**George Gordon Byron, 1788-1824, from *Don Juan*, Canto 1**

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| Dying intestate, Juan was sole heir   To a chancery suit, and messuages, and lands, Which, with a long minority and care,   Promised to turn out well in proper hands: Inez became sole guardian, which was fair, **37**   And answer'd but to nature's just demands; An only son left with an only mother Is brought up much more wisely than another.  Sagest of women, even of widows, she   Resolved that Juan should be quite a paragon, And worthy of the noblest pedigree   (His sire was of Castile, his dam from Aragon): Then for accomplishments of chivalry, **38**   In case our lord the king should go to war again, He learn'd the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery, And how to scale a fortress — or a nunnery.  But that which Donna Inez most desired,   And saw into herself each day before all  **39** The learned tutors whom for him she hired,   Was, that his breeding should be strictly moral; Much into all his studies she inquired,   And so they were submitted first to her, all, Arts, sciences, no branch was made a mystery To Juan's eyes, excepting natural history.  The languages, especially the dead,   The sciences, and most of all the abstruse, The arts, at least all such as could be said   To be the most remote from common use, **40** In all these he was much and deeply read;   But not a page of any thing that 's loose, Or hints continuation of the species, Was ever suffer'd, lest he should grow vicious.  His classic studies made a little puzzle,   Because of filthy loves of gods and goddesses, Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,   But never put on pantaloons or bodices; **41** His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,   And for their AEneids, Iliads, and Odysseys, Were forced to make an odd sort! of apology, For Donna Inez dreaded the Mythology.  Ovid 's a rake, as half his verses show him,   Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample, Catullus scarcely has a decent poem, **42**   I don't think Sappho's Ode a good example, Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn   Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample: But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid one Beginning with 'Formosum Pastor Corydon.'  Lucretius' irreligion is too strong,   For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food; I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,   Although no doubt his real intent was good, For speaking out so plainly in his song, **43**   So much indeed as to be downright rude; And then what proper person can be partial To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial?  Juan was taught from out the best edition,   Expurgated by learned men, who place Judiciously, from out the schoolboy's vision,   The grosser parts; but, fearful to deface **44** Too much their modest bard by this omission,   And pitying sore his mutilated case, They only add them all in an appendix, Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an index;  **Edward Lear 1812-1888**  ***Limericks***  There was an Old Man of Peru, Who never knew what he should do; So he tore off his hair, And behaved like a bear, That intrinsic Old Man of Peru.  There was a Young Lady of Portugal, Whose ideas were excessively nautical: She climbed up a tree, To examine the sea, But declared she would never leave Portugal.   |  | | --- | | There was an Old Man on a hill, Who seldom, if ever, stood still; He ran up and down, In his Grandmother's gown, Which adorned that Old Man on a hill. |   There was an Old Lady of Chertsey, Who made a remarkable curtsey; She twirled round and round, Till she sunk underground, Which distressed all the people of Chertsey.  There was an Old Man of the West, Who wore a pale plum-coloured vest; When they said, 'Does it fit?' He replied, 'Not a bit!' That uneasy Old Man of the West.  There was a Young Lady of Norway, Who casually sat on a doorway; When the door squeezed her flat, She exclaimed, 'What of that?' This courageous Young Lady of Norway.   |  | | --- | | There was an Old Person of Basing, Whose presence of mind was amazing; He purchased a steed, Which he rode at full speed, And escaped from the people of Basing. |   There was an Old Man of Cape Horn, Who wished he had never been born; So he sat on a chair, Till he died of despair, That dolorous Man of Cape Horn.  **Lewis Carroll 1832-1898**  **(Charles Lutwidge Dodgson)**  ***The Hunting of the Snark:An Agony in Eight Fits* (publ.1876)**  **Fit the Second. The Bellman’s Speech**  The Bellman himself they all praised to the skies- Such a carriage, such ease and such grace! Such solemnity, too! One could see he was wise, The moment one looked in his face! | Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,   And homilies, and lives of all the saints; To Jerome and to Chrysostom inured,   He did not take such studies for restraints;  **47** But how faith is acquired, and then ensured,   So well not one of the aforesaid paints As Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions, Which make the reader envy his transgressions.  \* \* \*  Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,   Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit: he seem'd Active, though not so sprightly, as a page;   And everybody but his mother deem'd Him almost man; but she flew in a rage **54**   And bit her lips (for else she might have scream'd) If any said so, for to be precocious Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.  Amongst her numerous acquaintance, all   Selected for discretion and devotion, There was the Donna Julia, whom to call   Pretty were but to give a feeble notion  **55** Of many charms in her as natural   As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean, Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid (But this last simile is trite and stupid).  The darkness of her Oriental eye   Accorded with her Moorish origin (Her blood was not all Spanish, by the by; **56**   In Spain, you know, this is a sort of sin); When proud Granada fell, and, forced to fly,   Boabdil wept, of Donna Julia's kin Some went to Africa, some stay'd in Spain, Her great-great-grandmamma chose to remain.  She married (I forget the pedigree)   With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down His blood less noble than such blood should be;   At such alliances his sires would frown, **57** In that point so precise in each degree   That they bred in and in, as might be shown, Marrying their cousins — nay, their aunts, and nieces, Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.  This heathenish cross restored the breed again,   Ruin'd its blood, but much improved its flesh; For from a root the ugliest in Old Spain   Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh; **58** The sons no more were short, the daughters plain:   But there 's a rumour which I fain would hush, 'T is said that Donna Julia's grandmamma Produced her Don more heirs at love than law.  However this might be, the race went on   Improving still through every generation, Until it centred in an only son,   Who left an only daughter; my narration May have suggested that this single one **59**   Could be but Julia (whom on this occasion I shall have much to speak about), and she Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three.  Her eye (I 'm very fond of handsome eyes)   Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise  **60**   Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire, And love than either; and there would arise   A something in them which was not desire, He had bought a large map representing the sea, Without the least vestige of land: And the crew were much pleased when they found it to be A map they could all understand.  "What's the good of Mercator's North Poles and Equators, Tropics, Zones, and Meridian Lines?" So the Bellman would cry: and the crew would reply "They are merely conventional signs!  "Other maps are such shapes, with their islands and capes! But we've got our brave Captain to thank: (So the crew would protest) "that he's bought us the best-- A perfect and absolute blank!"  This was charming, no doubt; but they shortly found out That the Captain they trusted so well Had only one notion for crossing the ocean, And that was to tingle his bell.  Fit the Thrid. The Baker’s Tale.  "My father and mother were honest, though poor--" "Skip all that!" cried the Bellman in haste. "If it once becomes dark, there's no chance of a Snark-- We have hardly a minute to waste!"  "I skip forty years," said the Baker, in tears, "And proceed without further remark To the day when you took me aboard of your ship To help you in hunting the Snark.  "A dear uncle of mine (after whom I was named) Remarked, when I bade him farewell--" "Oh, skip your dear uncle!" the Bellman exclaimed, As he angrily tingled his bell.  "He remarked to me then," said that mildest of men, " 'If your Snark be a Snark, that is right: Fetch it home by all means--you may serve it with greens, And it's handy for striking a light.  " 'You may seek it with thimbles--and seek it with care; You may hunt it with forks and hope; You may threaten its life with a railway-share; You may charm it with smiles and soap--' "  ("That's exactly the method," the Bellman bold In a hasty parenthesis cried, "That's exactly the way I have always been told That the capture of Snarks should be tried!")  " 'But oh, beamish nephew, beware of the day, If your Snark be a Boojum! For then You will softly and suddenly vanish away, And never be met with again!'  "It is this, it is this that oppresses my soul, When I think of my uncle's last words: And my heart is like nothing so much as a bowl Brimming over with quivering curds! | But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul Which struggled through and chasten'd down the whole.  Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow   Bright with intelligence, and fair, and smooth; Her eyebrow's shape was like th' aerial bow,   Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth, Mounting at times to a transparent glow,   As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth, Possess'd an air and grace by no means common: Her stature tall — I hate a dumpy woman.  Wedded she was some years, and to a man   Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty; And yet, I think, instead of such a ONE   'T were better to have TWO of five-and-twenty, Especially in countries near the sun:   And now I think on 't, 'mi vien in mente,' Ladies even of the most uneasy virtue Prefer a spouse whose age is short of thirty.  'T is a sad thing, I cannot choose but say,   And all the fault of that indecent sun, Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay,   But will keep baking, broiling, burning on, That howsoever people fast and pray,   The flesh is frail, and so the soul undone: What men call gallantry, and gods adultery, Is much more common where the climate 's sultry.  Happy the nations of the moral North!   Where all is virtue, and the winter season Sends sin, without a rag on, shivering forth   ('T was snow that brought St. Anthony to reason); Where juries cast up what a wife is worth,   By laying whate'er sum in mulct they please on The lover, who must pay a handsome price, Because it is a marketable vice.  Alfonso was the name of Julia's lord,   A man well looking for his years, and who Was neither much beloved nor yet abhorr'd:   They lived together, as most people do, Suffering each other's foibles by accord,   And not exactly either one or two; Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it, For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.  Julia was — yet I never could see why —    With Donna Inez quite a favourite friend; Between their tastes there was small sympathy,   For not a line had Julia ever penn'd: Some people whisper but no doubt they lie,   For malice still imputes some private end, That Inez had, ere Don Alfonso's marriage, Forgot with him her very prudent carriage;  And that still keeping up the old connection,   Which time had lately render'd much more chaste, She took his lady also in affection,   And certainly this course was much the best: She flatter'd Julia with her sage protection,   And complimented Don Alfonso's taste; And if she could not (who can?) silence scandal, At least she left it a more slender handle.  "It is this, it is this--" "We have had that before!" The Bellman indignantly said. And the Baker replied "Let me say it once more. It is this, it is this that I dread!  "I engage with the Snark--every night after dark-- In a dreamy delirious fight: I serve it with greens in those shadowy scenes, And I use it for striking a light:  "But if ever I meet with a Boojum, that day, In a moment (of this I am sure), I shall softly and suddenly vanish away-- And the notion I cannot endure!"  [**T.S. Eliot**](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/18540.T_S_Eliot) **1888-1965,** from [***Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats***](http://www.goodreads.com/work/quotes/372536) ***p.1939***  **Naming of Cats**  The Naming of Cats is a difficult matter, It isn't just one of your holiday games; You may think at first I'm as mad as a hatter When I tell you, a cat must have THREE DIFFERENT NAMES. First of all, there's the name that the family use daily, Such as Peter, Augustus, Alonzo or James, Such as Victor or Jonathan, or George or Bill Bailey - All of them sensible everyday names. There are fancier names if you think they sound sweeter, Some for the gentlemen, some for the dames: Such as Plato, Admetus, Electra, Demeter - But all of them sensible everyday names. But I tell you, a cat needs a name that's particular, A name that's peculiar, and more dignified, Else how can he keep up his tail perpendicular, Or spread out his whiskers, or cherish his pride? Of names of this kind, I can give you a quorum, Such as Munkustrap, Quaxo, or Coricopat, Such as Bombalurina, or else Jellylorum - Names that never belong to more than one cat. But above and beyond there's still one name left over, And that is the name that you never will guess; The name that no human research can discover - But THE CAT HIMSELF KNOWS, and will never confess. When you notice a cat in profound meditation, The reason, I tell you, is always the same: His mind is engaged in a rapt contemplation Of the thought, of the thought, of the thought of his name: His ineffable effable Effanineffable Deep and inscrutable singular Name.”  ― |