mocking me, as if
I was already in intoxication.—
185 But I will drink thee. *(It vanishes.)*
Ha, my lips are parched. *(Dramfed falls.)*

(Chorus of Spirits sing:)
When the glass is on the board,
And the lamps are dazzling round,
And the rosy Wine ador'd,
190 And the brimming goblet crown'd,
When the sense is brightly glowing,
And the joy of soul o'erflowing,
And the lips move with emotion
Whilst they quaff the ruby potion,
195 Then the spirit of the hour
Shall imbibe our spell and power.
Though thy revels may be late,
Still shall pleasure elevate;
There are joys intense in drinking,
200 There are senses without thinking,

Whilst our powers to thee extend,
Thou shalt never want a friend,
Thou art mantled in a vision
Which shall glow with things Elysian,
And for ever shall abide
'Midst th' enchantments here allied.

Though deluded in my art,
Thou shalt own me in thy heart,
As a joy, and as a blessing
Once possess'd—still worth possessing;
And in all that electric bound
When thy head is swimming round,
Thou shalt wonder at the things
Which from dreams, my spirit brings
For the magic of my spell
Is beyond what thou can'st tell.
And the purple grape and Wine
Hath baptiz'd thee at its shrine,
And the essence of its charm
Link'd thee to a wily harm.
In its perfume there is savour
To bewilder each endeavour,
Tho' the midnight shall behold
Madness in thy mortal mould,
And the morning when it break
Often cause thy brain to ache.

From the bright vine, 'tis I distil
Liquids, which have the power to kill;
From the wine-press, I make escape
The purple, bleeding, gushing grape;
From the strong spirit, I diffuse
Delicious essence in the juice
And from the perfume, give the whole
The taste, so luscious to the soul
Instilling every charm, and sweet
To make the luxury complete.

By thy free thoughts, and jovial laugh,
By thy all quenchless will to quaff,
By thy most sparkling, vivid gaze,
By thy warm heart's extatic maze,
By the convivial wishes crown'd

245 Which the glass freely passes round,
 And by the pleasure to attack us
 And call us messengers of Bacchus,
 I hail thee with a kindred claim
 To be our minister of fame.

250 And on thy board, I place the cup
 Brimful, from which thou lov'st to sup,
 Not to satiate, nor to want
 That for which thy feelings pant.
 Though thy thirst seems nearly done,
 Thou shalt have power to drink on,
 Lo, the spirit is at work,
 Haste thee then, and draw the cork,

255 To thy lips, the goblet fated,
 'Tis drawn—now get intoxicated!—

SCENE SECOND.

The roof of a house—Time,—Morning.

DRAMFED ALONE,—ON THE ROOF.

5 *Dram.*—I hail'd the Spirits, but they would not aid,
 I tried the water, but it chill'd my nerves,
 I drank the Wine and still it made me drunk.
 I'll taste no more of the physician's drugs.
 They only make me squeamish—for the future
 When I get drunk, I'll strive and cure myself,
 My spreading vine, with thy fresh flowing leaves
 And clustering grapes,—alas I can not drink!
 Behold, the sun sucks dew from off the earth

10 With an eternal thirst,—that quenches not,—
 Why cannot I, imbibe thee,—endlessly?
 Ye slippery tiles, upon whose smoothe glaz'd top
 I stand,—and look into the street below
 Where iron railings, look like ten-pence nails

15 From terrifying height;—know ye, a slip[,]
 A shake, a stagger, nay, a gust would send
 My pate upon its stony bottom there
 And end my cares;—what think ye of a jump?
 I feel, as if, I could take such a spring

20 And see the danger,—but do not withdraw—
 My head grows dizzy,—yet I am not drunk.

- If it is sin, to like within myself
 This drunkenness of spirit,—I am lost;—
 I cannot argue on sobriety
 25 If drinking is an evil,—where runnest thou,
 Thou tabby and roof climbing quadruped.
A cat runs across.
 Whose pleasure lies, in purring on house tops
 Well may'st thou run so swiftly;—thou art gone
 Where my steps cannot follow thee,—whilst thou
 30 Can'st climb below, above, around with claws
 Which are all-penetrating. {*A Watchman's rattle is heard in the distance.*
Hark, the noise,
 The accustom'd music of man's denizens,
 For here along the street the watchman wakes
 His creaking rattle thro' convenient night
 35 Join'd to the watch-dogs' deeply warning howl
 Which racks my nerves to discord,—that I were
 The sleepy essence of a slumbering sense[,]
 A torpid sentiment, or dull sensation
 A visionary dream,—awoke, then sleeping
 40 With the rich draughts which filled me.
(Enter from below a Watchman.)
 Watch.— So, so,
 This way the villain ran,—his knowing art
 Has thus eluded me,—but who is here?
 He looks more honest than that rogue, tho' perch'd
 45 So high, that scarcely would a chimney sweep
 Venture, save one accustom'd to his trade.
 His dress is gentlemanly, and his looks
 As sober as a friar's,—I will watch him.
Dram.—(not seeing him.)
 To be made thus unsteady with one bottle,
 50 Like puny youth,—(sprigs of a single revel
 Beardless, and brainless,)—with a rotten liver,
 And an all-cursing thirst, which but supplies
 A sense for drunkenness, and to be thus
 And everlastingly o'ercome by this
 55 When I could once carouse all night, and be
 Steady, which I outlive—Ye chimney tops,
 Ye sootly tenements, which but a gust
 Would bring down rattling on me, tremble now

60 I hear the wind within thee, and around thee
Groan with constant murmur—do ye not
Often ignite, consuming what would last
In some long straggling suburb, or the stand
And threshold of industrious journeymen.

65 *Watch.*—The smoke begins to rise from out the chimney
I'll tell him to come down, or he perchance
May carelessly fall down, and break his neck.

Dram.—The smoke curls up from out the chimney, clouds
Come darkening round me, black and brimstone scented,
As if the Devil had just lit his pipe
70 And sent his breath, whose every puff contain'd
The damn-like sulphury perfume—my brain reels.

Watch.—I must take care how I go near him—when
A shout would frighten him, tho' he appears
Not much intoxicated.

75 *Dramfed.* Houses have fallen
Leaving a gap in the streets, and with their fall
Shaken down others—thus blockading up
The broad pav'd ways, with their vast stony fragments:
Choaking up wells and pools, with gurgling plash,
80 Making the pumps quite useless—thus it was
In former times, so did Old Thames Street see,
Why was I not within it?

Watch.—Friend, do you hear?
Or do you wish to fall, hark ye—take heed.

(*Dram.—not seeing him.*)
85 Such would have been more pleasant than to fall
Just now, and quiet those strange fits of spleen,
What! shall I plunge—I have the greatest mind
Madman e'er had—I will—farewell; but stop,
Shall I in actual seriousness of heart
90 Bid a farewell to all carousing friends?
By heavens, that cat looks sneeringly at me,
Off, off thou emblem of an imp of darkness . . .

*As Dramfed is in act of going after the cat,
the Watchman seizes him.*

Watch.—Stop, Sir, you do not mean to kill yourself,

Come, come with me—I'll leave you not alone.

95 *Dram.*—I am no fool at heart—nay do not fear,
I am quite sober, but a little giddy,
And my brain spins—but tell me, who art thou?

100 *Watch.*—I'll tell you presently—come now with me,
The smoke grows thicker every moment, come
Put your foot here, and take the stick, and lean
Now on that tile—now give me your hand
And hold fast by the ladder—'tis well done.
We shall soon gain the attic window—come
And shall find something like a stair-case there,
105 'Tis bravely done, (*aside*)— he should have been a chimney-
sweep.

As the enter the attic window, the scene closes.

END OF FIRST ACT

Notes to the Poem

I have not annotated all of the parodic references to *Manfred*, since these occur in almost every line. The corrections listed in the "Errata" have been incorporated in the text, as noted.

Dramatis Personae, Lukewarm Corrected from L. Newcomb in "Errata."

Act One, Scene One

- 4 *enduring thirst* See *Manfred* I.i.4: "enduring thought."
- 12 *The tree of prudence* See *Manfred* I.i.12: "The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life."
- 17 *the philosopher's magnetic stone* In alchemy, the device that turns base metals into gold.
- 25 *Elysium* Afterworld of the blessed, in Greek mythology.
- 26 *paragon* ideal.
- 29 *Alp and Appennine* Mountains in Switzerland and Italy.
- 37 *Bacchus, conqueror of Ind* Roman god of wine, who conquered India (Grimal 139).
- 38 *Osiris* God of fertility in Egyptian mythology.
- 41 *incantates* Incants, bewitches. This unusual verb is also used in the unsigned review of *The Deformed Transformed*: Byron's work "incantates us with the spell of its astounding charms . . ." (54).
- 50 *Lusian's rugged shore* Portugal.
- 55 *Teneriffe* Largest of the Canary Islands, it is associated with wine in Levi Adams, *Jean Baptiste* II.687: "*Vin rouge* and *Teneriffe*—in great profusion."
- 71 *Flora* Roman goddess of plants.
- 73 *Pomona* Roman goddess of fruits and fruit-trees.
- 75 *Azores* Volcanic islands west of Portugal.
- 95 *Champagne* Region of northeast France where the wine is produced.
- 99 *Rhine* River that flows from the Alps through Germany.
- 108-09 *Polluted . . . current* See Byron's "Prometheus": "Like thee, Man is in part divine, / A troubled stream from a pure source" (47-48).
- 112 "*nothingness of name*" See the last line of Byron's "Churchill's Grave": "The Glory and the Nothing of a Name" (43).
- 122 *heritant* Heritor; one who inherits.
- 149 *etherial* Ethereal; airy.
- 150 *palm* Symbol of victory.
- 160 *son of clay* The Seventh Spirit addresses Manfred as "Child of Clay" (I.i.131). The line in "Dramfed" is corrected from "son of day" in the "Errata."
- 170 *proffer* Offer.
- 178 *In what then would'st thou, that we should be viewed?* The First Spirit asks Manfred to "choose a form—in that we will appear" (I.i.183).
- 179 *I have no choice* See *Manfred* I.i.184-85: "I have no choice; there is no form on earth / Hideous or beautiful to me."
- 186 *my lips are parched* At I.i. 191, Manfred says, "My heart is crush'd."
- 187 *When the glass is on the board* See the lyric in *Manfred* beginning "When the moon is on the wave" (I.i.192).
- 204 *Elysian* Heavenly (see note to I.i.25).
- 227 *'tis* Corrected from "too" in the "Errata."
- 240 *extatic* Ecstatic.

244 *Bacchus* See note to I.i.38.

Act One, Scene Two

- 1 *I hail'd the Spirits, but they would not aid* The speech parodies the opening of *Manfred* I.ii, where Manfred says, "The spirits I have raised abandon me. . ."
- 17 *pate* Head.
- 17 *stony* Corrected from "stone" in the "Errata."
- 26 *quadruped* Animal with four feet. As noted in the introduction, this address to a cat parodies Manfred's address to an eagle.
- 26 *across (in stage directions)* Corrected from "across" in the "Errata."
- 32 *The accustom'd music of man's denizens* See Manfred's speech at I.ii.48: "The natural music of the mountain reed. . ."
- 32 *denizens* Residents.
- 33 *along* Corrected from "alone" in the "Errata."
- 35 *warning* Corrected from "warring" in the "Errata."
- 47 *His dress is gentlemanly* A parody of the Chamois Hunter's speech: "his garb / Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air / Proud as a free-born peasant's" (I.ii.62-64).
- 49-53 A close parody of Manfred's speech at I.ii.65-69: "To be thus—/ Grey-hair'd with anguish, like these blasted pines, / Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless, / A blighted trunk upon a cursed root, / Which but supplies a feeling to decay. . ."
- 52 *Supplies* Corrected from "supplied" in the "Errata."
- 56 *Ye chimney tops* Manfred address "Ye toppling crags of ice!" (I.ii.74).
- 78 *fragments* Corrected from "fray" in the "Errata."
- 79 *plash* Splash.
- 81 *Old Thames Street* Street near London Bridge.
- 83 *Friend, do you hear?* The concluding dialogue between the Watchman and Manfred is a close parody of the dialogue between the Chamois Hunter and Manfred (I.i.100-25).
- 85 *Such would have been more pleasant* See Manfred's "Such would have been for me a fitting tomb" (I.ii.103).
- 86 *strange fits of spleen* Attacks of ill temper; splanetic moods.
- 92 *imp of darkness* Devil.

Works Cited in the Notes

- Adams, Levi. *Jean Baptiste: A Poetic Olio in II Cantos*. Ed. Tracy Ware. London, ON: Canadian Poetry Press, 1996.
- Byron, Lord. "Churchill's Grave, A Fact Literally Rendered." *Complete* 1-2.
- . *The Complete Poetical Works*. Ed. Jerome J. McGann. Vol. IV. Oxford: Clarendon P, 1986.
- . "Manfred, A Dramatic Poem." *Complete* 51-102.
- . "Prometheus." *Complete* 31-33.
- "Errata." *The Canadian Review and Literary and Historical Journal* 1.1 (July 1824): 232.
- Grimal, Pierre. *The Dictionary of Classical Mythology*. Trans. A.R. Maxwell-Hyslop. Oxford, U.K.: Basil Blackwell, 1986.
- Rev. of *The Deformed Transformed: A Drama*. By Lord Byron. *The Canadian Review and Literary and Historical Journal* 1.1 (July 1824): 54-64.