Flamed furious; sparkles his hair and beard;
Shot down his wide bosom and shoulders;
On clouds of smoke rages his chariot,
And his right hand burns red in its cloud,
Moulding into a vast globe his wrath,
As the thunder-stone is moulded:
Son of Urizen's silent burnings.

2.

"Shall we worship this Demon of Smoke,"
Said Fuzon, "this abstract nonentity,
This cloudy God seated on waters,
Now seen, now obscured, King of Sorrow?"

3.

So he spoke: in a fiery flame,
On Urizen frowning indignant,
The globe of wrath shaking on high.
Roaring with fury, he threw
The howling globe! burning it flew,
Lengthening into a hungry beam. Swiftly

4.

Opposed to the exulting flamed beam
The broad disc of Urizen, upheaved
Across the void many a mile.

5.

It was forged in mills where the winter
Beats incessant: ten winters the disc
Unremitting endured the cold hammer.

6.

But the strong arm that sent it remembered
The sounding beam : laughing it tore through
That beaten mass ; keeping its direction,
The cold loins of Urizen dividing.

7.

Dire shrieked his invisible lust,
Deep groaned Urizen. Stretching his awful hand,
Ahania (so name his parted soul)
He seized on his mountains of jealousy ;
He groaned anguished and called her Sin,
Kissing her and weeping over her,
Then hid her in darkness, in silence :
Jealous, though she was invisible.

8.

She fell down, a faint shadow wandering
In chaos, and circling dark Urizen,
As the moon anguished circles the earth,
Hopeless, abhorred, a death shadow !
Unseen, unbodied, unknown,
The mother of Pestilence.

9.

But the fiery beam of Fuzon
Was a pillar of fire to Egypt,
Five hundred years wandering on earth,
Till Los seized it and beat in a mass
With the body of the sun.

Chapter II.

1.

But the forehead of Urizen gathering,
And his eyes pale with anguish, his lips
Blue and changing, in tears and bitter
Contrition he prepared his bow,

2.

Formed of ribs, that in his dark solitude
When obscured in his forests fell monsters
Arose. For his dire contemplations
Rushed down like floods from his mountains
In torrents of mud, settling thick,
With eggs of unnatural production
Forthwith hatching ; some howled on his hills,
Some in vales, some aloft flew in air.

3.

Of these, an enormous dread serpent,
Scaled, and poisonous-horned,
Approached Urizen, even to his knees,
As he sat on his dark-rooted oak.

4.

With his horns he pushed furious.
Great the conflict and great the jealousy
In cold poisons ; but Urizen smote him.

5.

First he poisoned the rocks with his blood,
Then polished his ribs, and his sinews
Dried, laid them apart till winter ;
Then a bow black prepared ; on this bow

A poisoned rock placed in silence ;
He uttered these words to the bow :

6.

" O bow of the clouds of secrecy,
O nerve of that lust-formed monster,
Send this rock swift invisible through
The black clouds on the bosom of Fuzon ! "

7.

So saying, in torment of his wounds
He bent the enormous ribs slowly—
A circle of darkness ; then fixed
The sinew in its rest ; then the rock—
Poisonous source !—placed with art, lifting difficult
Its weighty bulk : silent the rock lay.

8.

While Fuzon his tigers unloosing
Thought Urizen slain by his wrath.
" I am God ", said he ; " eldest of things ! "

9.

Sudden sings the rock ; swift and invisible
On Fuzon flew, entered his bosom.
His beautiful visage, his tresses
That gave light to the mornings of heaven,
Were smitten with darkness, deformed,
And outstretched on the edge of the forest.

10.

But the rock fell upon the earth :
Mount Sinai, in Arabia.

CHAPTER III.

1.

The globe shook ; and Urizen seated
On black clouds his sore wound anointed.
The ointment flowed down on the void
Mixed with blood : here the snake gets her poison.

2.

With difficulty and great pain Urizen
Lifted on high the dead corse :
On his shoulders he bore it to where
A tree hung over the immensity.

3.

For when Urizen shrunk away
From eternals, he sat on a rock,
Barren ; a rock which he himself
From redounding fancies had petrified.
Many tears fell on the rock,
Many sparks of vegetation.
Soon shot the pained root
Of mystery under his heel ;
It grew a thick tree ; he wrote
In silence his book of iron :
Till the horrid plant, bending its boughs,
Grew to roots when it felt the earth,
And again sprung to many a tree.

4.

Amazed, started Urizen when
He beheld himself compassed round
And high-roofed over with trees.
He arose, but the stems stood so thick

He with difficulty and great pain
Brought his books, all but the book
Of iron, from the dismal shade.

5.

The tree still grows over the void,
Enrooting itself all around—
An endless labyrinth of woe!

6.

The corse of his first begotten
On the accursed tree of mystery,
On the topmost stem of this tree
Urizen nailed Fuzon's corse.

Chapter IV.

1.

Forth flew the arrows of pestilence
Round the pale-living corse on the tree.

2.

For in Urizen's slumbers of abstraction,
In the infinite ages of eternity:
When his nerves of joy melted and flowed
A white lake on the dark blue air,
In perturbed pain and dismal torment,
Now stretching out, now swift conglobing.

3.

Effluvia vapoured above
In noxious clouds: these hovered thick
Over the disorganized immortal,

Till petrific pain scurfed o'er the lakes
As the bones of man, solid and dark.

4.

The clouds of disease hovered wide
Around the immortal in torment.
Perching around the hurtling bones,
Disease on disease, shape on shape,
Winged, screaming in blood and torment.

5.

The eternal prophet beat on his anvils,
Enraged in the desolate darkness;
He forged nets of iron around,
And Los threw them around the bones.

6.

The shapes, screaming, fluttered vain;
Some combined into muscles and glands,
Some organs for craving and lust,
Most remained on the tormented void—
Urizen's army of horrors.

7.

Round the pale living corse on the tree
Forty years flew the arrows of pestilence.

8.

Wailing, and terror, and woe
Ran through all his dismal world.
Forty years all his sons and daughters
Felt their skulls harden. Then Asia
Arose in the pendulous deep.

9.

They reptilize upon the earth.

10.

Fuzon groaned on the tree.

CHAPTER V.

1.

The lamenting voice of Ahania,
Weeping upon the void,
And round the tree of Fuzon,
Distant in solitary night,
Her voice was heard, but no form
Had she, but her tears from clouds
Eternal fell round the tree.

2.

And the voice cried: "Ah! Urizen, love,
Flower of morning! I weep on the verge
Of nonentity! How wide the abyss
Between Ahania and thee!

3.

"I lie on the verge of the deep,
I see thy dark clouds ascend,
I see thy black forests and floods,
A horrible waste to my eyes.

4.

"Weeping I walk over the rocks,
Over dens and through valleys of death.
Why didst thou despise Ahania,
To cast me from thy bright presence
Into the world of loneness?

5.

"I cannot touch his hand,
Nor weep on his knees, nor hear
His voice and bow, nor see his eyes
And joy, nor hear his footsteps; and
My heart leap at the lovely sound!
I cannot kiss the place
Whereon his bright feet have trod.
But I wander on the rocks
With hard necessity.

6.

"Where is my golden palace?
Where my ivory bed?
Where the joy of my morning hour?
Where the sons of eternity singing?

7.

"To awake bright Urizen, my king,
To arise to the mountain sport;
To the bliss of eternal valleys.

8.

"To awake my king in the morn,
To embrace Ahania's joy,
On the breath of his open bosom,
From my soft cloud of dew to fall
In showers of life on his harvests.

9.

"When he gave my happy soul
To the sons of eternal joy;
When he took the daughter of life
Into my chambers of love,

10.

" When I found babes of bliss on my bed,
And bosoms of milk in my chambers
Filled with eternal seed,
O eternal births sung round Ahania,
In interchange sweet of their joys.

11.

" Swelled with ripeness and fat with fatness,
Bursting on winds my odours,
My ripe figs and rich pomegranates;
In infant joy at thy feet,
O Urizen, sported and sang.

12.

" Then thou, with thy lap full of seed,
With thy hand full of generous fire,
Walked forth from the clouds of morning
On the virgins of springing joy,
On the human soul to cast
The seed of eternal science.

13.

" The sweat poured down thy temples.
To Ahania returned in evening,
The moisture awoke to birth
My mother's joys sleeping in bliss.

14.

" But now alone over rocks, mountains,
Cast out from thy lovely bosom
Cruel jealousy, selfish fear,
Self-destroying; how can delight
Renew in the chains of darkness

Where bones of beast are strown,
On the bleak and snowy mountains
Where bones from the birth are buried
Before they see the light ? "

FROM "VALA"

The Song of Enitharmon.

I SEIZE the sphery harp, awake the strings!

At the first sound the golden sun arises from the deep
And shakes his awful hair,
The echo wakes the moon again to unbind her silver locks,
The golden sun bears on my song,
The nine bright spheres of harmony rise round the fiery king

The joy of woman in the death of her most beloved,
Who dies for love of her,
In torments of fierce jealousy and pangs of adoration.
The lover's night bears on my song,
And the nine spheres rejoice beneath my powerful control.

They sing unwearied to the notes of my immortal hand.
The solemn, silent moon
Reverberates the long harmony sounding upon my limbs.
The birds and beasts rejoice and play,
And every one seeks for his mate to prove his inmost joy.

Furious and terrible they sport and rend the nether deep.
The deep lifts up his rugged head,

And lost in infinite hovering wings vanishes with a cry.
The fading cry is ever dying,
The living voice is ever living in its inmost joy.

Arise, you little glancing wings, and sing your infant joy,
Arise and drink your bliss,
For everything that lives is holy, for the source of life (p. 194)
Descends to be a weeping babe.
For the earth-worm renews the moisture of the sandy plain.

Now my left hand I stretch abroad even to earth beneath,
And strike the terrible string,
I wake sweet joys in dews of sorrow, and I plant a smile
In forests of affliction,
And wake the bubbling springs of life in region of dark death.

Universal Humanity.

And as the seed waits eagerly watching for its flower and fruit,
Anxious its little soul looks out into the clear expanse
To see if hungry winds are abroad with their invisible array;
So Man looks out in tree, and herb, and fish, and bird, and beast,
Collecting up the scattered portions of his immortal body
Into the elemental forms of everything that grows.

He tries the sullen North wind, riding on its angry
furrows,
The sultry South when the sun rises, and the angry
East
When the sun sets, and the clods harden, and the
cattle stand
Drooping, and the birds hide in their silent nests. He
stores his thoughts
As in store-houses in his memory. He regulates the
forms
Of all beneath and all above, and in the gentle West
Reposes where the sun's heat dwells. He rises to the
sun,
And to the planets of the night, and to the stars that
gild
The zodiacs, and the stars that sullen stand to North
and South,
He touches the remotest pole, and in the centre weeps
That Man should labour and sorrow, and learn and
forget, and return
To the dark valley whence he came, and begin his
labours anew.
In pain he sighs, in pain he labours in his universe;
Sorrowing in birds over the deep, or howling in the wolf
Over the slain, and moaning in the cattle, and in the
winds,
And weeping over Orc and Urizen in clouds and dis-
mal fires,
And in cries of birth and in the groans of death his voice
Is heard throughout the universe. Wherever a grass
grows
Or a leaf buds the Eternal Man is seen, is heard, is felt,
And all his sorrows, till he reassumes his ancient bliss.

FROM "JERUSALEM."

From the four Prefaces to the four Chapters.

I.

To The Public.

Reader—of books—of Heaven—
And of that God from whom . . . .
Who in mysterious Sinai's awful cave
To Man the wondrous art of writing gave,
Again he speaks in thunder and in fire,
Thunder of thought, and flames of fierce desire:
Even from the depths of Hell his voice I hear
Within the unfathomed caverns of my ear.
Therefore I print: nor vain my tpye shall be,—
Heaven, Earth, and Hell, henceforth shall live in harmony.

* * * *

Poetry fettered, fetters the human race. Nations are destroyed or flourish in proportion as their poetry, painting, and music are destroyed or flourish. The primeval state of man was wisdom, art, and science.

II.

To The Jews.

The fields from Islington to Marylebone,
To Primrose Hill and Saint John's Wood,
Were builded over with pillars of gold;
And there Jerusalem's pillars stood.

Her little ones ran on the fields,
The Lamb of God among them seen;
And fair Jerusalem, His Bride,
Among the little meadows green.

Pancras and Kentish Town repose
  Among her golden pillars high,
Among her golden arches which
  Shine upon the starry sky.

The Jews'-Harp House and the Green Man,
  The ponds where boys to bathe delight,
The fields of cows by Welling's Farm,
  Shine in Jerusalem's pleasant sight.

She walks upon our meadows green,
  The Lamb of God walks by her side,
And every English child is seen,
  Children of Jesus and His Bride.

Forgiving trespasses and sins,
  Lest Babylon, with cruel Og,
With moral and self-righteous law,
  Should crucify in Satan's synagogue.

What are those golden builders doing
  Near mournful ever-weeping Paddington—
Standing above that mighty ruin
  Where Satan the first victory won?

Where Albion slept beneath the fatal tree?
  And the Druid's golden knife
Rioted in human gore,
  In offerings of human life?

They groaned aloud on London Stone,
  They groaned aloud on Tyburn's brook;
Albion gave his deadly groan,
  And all the Atlantic mountains shook.

Albion's spectre from his loins
  Tore forth in all the pomp of war,
Satan his name: in flames of fire,
  He stretched his Druid pillars far.

Jerusalem fell from Lambeth's vale
  Down through Poplar and Old Bow.
Through Malden, and across the sea,
  In war and howling, death and woe.

The Rhine was red with human blood,
  The Danube rolled a purple tide;
On the Euphrates Satan stood,
  And over Asia stretched his pride.

He withered up sweet Zion's hill
  From every nation of the earth;
He withered up Jerusalem's gates,
  And in a dark land gave her birth.

He withered up the human form
  By laws of sacrifice for sin,
Till it became a mortal worm,
  But O, translucent all within!

The Divine Vision still was seen,
  Still was the human form divine;
Weeping, in weak and mortal clay,
  O Jesus! still the form was thine!

And thine the human face; and thine
  The human hands, and feet, and breath
Entering through the gates of birth,
  And passing through the gates of death.

And O thou Lamb of God! whom I
  Slew in my dark self-righteous pride,
Art thou returned to Albion's land?
  And is Jerusalem thy Bride?

Come to my arms, and never more
  Depart, but dwell for ever here;
Create my spirit to thy Love,
  Subdue my spectre to thy fear.

Spectre of Albion! warlike fiend!
  In clouds of blood and ruin rolled,
I here reclaim thee as my own,
  My selfhood; Satan armed in gold.

Is this thy soft family love?
  Thy cruel patriarchal pride?
Planting thy family aïone,
  Destroying all the world beside?

A man's worst enemies are those
  Of his own house and family:
And he who makes his law a curse,
  By his own law shall surely die.

In my exchanges every land
  Shall walk; and mine in every land,
Mutual, shall build Jerusalem,
  Both heart in heart and hand in hand.

III

To The Deists

I saw a monk of Charlemagne
Arise before my sight:
I talked with the grey monk as he stood
In the beams of infernal light.

Gibbon arose with a lash of steel,
And Voltaire with a racking wheel;
The Schools, in clouds of learning rolled.
Arose with War in iron and gold.

"Thou lazy monk", they sound afar,
"In vain condemning glorious war;
And in your cell you shall ever dwell.
Rise, War, and bind him in his cell."

The blood ran red from the Grey Monk's side,
His hands and feet were wounded wide;
His body bent, his arms and knees
Like to the roots of ancient trees.

When Satan first the black bow bent,
And moral law from the Gospel rent,
He forged the law into a sword,
And spilled the blood of mercy's Lord.

Titus, Constantine, Charlemagne,
O Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon; vain
Your Grecian mocks and Roman sword
Against the image of his Lord.

For a tear is an intellectual thing,
And a sigh is the sword of an angel king,
And the bitter groan of a martyr's woe
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow.

IV

To the Christian

I give you the end of a golden string:
Only wind it into a ball,—
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

We are told to abstain from fleshly desires that we may lose no time from the work of the Lord. Every moment lost is a moment that cannot be redeemed. Every pleasure that intermingles with the duty of our station is a folly unredeemable, and is planted like the seed of a wild flower among our wheat. All the tortures of repentance are tortures of self-reproach on account of our leaving the divine harvest to the enemy;—the struggles of inminglement with incoherent roots. I know of no other Christianity and no other gospel than the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the divine arts of imagination,—imagination, the real and eternal world of which this Vegetable Universe is but a faint shadow, and in which we shall live in our eternal or imaginative bodies when these vegetable, mortal bodies are no more. The Apostles knew of no other Gospel. What were all their spiritual gifts? What is the Divine Spirit? Is the Holy Ghost any other than an intellectual fountain? What is the harvest of the Gospel, and its labours? What is that talent which it is a curse to hide? What are the treasures of Heaven which we are to lay up for ourselves? Are they any other than mental studies and performances? What are all the gifts of the Gospel? Are they not all mental gifts? Is God a spirit who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth? And are not the gifts of the Spirit everything to man? O ye religious, discountenance every one among you who shall pretend to despise art and science. I call upon you in the name of Jesus! What is the life of man but art and science? Is it meat and drink? Is not the body more than raiment? What is mortality but the things relating to the body which dies? What

is immortality but the things relating to the spirit which lives eternally? What is the joy of Heaven but improvement in the things of the spirit? What are the pains of Hell but ignorance, idleness, bodily lust, and the devastation of the things of the spirit? Answer this for yourselves, and expel from among you those who pretend to despise the labours of art and science which alone are the labours of the Gospel. Is not this plain and manifest to the thought? Can you think at all and not pronounce heartily that to labour in knowledge is to build up Jerusalem, and to despise knowledge is to despise Jerusalem and her builders? And remember, he who despises and mocks a mental gift in another, calling it pride, and selfishness, and sin, mocks Jesus, the giver of every mental gift, which always appear to the ignorance-loving hypocrite as sins. But that which is a sin in the sight of cruel man is not so in the sight of our kind God. Let every Christian as much as in him lies, engage himself openly and publicly before all the world in some mental pursuit for the building of Jerusalem.

I stood among my valleys of the South,
And saw a flame of fire, even as a wheel
Of fire surrounding all the heavens: it went
From West to East against the current of
Creation, and devoured all things in its loud
Fury and thundering course round heaven and earth.
By it the sun was rolled into an orb;
By it the moon faded into a globe
Travelling through the night; for, from its dire
And restless fury Man himself shrunk up
Into a little root a fathom long,

And I asked a watcher and holy-one
Its name He answered: "It is the wheel of religion."
I wept and said: "Is this the law of Jesus,—
This terrible devouring sword turning every way?"
He answered: "Jesus died because He strove
Against the current of this wheel: its name
Is Caiaphas, the dark preacher of Death,

Of sin, of sorrow, and of punishment;
Opposing nature: It is natural religion.
But Jesus is the bright preacher of Life,
Creating nature from this fiery law,
By self-denial and forgiveness of sin.
Go therefore, cast out devils in Christ's name,
Heal thou the sick of spiritual disease,
Pity the evil: for thou art not sent
To smite with terror and with punishments
Those that are sick, like to the Pharisees
Crucifying and encompassing sea and land
For proselytes to tyranny and wrath.
But to the publicans and harlots go:
Teach them true happiness, but let no curse
Go forth out of thy mouth to blight their peace:
For Hell is opened to Heaven: thine eyes behold
The dungeons burst, and the prisoners set free."

England! awake! awake! awake!
Jerusalem thy sister calls!
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
And close her from thy ancient walls?

Thy hills and valleys felt her feet
Gently upon their bosoms move:
Thy gates beheld sweet Zion's ways;
Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again:
Our souls exult: and London's towers
Receive the Lamb of God to dwell
In England's green and pleasant bowers.

FROM THE POEM ITSELF

Brotherhood and Restriction

In Great Eternity every particular form gives forth or emanates
Its own peculiar light, and the form is the Divine Vision,
And the light is His garment. This is Jerusalem in every man,
A tent and tabernacle of mutual forgiveness, male and female clothings.
And Jerusalem is called Liberty among the children of Albion.

The Veil of Nature

Why should punishment weave the veil with iron wheels of war,
When forgiveness might weave it with wings of cherubim?

Love and its Negations

They know not why they love, nor wherefore they sicken and die,
Calling that holy love which is envy, revenge, and cruelty,
Which separated the stars from the mountains, the mountains from man,
And left man a little grovelling root outside of himself.

Vengeance

What shall I do? What could I do if I could find
these criminals?
I could not dare to take vengeance, for all things are
so constructed
And builded by the Divine Hand that the sinner
shall always escape;
And he who takes vengeance is alone the criminal of
Providence.
If I should dare to lift my finger on a grain of sand,
In way of vengeance, I punish the already punished.
Of whom
Should I pity if I pity not the sinner who is gone
astray?
O Albion, if thou takest vengeance, if thou revengest
thy wrongs,
Thou art for ever lost. What can I do to hinder the
sons
Of Albion from taking vengeance, or how shall I them
persuade?

Truth and Falsehood

I labour day and night: I behold the soft affections
Condense beneath my hammer into forms of cruelty,
But still I labour in hope, though still my tears flow
down,
That he who will not defend Truth may be compelled
to defend
A Lie, that he may be snared and caught, and snared
and taken,
That enthusiasm and life may not cease.

Creation

I must create a system, or be enslaved by another
man's.
I will not reason compare. My business is to create.

Reason

And this is the manner of the sons of Albion in their
strength:
They take the two contraries which are called qualities,
with which
Every substance is clothed. They name them good
and evil.
From them they make an abstract, which is a negation
Not only of the substance from which it is derived,
A murderer of its own body, but also a murderer
Of every Divine Member. It is the reasoning power,
An abstract objecting power that negatives every-
thing.
This is the spectre of man, the holy reasoning power,
And in its holiness is closed the Abomination of Deso-
lation.

Analysis

Why wilt thou number every little fibre of my soul,
Spreading them out before the sun like stalks of flax
to dry?
The infant joy is beautiful, but its anatomy
Horrible, ghast, and deadly. Nought shalt thou
find in it
But dark despair and everlasting brooding melancholy.

Sexual Love

O that I could abstain from wrath! O that the
Lamb
Of God would look upon me and pity me in my fury.
In anguish of regeneration, in terrors of self-annihi-
lation,
Pity must join together what wrath has torn in sunder,
And the religion of generation which was meant for
the destruction
Of Jerusalem become her covering till the time of
the end.
O holy generation, image of regeneration!
O point of mutual forgiveness between enemies!
Birthplace of the Lamb of God, incomprehensible,
The dead despise thee, and scorn thee, and cast thee
out as accursed,
Seeing the Lamb of God in thy gardens and palaces.

The Death of Christ

Jesus said, "Would'st thou love one who had never
died
For thee, or ever die for one who had not died for
thee?
And if God dieth not for man, and giveth not Himself
Eternally for man, man could not exist, for man is
love,
As God is love. Every kindness to another is a little
Death
In the Divine Image, nor can man exist but by brother-
hood.

FROM "MILTON"

And did those feet in ancient time
  Walk upon England's mountain green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
  On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
  Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
  Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
  Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear: O clouds, unfold!
  Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
  Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
  In England's green and pleasant land.

The Flat World of Imagination

The sky is an immortal tent built by the sons of Los,
And every space that a man views around his dwelling-
    place,
Standing on his own roof, or in his garden on a mount
Of twenty-five cubits in height, such space is his
    universe,
And on its verse the sun rises and sets, the clouds
    bow
To meet the flat earth and the sea in such an ordered
    space:

The starry heavens reach no farther, but here bend
and set
On all sides, and the two poles turn on their valves
of gold;
And if he move his dwelling-place, his heavens also
move
Where'er he goes, and all his neighbourhood bewails
his loss.
Such are the spaces called earth, and such its dimen-
sion.
As to that false appearance which appears to the
reasoner
As of a globe rolling through voidness, it is a delusion
of Ulro.

TIME

Every time less than a pulsation of the artery
Is equal in its period and value to six thousand years.
For in this period the poet's work is done, and all the
great
Events of time start forth and are conceived in such
a period,
Within a moment: a pulsation of the artery.

SPACE

Every space larger than a red globule of man's blood
Is visionary, and is created by the hammer of Los.
And every space smaller than a globule of man's
blood opens
Into eternity, of which the vegetable earth is but a
shadow.

The Morning Song of the Birds

The lark sitting upon his earthy bed, just as the morn
Appears, listens silent, then springing from the waving
cornfield,
Loud he leads the choir of Day : thrill ! thrill ! thrill !
Mounting upon the wings of light into the great ex-
panse,
Reaching against the lovely blue and shining heavenly
skies ;
His little throat labours with inspiration ; every
feather
On throat and breast and wings vibrates with the
effluence divine,
All Nature listens silent to him, and the awful sun
Stands still upon the mountain looking on the little
bird
With eyes of soft humility, and wonder, love, and
awe.
Then loud from their green covert all the birds begin
their song :
The thrush, the linnet, and the goldfinch, robin, and
the wren,
Awake the sun from his sweet reverie on the mountain.

The Morning Scent of the Flowers

Thou perceivest the flowers put forth their precious
odours,
And none can tell how from so small a centre come
such sweets,
Forgetting that within that centre Eternity expands
Its everduring doors, that Og and Anak fiercely guard.

First ere the morning breaks, joy opens in the flowery
bosoms,
Joy even to tears, which the sun rising dries: first
the wild thyme,
And meadowsweet, downy, and soft waving among
the reeds,
Light springing on the air lead the sweet dance; they
wake
The honeysuckle sleeping on the oak, the flaunting
beauty
Revels along upon the wind; the white-thorn lovely
May
Opens her many lovely eyes; listening the rose still
sleeps,
None dare to wake her; soon she bursts her crimson-
curtained bed,
And comes forth in the majesty of beauty. Every
flower,
The pink, the jessamine, the wallflower and the carna-
tion,
The jonquil; the mild lily opens her heavens; every
tree
And flower and herb soon fill the air with an innumera-
ble dance,
Yet all in order, sweet and lovely. Men are sick with
Love.

PROSE FRAGMENTS.

PROSE FRAGMENTS.

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

The time chosen is early morning before sunrise, when the jolly company are leaving the Tabarde Inn. The Knight and Squire with the Squire's yeoman lead the Procession; next follow the youthful Abbess, her nun, and three priests;—her greyhounds attend her—

> "Of small hounds had she, that she feed
> With roast flesh, milk, and wastel bread."

Next follow the Friar and Monk, and then the Tapiser, the Pardoner, and the Sompnour and Manciple. After this "Our Host," who occupies the centre of the cavalcade, and directs them to the Knight, as the person who would be likely to commence their task of each telling a tale in their order. After the Host follows the Shipman, the Haberdasher, the Dyer, the Franklin, the Physician, the Ploughman, the Lawyer, the Poor Parson, the Merchant, the Wife of Bath, the Miller, the Cook, the Oxford Scholar, Chaucer himself; and the Reeve comes as Chaucer has described:—

> "And ever he rode hindermost of the rout."

These last are issuing from the gateway of the Inn; the Cook and the Wife of Bath are both taking their morning's draught of comfort. Spectators stand at the gateway of the Inn, and are composed of an old Man, a Woman, and a Child.

The Landscape is an eastward view of the country from the Tabarde Inn, in Southwark, as it may be supposed to have appeared in Chaucer's time; interspersed with cottages and villages. The first beams of the sun are seen above the horizon; some buildings and spires indicate the position of the Great City. The Inn is a Gothic building which Thynne in his Glossary says was the lodging of the Abbot of Hyde by Winchester. On the Inn is inscribed its title, and a proper advantage is taken of this circumstance to describe the subject of the picture. The words written over the gateway of the Inn are as follows:—

"The Tabarde Inn, by Henry Baillie, the lodgynge house for Pilgrims who journey to St. Thomas' Shrine at Canterbury."

The characters of Chaucer's Pilgrims are the characters which compose all ages and nations. As one age falls another rises different to mortal sight, but to immortals only the same; for we see the same characters repeated again and again, in animals, vegetables, minerals, and in men. Nothing new occurs in identical existence; accident ever varies. Substance can never suffer change or decay.

Of Chaucer's characters as described in His Canterbury Tales some of the names or titles are altered by time, but the characters themselves ever remain unaltered; and consequently they are the physiognomies or lineaments of universal human life beyond which Nature never steps. Names alter; things never alter. I have known multitudes of those who would have been monks in the age of monkery, and who in this deistical age are deists. As Newton numbered the stars and as Linneus has numbered the plants, so Chaucer numbered the classes of men.

The painter has consequently varied the heads and forms of his personages into all Nature's varieties. The horses he has also varied to accord to their riders; the costume is correct according to authentic monuments.

The Knight and the Squire and the Squire's Yeoman lead the procession, as Chaucer has also placed them first in his prologue. The Knight is a true hero, a good, great, and wise man; his whole-length portrait on horseback as written by Chaucer cannot be surpassed. He has spent life in the field, has ever been a conqueror, and is that species of character

which in every age stands as the guardian of man against the oppressor. His son is like him, with the germ of perhaps greater perfection still, as he blends literature and the arts with his warlike studies. Their dress and their horses are of the first rate, without ostentation, and with all the true grandeur that unaffected simplicity when in high rank always displays. The Squire's Yeoman is also a great character, a man perfectly knowing in his profession :

> " And in his hand he bore a mighty bow."

Chaucer describes here a mighty man ; one who, in war, is the worthy attendant on noble heroes.

The Prioress follows these with her female chaplain.

> " Another Nonne also with her had she,
> That was her Chapelaine, and Priestes three."

This Lady is described also as of the first rank, rich and honoured. She has certain peculiarities and little delicate affectations, not unbecoming in her, being accompanied with what is truly grand and really polite ; her person and face Chaucer has described with minuteness ; it is very elegant, and was the beauty of our ancestors until after Elizabeth's time, when voluptuousness and folly began to be accounted beautiful.

Her companion and her three priests were no doubt all perfectly delineated in those parts of Chaucer's work which are now lost ; we ought to suppose them suitable attendants on rank and fashion.

The Monk follows these with the Friar. The painter has also grouped with these the Pardoner and the Sompnour and the Manciple, and has here also introduced one of the rich citizens of London ; characters likely to ride in company, all being above the common rank of life, or attendants on those who were so.

For the Monk is described by Chaucer as a man of the first rank in society, noble, rich, and expensively attended ; he is a leader of the age, with certain humorous accompaniments in his character that do not degrade, but render him an object of dignified mirth,—but also with other accompaniments not so respectable.

The Friar is a character of a mixed kind :

" A Friar there was, a wanton and a merry ; "

but in his office he is said to be a " full solemn man ; " eloquent, amorous, witty, and satirical ; young, handsome, and rich ; he is a complete rogue, with constitutional gaiety enough to make him a master of all the pleasures in the world.

" His neck white as the flour de lis,
Thereto was he strong as a champi oun."

It is necessary here to speak of Chaucer's own character that I may set certain mistaken critics right in their conception of the humour and fun that occur on the journey. Chaucer himself is the great poetic observer of men who in every age is born to record and eternize its acts. This he does as a master, as a father, and superior, who looks down on their little follies, from the Emperor to the Miller, sometimes with severity, oftener with joke and sport.

Accordingly Chaucer has made his Monk a great tragedian, one who studied poetical art. So much so that the generous Knight is, in the compassionate dictates of his soul, compelled to cry out :

" ' Ho,' quoth the Knyght,—' good sir, no more of this ;
That ye have said is right ynough I wis,
And mokell more ; for little heaviness
Is right ynough for much folk, as I guesse.
I say, for me, it is a great disease.
Whereas men have been in wealth and ease
To heare of their sudden fall,—alas !
And the contrary is joy, and solas.' "

The Monk's definition of tragedy in the proem to his tale is worth repeating :

" Tragedie is to tell a certain story,
As old books us maken memory,
Of hem that stood in great prosperity,
And (who) be fallen out of high degree
To miserie, and ended wretchedly."

Though a man of luxury, pride, and pleasure, he is a master of art and learning, though affecting to despise it. Those, who think that the proud Huntsman and noble Housekeeper

Chaucer's Monk is intended for a buffoon or a burlesque character, know little of Chaucer.

For the Host who follows this group, and holds the centre of the cavalcade, is a first-rate character, and his jokes are no trifles; they are always,—though uttered with audacity equally free with the Lord and the Peasant,—they are always substantially and weightily expressive of knowledge and experience; Henry Baillie, the keeper of the greatest Inn of the greatest City, for such was the Tabarde Inn in Southwark near London,—our Host was also a leader of the age.

By way of illustration, I instance Shakespeare's Witches in "Macbeth." Those who dress them for the stage consider them as wretched old women, and not, as Shakespeare intended, the Goddesses of Destiny. This shows how Chaucer has been misunderstood in his sublime work. Shakespeare's Fairies, also, are the rulers of the vegetable world, and so are Chaucer's. Let them be so understood, and then the poet will be understood, and not else.

But I have omitted to speak of a very prominent character, the Pardoner, the Age's Knave, who always commands and domineers over the high and low vulgar. This man is sent in every age for a rod and scourge, and for a blight, for a trial of men, to divide the classes of men. He is in the most holy sanctuary, and he is suffered by Providence, for wise ends, and has also his great use and his grand leading destiny.

His companion, the Sompnour, is also a Devil of the first magnitude, grand, terrific, rich; and honoured in the rank of which he holds the destiny. The uses to Society are perhaps equal of the Devil and the Angel. Their sublimity, who can dispute?

> "In danger had he at his own gise,
> The young girls of his diocese,
> And he knew well their counsel," etc.

The principal figure in the next group is the Good Parson; an Apostle, a real Messenger of Heaven, sent in every age for its light and its warmth. The man is beloved and venerated by all, and neglected by all. He serves all, and is served by none. He is, according to a Christ's definition, the greatest of his age, yet he is a Poor Parson of a town. Read Chaucer's description of the Good Parson, and bow the head and knee to Him, Who

in every age sends us such a burning and a shining light. Search, O ye rich and powerful, for these men, and obey their counsel; then shall the golden age return. But alas! you will not easily distinguish him from the Friar or the Pardoner. They, also, are "full solemn men," and *their* counsel you will continue to follow.

I have placed by his side the Sergeant at Lawe, who appears delighted to ride in his company, and between him and his brother the Ploughman, as I wish men of law would always ride with them, and take their counsel, especially in all difficult points. Chaucer's Lawyer is a character of great venerableness, a Judge, a real master of the jurisprudence of his age.

The Doctor of Physic is in this group, and the Franklin, the voluptuous country gentleman, contrasted with the Physician, and on his other hand, with two citizens of London. Chaucer's characters live age after age. Every age is a Canterbury Pilgrimage. We all pass on, each sustaining one or other of these characters; nor can a child be born who is not one or other of these characters of Chaucer. The Doctor of Physic is described as the first of his profession; perfect, learned, completely Master and Doctor in his art. Thus the reader will observe that Chaucer makes every one of his characters perfect in his kind. Every one is an Antique Statue, the image of a class, not of an imperfect individual.

This group also would furnish substantial matter on which volumes might be written. The Franklin is one who keeps open table, who is the genius of eating and drinking, like Bacchus. As the Doctor of Physic is the Æsculapius, the Host is the Silenus, the Squire is the Apollo, the Miller is the Hercules, etc. Chaucer's characters are a description of the eternal principles that exist in all ages. The Franklin is voluptuousness itself, most nobly portrayed.—

"It snewed in his house of meat and drink."

The Ploughman is simplicity itself, with wisdom and strength for its stamina. Chaucer has divided the ancient character of Hercules between his Miller and his Ploughman. Benevolence is the Ploughman's great characteristic. He is thin with excessive labour, and not with old age, as some have supposed:

"He would threash, and thereto dike and delve,
For Christe's sake, for every poure wight,
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might."

Visions of these eternal principles or characters of human life appear to poets in all ages. The Grebian gods were the ancient Cherubim of Phœnicia, but the Greeks, and since them, the Moderns, have neglected to subdue the gods of Priam. These gods are visions of the eternal attributes or divine names, which, when erected into gods, become destructive to humanity. Thought to be the servants and not the masters of man or of society. They ought to be made to sacrifice to man, and not man compelled to sacrifice to them; for when separated from man, or humanity, who is Jesus, the Saviour, the vine of eternity, they are thieves and rebels; they are destroyers.

The Ploughman of Chaucer is Hercules in his supreme eternal state, divided from his spectrous shadow, which is the Miller, a terrible fellow, such as exists in all times and places for the trial of men, to astonish every neighbourhood with brutal strength and courage, to get rich and powerful, to curb the pride of man.

The Reeve and the Manciple are two characters of consummate worldly wisdom. The Shipman, or Sailor, is a similar genius of Ulyssian art, but with the highest courage superadded.

The Citizens and their Cook are each leaders of a class. Chaucer has been somehow made to number four Citizens, which would make his whole company, himself included, thirty-one. But he says there were but nine-and-twenty in his company—

"Full nine-and-twenty in a company."

The Webbe, or Weaver, and the Tapiser, or Tapestry Weaver, appear to me to be the same person, but this is only an opinion, for full "nine-and-twenty" may singify one more or less. But I dare say that Chaucer wrote, "A Webbe Dyer," that is a cloth dyer—

"A Webbe Dyer, and a Tapiser."

The Merchant cannot be one of the three Citizens, as his dress is different and his character is more marked, whereas Chaucer says of his rich Citizen—

"All were y-clothed in o liverie."

The characters of women Chaucer has divided into two classes, the Lady Prioress and the Wife of Bath. Are not these leaders of the ages of men? The Lady Prioress in some ages predominates, and in some the Wife of Bath, in whose character Chaucer has been equally minute and exact, because she is also a scourge and a blight. I shall say no more of her, nor expose what Chaucer has left hidden. Let the young reader study what he has said of her. It is useful as a scare-crow. There are such characters born—too many for the peace of the world.

I come at length to the Clerk of Oxenford. This character varies from that of Chaucer as the contemplative philosopher varies from the poetical genius. There are always these two classes of learned sages the poetical and the philosophical. The painter has put them side by side, as if the youthful Clerk had put himself under the tuition of the mature poet. Let the philosopher always be the servant and scholar of inspiration, and all will be happy.

Such are the characters that compose this picture, which was painted in self-defence against the insolent and envious imputation of unfitness for finished and scientific art,—and this imputation most artfully and industriously endeavoured to be propagated among the public by ignorant hirelings. The painter courts comparison with his competitors, who, having received fourteen hundred guineas and more from the profits of *his* designs in that well-known work, Designs for Blair's Grave, have left him to shift for himself, while others, more obedient to an employer's opinions and directions, are employed at great expense to produce works in succession to his, by which they acquired public patronage. This has hitherto been his lot, to get patronage for others and then to be left and neglected, and his work, which gained that patronage, cried down as eccentricity and madness—as unfinished and neglected by the artist's violent temper. He is sure the works now exhibited will give the lie to such aspersions.

Those who say that men are led by interest are knaves. A knavish character will often say, "Of what interest is it to me to do—so and so?" I answer, "Of none at all, but the contrary, as you well know. It is of malice and envy that you have done this therefore I am aware of you, because I know that you act,

not from interest, but from malice, even to your own destruction." It is therefore become a duty which Mr. B. owes to the Public, who have always recognized him, and patronized him, however hidden by artifices, that he should not suffer such things to be done, or be hindered from the public exhibition of his finished production by any calumnies in future.

The character and expression in this picture could never have been produced with Rubens' light and shadow, or with Rembrandt's or anything Venetian or Flemish. The Venetian and Flemish practice is broken lines, broken masses, and broken colours. Mr. B.'s practice is unbroken lines, unbroken masses, and unbroken colours. Their art is to lose form. His art is to find form and keep it. His arts are opposite to theirs in all things.

As there is a class of men whose sole delight is in the destruction of men, so there is a class of artists whose whole art and science is frabricated for this purpose of destroying art. Who these are is soon known. "By their works ye shall know them." All who endeavour to raise up a style against Raphael, Michael Angelo, and the Antique, those who separate Painting from Drawing, who look if a picture is well drawn, and, if it is, immediately cry out that it cannot be well coloured—those are the men.

But to show the stupidity of this class of men, nothing need be done but to examine my rival's prospectus.

The five first characters in Chaucer, the Knight and the Squire he has put among his rabble, and indeed his prospectus calls the Squire the "fop of Chaucer's age." Now hear Chaucer:

"Of his stature he was of even length,
And wonderly deliver, and of great strength.
And he had been some time in Chivauchy,
In Flanders, in Artois, and in Picardy,
And borne him well, as of so litele space."

Was this a fop?

"Well could he sit a horse, and faire ride
He could songs make, eke well indite,
Joust, and eke dance, portray, and well write."

Was this a fop?

" Curteis he was, and meek and serviceable,
And kerft before his fader at the table."

Was this a fop?

It is the same with all his characters. He had done all by chance, or perhaps his fortune—money, money! According to his prospectus he has three Monks. These he cannot find in Chaucer, who has only one Monk, and that, no vulgar character, as he has endeavoured to make him. When men cannot read they should not pretend to paint. To be sure, Chaucer is a little difficult to him who has only blundered over novels and catch-penny trifles of booksellers, yet a little pains ought to be taken even by the ignorant and weak. He has put the Reeve, a vulgar fellow, between his Knight and Squire, as if he was resolved to go contrary to everything in Chaucer, who says of the Reeve:

" And ever he rode hindermost of the rout."

In this manner he has jumbled his dumb dollies together, and is praised by his equals for it, for both himself and his friend are equally masters of Chaucer's language. They both think that the Wife of Bath is a young, beautiful, blooming damsel, and H—— says, that she is the " Fair Wife of Bath ", and that " the Spring appears in her cheeks." Now hear what Chaucer has made her say of herself—who is no modest one:

" But Lord when it remembreth me
Upon my youth and on my joleity,
It tickleth me about the hearte-root,
Unto this day it doth my hearte boot
That I have had my world as in my time,
But age, alas, that all will envenime,
Hath me bereft my beauty and my pith.
Let go! Farewell! The Devil go therewith,
The flour is gone; there is no more to tell,
The bran, as best I can, I now mote sell.
And yet to be right merry I will fond
Now forth, to tell about my fourth husband."

She has had four husbands; a fit subject for this painter.

Yet the painter ought to be very much offended with his friend H——, who has called his "a common scene", and "very ordinary forms", which is the truest part of all, for it is so, and very wretchedly so indeed. What merit can there be in a picture of which such words are spoken with truth?

But the prospectus says that the painter has represented Chaucer himself as a knave who thrusts himself among honest people to make game of and laugh at them; though I must do justice to the painter and say that he has made him look more like a fool than a knave. But it appears in all the writings of Chaucer and particularly in his Canterbury Tales, that he was very devout, and paid respect to true enthusiastic superstition. He has laughed at his knaves and fools, as I do now, but he has respected his True Pilgrims, who are a majority of his company, and are not thrown together in the random manner that Mr. S—— has done. Chaucer has nowhere called the Ploughman old, worn out with "age and labour," as the prospectus has represented him, and says that the picture has done so too. He is worn down with labour, but not with age. How spots of brown and yellow smeared about at random can be either young or old I cannot see. It may be an old man; it may be a young man; it may be anything that a prospectus pleases. But I know that where there are no lineaments there can be no character. And what connoisseurs call touch, I know by experience must be the destruction of all character and expression as it is of every lineament.

The scene of Mr. S——'s picture is by Dulwich Hills, which was not the way to Canterbury, but perhaps the painter thought he would give them a ride round about because they were a burlesque set of scarecrows not worth any man's respect or care.

But the painter's thought being always upon gold, he has introduced a character that Chaucer has not, namely, a Goldsmith, for so the prospectus tells us. Why he introduced a Goldsmith, and what is the wit, the prospectus does not explain. But it takes care to mention the reserve and modesty of the painter. This makes a good epigram enough:

"The fox, the mole, the beetle, and the bat
By sweet reserve and modesty get fat."

But the prospectus tells us that the painter has introduced a "Sea-Captain." Chaucer has a Ship-man, a Sailor, a trading Master of a vessel, called by courtesy Captain, as every master of a boat is; but this does not make him a Sea-Captain. Chaucer has purposely omitted such a personage, as it only exists in certain periods: it is the soldier by sea. He who would be a soldier in inland nations is a sea-captain in commercial nations.

All is misconceived, and its mis-execution is equal to its misconception. I have no objection to Rubens and Rembrandt being employed, or even to their living in a palace. But it shall not be at the expense of Raphael and Michael Angelo living in a cottage, and in contempt and derision. I have been scorned long enough by these fellows, who owe me all that they have. It shall be so no longer.

"I found them blind: I taught them how to see;
And now they know neither themselves nor me."

Identity.

In eternity one thing never changes into another thing. Each identity is eternal. Consequently Apuleius' Golden Ass and Ovid's Metamorphoses and others of the like kind are fable; yet they contain vision in a sublime degree, being derived from real vision in more ancient writings. Lot's wife being changed into a pillar of salt alludes to the mortal body being made a permanent statue, but not changed or transformed into another identity, while it retains its own individuality. A man can never become ass or horse. Some are born with shapes of men who are both. But eternal identity is one thing, and corporeal vegetation is another thing. Changing water into wine by Jesus and into blood by Moses relates to vegetable nature also.

The nature of visionary fancy or imagination is very little known, and the eternal nature and permanence of its ever-existent images is considered less permanent than the things of vegetable and generative nature. Yet the oak dies as well as the lettuce, but its eternal image or individuality never dies, but renews by its seed. Just so the imaginative image returns by the seed of contemplative thought. The writings of the Prophets illustrate these conceptions of the visionary fancy, by their various sublime and divine images as seen in the world of vision.

The world of imagination is the world of eternity. It is the divine bosom into which we shall all go after the death of the vegetated body. The world of imagination is infinite and eternal, whereas the world of generation or vegetation is finite and temporal. There exist in that eternal world the eternal realities of everything which we see reflected in this vegetable glass of nature.

All things are comprehended in their eternal forms in the divine body of the Saviour, the true vine of eternity, the human imagination, Who apppeared to me as coming to judgment among His saints, and throwing off the temporal that the eternal might be established. Around Him are seen the images of existence according to a certain order suited to my imaginative energy.

Minute Knowledge.

If the spectator could enter into these images in his imagination, approaching them on the fiery chariot of his contemplative thought,—if he could enter into Noah's rainbow, could make a friend and companion of one of these images of wonder, which always entreat him to leave mortal things (as he must know), then would he arise from the grave, then would he meet the Lord in the air, and then he would be happy. General knowledge is remote knowledge. It is in particulars that wisdom consists and happiness too. Both in art and in life general masses are as much art as a pasteboard man is human. Every man has eyes, nose, and mouth. This every idiot knows. But he who enters into and discriminates most minutely the manners and intentions, the characters in all their branches, is the alone wise or sensible man, and on this discrimination all art is founded. I entreat, then, that the spectator will attend to the hands and feet, to the lineaments of the countenance. They are all descriptive of character, and not a line is drawn without intention, and that most discriminate and particular. As poetry admits not a letter that is insignificant, so painting admits not a grain of sand or a blade of grass insignificant—much less an insignificant blur or mark.

The Nature of a Last Judgment.

A last Judgment is necessary because fools flourish. Nations flourish under wise rulers and are depressed under foolish

rulers. It is the same with individuals as with nations. Works of art can only be produced in perfection where the man is either in affluence or above the care of it. Poverty is the fool's rod which at last is turned on his own back. That is a Last Judgment when men of real art govern and pretenders fall. Some people, and not a few artists, have asserted that the painter of this people would not have done so well if he had been properly encouraged. Let those who think so reflect on the state of nations under poverty and their incapability of art. Though art is above either, the argument is better for affluence than poverty, and though he would not have been a greater artist, he would have produced greater works of art in proportion to his means. A Last Judgment is not for the purpose of making bad men better but of hindering them from oppressing the good.

All life consists of these two, throwing off error and knaves from our company continually, and receiving truth, or wise men, into our company continually. He who is out of the church and opposes it is no less an agent of religion than he who is in it. No man can embrace true art until he has explored and cast out false art, such is the nature of mortal things, or he will be himself cast out by those who have already embraced true art. Thus my picture is a history of art and science, the foundation of society, which is humanity itself. What are the gifts of the spirit but mental gifts? When any individual rejects error and embraces truth, a Last Judgment passes upon that individual.

WHY MEN ENTER HEAVEN.

MEN are admitted into heaven not because they have curbed and governed their passions, or have no passions, but because they have cultivated their understandings. The treasures of heaven are not negations of passion, but realities of intellect, from which the passions emanate, uncurbed in their eternal glory. The fool shall not enter into heaven, let him be ever so holy. Holiness is not the price of entrance into heaven. Those who are cast out are all those who, having no passions of their own, because no intellect, have spent their lives in curbing and governing other people's by the various arts of poverty and cruelty of all kinds. The modern church crucifies Christ with the head downwards. Woe, woe, woe to you hypocrites!

Learning without Imagination.

This subject—an experiment picture—is taken from the visions of Emanuel Swedenborg. The learned who strive to ascend into heaven by means of learning appear to children like dead horses when repelled by the celestial spheres. The works of this visionary are well worthy the attention of painters and poets; they are foundations for grand things. The reason they have not been more attended to is, because corporeal demons have gained a predominance. Who the leaders of these are will be shown below. Unworthy men, who gain fame among men, continue to govern mankind after death, and in their spiritual bodies oppose the spirits of those who worthily are famous, and as Swedenborg observes, shut the doors of mind and of thought by placing learning above inspiration.

Form and Substance are One.

No man can improve an original invention; nor can an original invention exist without execution organized, delineated, and articulated, either by God or man. I do not mean smoothed up, and niggled, and poco-pen'd, and all the beauties paled out, blurred, and blotted, but drawn with a firm and decided hand at once, like Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, and Milton. I have heard many people say, "Give me the ideas, it is not matter what words you put them into", and others say, "Give me the design, it is no matter for the execution." These people knew enough of artifice, but nothing of art. Ideas cannot be given but in their minutely appropriate words, nor can a design be made without its minutely appropriate execution.

Good and Evil.

Many persons, such as Paine and Voltaire, with some of the ancient Greeks, say—"We will not converse concerning good and evil: we will live in paradise and liberty." You may do so in spirit, but not in the mortal body as you pretend, until after a Last Judgment. For in paradise they have no corporeal and mortal body. *That* originated with the fall and was called Death, and cannot be removed but by a Last Judgment. While we are in the world of mortality we must suffer. The whole Creation groans to be delivered.

The Clearness of Vision.

The Prophets describe what they saw in vision as real and existing men, whom they saw with their imaginative and immortal organs; the Apostles the same; the clearer the organ the more distinct the object. A spirit and a vision are not, as the modern philosophy supposes, a cloudy vapour, or a nothing; they are organized and minutely articulated beyond all that the mortal and perishing nature can produce. He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments, and in stronger and better light, than his perishing mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all. The painter of this work asserts that all his imaginations appear to him infinitely more perfect and more minutely organized than anything seen by his mortal eye. Spirits are organized men.

Outline in Art and Life.

The great and golden rule of art, as well as of life, is this:—That the more distinct, sharp, and wiry the bounding line, the more perfect the work of art: and the less keen and sharp, the greater is the evidence of weak imitation, plagiarism and bungling, Great inventors in all ages knew this. Protogenes and Apelles knew each other by this line. Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Albert Durer are known by this, and this alone. The want of this determinate and bounding form evidences the idea of want in the artist's mind, and the pretence of plagiary in all its branches. How do we distinguish the oak from the beech, the horse from the ox, but by the bounding outline? How do we distinguish one face or countenance from another, but by the bounding line and its infinite inflections and movements? What is it that builds a house and plants a garden but the definite and determinate? What is it that distinguishes honesty from knavery but the hard and wiry line of rectitude and certainty in the actions and intentions? Leave out this line, and you leave out life itself; all is chaos again, and the line of the Almighty must be drawn out upon it before man or beast can exist.

The Trees of Knowledge and of Life.

The combats of good and evil is eating of the Tree of Knowledge. The combats of truth and error is eating of the Tree of Life. These are universal and particular. Each are personified. There is not an error but has a man for its agent; that is, it is a man. There is not a truth but it has also a man. Good and evil are qualities in every man whether a good or evil man. These are enemies, and destroy one another by every means in their power, whether of deceit or open violence. The Deist and the Christian are but the results of these opposing Natures. Many are Deists who, under certain circumstances, would have been Christians in outward appearance; Voltaire was one of this number. He was as intolerant as an inquisitor. Manners make the man, not habits. It is the same in heart. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The knave who is converted to Deism, and the knave who is converted to Christianity is still a knave. But he himself will not know it, though everybody else does. Christ comes, as He came at first, to deliver those who are bound under the knave, not to deliver the knave. He comes to deliver Man the Accused not Satan the Accuser. We do not find anywhere that Satan is accused of sin. He is only accused of unbelief, and thereby of drawing man into sin that he may accuse him. Such is the last Judgment; a deliverance from Satan's accusation. Satan thinks that sin is displeasing to God. He ought to know that nothing is displeasing to God but unbelief, and eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

THERE IS NO NATURAL RELIGION.—I.

The Voice of One crying in the Wilderness.

The Argument.

As the true method of knowledge is experiment, the true faculty of knowing must be the faculty which experiences. This faculty I treat of.

Principle First.

That the poetic genius is the true man, and that the body or outward form of man is derived from the poetic genius.

Likewise that the form of all things are derived from their genius, which by the ancients was called an angel and spirit and demon.

Principle Second.

As all men are alike in outward form, so (and with the same infinite variety), all are alike in the poetic genius.

Principle Third.

No man can think, write or speak from his heart, but he must intend truth. Thus all sects of philosophy are from the poetic genius, adapted to the weaknesses of every individual.

Principle Fourth.

As none by travelling over known lands can find out the unknown, so from already acquired knowledge man could not acquire more · therefore a universal poetic genius exists.

Principle Fifth.

The religions of all nations are derived from each nation's different reception of the poetic genius which is everywhere called the spirit of prophecy.

Principle Sixth.

The Jewish and Christian Testaments are an original derivation from the poetic genius. This is necessary from the confined nature of bodily sensation.

Principle Seventh.

As all men are alike (though infinitely various), so all religions, and as all similars have one source.

The true man is the source, he being the poetic genius.

THERE IS NO NATURAL RELIGION.—II.

The Argument.

Man has no notion of moral fitness but from education Naturally, he is only a natural organ subject to sense.

I.

Man's perceptions are not bounded by organs of perception he perceives more than sense (though ever so acute) can discover.

II.

Reason, or the ratio of all we have already known, is not the same that it shall be when we know more.

III.

From a perception of only three senses or three elements none could deduce a fourth or fifth.

IV.

None could have other than natural or organic thoughts if he had none but organic perceptions.

V.

Man's desires are limited by his perceptions; none can desire what he has not perceived.

VI.

The desires and perceptions of man untaught by anything but organs of sense must be limited to objects of sense.

Therefore God becomes as we are, that we may be as He is.

I.

Man cannot naturally perceive but through his natural or bodily organs.

II.

Man, by his reasoning power can only compare and judge of what he has already perceived.

NOTES.

NOTES

The Poetical Sketches. Page 1.—The original edition has the following preface :—

ADVERTISEMENT.

"The following Sketches were the production of untutored youth, commenced in his twelfth, and occasionally resumed by the author till his twentieth year ; since which time, his talents having been wholly directed to the attainment of excellence in his profession, he has been deprived of the leisure requisite to such a revisal of these sheets as might have rendered them less unfit to meet the public eye.

"Conscious of the irregularities and defects found on almost every page, his friends have still believed that they possessed a poetical originality which merited some respite from oblivion. These opinions remain, however, to be now re-proved or confirmed by a less partial public."

Mr. Dante Rossetti endeavoured to make some, at any rate, of the corrections which Blake could not—or, one is inclined to suspect, would not—make, and made a number of metrical emendations in the selection of the "Sketches" given in Gilchrist's "Life and Works of William Blake." He made these with admirable judgment, but when they were made, the poems, taken as a whole, were well nigh as irregular as at the outset.

There seems no logical position between leaving the poems as they are, with all their slips of rhythm, and making alterations of a very sweeping nature, which would be out of place in a working text like the present. The present editor has accordingly simply reprinted Blake's own text, not even retaining the very small number of emendations made by Mr. W. M. Rossetti. He has, however, to economize space, left out several poems altogether, holding them mere boyish experi-

ments, with here and there some line or passage of beauty. The poems left out are "Fair Elenor", "Gwin, King of Norway", "Prologue to Edward the Fourth", and four prose poems called "Prologue to King John", "The Couch of Death", "Contemplation", and "Samson", respectively. "A War Song", though scarce worthy of a place in the body of the book, is interesting enough for quotation here.

A WAR SONG:

TO ENGLISHMEN.

Prepare, prepare the iron helm of war,
Bring forth the lots, cast in the spacious orb;
The Angel of Fate turns them with mighty hands,
And casts them out upon the darkened earth!
Prepare, prepare!

Prepare your hearts for Death's cold hand! prepare
Your souls for flight, your bodies for the earth!
Prepare your arms for glorious victory!
Prepare your eyes to meet a holy God!
Prepare, prepare!

Whose fatal scroll is that? Methinks 'tis mine!
Why sinks my heart, why faltereth my tongue?
Had I three lives, I'd die in such a cause,
And rise, with ghosts, over the well-fought field.
Prepare, prepare!

The arrows of Almighty God are drawn!
Angels of Death stand in the low'ring heavens!
Thousands of souls must seek the realms of light,
And walk together on the clouds of heaven!
Prepare, prepare!

Soldiers, prepare! Our cause is Heaven's cause;
Soldiers, prepare! Be worthy of our cause:
Prepare to meet our fathers in the sky:
Prepare, O troops that are to fall to-day!
Prepare, prepare!

Alfred shall smile, and make his heart rejoice;
The Norman William and the learned Clerk,
And Lion-Heart, and black-browed Edward with
His loyal queen, shall rise, and welcome us!
Prepare, prepare!

"Samson" is seen at its best in this direction to Delilah: "Go on, fair traitress; do thy guileful work; ere once again the changing moon her circuit hath performed, thou shalt overcome and conquer him by force unconquerable, and wrest his secret from him. Call thine alluring arts and honest-seeming brow, the holy kiss of love and the transparent tear; put on fair linen that with the lily vies, purple and silver; neglect thy hair, to seem more lovely in thy loose attire; put on thy country's pride deceit; and eyes of love decked in mild sorrow; and sell thy lord for gold."

The Songs of Innocence and Experience. Pages 47 to 85.—Messrs. Dante and William Rossetti, in the second volume of Gilchrist's Life of Blake, and in the Aldine edition of the poems respectively, have made several grammatical and metrical emendations. The original text is here restored. "The Nurse's Song" and "The Little Boy Lost" are to be found imbedded in that curious prose narrative, "The Island of the Moon", in slightly different form from that in "The Songs of Innocence"; and "The Cloud and the Pebble", "The Garden of Love", "The Poison Tree", "Infant Sorrow", "Earth's Answer", "London", "The Lily", "Nurse's Song", "The Tiger", "The Human Image", "The Sick Rose", "The Little Vagabond", "Holy Thursday", "The Angel", "The Fly", and a part of "The Chimney-Sweeper", from the "Songs of Experience", are to be found in a more or less different shape in a note-book usually spoken of by Blake's biographers and editors as "the MS. book."

"The Songs of Innocence" and "The Song of Experience" were latterly bound together by Blake under the title of "The Songs of Innocence and Experience, showing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul." "The MS. book" gives the following verses with the note that they are a "motto for the Songs of Innocence and Experience."

" The Good are attracted by men's perceptions,
And think not for themselves,
Till Experience teaches them to catch
And to cage the Fairies and Elves.

" And then the Knave begins to snarl,
And the Hypocrite to howl;
And all his good friends show their private end,
And the Eagle is known from the Owl."

Strange lines that are clear enough to the student of Blake's philosophy; but at most a perspicuous gloom to the rest of mankind. The excision of " his " from the last line but one would make them a little more intelligible. The third and fourth lines should be compared with " Opportunity ", page 120.

The Tiger. Page 74.—The MS. book contains the following first draft for " The Tiger." The editor has restored, where necessary for the sense, occasional words which were crossed out by Blake. The poem will be found exactly as it is in the MS. book with the crossed out words in italics, and several alternative readings, at page 92, vol. iii., of " The Works of William Blake." He is at present merely anxious to give it in the form pleasantest for the eye and the memory without the interruption of italics and alternative readings.

THE TIGER.

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire?
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet

Could filch it from the furnace deep,
And in thy hornèd ribs dare steep
In the well of sanguine woe
* * * * * * *

In what clay and in what mould
Were thine eyes of fury rolled
* * * * * * *

Where the hammer, where the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? what dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp ?

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

There is also an interesting variant upon this couplet—

" Did He smile His work to see,
Did He who made the lamb make thee ? "

in which " laugh " is substituted for " smile."

Mr. Gilchrist and Mr. Rossetti give a version slightly different from the one found by Mr. Ellis and the present editor in the MS. book, and claim for it also MS. authority.

When Blake altered and copied out the poem for engraving he altogether omitted the unfinished fourth verse, and forgot to make the last line of the third a complete sentence. Mr. D. G. Rossetti did this for him by substituting " formed " for " and "; but Malkin, who probably had Blake's authority, prints " forged."

The Garden of Love. Page 76.—Mr. Rossetti inserts at the beginning of this poem two verses, which are here printed in " The Ideas of Good and Evil ", as a separate poem called " Thistles and Thorns." He found them in the MS. book, and forgot to notice the long line which Blake had drawn to divide them from " The Garden of Love " which followed.

The Little Vagabond. Page 76.—The MS. book gives instead of line 9 " Such usage in heaven never do well ", " The poor parsons with wind like a blown bladder swell."

London. Page 77.—Compare with the " blackening church, and " marriage-hearse ", in this poem, the use of the same terms in the following detached quatrain from the MS. book. It is called there " An Ancient Proverb."

Remove away that blackening church,
Remove away that marriage-hearse,
Remove away that man of blood,
You'll quite remove that ancient curse.

Infant Sorrow. Page 79.—The MS. book continues this poem as follows :—

When I saw that rage was vain,
And to sulk would nothing gain ;
Turning many a trick and wile,
I began to sooth and smile.

And I soothed day after day,
Till upon the ground I lay ;
And I smiled night after night,
Seeking only for delight.

And I saw before me shine
Clusters of the wandering vine ;
And many a lovely flower and tree
Stretched their blossoms out to me.

My father, then, with holy book, (? look)
In his hands a holy book,
Pronouncèd curses on my head,
And bound me in a myrtle shade.

So I smote him—and his gore
Stained the roots my myrtle bore ;
But the time of youth is fled,
And grey hairs are on my head.

A Cradle Song. Page 82.—This was never included by Blake in any engraved edition of "The Songs of Experience", but it is an obvious pendant to "A Cradle Song" in "The Songs of Innocence." The editor accordingly follows Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Gilchrist in printing it here from the MS. book.

Tirzah. Page 84.—In engraved "Songs" the words "to be raised a spiritual body" are written at the end of the poem.

The Voice of the Ancient Bard. Page 85.—This poem has hitherto been printed at the end of "The Songs of Innocence." The editor, however, follows a copy of "the Songs" sold by Mrs. Blake after Blake's death to a Mr. Edwards, which was probably the last engraved, in placing it at the end of "The Songs of Experience", where it forms a natural pendant to "The voice of the bard, who present, past, and future sees", at the beginning.

Ideas of Good and Evil. Page 89.—The MS. book has upon its title-page the above inscription, which was possibly a first and rejected attempt towards a title for the poems afterwards called "The Songs of Innocence and Experience", but probably a first thought for a title of "The Songs of Experience" alone, "experience" and eating the fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil being one and the same in Blake's philosophy. The first possibility is made unlikely by the fact that the MS. book contains none of "The Songs of Innocence", which therefore probably preceded it. If this be so, it have been begun between 1789 and 1794. He kept it by him well-nigh all his life, and jotted down in it a record of all manner of wayward moods and fancies. The title "Ideas of Good and Evil" was probably soon forgotten, but, having at any rate his partial sanction, may well serve us better than such unmeaning and uncomely titles as "Later Poems" or Miscellaneous Poems." The editor follows the example of Gilchrist's book in including under the title poems from other sources than the MS. book. The sources are letters, the engraved copy of "The Gates of Paradise", the newly discovered "Island of the Moon", and what the author of the note on page 85 of Gilchrist's second volume has called "another small autograph collection of different matter somewhat more fairly copied" than the MS. book. This "autograph collection" has vanished for the present, having defied all the efforts of Mr. Ellis and the present writer to discover it. It is to be hoped that it has

not vanished for good and all, for the editor of the poems in Gilchrist and the editor of the Aldine edition have with a timidity which was perhaps natural in introducing for the first time an eccentric author whom the bulk of readers held to be mad, and whose meaning they themselves but partially understood, permitted themselves far too numerous transpositions, alterations, and omissions in printing from still accessible sources. The editor of the Gilchrist text, in the case of this now inaccessible "autograph collection" also, admits to having found it "necessary" to "omit, transpose, or combine", that he might "lessen obscurity", but claims to have done so far less than in printing from the MS. book, and his principles were certainly adopted in the main by Mr. W. M. Rossetti in the Aldine edition. A comparison of the text given here of poems like "The Grey Monk", and poems like that which the present writer has called "Spectre and Emanation", with the text given in either Mr. Gilchrist's or Mr. Rossetti's book, will show how much has been sacrificed in the battle with "obscurity." The student of Blake's philosophy knows well that what seems most obscure is usually most characteristic, and grudges any clearness gained at the expense of his author's meaning. He finds it even harder to forgive those cases where Mr. Rossetti did not confine himself to the right he claimed to "omit, transpose, or combine, but substituted, in the name of lucidity, words of his own for Blake's carefully selected words. These substitutions are, however, few, and probably arose from bewilderment over the strangeness of the terms, combined with the difficulty of reading the well-nigh illegible MS. Mr. Rossetti may well have refused to believe his eyes when he came, in "The Everlasting Gospel", for instance, to "anti-Christ, creeping Jesus", and have convinced himself that Blake meant to write "anti-Christ, aping Jesus." His sin was not so much editorial, for almost any ordinary editor would have made a mistake as human, but that sin, which he shares with a large portion of the human race, of having no feeling for mystical terms. Whatever he may have done ill in these matters is more than balanced by the great service he has done Blake in other ways. In the following selection, a few lyrics given in the Aldine or in Mr. Shepherd's edition are excluded and others included which have not appeared in either of these books. The added lyrics are, "The Pilgrim", "A Song of Sorrow",

and "Old English Hospitality," from "The Island of the Moon." The excluded poems are "La Fayette", "To Mrs. Butts", "Seed Sowing", "Idolatry", "Long John Brown and Little Mary Bell", "Song by an Old Shepherd", and "Song by a Shepherd", and well nigh all "the epigrams and satirical pieces on art and artists." None of these poems, howsoever curious and biographically interesting they be, have poetical value anything like equal to the selections from "The Prophetic Books", made possible by leaving them out. In many cases Blake gave no title to his poems, and the editor has ventured more than once to differ from the titles chosen by Mr. W. M. Rossetti and to substitute titles of his own. He has never, however, done this except when the old title seemed obviously misleading, uncharacteristic, or ungainly.

Blake's own text of "The Ideas of Good and Evil" has been restored in the present volume in every case where the original MS. is still accessible. The restorations are not always to the advantage of the poem, though in some cases they certainly are; and it is possible that the editors of the future may prefer to make a few of those corrections which Blake would doubtless have made had he re-copied for the press his rough first drafts, and to keep a mid-track between the much modified version of Messrs. Dante and William Rossetti and the present literal text.

Auguries of Innocence. Page 90.—See note to "Proverbs."

To Mr. Butts. Page 92.—From a letter to Mr. Butts from Felpham.

To Mrs. Flaxman. Page 95.—From a letter to Flaxman from Felpham.

Proverbs. Page 96.—This is one of the poems taken from that other "small autograph collection" mentioned in Gilchrist. Mr. Herne Shepherd gives in "Blake's Poems and Songs of Innocence" (Pickering & Chatto) a version different in the order of the verses, and in having several grammatical and one or two obvious metrical slips, not present in the version given by Mr. Dante Rossetti in Gilchrist's book. Even if Mr. Shepherd gave the text with accuracy, it is impossible to say in the absence of the manuscript how far he read Blake's *intentions* correctly. The poem is a series of magnificent proverbs and epigrams, rather than a poem with middle, beginning, and end, and Blake in all likelihood set these proverbs