

sons of God. All that we have a right to infer from our ignorance of the cause of any event is that we do not know it: had the Mexicans attended to this simple rule when they heard the cannon of the Spaniards, they would not have considered them as gods: the experiments of modern chemistry would have defied the wisest philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome to have accounted for them on natural principles. An author of strong common sense has observed that 'a miracle is no miracle at second-hand'; he might have added that a miracle is no miracle in any case; for until we are acquainted with all natural causes, we have no reason to imagine others.

There remains to be considered another proof of Christianity—Prophecy. A book is written before a certain event, in which this event is foretold; how could the prophet have foreknown it without inspiration? how could he have been inspired without God? The greatest stress is laid on the prophecies of Moses and Hosea on the dispersion of the Jews, and that of Isaiah concerning the coming of the Messiah. The prophecy of Moses is a collection of every possible cursing and blessing; and it is so far from being marvellous that the one of dispersion should have been fulfilled, that it would have been more surprising if, out of all these, none should have taken effect. In Deuteronomy, chap. xxviii. ver. 64, where Moses explicitly foretells the dispersion, he states that they shall there serve gods of wood and stone: 'And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even to the other; *and there thou shalt serve other gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even gods of wood and stone.*' The Jews are at this day

remarkably tenacious of their religion. Moses also declares that they shall be subjected to these curses for disobedience to his ritual: 'And it shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all the commandments and statutes which I command thee this day; that all these curses shall come upon thee, and overtake thee.' Is this the real reason? The third, fourth, and fifth chapters of Hosea are a piece of immodest confession. The indelicate type might apply in a hundred senses to a hundred things. The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is more explicit, yet it does not exceed in clearness the oracles of Delphos. The historical proof that Moses, Isaiah, and Hosea did write when they are said to have written is far from being clear and circumstantial.

But prophecy requires proof in its character as a miracle; we have no right to suppose that a man foreknew future events from God, until it is demonstrated that he neither could know them by his own exertions, nor that the writings which contain the prediction could possibly have been fabricated after the event pretended to be foretold. It is more probable that writings, pretending to divine inspiration, should have been fabricated after the fulfilment of their pretended prediction than that they should have really been divinely inspired, when we consider that the latter supposition makes God at once the creator of the human mind and ignorant of its primary powers, particularly as we have numberless instances of false religions, and forged prophecies of things long past, and no accredited case of God having conversed with men directly or indirectly. It is also possible that the description of an event might have foregone its occur-

rence; but this is far from being a legitimate proof of a divine revelation, as many men, not pretending to the character of a prophet, have nevertheless, in this sense, prophesied.

Lord Chesterfield was never yet taken for a prophet, even by a bishop, yet he uttered this remarkable prediction: 'The despotic government of France is screwed up to the highest pitch; a revolution is fast approaching; that revolution, I am convinced, will be radical and sanguinary.' This appeared in the letters of the prophet long before the accomplishment of this wonderful prediction. Now, have these particulars come to pass, or have they not? If they have, how could the Earl have foreknown them without inspiration? If we admit the truth of the Christian religion on testimony such as this, we must admit, on the same strength of evidence, that God has affixed the highest rewards to belief, and the eternal tortures of the never-dying worm to disbelief, both of which have been demonstrated to be involuntary.

The last proof of the Christian religion depends on the influence of the Holy Ghost. Theologians divide the influence of the Holy Ghost into its ordinary and extraordinary modes of operation. The latter is supposed to be that which inspired the Prophets and Apostles; and the former to be the grace of God, which summarily makes known the truth of His revelation to those whose mind is fitted for its reception by a submissive perusal of His word. Persons convinced in this manner can do anything but account for their conviction, describe the time at which it happened, or the manner in which it came upon them. It is supposed to enter the mind by other channels than those of the senses, and

therefore professes to be superior to reason founded on their experience.

Admitting, however, the usefulness or possibility of a divine revelation, unless we demolish the foundations of all human knowledge, it is requisite that our reason should previously demonstrate its genuineness; for, before we extinguish the steady ray of reason and common sense, it is fit that we should discover whether we cannot do without their assistance, whether or no there be any other which may suffice to guide us through the labyrinth of life¹: for, if a man is to be inspired upon all occasions, if he is to be sure of a thing because he is sure, if the ordinary operations of the Spirit are not to be considered very extraordinary modes of demonstration, if enthusiasm is to usurp the place of proof, and madness that of sanity, all reasoning is superfluous. The Mahometan dies fighting for his prophet, the Indian immolates himself at the chariot-wheels of Brahma, the Hottentot worships an insect, the Negro a bunch of feathers, the Mexican sacrifices human victims! Their degree of conviction must certainly be very strong: it cannot arise from reasoning, it must from feelings, the reward of their prayers. If each of these should affirm, in opposition to the strongest possible arguments, that inspiration carried internal evidence, I fear their inspired brethren, the orthodox missionaries, would be so uncharitable as to pronounce them obstinate.

Miracles cannot be received as testimonies of a disputed fact, because all human testimony has ever been insufficient to establish the possibility

¹ See Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, book iv. chap. xix, on Enthusiasm.

of miracles. That which is incapable of proof itself is no proof of anything else. Prophecy has also been rejected by the test of reason. Those, then, who have been actually inspired are the only true believers in the Christian religion.

Mox numine viso
Virginei tumuere sinus, innuptaque
mater

Arcano stupuit compleri viscera partu,
Auctorem paritura suum. Mortalia
corda

Artificem texere poli, latuitque sub
uno

Pectore, qui totum late complectitur
orbem.

Claudian, *Carmen Paschale*.

Does not so monstrous and disgusting an absurdity carry its own infamy and refutation with itself?

VIII. 203-207 :—

*Him, still from hope to hope the bliss
pursuing*

*Which from the exhaustless lore of
human weal*

*Draws on the virtuous mind, the
thoughts that rise*

In time-destroying infiniteness, gift

With self-enshrined eternity, etc.

Time is our consciousness of the succession of ideas in our mind. Vivid sensation, of either pain or pleasure, makes the time seem long, as the common phrase is, because it renders us more acutely conscious of our ideas. If a mind be conscious of an hundred ideas during one minute, by the clock, and of two hundred during another, the latter of these spaces would actually occupy so much greater extent in the mind as two exceed one in quantity. If, therefore, the human mind, by any future improvement of its sensibility, should become conscious of an infinite num-

ber of ideas in a minute, that minute would be eternity. I do not hence infer that the actual space between the birth and death of a man will ever be prolonged; but that his sensibility is perfectible, and that the number of ideas which his mind is capable of receiving is indefinite. One man is stretched on the rack during twelve hours; another sleeps soundly in his bed: the difference of time perceived by these two persons is immense; one hardly will believe that half an hour has elapsed, the other could credit that centuries had flown during his agony. Thus, the life of a man of virtue and talent, who should die in his thirtieth year, is, with regard to his own feelings, longer than that of a miserable priest-ridden slave, who dreams out a century of dulness. The one has perpetually cultivated his mental faculties, has rendered himself master of his thoughts, can abstract and generalize amid the lethargy of every-day business;—the other can slumber over the brightest moments of his being, and is unable to remember the happiest hour of his life. Perhaps the perishing ephemeron enjoys a longer life than the tortoise.

Dark flood of time!

Roll as it listeth thee—I measure not
By months or moments thy ambiguous
course.

Another may stand by me on the
brink

And watch the bubble whirled beyond
his ken

That pauses at my feet. The sense of
love,

The thirst for action, and the im-
passioned thought

Prolong my being: if I wake no more,
My life more actual living will contain
Than some gray veteran's of the world's
cold school,

Whose listless hours unprofitably roll,
By one enthusiast feeling unredeemed.

See Godwin's *Pol. Jus.* vol. i, p. 411 ;
and Condorcet, *Esquisse d'un Tableau
Historique des Progrès de l'Esprit
Humain*, époque ix.

VIII. 211, 212 :—

*No longer now
He slays the lamb that looks him in the
face.*

I hold that the depravity of the physical and moral nature of man originated in his unnatural habits of life. The origin of man, like that of the universe of which he is a part, is enveloped in impenetrable mystery. His generations either had a beginning, or they had not. The weight of evidence in favour of each of these suppositions seems tolerably equal ; and it is perfectly unimportant to the present argument which is assumed. The language spoken, however, by the mythology of nearly all religions seems to prove that at some distant period man forsook the path of nature, and sacrificed the purity and happiness of his being to unnatural appetites. The date of this event seems to have also been that of some great change in the climates of the earth, with which it has an obvious correspondence. The allegory of Adam and Eve eating of the tree of evil, and entailing upon their posterity the wrath of God and the loss of everlasting life, admits of no other explanation than the disease and crime that have flowed from unnatural diet. Milton was so well aware of this that he makes Raphael thus exhibit to Adam the consequence of his disobedience :—

Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome,
dark ;

A lazar-house it seemed ; wherein
were laid

Numbers of all diseased—all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture,
qualms

Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining
atrophy,

Marasmus, and wide-wasting pes-
tilence,

Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-rack-
ing rheums.

And how many thousands more
might not be added to this frightful
catalogue !

The story of Prometheus is one likewise which, although universally admitted to be allegorical, has never been satisfactorily explained. Prometheus stole fire from heaven, and was chained for this crime to Mount Caucasus, where a vulture continually devoured his liver, that grew to meet its hunger. Hesiod says that, before the time of Prometheus, mankind were exempt from suffering ; that they enjoyed a vigorous youth, and that death, when at length it came, approached like sleep, and gently closed their eyes. Again, so general was this opinion that Horace, a poet of the Augustan age, writes—

Audax omnia perpeti,
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas ;
Audax Iapeti genus
Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit :
Post ignem aetheriâ domo
Subductum, macies et nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors,
Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Lethi corripuit gradum.

How plain a language is spoken by all this ! Prometheus (who represents the human race) effected some great

change in the condition of his nature, and applied fire to culinary purposes; thus inventing an expedient for screening from his disgust the horrors of the shambles. From this moment his vitals were devoured by the vulture of disease. It consumed his being in every shape of its loathsome and infinite variety, inducing the soul-quelling sinkings of premature and violent death. All vice rose from the ruin of healthful innocence. Tyranny, superstition, commerce, and inequality were then first known, when reason vainly attempted to guide the wanderings of exacerbated passion. I conclude this part of the subject with an extract from Mr. Newton's *Defence of Vegetable Regimen*, from whom I have borrowed this interpretation of the fable of Prometheus.

'Making allowance for such transposition of the events of the allegory as time might produce after the important truths were forgotten, which this portion of the ancient mythology was intended to transmit, the drift of the fable seems to be this:—Man at his creation was endowed with the gift of perpetual youth; that is, he was not formed to be a sickly suffering creature as we now see him, but to enjoy health, and to sink by slow degrees into the bosom of his parent earth without disease or pain. Prometheus first taught the use of animal food (*primus bovem occidit Prometheus*¹) and of fire, with which to render it more digestible and pleasing to the taste. Jupiter, and the rest of the gods, foreseeing the consequences of these inventions, were amused or irritated at the short-sighted devices of the newly-formed creature, and left him to experience the sad effects of them. Thirst, the necessary con-

comitant of a flesh diet' (perhaps of all diet vitiated by culinary preparation), 'ensued; water was resorted to, and man forfeited the inestimable gift of health which he had received from heaven: he became diseased, the partaker of a precarious existence, and no longer descended slowly to his grave².'

But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger
breeds;
The fury passions from that blood
began,
And turned on man a fiercer savage—
man.

Man, and the animals whom he has infected with his society, or depraved by his dominion, are alone diseased. The wild hog, the mouflon, the bison, and the wolf, are perfectly exempt from malady, and invariably die either from external violence or natural old age. But the domestic hog, the sheep, the cow, and the dog, are subject to an incredible variety of distempers; and, like the corrupters of their nature, have physicians who thrive upon their miseries. The supereminence of man is like Satan's, a supereminence of pain; and the majority of his species, doomed to penury, disease, and crime, have reason to curse the untoward event that, by enabling him to communicate his sensations, raised him above the level of his fellow-animals. But the steps that have been taken are irrevocable. The whole of human science is comprised in one question:—How can the advantages of intellect and civilization be reconciled with the liberty and pure pleasures of natural life? How can we take the benefits and reject the evils of the system,

¹ Plin. *Nat. Hist.* lib. vii. sect. 57.

² *Return to Nature.* Cadell, 1811.

which is now interwoven with all the fibres of our being?—I believe that abstinence from animal food and spirituous liquors would in a great measure capacitate us for the solution of this important question.

It is true that mental and bodily derangement is attributable in part to other deviations from rectitude and nature than those which concern diet. The mistakes cherished by society respecting the connection of the sexes, whence the misery and diseases of unsatisfied celibacy, unenjoying prostitution, and the premature arrival of puberty, necessarily spring; the putrid atmosphere of crowded cities; the exhalations of chemical processes; the muffling of our bodies in superfluous apparel; the absurd treatment of infants:—all these and innumerable other causes contribute their mite to the mass of human evil.

Comparative anatomy teaches us that man resembles frugivorous animals in everything, and carnivorous in nothing; he has neither claws wherewith to seize his prey, nor distinct and pointed teeth to tear the living fibre. A Mandarin of the first class, with nails two inches long, would probably find them alone inefficient to hold even a hare. After every subterfuge of gluttony, the bull must be degraded into the ox, and the ram into the wether, by an unnatural and inhuman operation, that the flaccid fibre may offer a fainter resistance to rebellious nature. It is only by softening and disguising dead flesh by culinary preparation that it is rendered susceptible of mastication or digestion; and that the sight of its bloody juices and raw horror does not excite intolerable loathing and disgust. Let the advocate of animal food force himself to a decisive experiment on its fitness, and, as Plutarch recom-

mends, tear a living lamb with his teeth, and plunging his head into its vitals slake his thirst with the steaming blood; when fresh from the deed of horror, let him revert to the irresistible instincts of nature that would rise in judgement against it, and say, 'Nature formed me for such work as this.' Then, and then only, would he be consistent.

Man resembles no carnivorous animal. There is no exception, unless man be one, to the rule of herbivorous animals having cellulated colons.

The orang-outang perfectly resembles man both in the order and number of his teeth. The orang-outang is the most anthropomorphous of the ape tribe, all of which are strictly frugivorous. There is no other species of animals, which live on different food, in which this analogy exists¹. In many frugivorous animals, the canine teeth are more pointed and distinct than those of man. The resemblance also of the human stomach to that of the orang-outang is greater than to that of any other animal.

The intestines are also identical with those of herbivorous animals, which present a larger surface for absorption and have ample and cellulated colons. The caecum also, though short, is larger than that of carnivorous animals; and even here the orang-outang retains its accustomed similarity.

The structure of the human frame, then, is that of one fitted to a pure vegetable diet, in every essential particular. It is true that the reluctance to abstain from animal food, in those who have been long accustomed to its stimulus, is so great in some persons of weak minds as to be scarcely over-

¹ Cuvier, *Leçons d'Anat. Comp.* tom. iii, pp. 169, 373, 448, 465, 480. Rees's *Cyclopaedia*, art. Man.

come ; but this is far from bringing any argument in its favour. A lamb, which was fed for some time on flesh by a ship's crew, refused its natural diet at the end of the voyage. There are numerous instances of horses, sheep, oxen, and even wood-pigeons, having been taught to live upon flesh, until they have loathed their natural aliment. Young children evidently prefer pastry, oranges, apples, and other fruit, to the flesh of animals ; until, by the gradual depravation of the digestive organs, the free use of vegetables has for a time produced serious inconveniences ; *for a time*, I say, since there never was an instance wherein a change from spirituous liquors and animal food to vegetables and pure water has failed ultimately to invigorate the body, by rendering its juices bland and consentaneous, and to restore to the mind that cheerfulness and elasticity which not one in fifty possesses on the present system. A love of strong liquors is also with difficulty taught to infants. Almost every one remembers the wry faces which the first glass of port produced. Unsophisticated instinct is invariably unerring ; but to decide on the fitness of animal food from the perverted appetites which its constrained adoption produces, is to make the criminal a judge in his own cause : it is even worse, it is appealing to the infatuated drunkard in a question of the salubrity of brandy.

What is the cause of morbid action in the animal system ? Not the air we breathe, for our fellow-denizens of nature breathe the same uninjured ; not the water we drink (if remote from the pollutions of man and his inventions¹), for the animals drink it

too ; not the earth we tread upon ; not the unobscured sight of glorious nature, in the wood, the field, or the expanse of sky and ocean ; nothing that we are or do in common with the undiseased inhabitants of the forest. Something, then, wherein we differ from them : our habit of altering our food by fire, so that our appetite is no longer a just criterion for the fitness of its gratification. Except in children, there remain no traces of that instinct which determines, in all other animals, what aliment is natural or otherwise ; and so perfectly obliterated are they in the reasoning adults of our species, that it has become necessary to urge considerations drawn from comparative anatomy to prove that we are naturally frugivorous.

Crime is madness. Madness is disease. Whenever the cause of disease shall be discovered, the root, from which all vice and misery have so long overshadowed the globe, will lie bare to the axe. All the exertions of man, from that moment, may be considered as tending to the clear profit of his species. No sane mind in a sane body resolves upon a real crime. It is a man of violent passions, bloodshot eyes, and swollen veins, that alone can grasp the knife of murder. The system of a simple diet promises no Utopian advantages. It is no mere reform of legislation, whilst the furious passions and evil propensities of the human heart, in which it had its origin, are still unassuaged. It strikes at the root of all evil, and is an ex-

¹ The necessity of resorting to some means of purifying water, and the

disease which arises from its adulteration in civilized countries, is sufficiently apparent. See Dr. Lambe's *Reports on Cancer*. I do not assert that the use of water is in itself unnatural, but that the unperverted palate would swallow no liquid capable of occasioning disease.

periment which may be tried with success, not alone by nations, but by small societies, families, and even individuals. In no cases has a return to vegetable diet produced the slightest injury; in most it has been attended with changes undeniably beneficial. Should ever a physician be born with the genius of Locke, I am persuaded that he might trace all bodily and mental derangements to our unnatural habits, as clearly as that philosopher has traced all knowledge to sensation. What prolific sources of disease are not those mineral and vegetable poisons that have been introduced for its extirpation! How many thousands have become murderers and robbers, bigots and domestic tyrants, dissolute and abandoned adventurers, from the use of fermented liquors; who, had they slaked their thirst only with pure water, would have lived but to diffuse the happiness of their own unperverted feelings! How many groundless opinions and absurd institutions have not received a general sanction from the sottishness and intemperance of individuals! Who will assert that, had the populace of Paris satisfied their hunger at the ever-furnished table of vegetable nature, they would have lent their brutal suffrage to the proscription-list of Robespierre? Could a set of men, whose passions were not perverted by unnatural stimuli, look with coolness on an *auto da fé*? Is it to be believed that a being of gentle feelings, rising from his meal of roots, would take delight in sports of blood? Was Nero a man of temperate life? could you read calm health in his cheek, flushed with ungovernable propensities of hatred for the human race? Did Muley Ismael's pulse beat evenly, was his skin transparent, did his eyes beam with healthfulness, and its invariable concomitants, cheerful-

ness and benignity? Though history has decided none of these questions, a child could not hesitate to answer in the negative. Surely the bile-suffused cheek of Buonaparte, his wrinkled brow, and yellow eye, the ceaseless inquietude of his nervous system, speak no less plainly the character of his unresting ambition than his murders and his victories. It is impossible, had Buonaparte descended from a race of vegetable feeders, that he could have had either the inclination or the power to ascend the throne of the Bourbons. The desire of tyranny could scarcely be excited in the individual, the power to tyrannize would certainly not be delegated by a society neither frenzied by inebriation nor rendered impotent and irrational by disease. Pregnant indeed with inexhaustible calamity is the renunciation of instinct, as it concerns our physical nature; arithmetic cannot enumerate, nor reason perhaps suspect, the multitudinous sources of disease in civilized life. Even common water, that apparently innocuous pabulum, when corrupted by the filth of populous cities, is a deadly and insidious destroyer¹. Who can wonder that all the inducements held out by God Himself in the Bible to virtue should have been vainer than a nurse's tale; and that those dogmas, by which He has there excited and justified the most ferocious propensities, should have alone been deemed essential; whilst Christians are in the daily practice of all those habits which have infected with disease and crime, not only the reprobate sons, but these favoured children of the common Father's love? Omnipotence itself could not save them from the consequences of this original and universal sin.

¹ Lambe's Reports on Cancer.

There is no disease, bodily or mental, which adoption of vegetable diet and pure water has not infallibly mitigated, wherever the experiment has been fairly tried. Debility is gradually converted into strength; disease into healthfulness; madness, in all its hideous variety, from the ravings of the fettered maniac to the unaccountable irrationalities of ill-temper, that make a hell of domestic life, into a calm and considerate evenness of temper, that alone might offer a certain pledge of the future moral reformation of society. On a natural system of diet, old age would be our last and our only malady; the term of our existence would be protracted; we should enjoy life, and no longer preclude others from the enjoyment of it; all sensational delights would be infinitely more exquisite and perfect; the very sense of being would then be a continued pleasure, such as we now feel it in some few and favoured moments of our youth. By all that is sacred in our hopes for the human race, I conjure those who love happiness and truth to give a fair trial to the vegetable system. Reasoning is surely superfluous on a subject whose merits an experience of six months would set for ever at rest. But it is only among the enlightened and benevolent that so great a sacrifice of appetite and prejudice can be expected, even though its ultimate excellence should not admit of dispute. It is found easier, by the short-sighted victims of disease, to palliate their torments by medicine than to prevent them by regimen. The vulgar of all ranks are invariably sensual and indocile; yet I cannot but feel myself persuaded that when the benefits of vegetable diet are mathematically proved, when it is as clear that those who live naturally are exempt from

premature death as that nine is not one, the most sottish of mankind will feel a preference towards a long and tranquil, contrasted with a short and painful, life. On the average, out of sixty persons four die in three years. Hopes are entertained that, in April, 1814, a statement will be given that sixty persons, all having lived more than three years on vegetables and pure water, are then *in perfect health*. More than two years have now elapsed; *not one of them has died*; no such example will be found in any sixty persons taken at random. Seventeen persons of all ages (the families of Dr. Lambe and Mr. Newton) have lived for seven years on this diet without a death, and almost without the slightest illness. Surely, when we consider that some of these were infants, and one a martyr to asthma now nearly subdued, we may challenge any seventeen persons taken at random in this city to exhibit a parallel case. Those who may have been excited to question the rectitude of established habits of diet by these loose remarks, should consult Mr. Newton's luminous and eloquent essay¹.

When these proofs come fairly before the world, and are clearly seen by all who understand arithmetic, it is scarcely possible that abstinence from aliments demonstrably pernicious should not become universal. In proportion to the number of proselytes, so will be the weight of evidence; and when a thousand persons can be produced, living on vegetables and distilled water, who have to dread no disease but old age, the world will be compelled to regard animal flesh and fermented liquors as slow but certain poisons. The change which would be produced

¹ *Return to Nature, or Defence of Vegetable Regimen.* Cadell, 1811.

by simpler habits on political economy is sufficiently remarkable. The monopolizing eater of animal flesh would no longer destroy his constitution by devouring an acre at a meal, and many loaves of bread would cease to contribute to gout, madness and apoplexy, in the shape of a pint of porter, or a dram of gin, when appeasing the long-protracted famine of the hard-working peasant's hungry babes. The quantity of nutritious vegetable matter, consumed in fattening the carcase of an ox, would afford ten times the sustenance, undepraving indeed, and incapable of generating disease, if gathered immediately from the bosom of the earth. The most fertile districts of the habitable globe are now actually cultivated by men for animals, at a delay and waste of aliment absolutely incapable of calculation. It is only the wealthy that can, to any great degree, even now, indulge the unnatural craving for dead flesh, and they pay for the greater licence of the privilege by subjection to super-numerary diseases. Again, the spirit of the nation that should take the lead in this great reform would insensibly become agricultural; commerce, with all its vice, selfishness, and corruption, would gradually decline; more natural habits would produce gentler manners, and the excessive complication of political relations would be so far simplified that every individual might feel and understand why he loved his country, and took a personal interest in its welfare. How would England, for example, depend on the caprices of foreign rulers if she contained within herself all the necessaries, and despised whatever they possessed of the luxuries, of life? How could they starve her into compliance with their views? Of what consequence would it be that they refused to take her

woollen manufactures, when large and fertile tracts of the island ceased to be allotted to the waste of pasturage? On a natural system of diet we should require no spices from India; no wines from Portugal, Spain, France, or Madeira; none of those multitudinous articles of luxury, for which every corner of the globe is rifled, and which are the causes of so much individual rivalship, such calamitous and sanguinary national disputes. In the history of modern times, the avarice of commercial monopoly, no less than the ambition of weak and wicked chiefs, seems to have fomented the universal discord, to have added stubbornness to the mistakes of cabinets, and indocility to the infatuation of the people. Let it ever be remembered that it is the direct influence of commerce to make the interval between the richest and the poorest man wider and more unconquerable. Let it be remembered that it is a foe to everything of real worth and excellence in the human character. The odious and disgusting aristocracy of wealth is built upon the ruins of all that is good in chivalry or republicanism; and luxury is the forerunner of a barbarism scarce capable of cure. Is it impossible to realize a state of society, where all the energies of man shall be directed to the production of his solid happiness? Certainly, if this advantage (the object of all political speculation) be in any degree attainable, it is attainable only by a community which holds out no factitious incentives to the avarice and ambition of the few, and which is internally organized for the liberty, security, and comfort of the many. None must be entrusted with power (and money is the completest species of power) who do not stand pledged to use it exclusively for the general benefit. But the use of animal

flesh and fermented liquors directly militates with this equality of the rights of man. The peasant cannot gratify these fashionable cravings without leaving his family to starve. Without disease and war, those sweeping curtailers of population, pasturage would include a waste too great to be afforded. The labour requisite to support a family is far lighter¹ than is usually supposed. The peasantry work, not only for themselves, but for the aristocracy, the army, and the manufacturers.

The advantage of a reform in diet is obviously greater than that of any other. It strikes at the root of the evil. To remedy the abuses of legislation, before we annihilate the propensities by which they are produced, is to suppose that by taking away the effect the cause will cease to operate. But the efficacy of this system depends entirely on the proselytism of individuals, and grounds its merits, as a benefit to the community, upon the total change of the dietetic habits in its members. It proceeds securely from a number of particular cases to one that is universal, and has this advantage over the contrary mode, that one error does not invalidate all that has gone before.

Let not too much, however, be

¹ It has come under the author's experience that some of the workmen on an embankment in North Wales, who, in consequence of the inability of the proprietor to pay them, seldom received their wages, have supported large families by cultivating small spots of sterile ground by moonlight. In the notes to Pratt's poem, *Bread, or the Poor*, is an account of an industrious labourer who, by working in a small garden, before and after his day's task, attained to an enviable state of independence.

expected from this system. The healthiest among us is not exempt from hereditary disease. The most symmetrical, athletic, and longlived is a being inexpressibly inferior to what he would have been, had not the unnatural habits of his ancestors accumulated for him a certain portion of malady and deformity. In the most perfect specimen of civilized man, something is still found wanting by the physiological critic. Can a return to nature, then, instantaneously eradicate predispositions that have been slowly taking root in the silence of innumerable ages?—Indubitably not. All that I contend for is, that from the moment of the relinquishing all unnatural habits no new disease is generated; and that the predisposition to hereditary maladies gradually perishes, for want of its accustomed supply. In cases of consumption, cancer, gout, asthma, and scrofula, such is the invariable tendency of a diet of vegetables and pure water.

Those who may be induced by these remarks to give the vegetable system a fair trial, should, in the first place, date the commencement of their practice from the moment of their conviction. All depends upon breaking through a pernicious habit resolutely and at once. Dr. Trotter² asserts that no drunkard was ever reformed by gradually relinquishing his dram. Animal flesh, in its effects on the human stomach, is analogous to a dram. It is similar in the kind, though differing in the degree, of its operation. The proselyte to a pure diet must be warned to expect a temporary diminution of muscular strength. The subtraction of a powerful stimulus will suffice to account for

² See Trotter on the Nervous Temperament.

this event. But it is only temporary, and is succeeded by an equable capability for exertion, far surpassing his former various and fluctuating strength. Above all, he will acquire an easiness of breathing, by which such exertion is performed, with a remarkable exemption from that painful and difficult panting now felt by almost every one after hastily climbing an ordinary mountain. He will be equally capable of bodily exertion, or mental application, after as before his simple meal. He will feel none of the narcotic effects of ordinary diet. Irritability, the direct consequence of exhausting stimuli, would yield to the power of natural and tranquil impulses. He will no longer pine under the lethargy of ennui, that unconquerable weariness of life, more to be dreaded than death itself. He will escape the epidemic madness, which broods over its own injurious notions of the Deity, and 'realizes the hell that priests and beldams feign.' Every man forms, as it were, his god from his own character; to the divinity of one of simple habits no offering would be more acceptable than the happiness of his creatures. He would be incapable of hating or persecuting others for the love of God. He will find, moreover, a system of simple diet to be a system of perfect epicurism. He will no longer be incessantly occupied in blunting and destroying those organs from which he expects his gratification. The pleasures of taste to be derived from a dinner of potatoes, beans, peas, turnips, lettuces, with a dessert of apples, gooseberries, strawberries, currants, raspberries, and in winter, oranges, apples and pears, is far greater than is supposed. Those who wait until they can eat this plain fare with the sauce of appetite will scarcely join with the hypocritical sensualist

at a lord-mayor's feast, who declaims against the pleasures of the table. Solomon kept a thousand concubines, and owned in despair that all was vanity. The man whose happiness is constituted by the society of one amiable woman would find some difficulty in sympathizing with the disappointment of this venerable debauchee.

I address myself not only to the young enthusiast, the ardent devotee of truth and virtue, the pure and passionate moralist, yet unvitiated by the contagion of the world. He will embrace a pure system, from its abstract truth, its beauty, its simplicity, and its promise of wide-extended benefit; unless custom has turned poison into food, he will hate the brutal pleasures of the chase by instinct; it will be a contemplation full of horror, and disappointment to his mind, that beings capable of the gentlest and most admirable sympathies should take delight in the death-pangs and last convulsions of dying animals. The elderly man, whose youth has been poisoned by intemperance, or who has lived with apparent moderation, and is afflicted with a variety of painful maladies, would find his account in a beneficial change produced without the risk of poisonous medicines. The mother, to whom the perpetual restlessness of disease and unaccountable deaths incident to her children are the causes of incurable unhappiness, would on this diet experience the satisfaction of beholding their perpetual healths and natural playfulness¹. The most valu-

¹ See Mr. Newton's book. His children are the most beautiful and healthy creatures it is possible to conceive; the girls are perfect models for a sculptor; their dispositions are also the most gentle and conciliating; the judicious

able lives are daily destroyed by diseases that it is dangerous to palliate and impossible to cure by medicine. How much longer will man continue to pimp for the gluttony of Death, his most insidious, implacable, and eternal foe?

Ἄλλὰ δράκοντας ἀγρίους καλεῖτε καὶ παρδάλεις καὶ λέοντας, αὐτοὶ δὲ μαιφονεῖτε εἰς ὠμότητα καταλιπόντες ἐκείνοις οὐδέν· ἐκείνοις μὲν γὰρ ὁ φόνος τροφή, ὑμῖν δὲ ὄψον ἐστίν. . . . "Ὅτι γὰρ οὐκ ἔστιν ἀνθρώπῳ κατὰ φύσιν τὸ σαρκοφαγεῖν, πρῶτον μὲν ἀπὸ τῶν σωμάτων δηλοῦται τῆς κατασκευῆς. Οὐδενὶ γὰρ ἔοικε τὸ ἀνθρώπου σῶμα τῶν ἐπὶ σάρκοφαγία γεγονότων, οὐ γρυπότης χεῖλους, οὐκ ὀξύτης ὄνυχος, οὐ τραχύτης ἰδόντος πρόσεστιν, οὐ κοιλίας ἐντομία καὶ πνεύματος θερμότης, τρέψαι καὶ κατεργάσασθαι δυνατὴ τὸ βαρὺ καὶ κρεῶδες· ἀλλ' αὐτόθεν ἡ φύσις τῆς λειότητι τῶν ὀδόντων καὶ τῆς σμικρότητι τοῦ στόματος καὶ τῆς μαλακότητι τῆς γλώσσης καὶ τῆς πρὸς πέψιν ἀμβλύτητι τοῦ πνεύματος, ἐξόμνυται τὴν σαρκοφαγίαν. Εἰ δὲ λέγεις πεφυκέναι σεαυτὸν ἐπὶ τοιαύτην ἐδωδήν, ὃ βούλει φαγεῖν πρῶτον αὐτὸς ἀπόκτεινον, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς διὰ σεαυτοῦ, μὴ χρησάμενος κοπίδι μηδὲ τυμπάνῳ τινὶ μηδὲ πελέκει· ἀλλὰ, ὡς λύκοι καὶ ἄρκτοι καὶ λέοντες αὐτοὶ ὅσα ἐσθίουσι φονεύουσιν, ἀνελε δὴγματι βοῦν ἢ στόματι

treatment, which they experience in other points, may be a correlative cause of this. In the first five years of their life, of 18,000 children that are born, 7,500 die of various diseases; and how many more of those that survive are not rendered miserable by maladies not immediately mortal? The quality and quantity of a woman's milk are materially injured by the use of dead flesh. In an island near Iceland, where no vegetables are to be got, the children invariably die of tetanus before they are three weeks old, and the population is supplied from the mainland.—Sir G. Mackenzie's *Hist. of Iceland*. See also *Émile*, chap. i, pp. 53, 54, 56.

σῦν, ἢ ἄρνα ἢ λαγῶν διάρρηξον καὶ φάγε προσπεσὼν ἔτι ζῶντος, ὡς ἐκεῖνα. . . . Ἡμεῖς δ' οὕτως ἐν τῷ μαιφόνῳ τρυφῶμεν, ὥστ' ὄψον τὸ κρέας προσαγορεύομεν, εἴτ' ὄψων πρὸς αὐτὸ τὸ κρέας δεόμεθα, ἀναμιγνύντες ἔλαιον οἶνον μέλι γάρον ὄξος ἠδύσμασι Συριακοῖς Ἀραβικοῖς, ὥσπερ ὄντως νεκρὸν ἐνταφιάζοντες. Καὶ γὰρ οὕτως αὐτῶν διαλυθέντων καὶ μαλαχθέντων καὶ τρόπον τινὰ προσαπέντων ἔργον ἐστὶ τὴν πέψιν κρατῆσαι, καὶ διακρατηθείσης δὲ δεινὰς βαρύτητας ἐμποιεῖ καὶ νοσώδεις ἀπεψίας. . . . Οὕτω τὸ πρῶτον ἄγριον τι ζῶν ἐβρώθη καὶ κακοῦργον, εἴτ' ὄρνις τις ἢ ἰχθύς εἰλκυστο· καγευσάμενον οὕτω καὶ προμελετήσαν ἐν ἐκείνοις τὸ φονικὸν ἐπὶ βοῦν ἐργάτην ἦλθε καὶ τὸ κόσμιον πρόβατον καὶ τὸν οἰκουρὸν ἀλεκτρυόνα· καὶ κατὰ μικρὸν οὕτω τὴν ἀπληστίαν στομώσαντες ἐπὶ σφαγὰς ἀνθρώπων καὶ πολέμου καὶ φόρους προῆλθον.—Πλούτ. περὶ τῆς Σαρκοφαγίας.

NOTE ON QUEEN MAB, BY MRS. SHELLEY

SHELLEY was eighteen when he wrote *Queen Mab*; he never published it. When it was written, he had come to the decision that he was too young to be a 'judge of controversies'; and he was desirous of acquiring 'that sobriety of spirit which is the characteristic of true heroism.' But he never doubted the truth or utility of his opinions; and, in printing and privately distributing *Queen Mab*, he believed that he should further their dissemination, without occasioning the mischief either to others or himself that might arise from publication. It is doubtful whether he would himself have admitted it into a collection of his works. His severe classical taste, refined by the constant study of the Greek poets, might have discovered defects that escape the ordinary reader; and the change his opinions underwent in many

points would have prevented him from putting forth the speculations of his boyish days. But the poem is too beautiful in itself, and far too remarkable as the production of a boy of eighteen, to allow of its being passed over: besides that, having been frequently reprinted, the omission would be vain. In the former edition certain portions were left out, as shocking the general reader from the violence of their attack on religion. I myself had a painful feeling that such erasures might be looked upon as a mark of disrespect towards the author, and am glad to have the opportunity of restoring them. The notes also are reprinted entire—not because they are models of reasoning or lessons of truth, but because Shelley wrote them, and that all that a man at once so distinguished and so excellent ever did deserves to be preserved. The alterations his opinions underwent ought to be recorded, for they form his history.

A series of articles was published in the *New Monthly Magazine* during the autumn of the year 1832, written by a man of great talent, a fellow-collegian and warm friend of Shelley: they describe admirably the state of his mind during his collegiate life. Inspired with ardour for the acquisition of knowledge, endowed with the keenest sensibility and with the fortitude of a martyr, Shelley came among his fellow-creatures, congregated for the purposes of education, like a spirit from another sphere; too delicately organized for the rough treatment man uses towards man, especially in the season of youth, and too resolute in carrying out his own sense of good and justice, not to become a victim. To a devoted attachment to those he loved he added a determined resistance to oppression.

Refusing to fag at Eton, he was treated with revolting cruelty by masters and boys: this roused instead of taming his spirit, and he rejected the duty of obedience when it was enforced by menaces and punishment. To aversion to the society of his fellow-creatures, such as he found them when collected together in societies, where one egged-on the other to acts of tyranny, was joined the deepest sympathy and compassion; while the attachment he felt for individuals, and the admiration with which he regarded their powers and their virtues, led him to entertain a high opinion of the perfectibility of human nature; and he believed that all could reach the highest grade of moral improvement, did not the customs and prejudices of society foster evil passions and excuse evil actions.

The oppression which, trembling at every nerve yet resolute to heroism, it was his ill-fortune to encounter at school and at college, led him to dissent in all things from those whose arguments were blows, whose faith appeared to engender blame and hatred. 'During my existence,' he wrote to a friend in 1812, 'I have incessantly speculated, thought, and read.' His readings were not always well chosen; among them were the works of the French philosophers: as far as metaphysical argument went, he temporarily became a convert. At the same time, it was the cardinal article of his faith that, if men were but taught and induced to treat their fellows with love, charity, and equal rights, this earth would realize paradise. He looked upon religion, as it is professed, and above all practised, as hostile instead of friendly to the cultivation of those virtues which would make men brothers.

Can this be wondered at? At the age of seventeen, fragile in health and

frame, of the purest habits in morals, full of devoted generosity and universal kindness, glowing with ardour to attain wisdom, resolved at every personal sacrifice to do right, burning with a desire for affection and sympathy,—he was treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal.

The cause was that he was sincere; that he believed the opinions which he entertained to be true. And he loved truth with a martyr's love; he was ready to sacrifice station and fortune, and his dearest affections, at its shrine. The sacrifice was demanded from, and made by, a youth of seventeen. It is a singular fact in the history of society in the civilized nations of modern times that no false step is so irretrievable as one made in early youth. Older men, it is true, when they oppose their fellows and transgress ordinary rules, carry a certain prudence or hypocrisy as a shield along with them. But youth is rash; nor can it imagine, while asserting what it believes to be true, and doing what it believes to be right, that it should be denounced as vicious, and pursued as a criminal.

Shelley possessed a quality of mind which experience has shown me to be of the rarest occurrence among human beings: this was his *unworldliness*. The usual motives that rule men, prospects of present or future advantage, the rank and fortune of those around, the taunts and censures, or the praise, of those who were hostile to him, had no influence whatever over his actions, and apparently none over his thoughts. It is difficult even to express the simplicity and directness of purpose that adorned him. Some few might be found in the history of mankind, and some one at least among his own friends, equally disinterested and scornful, even to severe personal sacrifices, of every baser motive. But

no one, I believe, ever joined this noble but passive virtue to equal active endeavours for the benefit of his friends and mankind in general, and to equal power to produce the advantages he desired. The world's brightest gauds and its most solid advantages were of no worth in his eyes, when compared to the cause of what he considered truth, and the good of his fellow-creatures. Born in a position which, to his inexperienced mind, afforded the greatest facilities to practise the tenets he espoused, he boldly declared the use he would make of fortune and station, and enjoyed the belief that he should materially benefit his fellow-creatures by his actions; while, conscious of surpassing powers of reason and imagination, it is not strange that he should, even while so young, have believed that his written thoughts would tend to disseminate opinions which he believed conducive to the happiness of the human race.

If man were a creature devoid of passion, he might have said and done all this with quietness. But he was too enthusiastic, and too full of hatred of all the ills he witnessed, not to scorn danger. Various disappointments tortured, but could not tame, his soul. The more enmity he met, the more earnestly he became attached to his peculiar views, and hostile to those of the men who persecuted him.

He was animated to greater zeal by compassion for his fellow-creatures. His sympathy was excited by the misery with which the world is burning. He witnessed the sufferings of the poor, and was aware of the evils of ignorance. He desired to induce every rich man to despoil himself of superfluity, and to create a brotherhood of property and service, and was ready to be the first to lay down the advantages of his birth. He was of

too uncompromising a disposition to join any party. He did not in his youth look forward to gradual improvement: nay, in those days of intolerance, now almost forgotten, it seemed as easy to look forward to the sort of millennium of freedom and brotherhood which he thought the proper state of mankind as to the present reign of moderation and improvement. Ill-health made him believe that his race would soon be run; that a year or two was all he had of life. He desired that these years should be useful and illustrious. He saw, in a fervent call on his fellow-creatures to share alike the blessings of the creation, to love and serve each other, the noblest work that life and time permitted him. In this spirit he composed *Queen Mab*.

He was a lover of the wonderful and wild in literature, but had not fostered these tastes at their genuine sources—the romances and chivalry of the middle ages—but in the perusal of such German works as were current in those days. Under the influence of these he, at the age of fifteen, wrote two short prose romances of slender merit. The sentiments and language were exaggerated, the composition imitative and poor. He wrote also a poem on the subject of Ahasuerus—being led to it by a German fragment he picked up, dirty and torn, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This fell afterwards into other hands, and was considerably altered before it was printed. Our earlier English poetry was almost unknown to him. The love and knowledge of Nature developed by Wordsworth—the lofty melody and mysterious beauty of Coleridge's poetry—and the wild fantastic machinery and gorgeous scenery adopted by Southey—composed his favourite reading; the rhythm of *Queen Mab* was founded on that of *Thalaba*, and the first few lines bear a striking resemblance in spirit,

though not in idea, to the opening of that poem. His fertile imagination, and ear tuned to the finest sense of harmony, preserved him from imitation. Another of his favourite books was the poem of *Gebir* by Walter Savage Landor. From his boyhood he had a wonderful facility of versification, which he carried into another language; and his Latin school-verses were composed with an ease and correctness that procured for him prizes, and caused him to be resorted to by all his friends for help. He was, at the period of writing *Queen Mab*, a great traveller within the limits of England, Scotland, and Ireland. His time was spent among the loveliest scenes of these countries. Mountain and lake and forest were his home; the phenomena of Nature were his favourite study. He loved to inquire into their causes, and was addicted to pursuits of natural philosophy and chemistry, as far as they could be carried on as an amusement. These tastes gave truth and vivacity to his descriptions, and warmed his soul with that deep admiration for the wonders of Nature which constant association with her inspired.

He never intended to publish *Queen Mab* as it stands; but a few years after, when printing *Alastor*, he extracted a small portion which he entitled *The Daemon of the World*. In this he changed somewhat the versification, and made other alterations scarcely to be called improvements.

Some years after, when in Italy, a bookseller published an edition of *Queen Mab* as it originally stood. Shelley was hastily written to by his friends, under the idea that, deeply injurious as the mere distribution of the poem had proved, the publication might awaken fresh persecutions. At the suggestion of these friends he wrote a letter on the subject, printed in the *Examiner*

newspaper—with which I close this history of his earliest work.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'EXAMINER.'

'SIR,

'Having heard that a poem entitled *Queen Mab* has been surreptitiously published in London, and that legal proceedings have been instituted against the publisher, I request the favour of your insertion of the following explanation of the affair, as it relates to me.

'A poem entitled *Queen Mab* was written by me at the age of eighteen, I daresay in a sufficiently intemperate spirit—but even then was not intended for publication, and a few copies only were struck off, to be distributed among my personal friends. I have not seen this production for several years. I doubt not but that it is perfectly worthless in point of literary composition; and that, in all that concerns moral and political speculation, as well as in the subtler discriminations of metaphysical and religious doctrine, it is still more crude and immature. I am a devoted enemy to religious, political,

and domestic oppression; and I regret this publication, not so much from literary vanity, as because I fear it is better fitted to injure than to serve the sacred cause of freedom. I have directed my solicitor to apply to Chancery for an injunction to restrain the sale; but, after the precedent of Mr. Southey's *Wat Tyler* (a poem written, I believe, at the same age, and with the same unreflecting enthusiasm), with little hope of success.

'Whilst I exonerate myself from all share in having divulged opinions hostile to existing sanctions, under the form, whatever it may be, which they assume in this poem, it is scarcely necessary for me to protest against the system of inculcating the truth of Christianity or the excellence of Monarchy, however true or however excellent they may be, by such equivocal arguments as confiscation and imprisonment, and invective and slander, and the insolent violation of the most sacred ties of Nature and society.

'SIR,

'I am your obliged and obedient servant,

'PERCY B. SHELLEY.

'Pisa, June 22, 1821.'

[Of the following pieces the *Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire*, the Poems from *St. Irvyne, or The Rosicrucian*, *The Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson* and *The Devil's Walk*, were published by Shelley himself; the others by Medwin, Rossetti, Forman and Dowden, as indicated in the several prefatory notes.]

VERSES ON A CAT

[Published by Hogg, *Life of Shelley*, 1858; dated 1800.]

I

A CAT in distress,
Nothing more, nor less;
Good folks, I must faithfully tell ye,
As I am a sinner,
It waits for some dinner
To stuff out its own little belly.

5

II

You would not easily guess
All the modes of distress
Which torture the tenants of earth;
And the various evils, 10
Which like so many devils,
Attend the poor souls from their birth.

III

Some a living require,
And others desire

An old fellow out of the way ; 15
 And which is the best
 I leave to be guessed,
 For I cannot pretend to say.

IV
 One wants society,
 Another variety,
 Others a tranquil life;
 Some want food,
 Others, as good,
 Only want a wife.

V
 But this poor little cat 25
 Only wanted a rat,
 To stuff out its own little maw;
 And it were as good
Some people had such food,
 To make them *hold their jaw!* 30

FRAGMENT: OMENS

[Published by Medwin, *Shelley Papers*,
 1833; dated 1807.]

HARK! the owlet flaps his wings
 In the pathless dell beneath;
 Hark! 'tis the night-raven sings
 Tidings of approaching death.

EPITAPHIUM

[LATIN VERSION OF THE EPITAPH IN
 GRAY'S ELEGY.]

[Published by Medwin, *Life of Shelley*,
 1847; dated 1808-9.]

I
 Hic sinu fessum caput hospitali
 Cespitis dormit juvenis, nec illi
 Fata ridebant, popularis ille
 Nescius auræ.

II
 Musa non vultu genus arroganti
 Rustica natum grege despicata,
 Et suum tristis puerum notavit
 Sollicitudo.

III
 Indoles illi bene larga, pectus
 Veritas sedem sibi vindicavit, 10
 Et pari tantis meritis beavit
 Munere coelum.

IV
 Omne quod moestis habuit miserto
 Corde largivit lacrimam, recepit
 Omne quod coelo voluit, fidelis 15
 Pectus amici.

V
 Longius sed tu fuge curiosus
 Caeteras laudes fuge suspicari,
 Caeteras culpas fuge velle tractas
 Sede tremenda. 20

VI
 Spe tremescentes recubant in illa
 Sede virtutes pariterque culpae,
 In sui Patris gremio, tremenda
 Sede Deique.

IN HOROLOGIUM

[Published by Medwin, *Life of Shelley*,
 1847; dated 1809.]

INTER marmoreas Leonoræ pendula
 colles
 Fortunata nimis Machina dicit horas.
 Quas *manibus* premit illa duas insensa
 papillas
 Cur mihi sit *digito* tangere, amata,
 nefas?

A DIALOGUE

[Published (without title) by Hogg,
Life of Shelley, 1858; dated 1809. In-
 cluded in the Esdaile MS. Book.]

Death.
 FOR my dagger is bathed in the blood
 of the brave,
 I come, care-worn tenant of life, from
 the grave,
 5 Where Innocence sleeps 'neath the
 peace-giving sod,
 And the good cease to tremble at
 Tyranny's nod;

I offer a calm habitation to thee,— 5
Say, victim of grief, wilt thou slumber
with me?

My mansion is damp, cold silence is
there,
But it lulls in oblivion the fiends of
despair;
Not a groan of regret, not a sigh, not a
breath,
Dares dispute with grim Silence the
empire of Death. 10

I offer a calm habitation to thee,—
Say, victim of grief, wilt thou slumber
with me?

Mortal.

Mine eyelids are heavy; my soul seeks
repose,
It longs in thy cells to embosom its woes,
It longs in thy cells to deposit its
load, 15
Where no longer the scorpions of Per-
fidy goad,—
Where the phantoms of Prejudice
vanish away,
And Bigotry's bloodhounds lose scent
of their prey.
Yet tell me, dark Death, when thine
empire is o'er,
What awaits on Futurity's mist-covered
shore? 20

Death.

Cease, cease, wayward Mortal! I dare
not unveil
The shadows that float o'er Eternity's
vale;
Nought waits for the good but a spirit
of Love,
That will hail their blest advent to
regions above.
For Love, Mortal, gleams through the
gloom of my sway, 25
And the shades which surround me fly
fast at its ray.
Hast thou loved?—Then depart from
these regions of hate,
And in slumber with me blunt the
arrows of fate.

I offer a calm habitation to thee,—
Say, victim of grief, wilt thou slumber
with me? 30

Mortal.

Oh! sweet is thy slumber! oh! sweet
is the ray
Which after thy night introduces the
day;
How concealed, how persuasive, self-
interest's breath,
Though it floats to mine ear from the
bosom of Death!
I hoped that I quite was forgotten by
all, 35
Yet a lingering friend might be grieved
at my fall,
And duty forbids, though I languish to
die,
When departure might heave Virtue's
breast with a sigh.
O Death! O my friend! snatch this
form to thy shrine,
And I fear, dear destroyer, I shall not
repine. 40

TO THE MOONBEAM

[Published by Hogg, *Life of Shelley*,
1858; dated 1809. Included in the
Esdaile MS. Book.]

I

MOONBEAM, leave the shadowy vale,
To bathe this burning brow.
Moonbeam, why art thou so pale,
As thou walkest o'er the dewy dale,
Where humble wild-flowers grow?
Is it to mimic me? 6
But that can never be;
For thine orb is bright,
And the clouds are light,
That at intervals shadow the star-
studded night. 10

II

Now all is deathly still on earth;
Nature's tired frame reposes;
And, ere the golden morning's birth

Its radiant hues discloses,
 Flies forth its balmy breath.
 But mine is the midnight of
 Death, 16
 And Nature's morn
 To my bosom forlorn
 Brings but a gloomier night, implants
 a deadlier thorn.

III

Wretch! Suppress the glare of mad-
 ness 20
 Struggling in thine haggard eye,
 For the keenest throb of sadness,
 Pale Despair's most sickening sigh,
 Is but to mimic me;
 And this must ever be, 25
 When the twilight of care,
 And the night of despair,
 Seem in my breast but joys to the pangs
 that rankle there.

THE SOLITARY

[Published by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870; dated 1810. Included in the Esdaile MS. Book.]

I

DAR'ST thou amid the varied multitude
 To live alone, an isolated thing?
 To see the busy beings round thee
 spring,
 And care for none; in thy calm solitude,
 A flower that scarce breathes in the
 desert rude 5
 To Zephyr's passing wing?

II

Not the swart Pariah in some Indian
 grove,
 Lone, lean, and hunted by his
 brother's hate,
 Hath drunk so deep the cup of bitter
 fate
 As that poor wretch who cannot,
 cannot love: 10
 He bears a load which nothing can
 remove,
 A killing, withering weight.

To the Moonbeam—28 rankle *Esdaile MS.*; wake 1858.
To Death—10 murderer *Esdaile MS.*; murders 1858.

III

He smiles—'tis sorrow's deadliest mock-
 ery;
 He speaks—the cold words flow not
 from his soul;
 He acts like others, drains the genial
 bowl,— 15
 Yet, yet he longs—although he fears—
 to die;
 He pants to reach what yet he seems to
 fly,
 Dull life's extremest goal.

TO DEATH

[Published (without title) by Hogg, *Life of Shelley*, 1858; dated 1810. Included (under the title, *To Death*) in the Esdaile MS. Book.]

DEATH! where is thy victory?
 To triumph whilst I die,
 To triumph whilst thine ebon wing
 Enfolds my shuddering soul?
 O Death! where is thy sting? 5
 Not when the tides of murder roll,
 When nations groan, that kings may
 bask in bliss,
 Death! canst thou boast a victory such
 as this—
 When in his hour of pomp and
 power
 His blow the mightiest murderer
 gave, 10
 Mid Nature's cries the sacrifice
 Of millions to glut the grave;
 When sunk the Tyrant Desolation's
 slave;
 Or Freedom's life-blood streamed upon
 thy shrine;
 Stern Tyrant, couldst thou boast a vic-
 tory such as mine? 15
 To know in dissolution's void
 That mortals' baubles sunk decay;
 That everything, but Love, destroyed
 Must perish with its kindred clay,—
 Perish Ambition's crown, 20
 Perish her sceptred sway;

From Death's pale front fades Pride's
fastidious frown.
In Death's damp vault the lurid fires
decay,
That Envy lights at heaven-born Vir-
tue's beam—
That all the cares subside, 25
Which lurk beneath the tide
Of life's unquiet stream;—
Yes! this is victory!
And on yon rock, whose dark form
glooms the sky,
To stretch these pale limbs, when the
soul is fled; 30
To baffle the lean passions of their prey,
To sleep within the palace of the dead!
Oh! not the King, around whose
dazzling throne
His countless courtiers mock the
words they say,
Triumphs amid the bud of glory blown,
As I in this cold bed, and faint expiring
groan! 36
Tremble, ye proud, whose grandeur
mocks the woe
Which props the column of unnatural
state!
You the plainings, faint and low,
From Misery's tortured soul that
flow, 40
Shall usher to your fate.
Tremble, ye conquerors, at whose fell
command
The war-fiend riots o'er a peaceful land!
You Desolation's gory throng
Shall bear from Victory along 45
To that mysterious strand.
.

LOVE'S ROSE

[Published (without title) by Hogg,
Life of Shelley, 1858; dated 1810. In-
cluded in the Esdaile MS. Book.]

I

HOPES, that swell in youthful breasts,
Live not through the waste of time!

Love's Rose—The title is Rossetti's, 1870. 2

Love's rose a host of thorns invests;
Cold, ungenial is the clime,
Where its honours blow. 5
Youth says, 'The purple flowers are
mine,'
Which die the while they glow.

II

Dear the boon to Fancy given,
Retracted whilst it's granted:
Sweet the rose which lives in Heaven, 10
Although on earth 'tis planted,
Where its honours blow,
While by earth's slaves the leaves are
riven
Which die the while they glow.

III

Age cannot Love destroy, 15
But perfidy can blast the flower,
Even when in most unwary hour
It blooms in Fancy's bower.
Age cannot Love destroy,
But perfidy can rend the shrine 20
In which its vermeil splendours shine.

EYES: A FRAGMENT

[Published by Rossetti, *Complete
P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870; dated 1810.
Included (four unpublished eight-line
stanzas) in the Esdaile MS. Book.]

How eloquent are eyes!
Not the rapt poet's frenzied lay
When the soul's wildest feelings stray
Can speak so well as they.
How eloquent are eyes! 5
Not music's most impassioned note
On which Love's warmest fervours float
Like them bids rapture rise.

Love, look thus again,—
That your look may light a waste of
years, 10
Darting the beam that conquers cares
Through the cold shower of tears.
Love, look thus again!

.
not through Esdaile MS.; they this, 1858,

ORIGINAL POETRY

BY VICTOR AND CAZIRE

[Published by Shelley, 1810. A Reprint, edited by Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., was issued by John Lane, in 1898. The punctuation of the original edition is here retained.]

A Person complained that whenever he began to write, he never could arrange his ideas in grammatical order. Which occasion suggested the idea of the following lines:

<p style="text-align: center;">I</p> <p>HERE I sit with my paper, my pen and my ink, First of this thing, and that thing, and t'other thing think; Then my thoughts come so pell-mell all into my mind, That the sense or the subject I never can find: This word is wrong placed,—no regard to the sense, 5 The present and future, instead of past tense, Then my grammar I want; O dear! what a bore, I think I shall never attempt to write more, With patience I then my thoughts must arraign, Have them all in due order like mutes in a train, 10 Like them too must wait in due patience and thought, Or else my fine works will all come to nought. My wit too's so copious, it flows like a river, But disperses its waters on black and white never; Like smoke it appears independent and free, 15 But ah luckless smoke! it all passes like thee— Then at length all my patience entirely lost, My paper and pens in the fire are tossed;</p>	<p>But come, try again—you must never despair, Our Murray's or Entick's are not all so rare, 20 Implore their assistance—they'll come to your aid, Perform all your business without being paid, They'll tell you the present tense, future and past, Which should come first, and which should come last, This Murray will do—then to Entick repair, 25 To find out the meaning of any word rare. This they friendly will tell, and ne'er make you blush, With a jeering look, taunt, or an O fie! tush! Then straight all your thoughts in black and white put, Not minding the if's, the be's, and the but, 30 Then read it all over, see how it will run, How answers the wit, the retort, and the pun, Your writings may then with old Socrates vie, May on the same shelf with Demo- sthenes lie, May as Junius be sharp, or as Plato be sage, 35 The pattern or satire to all of the age; But stop—a mad author I mean not to turn,</p>
---	--

Nor with thirst of applause does my
 heated brain burn,
 Sufficient that sense, wit, and grammar
 combined,
 My letters may make some slight food
 for the mind; 40
 That my thoughts to my friends I may
 freely impart,
 In all the warm language that flows
 from the heart,
 Hark! futurity calls! it loudly com-
 plains,
 It bids me step forward and just hold
 the reins,
 My excuse shall be humble, and faith-
 ful, and true, 45
 Such as I fear can be made but by
 few—
 Of writers this age has abundance and
 plenty,
 Three score and a thousand, two
 millions and twenty,
 Three score of them wits who all
 sharply vie,
 To try what odd creature they best
 can belie, 50
 A thousand are prudes who for *Charity*
 write,
 And fill up their sheets with spleen,
 envy, and spite[,]
 One million are bards, who to Heaven
 aspire,
 And stuff their works full of bombast,
 rant, and fire,
 T'other million are wags who in Grub-
 street attend, 55
 And just like a cobbler the old writings
 mend,
 The twenty are those who for pulpits
 indite,
 And pore over sermons all Saturday
 night.
 And now my good friends—who come
 after I mean,
 As I ne'er wore a cassock, or dined with
 a dean, 60
 Or like cobblers at mending I never did
 try,

Nor with poets in lyrics attempted to vie;
 As for prudes these good souls I both
 hate and detest,
 So here I believe the matter must
 rest.—
 I've heard your complaint—my an-
 swer I've made, 65
 And since to your calls all the tribute
 I've paid,
 Adieu my good friend; pray never
 despair,
 But grammar and sense and every-
 thing dare,
 Attempt but to write dashing, easy,
 and free,
 Then take out your grammar and pay
 him his fee, 70
 Be not a coward, shrink not to a tense,
 But read it all over and make it out
 sense.
 What a tiresome girl!—pray soon
 make an end,
 Else my limited patience you'll quickly
 expend.
 Well adieu, I no longer your patience
 will try— 75
 So swift to the post now the letter shall
 fly.

JANUARY, 1810.

II

TO MISS — — — [HARRIET GROVE]
 FROM MISS — — — [ELIZABETH
 SHELLEY]
 FOR your letter, dear — — [Hattie],
 accept my best thanks,
 Rendered long and amusing by virtue
 of franks,
 Though concise they would please, yet
 the longer the better,
 The more news that's crammed in,
 more amusing the letter,
 All excuses of etiquette nonsense I
 hate, 5
 Which only are fit for the tardy and
 late,
 As when converse grows flat, of the
 weather they talk,

How fair the sun shines—a fine day for
 a walk,
 Then to politics turn, of Burdett's
 reformation,
 One declares it would hurt, t'other
 better the nation, 10
 Will ministers keep? sure they've acted
 quite wrong,
 The burden this is of each morning-
 call song.
 So — is going to — you say,
 I hope that success her great efforts
 will pay
 That [the Colonel] will see her, be daz-
 zled outright, 15
 And declare he can't bear to be out of
 her sight.
 Write flaming epistles with love's
 pointed dart,
 Whose sharp little arrow struck right
 on his heart,
 Scold poor innocent Cupid for mis-
 chievous ways,
 He knows not how much to laud forth
 her praise, 20
 That he neither eats, drinks or sleeps
 for her sake,
 And hopes her hard heart some com-
 passion will take,
 A refusal would kill him, so desperate
 his flame,
 But he fears, for he knows she is not
 common game,
 Then praises her sense, wit, discern-
 ment and grace, 25
 He's not one that's caught by a sly
 looking face,
 Yet that's *too* divine—such a black
 sparkling eye,
 At the bare glance of which near a
 thousand will die;
 Thus runs he on meaning but one word
 in ten,
 More than is meant by most such kind
 of men, 30
 For they're all alike, take them one
 with another,

Begging pardon—with the exception of
 my brother.
 Of the drawings you mention much
 praise I have heard,
 Most opinion's the same, with the
 difference of word,
 Some get a good name by the voice of
 the crowd, 35
 Whilst to poor humble merit small
 praise is allowed,
 As in parliament votes, so in pictures
 a name,
 Oft determines a fate at the altar of
 fame.—
 So on Friday this City's gay vortex you
 quit,
 And no longer with Doctors and Johnny
 cats sit— 40
 Now your parcel's arrived —
 [Bysshe's] letter shall go,
 I hope all your joy mayn't be turned
 into woe, [vain,
 Experience will tell you that pleasure is
 When it promises sunshine how often
 comes rain.
 So when to fond hope every blessing is
 nigh, 45
 How oft when we smile it is checked
 with a sigh,
 When Hope, gay deceiver, in pleasure
 is dressed,
 How oft comes a stroke that may rob
 us of rest.
 When we think ourselves safe, and the
 goal near at hand,
 Like a vessel just landing, we're
 wrecked near the strand, 50
 And though memory forever the sharp
 pang must feel,
 'Tis our duty to bear, and our hardship
 to steel—
 May misfortunes dear Girl, ne'er thy
 happiness cloy,
 May thy days glide in peace, love,
 comfort and joy,
 May thy tears with soft pity for other
 woes flow, 55

Woes, which thy tender heart never
 may know,
 For hardships our own, God has taught
 us to bear,
 Though sympathy's soul to a friend
 drops a tear.
 Oh dear! what sentimental stuff have
 I written,
 Only fit to tear up and play with a
 kitten. 60
 What sober reflections in the midst of
 this letter!
 Jocularly sure would have suited
 much better;
 But there are exceptions to all common
 rules,
 For this is a truth by all boys learned at
 schools.
 Now adieu my dear — [Hattie] I'm
 sure I must tire, 65
 For if I do, you may throw it into the
 fire,
 So accept the best love of your cousin
 and friend,
 Which brings this nonsensical rhyme to
 an end.

APRIL 30, 1810.

III. SONG

COLD, cold is the blast when December
 is howling,
 Cold are the damps on a dying man's
 brow,—
 Stern are the seas when the wild waves
 are rolling,
 And sad is the grave where a loved
 one lies low;
 But colder is scorn from the being who
 loved thee, 5
 More stern is the sneer from the friend
 who has proved thee,
 More sad are the tears when their
 sorrows have moved thee,
 Which mixed with groans anguish
 and wild madness flow—
 And ah! poor — has felt all this
 horror,

Full long the fallen victim con-
 tended with fate: 10
 'Till a destitute outcast abandoned to
 sorrow,
 She sought her babe's food at her
 ruiner's gate—
 Another had charmed the remorseless
 betrayer,
 He turned laughing aside from her
 moans and her prayer,
 She said nothing, but wringing the
 wet from her hair, 15
 Crossed the dark mountain side, though
 the hour it was late.
 'Twas on the wild height of the dark
 Penmanmawr,
 That the form of the wasted —
 reclined;
 She shrieked to the ravens that croaked
 from afar,
 And she sighed to the gusts of the
 wild sweeping wind.— 20
 'I call not yon rocks where the thunder
 peals rattle,
 I call not yon clouds where the ele-
 ments battle,
 But thee, cruel — I call thee un-
 kind!'—

Then she wreathed in her hair the wild
 flowers of the mountain,
 And deliriously laughing, a garland
 entwined, 25
 She bedewed it with tears, then she
 hung o'er the fountain,
 And leaving it, cast it a prey to the
 wind.
 'Ah! go,' she exclaimed, 'when the
 tempest is yelling,
 'Tis unkind to be cast on the sea that
 is swelling,
 But I left, a pitiless outcast, my
 dwelling, 30
 My garments are torn, so they say
 is my mind—'

Not long lived —, but over her
 grave

Waved the desolate form of a storm-
 blasted yew,
 Around it no demons or ghosts dare to
 rave,
 But spirits of peace steep her slum-
 bers in dew. 35
 Then stay thy swift steps mid the dark
 mountain heather,
 Though chill blow the wind and severe is
 the weather,
 For perfidy, traveller! cannot bereave
 her,
 Of the tears, to the tombs of the
 innocent due.—

JULY, 1810.

IV. SONG

COME [Harriet]! sweet is the hour,
 Soft Zephyrs breathe gently around,
 The anemone's night-boding flower,
 Has sunk its pale head on the ground.
 'Tis thus the world's keenness hath
 torn, 5
 Some mild heart that expands to its
 blast,
 'Tis thus that the wretched forlorn,
 Sinks poor and neglected at last.—
 The world with its keenness and woe,
 Has no charms or attraction for me, 10
 Its unkindness with grief has laid low,
 The heart which is faithful to thee.
 The high trees that wave past the
 moon,
 As I walk in their umbrage with you,
 All declare I must part with you soon,
 All bid you a tender adieu!— 16
 Then [Harriet]! dearest farewell,
 You and I love, may ne'er meet
 again;
 These woods and these meadows can
 tell
 How soft and how sweet was the
 strain.— 20

APRIL, 1810.

V. SONG

DESPAIR

ASK not the pallid stranger's woe,
 With beating heart and throbbing
 breast,
 Whose step is faltering, weak, and
 slow,
 As though the body needed rest.—
 Whose 'wilder'd eye no object meets, 5
 Nor cares to ken a friendly glance,
 With silent grief his bosom beats,—
 Now fixed, as in a deathlike trance.
 Who looks around with fearful eye,
 And shuns all converse with man-
 kind, 10
 As though some one his griefs might spy,
 And soothe them with a kindred
 mind.
 A friend or foe to him the same,
 He looks on each with equal eye;
 The difference lies but in the name, 15
 To none for comfort can he fly.—
 'Twas deep despair, and sorrow's trace,
 To him too keenly given,
 Whose memory, time could not efface—
 His peace was lodged in Heaven.— 20
 He looks on all this world bestows,
 The pride and pomp of power,
 As trifles best for pageant shows
 Which vanish in an hour.
 When torn is dear affection's tie, 25
 Sinks the soft heart full low;
 It leaves without a parting sigh,
 All that these realms bestow.

JUNE, 1810.

VI. SONG

SORROW

To me this world's a dreary blank,
 All hopes in life are gone and fled,
 My high strung energies are sank,
 And all my blissful hopes lie dead.—

The world once smiling to my view, 5
 Showed scenes of endless bliss and
 joy;

The world I then but little knew,
 Ah! little knew how pleasures cloy;

All then was jocund, all was gay,
 No thought beyond the present hour,
 I danced in pleasure's fading ray, 11
 Fading alas! as drooping flower.

Nor do the heedless in the throng,
 One thought beyond the morrow
 give[.]

They court the feast, the dance, the
 song, 15
 Nor think how short their time to
 live.

The heart that bears deep sorrow's
 trace,
 What earthly comfort can console,
 It drags a dull and lengthened pace,
 'Till friendly death its woes enroll.—

The sunken cheek, the humid eyes, 21
 E'en better than the tongue can tell;
 In whose sad breast deep sorrow lies,
 Where memory's rankling traces
 dwell.—

The rising tear, the stifled sigh, 25
 A mind but ill at ease display,
 Like blackening clouds in stormy sky,
 Where fiercely vivid lightnings play.

Thus when souls' energy is dead,
 When sorrow dims each earthly
 view, 30

When every fairy hope is fled,
 We bid ungrateful world adieu.
 AUGUST, 1810.

VII. SONG

HOPE

AND said I that all hope was fled,
 That sorrow and despair were mine,
 That each enthusiast wish was dead,
 Had sank beneath pale Misery's
 shrine.—

Seest thou the sunbeam's yellow glow,
 That robes with liquid streams of
 light; 6

Yon distant Mountain's craggy brow.
 And shows the rocks so fair,—so
 bright —

'Tis thus sweet expectation's ray,
 In softer view shows distant hours, 10
 And portrays each succeeding day,
 As dressed in fairer, brighter
 flowers,—

The vermeil tinted flowers that blossom;
 Are frozen but to bud anew, 14
 Then sweet deceiver calm my bosom,
 Although thy visions be not true,—

Yet true they are,—and I'll believe,
 Thy whisperings soft of love and
 peace,

God never made thee to deceive, 19
 'Tis sin that bade thy empire cease.

Yet though despair my life should gloom,
 Though horror should around me
 close,

With those I love, beyond the tomb,
 Hope shows a balm for all my woes.

AUGUST, 1810.

VIII. SONG

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN

OH! what is the gain of restless care,
 And what is ambitious treasure?
 And what are the joys that the modish
 share,

In their sickly haunts of pleasure?

My husband's repast with delight I
 spread, 5

What though 'tis but rustic fare,

May each guardian angel protect his
 shed,

May contentment and quiet be there.

And may I support my husband's years,
 May I soothe his dying pain, 10

And then may I dry my fast falling
 tears,

And meet him in Heaven again.

JULY, 1810.

IX. SONG

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

AH! grasp the dire dagger and couch
the fell spear,
If vengeance and death to thy bosom
be dear,
The dastard shall perish, death's tor-
ment shall prove,
For fate and revenge are decreed from
above.

Ah! where is the hero, whose nerves
strung by youth, 5
Will defend the firm cause of justice
and truth;
With insatiate desire whose bosom shall
swell,
To give up the oppressor to judgement
and Hell—

For him shall the fair one twine chap-
lets of bays,
To him shall each warrior give merited
praise, 10
And triumphant returned from the
clangour of arms,
He shall find his reward in his loved
maiden's charms.

In ecstatic confusion the warrior shall
sip,
The kisses that glow on his love's dewy
lip,
And mutual, eternal, embraces shall
prove, 15
The rewards of the brave are the tran-
sports of love.

OCTOBER, 1809.

X

THE IRISHMAN'S SONG

THE stars may dissolve, and the foun-
tain of light
May sink into ne'er ending chaos and
night,
Our mansions must fall, and earth
vanish away,
But thy courage O Erin! may never
decay.

See! the wide wasting ruin extends all
around, 5
Our ancestors' dwellings lie sunk on the
ground,
Our foes ride in triumph throughout
our domains,
And our mightiest heroes lie stretched
on the plains.

Ah! dead is the harp which was wont
to give pleasure,

Ah! sunk is our sweet country's rap-
turous measure, 10

But the war note is waked, and the
clangour of spears,

The dread yell of Sloghan yet sounds in
our ears.

Ah! where are the heroes! triumphant
in death,

Convulsed they recline on the blood
sprinkled heath,

Or the yelling ghosts ride on the blast
that sweeps by, 15

And 'my countrymen! vengeance!' in-
cessantly cry.

OCTOBER, 1809.

XI. SONG

FIERCE roars the midnight storm
O'er the wild mountain,
Dark clouds the night deform,
Swift rolls the fountain—

See! o'er yon rocky height, 5
Dim mists are flying—
See by the moon's pale light,
Poor Laura's dying!

Shame and remorse shall howl, 10
By her false pillow—
Fiercer than storms that roll,
O'er the white billow;

No hand her eyes to close,
When life is flying, 15
But she will find repose,
For Laura's dying!

Then will I seek my love,
Then will I cheer her,

Then my esteem will prove,
When no friend is near her. 20

On her grave I will lie,
When life is parted,
On her grave I will die,
For the false hearted.

DECEMBER, 1809.

XII. SONG

To —— [HARRIET]

AH! sweet is the moonbeam that sleeps
on yon fountain,
And sweet the mild rush of the soft-
sighing breeze,
And sweet is the glimpse of yon dimly-
seen mountain,
'Neath the verdant arcades of yon
shadowy trees.

But sweeter than all was thy tone of
affection, 5
Which scarce seemed to break on the
stillness of eve,
Though the time it is past!—yet the
dear recollection,
For aye in the heart of thy [Percy]
must live.

Yet he hears thy dear voice in the
summer winds sighing,
Mild accents of happiness lisp in his
ear, 10
When the hope-wingèd moments
athwart him are flying,
And he thinks of the friend to his
bosom so dear.—

And thou dearest friend in his bosom
for ever
Must reign unalloyed by the fast
rolling year,
He loves thee, and dearest one never, 15
Oh! never
Canst thou cease to be loved by a
heart so sincere.

AUGUST, 1810.

XIII. SONG

To —— [HARRIET]

STERN, stern is the voice of fate's fear-
ful command,

When accents of horror it breathes
in our ear,

Or compels us for aye bid adieu to the
land,

Where exists that loved friend to our
bosom so dear,

'Tis sterner than death o'er the shudder-
ing wretch bending, 5

And in skeleton grasp his fell sceptre
extending,

Like the heart-stricken deer to that
loved covert wending,

Which never again to his eyes may
appear—

And ah! he may envy the heart-
stricken quarry,

Who bids to the friend of affection
farewell, 10

He may envy the bosom so bleeding
and gory,

He may envy the sound of the drear
passing knell,

Not so deep is his grief on his death
couch reposing,

When on the last vision his dim eyes
are closing!

As the outcast whose love-rapturèd
senses are losing, 15

The last tones of thy voice on the
wild breeze that swell!

Those tones were so soft, and so sad,
that ah! never,

Can the sound cease to vibrate on
Memory's ear,

In the stern wreck of Nature for ever
and ever,

The remembrance must live of a
friend so sincere. 20

AUGUST, 1810.

XII—II hope-wingèd] hoped-wingèd 1810.

XIV

SAINT EDMOND'S EVE

OH! did you observe the Black Canon
pass,

And did you observe his frown?
He goeth to say the midnight mass,
In holy St. Edmond's town.

He goeth to sing the burial chaunt, 5
And to lay the wandering sprite,
Whose shadowy, restless form doth
haunt,
The Abbey's drear aisle this night.

It saith it will not its wailing cease,
'Till that holy man come near, 10
'Till he pour o'er its grave the prayer of
peace,
And sprinkle the hallowed tear.

The Canon's horse is stout and strong
The road is plain and fair,
But the Canon slowly wends along, 15
And his brow is gloomed with care.

Who is it thus late at the Abbey-gate?
Sullen echoes the portal bell,
It sounds like the whispering voice of
fate,
It sounds like a funeral knell. 20

The Canon his faltering knee thrice
bowed,
And his frame was convulsed with
fear,

When a voice was heard distinct and
loud,
'Prepare! for thy hour is near.'

He crosses his breast, he mutters a
prayer, 25

To Heaven he lifts his eye,
He heeds not the Abbot's gazing stare,
Nor the dark Monks who murmured
by.

Bare-headed he worships the sculp-
tured saints

That frown on the sacred walls, 30
His face it grows pale,—he trembles,
he faints,

At the Abbot's feet he falls.

And straight the father's robe he kissed,
Who cried, 'Grace dwells with thee,
The spirit will fade like the morning
mist, 35
At your benedicite.

'Now haste within! the board is spread,
Keen blows the air, and cold, 38
The spectre sleeps in its earthy bed,
'Till St. Edmond's bell hath tolled,—

'Yet rest your wearied limbs to-night,
You've journeyed many a mile,
To-morrow lay the wailing sprite,
That shrieks in the moonlight aisle.

'Oh! faint are my limbs and my bosom
is cold, 45
Yet to-night must the sprite be laid,
Yet to-night when the hour of horror's
told,
Must I meet the wandering shade.

'Nor food, nor rest may now delay,—
For hark! the echoing pile, 50
A bell loud shakes!—Oh haste away,
O lead to the haunted aisle.'

The torches slowly move before,
The cross is raised on high,
A smile of peace the Canon wore, 55
But horror dimmed his eye—

And now they climb the footworn stair,
The chapel gates unclose,
Now each breathed low a fervent
prayer,
And fear each bosom froze— 60

Now paused awhile the doubtful band
And viewed the solemn scene,—
Full dark the clustered columns stand,
The moon gleams pale between—

'Say father, say, what cloisters' gloom
Conceals the unquiet shade, 66
Within what dark unhallowed tomb,
The corse unblessed was laid.'

'Through yonder drear aisle alone it
walks,

And murmurs a mournful plaint, 70
Of thee! Black Canon, it wildly talks,
And call on thy patron saint—

The pilgrim this night with wondering
 eyes,
 As he prayed at St. Edmond's
 shrine,
 From a black marble tomb hath seen
 it rise, 75
 And under yon arch recline.'—

'Oh! say upon that black marble tomb,
 What memorial sad appears.'—
 'Undistinguished it lies in the chancel's
 gloom,
 No memorial sad it bears'— 80

The Canon his paternoster reads,
 His rosary hung by his side,
 Now swift to the chancel doors he leads,
 And untouched they open wide,

Resistless, strange sounds his steps
 impel, 85
 To approach to the black marble
 tomb,

'Oh! enter, Black Canon,' a whisper
 fell,
 'Oh! enter, thy hour is come.'

He paused, told his beads, and the
 threshold passed,
 Oh! horror, the chancel doors close,
 A loud yell was borne on the rising
 blast, 91
 And a deep, dying groan arose.

The Monks in amazement shuddering
 stand:
 They burst through the chancel's
 gloom,
 From St. Edmond's shrine, lo! a
 skeleton's hand, 95
 Points to the black marble tomb.

Lo! deeply engraved, an inscription
 blood red,
 In characters fresh and clear—
 'The guilty Black Canon of Elmham's
 dead,
 And his wife lies buried here!' 100

In Elmham's tower he wedded a Nun,
 To St. Edmond's his bride he bore,

On this eve her noviciate here was
 begun,
 And a Monk's gray weeds she wore;—

O! deep was her conscience dyed with
 guilt, 105
 Remorse she full oft revealed,
 Her blood by the ruthless Black Canon
 was spilt,
 And in death her lips he sealed;

Her spirit to penance this night was
 doomed,
 'Till the Canon atoned the deed, 110
 Here together they now shall rest en-
 tombed,
 'Till their bodies from dust are
 freed—

Hark! a loud peal of thunder shakes
 the roof,
 Round the altar bright lightnings
 play,
 Speechless with horror the Monks stand
 aloof, 115
 And the storm dies sudden away—

The inscription was gone! a cross on
 the ground,
 And a rosary shone through the
 gloom,
 But never again was the Canon there
 found,
 Or the Ghost on the black marble
 tomb. 120

XV. REVENGE

'Ah! quit me not yet, for the wind
 whistles shrill,
 Its blast wanders mournfully over the
 hill,

The thunder's wild voice rattles madly
 above,
 You will not then, cannot then, leave
 me my love.—'

I must dearest Agnes, the night is far
 gone— 5

I must wander this evening to Stras-
 burg alone,

I must seek the drear tomb of my
ancestors' bones,
And must dig their remains from
beneath the cold stones.

'For the spirit of Conrad there meets
me this night,

And we quit not the tomb 'till dawn
of the light, 10

And Conrad's been dead just a month
and a day!

So farewell dearest Agnes for I must
away,—

'He bid me bring with me what most
I held dear,

Or a month from that time should
I lie on my bier,

And I'd sooner resign this false
fluttering breath, 15

Than my Agnes should dread either
danger or death,

'And I love you to madness my Agnes
I love,

My constant affection this night will
I prove,

This night will I go to the sepulchre's
jaw,

Alone will I glut its all conquering
maw'— 20

'No! no! loved Adolphus thy Agnes will
share,

In the tomb all the dangers that wait
for you there,

I fear not the spirit,—I fear not the
grave,

My dearest Adolphus I'd perish to
save'—

'Nay seek not to say that thy love
shall not go, 25

But spare me those ages of horror and
woe,

For I swear to thee here that I'll perish
ere day,

If you go unattended by Agnes
away'—

The night it was bleak the fierce storm
raged around,

The lightning's blue fire-light flashed on
the ground, 30

Strange forms seemed to flit,—and
howl tidings of fate,

As Agnes advanced to the sepulchre
gate.—

The youth struck the portal,—the
echoing sound

Was fearfully rolled midst the tomb-
stones around,

The blue lightning gleamed o'er the
dark chapel spire, 35

And tinged were the storm clouds with
sulphurous fire.

Still they gazed on the tombstone where
Conrad reclined,

Yet they shrank at the cold chilling
blast of the wind,

When a strange silver brilliance per-
vaded the scene,

And a figure advanced—tall in form—
fierce in mien. 40

A mantle encircled his shadowy form,
As light as a gossamer borne on the
storm,

Celestial terror sat throned in his gaze,
Like the midnight pestiferous meteor's
blaze.—

Spirit.

Thy father, Adolphus! was false, false
as hell, 45

And Conrad has cause to remember it
well,

He ruined my Mother, despised me his
son,

I quitted the world ere my vengeance
was done.

I was nearly expiring—'twas close of
the day,—

A demon advanced to the bed where
I lay, 50

He gave me the power from whence
I was hurled,

To return to revenge, to return to the
world,—

Now Adolphus I'll seize thy best loved
 in my arms,
 I'll drag her to Hades all blooming in
 charms,
 On the black whirlwind's thundering
 pinion I'll ride, 55
 And fierce yelling fiends shall exult o'er
 thy bride—

He spoke, and extending his ghastly
 arms wide,
 Majestic advanced with a swift noise-
 less stride,
 He clasped the fair Agnes—he raised
 her on high,
 And cleaving the roof sped his way to
 the sky— 60

All was now silent,—and over the
 tomb,
 Thicker, deeper, was swiftly extended
 a gloom,
 Adolphus in horror sank down on the
 stone,
 And his fleeting soul fled with a harrow-
 ing groan.

DECEMBER, 1809.

XVI. GHASTA

OR, THE AVENGING DEMON!!!

The idea of the following tale was taken from a few unconnected German Stanzas.—The principal Character is evidently the Wandering Jew, and although not mentioned by name, the burning Cross on his forehead undoubtedly alludes to that superstition, so prevalent in the part of Germany called the Black Forest, where this scene is supposed to lie.

HARK! the owlet flaps her wing,
 In the pathless dell beneath,
 Hark! night ravens loudly sing,
 Tidings of despair and death.—
 Horror covers all the sky,
 Clouds of darkness blot the moon,
 Prepare! for mortal thou must die,
 Prepare to yield thy soul up soon—

Fierce the tempest raves around,
 Fierce the volleyed lightnings fly, 10
 Crashing thunder shakes the ground,
 Fire and tumult fill the sky.—

Hark! the tolling village bell,
 Tells the hour of midnight come,
 Now can blast the powers of Hell, 15
 Fiend-like goblins now can roam—

See! his crest all stained with rain,
 A warrior hastening speeds his way,
 He starts, looks round him, starts again,
 And sighs for the approach of day. 20

See! his frantic steed he reigns,
 See! he lifts his hands on high,
 Implores a respite to his pains,
 From the powers of the sky.—

He seeks an Inn, for faint from toil, 25
 Fatigue had bent his lofty form,
 To rest his wearied limbs awhile,
 Fatigued with wandering and the
 storm.

: : : : :

Slow the door is opened wide—
 With trackless tread a stranger
 came, 30

His form Majestic, slow his stride,
 He sate, nor spake,—nor told his
 name—

Terror blanched the warrior's cheek;
 Cold sweat from his forehead ran,
 In vain his tongue essayed to speak,—
 At last the stranger thus began: 36

'Mortal! thou that saw'st the sprite,
 Tell me what I wish to know,
 Or come with me before 'tis light,
 Where cypress trees and mandrakes
 grow. 40

'Fierce the avenging Demon's ire,
 Fiercer than the wintry blast,
 Fiercer than the lightning's fire,
 When the hour of twilight's past'—

5 The warrior raised his sunken eye, 45
 It met the stranger's sullen scowl,
 'Mortal! Mortal! thou must die,'
 In burning letters chilled his soul.

Warrior.

Stranger! whoso'er you are,
 I feel impelled my tale to tell— 50
 Horrors stranger shalt thou hear,
 Horrors drear as those of Hell.
 O'er my Castle silence reigned,
 Late the night and drear the hour,
 When on the terrace I observed, 55
 A fleeting shadowy mist to lower.—
 Light the cloud as summer fog,
 Which transient shuns the morning
 beam;
 Fleeting as the cloud on bog,
 That hangs or on the mountain
 stream.— 60
 Horror seized my shuddering brain,
 Horror dimmed my starting eye,
 In vain I tried to speak,—In vain
 My limbs essayed the spot to fly—
 At last the thin and shadowy form, 65
 With noiseless, trackless footsteps
 came,—
 Its light robe floated on the storm,
 Its head was bound with lambent
 flame.
 In chilling voice drear as the breeze
 Which sweeps along th' autumnal
 ground, 70
 Which wanders through the leafless
 trees,
 Or the mandrake's groan which floats
 around.
 'Thou art mine and I am thine,
 'Till the sinking of the world,
 I am thine and thou art mine, 75
 'Till in ruin death is hurled —
 'Strong the power and dire the fate,
 Which drags me from the depths of
 Hell,
 Breaks the tomb's eternal gate,
 Where fiendish shapes and dead men
 yell, 80
 'Haply I might ne'er have shrank
 From flames that rack the guilty
 dead,

Haply I might ne'er have sank
 On pleasure's flow'ry, thorny bed—
 —'But stay! no more I dare disclose, 85
 Of the tale I wish to tell,
 On Earth relentless were my woes,
 But fiercer are my pangs in Hell—
 'Now I claim thee as my love,
 Lay aside all chilling fear, 90
 My affection will I prove,
 Where sheeted ghosts and spectres
 are!
 'For thou art mine, and I am thine,
 'Till the dreaded judgement day,
 I am thine, and thou art mine— 95
 Night is past—I must away.'
 Still I gazed, and still the form
 Pressed upon my aching sight,
 Still I braved the howling storm,
 When the ghost dissolved in night.—
 Restless, sleepless fled the night, 101
 Sleepless as a sick man's bed,
 When he sighs for morning light,
 When he turns his aching head,—
 Slow and painful passed the day, 105
 Melancholy seized my brain,
 Lingered fled the hours away,
 Lingered to a wretch in pain.—
 At last came night, ah! horrid hour,
 Ah! chilling time that wakes the
 dead, 110
 When demons ride the clouds that
 lower,
 —The phantom sat upon my bed.
 In hollow voice, low as the sound
 Which in some charnel makes its
 moan, 114
 What floats along the burying ground,
 The phantom claimed me as her own.
 Her chilling finger on my head,
 With coldest touch congealed my
 soul—
 Cold as the finger of the dead,
 Or damps which round a tombstone
 roll— 120

114 its] it 1810.

115 What] query Which?

Months are passed in lingering round,
 Every night the spectre comes,
 With thrilling step it shakes the
 ground,
 With thrilling step it round me
 roams—

Stranger! I have told to thee, 125
 All the tale I have to tell—
 Stranger! canst thou tell to me,
 How to 'scape the powers of Hell?'—

Stranger.

Warrior! I can ease thy woes,
 Wilt thou, wilt thou, come with me—
 Warrior! I can all disclose, 131
 Follow, follow, follow me.

Yet the tempest's duskiest wing,
 Its mantle stretches o'er the sky,
 Yet the midnight ravens sing, 135
 'Mortal! Mortal! thou must die.'

At last they saw a river clear,
 That crossed the heathy path they
 trod,
 The Stranger's look was wild and drear,
 The firm Earth shook beneath his
 nod— 140

He raised a wand above his head,
 He traced a circle on the plain,
 In a wild verse he called the dead,
 The dead with silent footsteps came.

A burning brilliance on his head, 145
 Flaming filled the stormy air,
 In a wild verse he called the dead,
 The dead in motley crowd were
 there.—

'Ghast! Ghast! come along,
 Bring thy fiendish crowd with thee,
 Quickly raise th' avenging Song, 151
 Ghast! Ghast! come to me.'

Horrid shapes in mantles gray,
 Flit athwart the stormy night,
 'Ghast! Ghast! come away, 155
 Come away before 'tis light.'

See! the sheeted Ghost they bring,
 Yelling dreadful o'er the heath,

Hark! the deadly verse they sing,
 Tidings of despair and death! 160

The yelling Ghost before him stands,
 See! she rolls her eyes around,
 Now she lifts her bony hands,
 Now her footsteps shake the ground.

Stranger.

Phantom of Theresa say, 165
 Why to earth again you came,
 Quickly speak, I must away!
 Or you must bleach for aye in flame,—

Phantom.

Mighty one I know thee now,
 Mightiest power of the sky, 170
 Know thee by thy flaming brow,
 Know thee by thy sparkling eye.

That fire is scorching! Oh! I came,
 From the caverned depth of Hell,
 My fleeting false Rodolph to claim, 175
 Mighty one! I know thee well.—

Stranger.

Ghast! seize yon wandering sprite,
 Drag her to the depth beneath,
 Take her swift, before 'tis light,
 Take her to the cells of death! 180

Thou that heardst the trackless dead,
 In the mouldering tomb must lie,
 Mortal! look upon my head,
 Mortal! Mortal! thou must die.

Of glowing flame a cross was there, 185
 Which threw a light around his
 form,

Whilst his lank and raven hair,
 Floated wild upon the storm.—

The warrior upwards turned his eyes,
 Gazed upon the cross of fire, 190
 There sat horror and surprise,
 There sat God's eternal ire.—

A shivering through the Warrior flew,
 Colder than the nightly blast,
 Colder than the evening dew, 195
 When the hour of twilight's past.—

Thunder shakes th' expansive sky,
 Shakes the bosom of the heath,
 'Mortal! Mortal! thou must die'— 199
 The warrior sank convulsed in death.
 JANUARY, 1810.

XVII. FRAGMENT,
 OR THE TRIUMPH OF
 CONSCIENCE

'Twas dead of the night when I sate in
 my dwelling,
 One glimmering lamp was expiring
 and low,—
 Around the dark tide of the tempest
 was swelling,
 Along the wild mountains night-ravens
 were yelling,
 They bodingly presaged destruction
 and woe! 5
 'Twas then that I started, the wild
 storm was howling,
 Nought was seen, save the lightning
 that danced on the sky,

Above me the crash of the thunder was
 rolling,
 And low, chilling murmurs the blast
 wafted by.—
 My heart sank within me, unheeded
 the jar 10
 Of the battling clouds on the moun-
 tain-tops broke,
 Unheeded the thunder-peal crashed in
 mine ear,
 This heart hard as iron was stranger to
 fear,
 But conscience in low noiseless
 whispering spoke.
 'Twas then that her form on the whirl-
 wind uprearing, 15
 The dark ghost of the murdered
 Victoria strode,
 Her right hand a blood reeking dagger
 was bearing,
 She swiftly advanced to my lone-
 some abode.—
 I wildly then called on the tempest to
 bear me!
 : : : : : : :
 : : : : : : :

POEMS FROM ST. IRVYNE, OR, THE ROSICRUCIAN

[*St. Irvyne; or The Rosicrucian*, appeared early in 1811 (see *Bibliographical List*). Rossetti (1870) relying on a passage in Medwin's *Life of Shelley* (i. p. 74), assigns i, iv, v, and vi to 1808, and ii and iv to 1809. The titles of i, iii, iv, and v are Rossetti's; those of ii and vi are Dowden's.]

I.—VICTORIA

[Another version of *The Triumph of Conscience* immediately preceding.]

I

'Twas dead of the night, when I sat in
 my dwelling;
 One glimmering lamp was expiring
 and low;
 Around, the dark tide of the tempest
 was swelling,
 Along the wild mountains night-ravens
 were yelling,—
 They bodingly presaged destruction
 and woe. 5

II

'Twas then that I started!—the wild
 storm was howling,
 Nought was seen, save the lightning,
 which danced in the sky;
 Above me, the crash of the thunder was
 rolling,
 And low, chilling murmurs, the blast
 wafted by.

III

My heart sank within me—unheeded
 the war 10
 Of the battling clouds, on the
 mountain-tops, broke;—

I. *Victoria*: without title, 1811.

Unheeded the thunder-peal crashed in
mine ear—
This heart, hard as iron, is stranger to
fear;
But conscience in low, noiseless
whispering spoke.

IV

'Twas then that her form on the whirl-
wind upholding, 15
The ghost of the murdered Victoria
strode;
In her right hand, a shadowy shroud
she was holding,
She swiftly advanced to my lonesome
abode.

V

I wildly then called on the tempest to
bear me—
.

II.—'ON THE DARK HEIGHT OF
JURA'

I

GHOSTS of the dead! have I not heard
your yelling
Rise on the night-rolling breath of
the blast,
When o'er the dark aether the tempest
is swelling,
And on eddying whirlwind the
thunder-peal passed?

II

For oft have I stood on the dark height
of Jura, 5
Which frowns on the valley that
opens beneath;
Oft have I braved the chill night-
tempest's fury,
Whilst around me, I thought, echoed
murmurs of death.

III

And now, whilst the winds of the
mountain are howling,
O father! thy voice seems to strike
on mine ear; 10

In air whilst the tide of the night-storm
is rolling,
It breaks on the pause of the ele-
ments' jar.

IV

On the wing of the whirlwind which
roars o'er the mountain
Perhaps rides the ghost of my sire
who is dead;
On the mist of the tempest which hangs
o'er the fountain, 15
Whilst a wreath of dark vapour en-
circles his head.

III.—SISTER ROSA: A BALLAD

I

THE death-bell beats!—
The mountain repeats
The echoing sound of the knell;
And the dark Monk now
Wraps the cowl round his brow, 5
As he sits in his lonely cell.

II

And the cold hand of death
Chills his shuddering breath,
As he lists to the fearful lay
Which the ghosts of the sky, 10
As they sweep wildly by,
Sing to departed day.
And they sing of the hour
When the stern fates had power
To resolve Rosa's form to its clay. 15

III

But that hour is past;
And that hour was the last
Of peace to the dark Monk's brain.
Bitter tears, from his eyes, gushed
silent and fast;
And he strove to suppress them in
vain. 20

IV

Then his fair cross of gold he dashed
on the floor,
When the death-knell struck on his
ear.—

II. *On the Dark, &c.* : without title, 1811; *The Father's Spectre*, Rossetti, 1870.

III. *Sister Rosa: Ballad*, 1811.

'Delight is in store
For her evermore;
But for me is fate, horror, and fear.' 25

v

Then his eyes wildly rolled,
When the death-bell tolled,
And he raged in terrific woe.
And he stamped on the ground,—
But when ceased the sound, 30
Tears again began to flow.

vi

And the ice of despair
Chilled the wild throb of care,
And he sate in mute agony still;
Till the night-stars shone through the
cloudless air, 35
And the pale moonbeam slept on the
hill.

vii

Then he knelt in his cell:—
And the horrors of hell
Were delights to his agonized pain,
And he prayed to God to dissolve the
spell, 40
Which else must for ever remain.

viii

And in fervent pray'r he knelt on the
ground,
Till the abbey bell struck One:
His feverish blood ran chill at the
sound:
A voice hollow and horrible murmured
around— 45
'The term of thy penance is done!'

ix

Grew dark the night;
The moonbeam bright
Waxed faint on the mountain high;
And, from the black hill, 50
Went a voice cold and still,—
'Monk! thou art free to die.'

x

Then he rose on his feet,
And his heart loud did beat,
And his limbs they were palsied with
dread; 55
Whilst the grave's clammy dew
O'er his pale forehead grew;

And he shuddered to sleep with the
dead.

xi

And the wild midnight storm
Raved around his tall form, 60
As he sought the chapel's gloom:
And the sunk grass did sigh
To the wind, bleak and high,
As he searched for the new-made tomb.

xii

And forms, dark and high, 65
Seemed around him to fly,
And mingle their yells with the blast:
And on the dark wall
Half-seen shadows did fall,
As enhorrored he onward passed. 70

xiii

And the storm-fiends wild rave
O'er the new-made grave,
And dread shadows linger around.
The Monk called on God his soul to
save,
And, in horror, sank on the ground. 75

xiv

Then despair nerved his arm
To dispel the charm,
And he burst Rosa's coffin asunder.
And the fierce storm did swell
More terrific and fell, 80
And louder pealed the thunder.

xv

And laughed, in joy, the fiendish
throng,
Mixed with ghosts of the mouldering
dead:
And their grisly wings, as they floated
along,
Whistled in murmurs dread. 85

xvi

And her skeleton form the dead Nun
reared
Which dripped with the chill dew of
hell.
In her half-eaten eyeballs two pale
flames appeared,
And triumphant their gleam on the
dark Monk glared, 90
As he stood within the cell.

XVII

And her lank hand lay on his shuddering
brain;
But each power was nerved by fear.—
'I never, henceforth, may breathe
again;
Death now ends mine anguished pain.—
The grave yawns,—we meet there.'

XVIII

And her skeleton lungs did utter the
sound, 96
So deadly, so lone, and so fell,
That in long vibrations shuddered the
ground;
And as the stern notes floated around,
A deep groan was answered from hell.

IV.—ST. IRVYNE'S TOWER

I

How swiftly through Heaven's wide
expanse
Bright day's resplendent colours
fade!
How sweetly does the moonbeam's
glance
With silver tint St. Irvyne's glade!

II

No cloud along the spangled air, 5
Is borne upon the evening breeze;
How solemn is the scene! how fair
The moonbeams rest upon the trees!

III

Yon dark gray turret glimmers white,
Upon it sits the mournful owl; 10
Along the stillness of the night,
Her melancholy shriekings roll.

IV

But not alone on Irvyne's tower,
The silver moonbeam pours her ray;
It gleams upon the ivied bower, 15
It dances in the cascade's spray.

V

'Ah! why do dark'ning shades conceal
The hour, when man must cease to be?
Why may not human minds unveil
The dim mists of futurity? 20

VI

'The keenness of the world hath torn
The heart which opens to its blast;
Despised, neglected, and forlorn,
Sinks the wretch in death at last.'

V.—BEREAVEMENT

I

How stern are the woes of the desolate
mourner,
As he bends in still grief o'er the
hallowèd bier,
As enanguished he turns from the laugh
of the scorner,
And drops, to Perfection's remem-
brance, a tear;
When floods of despair down his pale
cheek are streaming, 5
When no blissful hope on his bosom is
beaming,
Or, if lulled for awhile, soon he starts
from his dreaming,
And finds torn the soft ties to affec-
tion so dear.

II

Ah! when shall day dawn on the night
of the grave,
Or summer succeed to the winter of
death? 10
Rest awhile, hapless victim, and
Heaven will save [breath.
The spirit, that faded away with the
Eternity points in its amaranth bower,
Where no clouds of fate o'er the sweet
prospect lower,
Unspeakable pleasure, of goodness the
dower, 15
When woe fades away like the mist
of the heath.

VI.—THE DROWNED LOVER

I

AH! faint are her limbs, and her foot-
step is weary,
Yet far must the desolate wanderer
roam;

IV. *St. Irvyne's Tower* : Song, 1810.

VI. *The Drowned Lover* : Song, 1811; *The Lake-Storm*, Rossetti, 1870.

V. *Bereavement* : Song, 1811.

Though the tempest is stern, and the
mountain is dreary,
She must quit at deep midnight her
pitiless home.

I see her swift foot dash the dew from
the whortle, 5

As she rapidly hastes to the green grove
of myrtle;

And I hear, as she wraps round her
figure the kirtle,

'Stay thy boat on the lake,—dearest
Henry, I come.'

II

High swelled in her bosom the throb of
affection,

As lightly her form bounded over the
lea, 10

And arose in her mind every dear recol-
lection;

'I come, dearest Henry, and wait but
for thee.'

How sad, when dear hope every sorrow
is soothing,

When sympathy's swell the soft bosom
is moving,

And the mind the mild joys of affection
is proving,

Is the stern voice of fate that bids
happiness flee! 15

III

Oh! dark lowered the clouds on that
horrible eve,

And the moon dimly gleamed through
the tempested air;

Oh! how could fond visions such soft-
ness deceive?

Oh! how could false hope rend a
bosom so fair? 20

Thy love's pallid corpse the wild surges
are laving,

O'er his form the fierce swell of the
tempest is raving;

But, fear not, parting spirit; thy good-
ness is saving,

In eternity's bowers, a seat for thee
there.

POSTHUMOUS FRAGMENTS OF MARGARET NICHOLSON

Being Poems found amongst the Papers of that noted Female who
attempted the life of the King in 1786. Edited by John Fitzvictor.

[The *Posthumous Fragments*, published at Oxford by Shelley, appeared
in November, 1810. See *Bibliographical List*.]

ADVERTISEMENT

THE energy and native genius of
these Fragments must be the only
apology which the Editor can make for
thus intruding them on the public
notice. The first I found with no title,
and have left it so. It is intimately
connected with the dearest interests of
universal happiness; and much as we
may deplore the fatal and enthusiastic
tendency which the ideas of this poor
female had acquired, we cannot fail to
pay the tribute of unequivocal regret to
the departed memory of genius, which,
had it been rightly organized, would

have made that intellect, which has
since become the victim of frenzy and
despair, a most brilliant ornament to
society.

In case the sale of these Fragments
evinces that the public have any curi-
osity to be presented with a more
copious collection of my unfortunate
Aunt's poems, I have other papers in
my possession which shall, in that case,
be subjected to their notice. It may
be supposed they require much arrange-
ment; but I send the following to the
press in the same state in which they
came into my possession.

J. F.

WAR

AMBITION, power, and avarice, now
have hurled

Death, fate, and ruin, on a bleeding
world.

See! on yon heath what countless
victims lie,

Hark! what loud shrieks ascend through
yonder sky;

Tell then the cause, 'tis sure the
avenger's rage 5

Has swept these myriads from life's
crowded stage:

Hark to that groan, an anguished hero
dies,

He shudders in death's latest agonies;
Yet does a fleeting hectic flush his

cheek,
Yet does his parting breath essay to

speak— 10
'Oh God! my wife, my children—
Monarch thou

For whose support this fainting frame
lies low;

For whose support in distant lands I
bleed,

Let his friends' welfare be the warrior's
meed.

He hears me not—ah! no—kings can-
not hear, 15

For passion's voice has dulled their
listless ear.

To thee, then, mighty God, I lift my
moan,

Thou wilt not scorn a suppliant's
anguished groan.

Oh! now I die—but still is death's
fierce pain—

God hears my prayer—we meet, we
meet again.' 20

He spake, reclined him on death's
bloody bed,

And with a parting groan his spirit fled.
Oppressors of mankind to *you* we

owe

The baleful streams from whence these
miseries flow;

For you how many a mother weeps her
son, 25

Snatched from life's course ere half his
race was run!

For you how many a widow drops a
tear,

In silent anguish, on her husband's
bier!

'Is it then Thine, Almighty Power,'
she cries,

'Whence tears of endless sorrow dim
these eyes? 30

Is this the system which Thy powerful
sway,

Which else in shapeless chaos sleeping
lay,

Formed and approved?—it cannot be—
but oh!

Forgive me, Heaven, my brain is warped
by woe.'

'Tis not—He never bade the war-note
swell, 35

He never triumphed in the work of
hell—

Monarchs of earth! thine is the baleful
deed,

Thine are the crimes for which thy
subjects bleed.

Ah! when will come the sacred fated
time,

When man unsullied by his leaders'
crime, 40

Despising wealth, ambition, pomp, and
pride,

Will stretch him fearless by his foe-
men's side?

Ah! when will come the time, when o'er
the plain

No more shall death and desolation
reign?

When will the sun smile on the blood-
less field, 45

And the stern warrior's arm the sickle
wield?

Not whilst some King, in cold am-
 bition's dreams,
 Plans for the field of death his plodding
 schemes;
 Not whilst for private pique the public
 fall,
 And one frail mortal's mandate governs
 all. 50
 Swelled with command and mad with
 dizzying sway;
 Who sees unmoved his myriads fade
 away.
 Careless who lives or dies—so that he
 gains
 Some trivial point for which he took
 the pains.
 What then are Kings?—I see the
 trembling crowd, 55
 I hear their fulsome clamours echoed
 loud;
 Their stern oppressor pleased appears
 awhile,
 But April's sunshine is a Monarch's
 smile—
 Kings are but dust—the last eventful
 day
 Will level all and make them lose their
 sway; 60
 Will dash the sceptre from the Mon-
 arch's hand,
 And from the warrior's grasp wrest the
 ensanguined brand.
 Oh! Peace, soft Peace, art thou for
 ever gone,
 Is thy fair form indeed for ever flown?
 And love and concord hast thou swept
 away, 65
 As if incongruous with thy parted
 sway?
 Alas, I fear thou hast, for none appear.
 Now o'er the palsied earth stalks giant
 Fear,
 With War, and Woe, and Terror, in his
 train;
 List'ning he pauses on the embattled
 plain, 70
 Then speeding swiftly o'er the en-
 sanguined heath,

Has left the frightful work to Hell and
 Death.
 See! gory Ruin yokes his blood-stained
 car,
 He scents the battle's carnage from
 afar;
 Hell and Destruction mark his mad
 career, 75
 He tracks the rapid step of hurrying
 Fear;
 Whilst ruined towns and smoking cities
 tell,
 That thy work, Monarch, is the work
 of Hell.
 'It is thy work!' I hear a voice repeat,
 'Shakes the broad basis of thy blood-
 stained seat; 80
 And at the orphan's sigh, the widow's
 moan,
 Totters the fabric of thy guilt-stained
 throne—
 'It is thy work, O Monarch;' now the
 sound
 Fainter and fainter, yet is borne
 around,
 Yet to enthusiast ears the murmurs
 tell 85
 That Heaven, indignant at the work of
 Hell,
 Will soon the cause, the hated cause
 remove,
 Which tears from earth peace, inno-
 cence, and love.

FRAGMENT

SUPPOSED TO BE AN EPITHALAMIUM
 OF FRANCIS RAVAILLAC AND
 CHARLOTTE CORDAY

'Tis midnight now—athwart the murky
 air,
 Dank lurid meteors shoot a livid
 gleam;
 From the dark storm-clouds flashes a
 fearful glare,
 It shows the bending oak, the roaring
 stream.

I pondered on the woes of lost man-
kind, 5

I pondered on the ceaseless rage of
Kings;

My rapt soul dwelt upon the ties that
bind

The mazy volume of commingling
things,

When fell and wild misrule to man
stern sorrow brings.

I heard a yell—it was not the knell, 10

When the blasts on the wild lakes sleep,
That floats on the pause of the summer
gale's swell,

O'er the breast of the waveless deep.

I thought it had been death's accents
cold

That bade me recline on the shore; 15
I laid mine hot head on the surge-beaten
mould,

And thought to breathe no more.

But a heavenly sleep

That did suddenly steep

In balm my bosom's pain, 20

Pervaded my soul,

And free from control,

Did mine intellect range again.

Methought enthroned upon a silvery
cloud,

Which floated mid a strange and
brilliant light; 25

My form upborne by viewless aether rode,
And spurned the lessening realms of
earthly night.

What heavenly notes burst on my
ravished ears,

What beauteous spirits met my
dazzled eye!

Hark! louder swells the music of the
spheres, 30

More clear the forms of speechless
bliss float by,

And heavenly gestures suit aethereal
melody.

But fairer than the spirits of the air,
More graceful than the Sylph of

symmetry,

Than the enthusiast's fancied love
more fair, 35

Were the bright forms that swept the
azure sky.

Enthroned in roseate light, a heavenly
band

Strewed flowers of bliss that never
fade away;

They welcome virtue to its native land,
And songs of triumph greet the
joyous day 40

When endless bliss the woes of fleeting
life repay.

Congenial minds will seek their kindred
soul,

E'en though the tide of time has
rolled between;

They mock weak matter's impotent
control,

And seek of endless life the eternal
scene. 45

At death's vain summons *this* will never
die,

In Nature's chaos *this* will not
decay—

These are the bands which closely,
warmly, tie

Thy soul, O Charlotte, 'yond this
chain of clay,

To him who thine must be till time
shall fade away. 50

Yes, Francis! thine was the dear knife
that tore

A tyrant's heart-strings from his
guilty breast,

Thine was the daring at a tyrant's gore,
To smile in triumph, to contemn the
rest;

And thine, loved glory of thy sex! to
tear 55

From its base shrine a despot's
haughty soul,

To laugh at sorrow in secure despair,
To mock, with smiles, life's lingering
control,

And triumph mid the griefs that round
thy fate did roll.

Yes! the fierce spirits of the avenging
deep 60

With endless tortures goad their
guilty shades.

I see the lank and ghastly spectres
sweep

Along the burning length of yon
arcades;

And I see Satan stalk athwart the
plain;

He hastes along the burning soil of
Hell. 65

'Welcome, ye despots, to my dark
domain,

With maddening joy mine anguished
senses swell

To welcome to their home the friends
I love so well.'

Hark! to those notes, how sweet, how
thrilling sweet 69

They echo to the sound of angels' feet.

Oh haste to the bower where roses are
spread,

For there is prepared thy nuptial bed.

Oh haste—hark! hark!—they're gone.

Chorus of Spirits.

Stay, ye days of contentment and joy,

Whilst love every care is erasing, 75

Stay ye pleasures that never can cloy,

And ye spirits that can never cease
pleasing.

And if any soft passion be near,

Which mortals, frail mortals, can
know,

Let love shed on the bosom a tear, 80

And dissolve the chill ice-drop of woe.

SYMPHONY.

Francis.

'SOFT, my dearest angel, stay,

Oh! you suck my soul away;

Suck on, suck on, I glow, I glow!

Tides of maddening passion roll, 85
And streams of rapture drown my
soul.

Now give me one more billing kiss,

Let your lips now repeat the bliss,

Endless kisses steal my breath,

No life can equal such a death.' 90

Charlotte.

'Oh! yes I will kiss thine eyes so
fair,

And I will clasp thy form;

Serene is the breath of the balmy air,

But I think, love, thou feelest me
warm.

And I will recline on thy marble neck

Till I mingle into thee; 96

And I will kiss the rose on thy cheek,

And thou shalt give kisses to me.

For here is no morn to flout our de-
light,

Oh! dost thou not joy at this? 100

And here we may lie an endless night,

A long, long night of bliss.'

Spirits! when raptures move,

Say what it is to love,

When passion's tear stands on the
cheek, 105

When bursts the unconscious sigh;

And the tremulous lips dare not speak

What is told by the soul-felt eye.

But what is sweeter to revenge's ear

Than the fell tyrant's last expiring
yell? 110

Yes! than love's sweetest blisses 'tis
more dear

To drink the floatings of a despot's
knell.

I wake—'tis done—'tis over.

DESPAIR

AND canst thou mock mine agony,
thus calm

In cloudless radiance, Queen of silver
night?

Can you, ye flow'rets, spread your per-
fumed balm
Mid pearly gems of dew that shine
so bright?
And you wild winds, thus can you sleep
so still 5
Whilst throbs the tempest of my
breast so high?
Can the fierce night-fiends rest on
yonder hill,
And, in the eternal mansions of the
sky,
Can the directors of the storm in power-
less silence lie?
Hark! I hear music on the zephyr's
wing, 10
Louder it floats along the unruffled
sky;
Some fairy sure has touched the view-
less string—
Now faint in distant air the murmurs
die.
Awhile it stills the tide of agony.
Now—now it loftier swells—again
stern woe 15
Arises with the awakening melody.
Again fierce torments, such as
demons know,
In bitterer, feller tide, on this torn
bosom flow.
Arise ye sightless spirits of the storm,
Ye unseen minstrels of the aëreal
song, 20
Pour the fierce tide around this lonely
form,
And roll the tempest's wildest swell
along.
Dart the red lightning, wing the forkèd
flash,
Pour from thy cloud-formed hills the
thunder's roar;
Arouse the whirlwind—and let ocean
dash 25
In fiercest tumult on the rocking
shore,—
Destroy this life or let earth's fabric be
no more.

Yes! every tie that links me here is
dead;
Mysterious Fate, thy mandate I obey,
Since hope and peace, and joy, for aye
are fled, 30
I come, terrific power, I come away.
Then o'er this ruined soul let spirits of
Hell,
In triumph, laughing wildly, mock
its pain;
And though with direst pangs mine
heart-strings swell,
I'll echo back their deadly yells
again, 35
Cursing the power that ne'er made
aught in vain.

FRAGMENT

YES! all is past—swift time has fled
away,
Yet its swell pauses on my sickening
mind;
How long will horror nerve this frame
of clay?
I'm dead, and lingers yet my soul
behind.
Oh! powerful Fate, revoke thy deadly
spell, 5
And yet that may not ever, ever be,
Heaven will not smile upon the work of
Hell;
Ah! no, for Heaven cannot smile on
me;
Fate, envious Fate, has sealed my way-
ward destiny.
I sought the cold brink of the midnight
surge, 10
I sighed beneath its wave to hide my
woes,
The rising tempest sung a funeral
dirge,
And on the blast a frightful yell
arose.
Wild flew the meteors o'er the maddened
main,
Wilder did grief athwart my bosom
glare; 15

Stilled was the unearthly howling, and
 a strain,
 Swelled mid the tumult of the bat-
 tling air,
 'Twas like a spirit's song, but yet more
 soft and fair.

I met a maniac—like he was to me,
 I said—'Poor victim, wherefore dost
 thou roam?' 20

And canst thou not contend with agony,
 That thus at midnight thou dost quit
 thine home?'

'Ah there she sleeps: cold is her blood-
 less form,
 And I will go to slumber in her
 grave;

And then our ghosts, whilst raves the
 maddened storm, 25
 Will sweep at midnight o'er the
 wildered wave;

Wilt thou our lowly beds with tears of
 pity lave?'

'Ah! no, I cannot shed the pitying tear,
 This breast is cold, this heart can
 feel no more; 29

But I can rest me on thy chilling bier,
 Can shriek in horror to the tempest's
 roar.'

THE SPECTRAL HORSEMAN

WHAT was the shriek that struck
 Fancy's ear

As it sate on the ruins of time that is
 past?

Hark! it floats on the fitful blast of the
 wind,

And breathes to the pale moon a
 funeral sigh.

It is the Benshie's moan on the storm, 5
 Or a shivering fiend that thirsting for
 sin,

Seeks murder and guilt when virtue
 sleeps,

Winged with the power of some ruthless
 king,

And sweeps o'er the breast of the
 prostrate plain.

It was not a fiend from the regions of
 Hell 10

That poured its low moan on the still-
 ness of night:

It was not a ghost of the guilty dead,
 Nor a yelling vampire reeking with
 gore;

But aye at the close of seven years'
 end,

That voice is mixed with the swell of
 the storm, 15

And aye at the close of seven years'
 end,

A shapeless shadow that sleeps on the
 hill

Awakens and floats on the mist of the
 heath.

It is not the shade of a murdered
 man,

Who has rushed uncalled to the throne
 of his God, 20

And howls in the pause of the eddying
 storm.

This voice is low, cold, hollow, and
 chill,

'Tis not heard by the ear, but is felt in
 the soul.

'Tis more frightful far than the death-
 daemon's scream,

Or the laughter of fiends when they
 howl o'er the corpse 25

Of a man who has sold his soul to
 Hell.

It tells the approach of a mystic form,
 A white courser bears the shadowy
 sprite;

More thin they are than the mists of
 the mountain,

When the clear moonlight sleeps on the
 waveless lake. 30

More pale *his* cheek than the snows of
 Nithona,

When winter rides on the northern
 blast,

And howls in the midst of the leafless
 wood.

Yet when the fierce swell of the tempest
is raving,

And the whirlwinds howl in the caves
of Inisfallen, 35

Still secure mid the wildest war of the
sky,

The phantom courser scours the waste,
And his rider howls in the thunder's
roar.

O'er him the fierce bolts of avenging
Heaven

Pause, as in fear, to strike his
head. 40

The meteors of midnight recoil from
his figure,

Yet the 'wilderer peasant, that oft
passes by,

With wonder beholds the blue flash
through his form:

And his voice, though faint as the sighs
of the dead,

The startled passenger shudders to
hear, 45

More distinct than the thunder's wildest
roar.

Then does the dragon, who, chained in
the caverns

To eternity, curses the champion of
Erin,

Moan and yell loud at the lone hour of
midnight,

And twine his vast wreaths round the
forms of the daemons; 50

Then in agony roll his death-swimming
eyeballs,

Though 'wilderer by death, yet never
to die!

Then he shakes from his skeleton folds
the nightmares,

Who, shrieking in agony, seek the
couch

Of some fevered wretch who courts
sleep in vain; 55

Then the tombless ghosts of the guilty
dead

In horror pause on the fitful gale.

They float on the swell of the eddying
tempest,

And scared seek the caves of gigan-
tic . . .

Where their thin forms pour unearthly
sounds 60

On the blast that sweeps the breast of
the lake,

And mingles its swell with the moon-
light air.

MELODY TO A SCENE OF FORMER TIMES

ART thou indeed forever gone,

Forever, ever, lost to me?

Must this poor bosom beat alone,

Or beat at all, if not for thee?

Ah! why was love to mortals given, 5

To lift them to the height of Heaven,

Or dash them to the depths of Hell?

Yet I do not reproach thee, dear!

Ah, no! the agonies that swell

This panting breast, this frenzied
brain, 10

Might wake my ——'s slumb'ring
tear.

Oh! Heaven is witness I did love,

And Heaven does know I love thee still,

Does know the fruitless sick'ning thrill,

When reason's judgement vainly
strove 15

To blot thee from my memory;

But which might never, never be.

Oh! I appeal to that blest day

When passion's wildest ecstasy

Was coldness to the joys I knew, 20

When every sorrow sunk away.

Oh! I had never lived before,

But now those blisses are no more.

And now I cease to live again,

I do not blame thee, love; ah, no! 25

The breast that feels this anguished
woe

Throbs for thy happiness alone.

Two years of speechless bliss are gone,

I thank thee, dearest, for the dream.

'Tis night—what faint and distant

scream 30

Comes on the wild and fitful blast?
 It moans for pleasures that are past,
 It moans for days that are gone by.
 Oh! lagging hours, how slow you
 fly!

I see a dark and lengthened vale, 35
 The black view closes with the tomb;
 But darker is the lowering gloom
 That shades the intervening dale.
 In visioned slumber for awhile
 I seem again to share thy smile, 40
 I seem to hang upon thy tone.

Again you say, 'Confide in me,
 For I am thine, and thine alone,
 And thine must ever, ever be.'
 But oh! awak'ning still anew, 45
 Athwart my enanguished senses flew
 A fiercer, deadlier agony!

[End of *Posthumous Fragments of
 Margaret Nicholson.*]

STANZA FROM A TRANSLATION OF THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN

[Published by Forman, *P.W. of P. B. S.*,
 1876; dated 1810.]

TREMBLE, Kings despised of man!
 Ye traitors to your Country,
 Tremble! Your parricidal plan
 At length shall meet its destiny . . .
 We all are soldiers fit to fight, 5
 But if we sink in glory's night
 Our mother Earth will give ye new
 The brilliant pathway to pursue
 Which leads to Death or Victory . . .

BIGOTRY'S VICTIM

[Published (without title) by Hogg,
Life of Shelley, 1858; dated 1809-10.
 The title is Rossetti's (1870).]

I
 DARES the lama, most fleet of the sons
 of the wind,
 The lion to rouse from his skull-
 covered lair?

When the tiger approaches can the fast-
 fleeting hind

Repose trust in his footsteps of
 air?

No! Abandoned he sinks in a trance of
 despair, 5

The monster transfixes his prey,
 On the sand flows his life-blood
 away;

Whilst India's rocks to his death-yells
 reply,

Protracting the horrible harmony.

II

Yet the fowl of the desert, when danger
 encroaches, 10

Dares fearless to perish defending her
 brood,

Though the fiercest of cloud-piercing
 tyrants approaches

Thirsting—ay, thirsting for blood;

And demands, like mankind, his
 brother for food;

Yet more lenient, more gentle
 than they; 15

For hunger, not glory, the prey
 Must perish. Revenge does not howl
 in the dead.

Nor ambition with fame crown the
 murderer's head.

III

Though weak as the lama that bounds
 on the mountains,

And endued not with fast-fleeting
 footsteps of air, 20

Yet, yet will I draw from the purest of
 fountains,

Though a fiercer than tiger is there.
 Though, more dreadful than death, it
 scatters despair,

Though its shadow eclipses the
 day,

And the darkness of deepest
 dismay 25

Spreads the influence of soul-chilling
 terror around,

And lowers on the corpses, that rot on
 the ground.

IV

They came to the fountain to draw
from its stream

Waves too pure, too celestial, for
mortals to see;

They bathed for awhile in its silvery
beam, 30

Then perished, and perished like me.
For in vain from the grasp of the Bigot
I flee;

The most tenderly loved of my
soul

Are slaves to his hated control.

He pursues me, he blasts me! 'Tis in
vain that I fly: 35

What remains, but to curse him,—to
curse him and die?

ON AN ICICLE THAT
CLUNG TO THE GRASS
OF A GRAVE

[Published (without title) by Hogg,
Life of Shelley, 1858; dated 1809-10,
The poem, with title as above, is in-
cluded in the Esdaile MS. Book.]

I

Oh! take the pure gem to where
southerly breezes,

Waft repose to some bosom as faith-
ful as fair,

In which the warm current of love
never freezes,

As it rises unmingled with selfishness
there,

Which, untainted by pride, unpol-
luted by care, 5

Might dissolve the dim icedrop, might
bid it arise,

Too pure for these regions, to gleam in
the skies.

II

Or where the stern warrior, his country
defending,

Dares fearless the dark-rolling battle
to pour,

Or o'er the fell corpse of a dread tyrant
bending, 10

Where patriotism red with his guilt-
reeking gore

Plants Liberty's flag on the slave-
peopled shore,

With victory's cry, with the shout of
the free,

Let it fly, taintless Spirit, to mingle
with thee.

III

For I found the pure gem, when the
daybeam returning, 15

Ineffectual gleams on the snow-
covered plain,

When to others the wished-for arrival
of morning

Brings relief to long visions of soul-
racking pain;

But regret is an insult—to grieve is
in vain:

And why should we grieve that a spirit
so fair 20

Seeks Heaven to mix with its own
kindred there?

IV

But still 'twas some Spirit of kindness
descending

To share in the load of mortality's
woe,

Who over thy lowly-built sepulchre
bending

Bade sympathy's tenderest teardrop
to flow. 25

Not for *thee* soft compassion celes-
tials did know,

But if *angels* can weep, sure *man* may
repine,

May weep in mute grief o'er thy low-
laid shrine.

V

And did I then say, for the altar of
glory,

That the earliest, the loveliest of
flowers I'd entwine, 30

Though with millions of blood-reeking
victims 'twas gory,

Though the tears of the widow pol-
luted its shrine,

Though around it the orphans, the
 fatherless pine?
 Oh! Fame, all thy glories I'd yield for
 a tear
 To shed on the grave of a heart so
 sincere. 35

LOVE

[Published (without title) by Hogg,
Life of Shelley, 1858; dated 1811. The
 title is Rossetti's (1870).]

WHY is it said thou canst not live
 In a youthful breast and fair,
 Since thou eternal life canst give,
 Canst bloom for ever there? 4
 Since withering pain no power possessed,
 Nor age, to blanch thy vermeil hue,
 Nor time's dread victor, death, con-
 fessed,
 Though bathed with his poison dew,
 Still thou retain'st unchanging bloom,
 Fixed tranquil, even in the tomb. 10
 And oh! when on the blest, reviving,
 The day-star dawns of love,
 Each energy of soul surviving
 More vivid, soars above,
 Hast thou ne'er felt a rapturous thrill,
 Like June's warm breath, athwart
 thee fly, 16
 O'er each idea then to steal,
 When other passions die?
 Felt it in some wild noonday dream,
 When sitting by the lonely stream, 20
 Where Silence says, 'Mine is the dell';
 And not a murmur from the plain,
 And not an echo from the fell,
 Disputes her silent reign.

ON A FÊTE AT CARLTON
 HOUSE: FRAGMENT

[Published by Rossetti, *Complete P. W.*
of P. B. S., 1870; dated 1811.]

By the mossy brink,
 With me the Prince shall sit and
 think;

Shall muse in visioned Regency,
 Rapped in bright dreams of dawning
 Royalty.

TO A STAR

[Published (without title) by Hogg,
Life of Shelley, 1858; dated 1811. The
 title is Rossetti's (1870).]

SWEET star, which gleaming o'er the
 darksome scene
 Through fleecy clouds of silvery radi-
 ance fliest,
 Spanglet of light on evening's shadowy
 veil,
 Which shrouds the day-beam from the
 waveless lake,
 Lighting the hour of sacred love; more
 sweet 5
 Than the expiring morn-star's paly
 fires:—
 Sweet star! When wearied Nature
 sinks to sleep,
 And all is hushed,—all, save the voice
 of Love,
 Whose broken murmurings swell the
 balmy blast
 Of soft Favonius, which at intervals 10
 Sighs in the ear of stillness, art thou
 aught but
 Lulling the slaves of interest to re-
 pose
 With that mild, pitying gaze? Oh, I
 would look
 In thy dear beam till every bond of
 sense
 Became enamoured—— 15

TO MARY WHO DIED IN
 THIS OPINION

[Published by Rossetti, *Complete P. W.*
of P. B. S., 1870; dated 1810-11.]

I
 MAIDEN, quench the glare of sorrow
 Struggling in thine haggard eye:
 Firmness dare to borrow
 From the wreck of destiny;

For the ray morn's bloom revealing 5
 Can never boast so bright an hue
 As that which mocks concealing,
 And sheds its loveliest light on you.

II

Yet is the tie departed 9
 Which bound thy lovely soul to bliss?
 Has it left thee broken-hearted
 In a world so cold as this?

Yet, though, fainting fair one,
 Sorrow's self thy cup has given,
 Dream thou'lt meet thy dear
 one, 15
 Never more to part, in Heaven.

III

Existence would I barter
 For a dream so dear as thine,
 And smile to die a martyr
 On affection's bloodless shrine. 20

Nor would I change for pleasure
 That withered hand and ashy cheek,
 If my heart enshrined a treasure
 Such as forces thine to break.

A TALE OF SOCIETY AS
 IT IS: FROM FACTS, 1811

[Published (from Esdaile MS. with
 title as above) by Rossetti, *Complete
 P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870. Rossetti's
 title is *Mother and Son*.]

I

SHE was an agèd woman; and the
 years
 Which she had numbered on her toil-
 some way
 Had bowed her natural powers to
 decay.

She was an agèd woman; yet the ray
 Which faintly glimmered through her
 starting tears, 5

Pressed into light by silent misery,
 Hath soul's imperishable energy.

She was a cripple, and incapable
 To add one mite to gold-fed luxury:

And therefore did her spirit dimly
 feel 10
 That poverty, the crime of tainting
 stain,

Would merge her in its depths, never
 to rise again.

II

One only son's love had supported
 her.

She long had struggled with in-
 firmity,
 Lingerin' to human life-scenes;
 for to die, 15

When fate has spared to rend some
 mental tie,

Would many wish, and surely fewer
 dare.

But, when the tyrant's bloodhounds
 forced the child

For his cursed power unhallowed
 arms to wield—

Bend to another's will—become a
 thing 20

More senseless than the sword of
 battlefield—

Then did she feel keen sorrow's
 keenest sting;

And many years had passed ere com-
 fort they would bring.

III

For seven years did this poor woman
 live

In unparticipated solitude. 25
 Thou mightst have seen her in the
 forest rude

Picking the scattered remnants of
 its wood.

If human, thou mightst then have
 learned to grieve.

The gleanings of precarious charity
 Her scantiness of food did scarce

supply. 30

The proofs of an unspeaking sor-
 row dwelt

Within her ghastly hollowness of eye:

28 grieve *Esdaile MS.*; feel, 1870.

Each arrow of the season's change
she felt.

Yet still she groans, ere yet her race
were run,

One only hope: it was—once more to
see her son. 35

IV

It was an eve of June, when every
star

Spoke peace from Heaven to those
on earth that live.

She rested on the moor. 'Twas
such an eve

When first her soul began indeed
to grieve: 39

Then he was here; now he is very far.

The sweetness of the balmy evening

A sorrow o'er her agèd soul did fling,

Yet not devoid of rapture's mingled
tear:

A balm was in the poison of the
sting.

This agèd sufferer for many a year
Had never felt such comfort. She

suppressed 46

A sigh—and turning round, clasped
William to her breast!

V

And, though his form was wasted by
the woe

Which tyrants on their victims love
to wreak,

Though his sunk eyeballs and his
faded cheek 50

Of slavery's violence and scorn did
speak,

Yet did the agèd woman's bosom
glow.

The vital fire seemed re-illumed
within

By this sweet unexpected welcoming.

Oh, consummation of the fondest
hope 55

That ever soared on Fancy's wildest
wing!

Oh, tenderness that foundst so
sweet a scope!

Prince who dost pride thee on thy
mighty sway,

When *thou* canst feel such love, thou
shalt be great as they!

VI

Her son, compelled, the country's
foes had fought, 60

Had bled in battle; and the stern
control

Which ruled his sinews and
coerced his soul

Utterly poisoned life's unmingled
bowl,

And unsubduable evils on him
brought.

He was the shadow of the lusty
child 65

Who, when the time of summer
season smiled,

Did earn for her a meal of
honesty,

And with affectionate discourse be-
guiled

The keen attacks of pain and
poverty;

Till Power, as envying her this only
joy, 70

From her maternal bosom tore the
unhappy boy.

VII

And now cold charity's unwelcome
dole

Was insufficient to support the
pair;

And they would perish rather than
would bear

The law's stern slavery, and the
insolent stare 75

With which law loves to rend the
poor man's soul—

The bitter scorn, the spirit-sinking
noise

Of heartless mirth which women,
men, and boys

Wake in this scene of legal misery.

TO THE REPUBLICANS OF
NORTH AMERICA

[Published (from the Esdaile MS. with title as above) by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870; dated 1812. Rossetti's title is *The Mexican Revolution.*]

I

BROTHERS! between you and me
Whirlwinds sweep and billows roar :
Yet in spirit oft I see
On thy wild and winding shore
Freedom's bloodless banners wave,— 5
Feel the pulses of the brave
Unextinguished in the grave,—
See them drenched in sacred gore,—
Catch the warrior's gasping breath
Murmuring 'Liberty or death!' 10

II

Shout aloud! Let every slave,
Crouching at Corruption's throne,
Start into a man, and brave
Racks and chains without a groan;
And the castle's heartless glow, 15
And the hovel's vice and woe,
Fade like gaudy flowers that blow—
Weeds that peep, and then are gone
Whilst, from misery's ashes risen,
Love shall burst the captive's prison.

III

Cotopaxi! bid the sound 21
Through thy sister mountains ring,
Till each valley smile around
At the blissful welcoming!
And, O thou stern Ocean deep, 25
Thou whose foamy billows sweep
Shores where thousands wake to weep
Whilst they curse a villain king,
On the winds that fan thy breast
Bear thou news of Freedom's rest! 30

IV

Can the daystar dawn of love,
Where the flag of war unfurled
Floats with crimson stain above
The fabric of a ruined world?

Never but to vengeance driven 35
When the patriot's spirit shriven
Seeks in death its native Heaven!
There, to desolation hurled,
Widowed love may watch thy bier,
Balm thee with its dying tear. 40

TO IRELAND

[Published, 1-10, by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870; 11-17, 25-28, by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887; 18-24 by Kingsland, *Poet-Lore*, July, 1892. Dated 1812.]

I

BEAR witness, Erin! when thine in-
jured isle
Sees summer on its verdant pastures
smile,
Its cornfields waving in the winds that
sweep
The billowy surface of thy circling
deep!
Thou tree whose shadow o'er the
Atlantic gave 5
Peace, wealth and beauty, to its
friendly wave,
its blossoms fade,
And blighted are the leaves that cast
its shade;
Whilst the cold hand gathers its scanty
fruit,
Whose chillness struck a canker to its
root. 10

II

I could stand
Upon thy shores, O Erin, and could
count
The billows that, in their unceasing
swell,
Dash on thy beach, and every wave
might seem
An instrument in Time the giant's
grasp, 15
To burst the barriers of Eternity.
Proceed, thou giant, conquering and to
conquer;

March on thy lonely way! The nations
 fall
 Beneath thy noiseless footstep; pyra-
 mids
 That for millenniums have defied the
 blast, 20
 And laughed at lightnings, thou dost
 crush to nought.
 Yon monarch, in his solitary pomp,
 Is but the fungus of a winter day
 That thy light footstep presses into
 dust.
 Thou art a conqueror, Time; all things
 give way 25
 Before thee but the 'fixed and virtuous
 will';
 The sacred sympathy of soul which
 was
 When thou wert not, which shall be
 when thou perishest.

ON ROBERT EMMET'S GRAVE

[Published from the Esdaile MS.
 book by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887;
 dated 1812.]

VI

No trump tells thy virtues—the grave
 where they rest
 With thy dust shall remain un-
 polluted by fame,
 Till thy foes, by the world and by
 fortune caressed,
 Shall pass like a mist from the light
 of thy name.

VII

When the storm-cloud that lowers o'er
 the day-beam is gone, 5
 Unchanged, unextinguished its life-
 spring will shine;
 When Erin has ceased with their
 memory to groan,
 She will smile through the tears of
 revival on thine.

THE RETROSPECT: CWM ELAN, 1812

[Published from the Esdaile MS. book
 by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887.]

A SCENE, which 'wildered fancy viewed
 In the soul's coldest solitude,
 With that same scene when peaceful
 love
 Flings rapture's colour o'er the grove,
 When mountain, meadow, wood and
 stream 5
 With unalloying glory gleam,
 And to the spirit's ear and eye
 Are unison and harmony.
 The moonlight was my dearer day;
 Then would I wander far away, 10
 And, lingering on the wild brook's shore
 To hear its unremitting roar,
 Would lose in the ideal flow
 All sense of overwhelming woe;
 Or at the noiseless noon of night 15
 Would climb some heathy mountain's
 height,
 And listen to the mystic sound
 That stole in fitful gasps around.
 I joyed to see the streaks of day
 Above the purple peaks decay, 20
 And watch the latest line of light
 Just mingling with the shades of night;
 For day with me was time of woe
 When even tears refused to flow;
 Then would I stretch my languid
 frame 25
 Beneath the wild woods' gloomiest
 shade,
 And try to quench the ceaseless flame
 That on my withered vitals preyed;
 Would close mine eyes and dream I
 were
 On some remote and friendless plain, 30
 And long to leave existence there,
 If with it I might leave the pain
 That with a finger cold and lean
 Wrote madness on my withering mien.
 It was not unrequited love 35
 That bade my 'wildered spirit rove;

'Twas not the pride disdain'ing life,
 That with this mortal world at strife
 Would yield to the soul's inward sense,
 Then groan in human impotence, 40
 And weep because it is not given
 To taste on Earth the peace of Heaven.
 'Twas not that in the narrow sphere
 Where Nature fixed my wayward fate
 There was no friend or kindred dear 45
 Formed to become that spirit's mate,
 Which, searching on tired pinion, found
 Barren and cold repulse around;
 Oh, no! yet each one sorrow gave
 New graces to the narrow grave. 50

For broken vows had early quelled
 The stainless spirit's vestal flame;
 Yes! whilst the faithful bosom swelled,
 Then the envenomed arrow came,
 And Apathy's unaltering eye 55
 Beamed coldness on the misery;
 And early I had learned to scorn
 The chains of clay that bound a soul
 Panting to seize the wings of morn,
 And where its vital fires were born 60
 To soar, and spur the cold control
 Which the vile slaves of earthly night
 Would twine around its struggling
 flight.

Oh, many were the friends whom fame
 Had linked with the unmeaning name,
 Whose magic marked among mankind
 The casket of my unknown mind, 67
 Which hidden from the vulgar glare
 Imbued no fleeting radiance there.
 My darksome spirit sought—it found
 A friendless solitude around. 71
 For who that might undaunted stand,
 The saviour of a sinking land,
 Would crawl, its ruthless tyrant's
 slave,
 And fatten upon Freedom's grave, 75
 Though doomed with her to perish,
 where
 The captive clasps abhorred despair.
 They could not share the bosom's feel-
 ing,

Which, passion's every throb revealing,
 Dared force on the world's notice cold
 Thoughts of unprofitable mould, 81
 Who bask in Custom's fickle ray,
 Fit sunshine of such wintry day!
 They could not in a twilight walk
 Weave an impassioned web of talk, 85
 Till mysteries the spirits press
 In wild yet tender awfulness,
 Then feel within our narrow sphere
 How little yet how great we are!
 But they might shine in courtly glare,
 Attract the rabble's cheapest stare, 91
 And might command where'er they
 move

A thing that bears the name of love;
 They might be learned, witty, gay,
 Foremost in fashion's gilt array, 95
 On Fame's emblazoned pages shine,
 Be princes' friends, but never mine!

Ye jagged peaks that frown sublime,
 Mocking the blunted scythe of Time,
 Whence I would watch its lustre pale
 Steal from the moon o'er yonder
 vale: 101

Thou rock, whose bosom black and
 vast,
 Bared to the stream's unceasing flow,
 Ever its giant shade doth cast
 On the tumultuous surge below: 105

Woods, to whose depths retires to
 die
 The wounded Echo's melody,
 And whither this lone spirit bent
 The footstep of a wild intent:

Meadows! whose green and spangled
 breast 110
 These fevered limbs have often pressed,
 Until the watchful fiend Despair
 Slept in the soothing coolness there!
 Have not your varied beauties seen
 The sunken eye, the withering mien, 115
 Sad traces of the unuttered pain
 That froze my heart and burned my
 brain.

How changed since Nature's summer
form

Had last the power my grief to
charm,

Since last ye soothed my spirit's sad-
ness, 120

Strange chaos of a mingled madness!
Changed!—not the loathsome worm
that fed

In the dark mansions of the dead,
Now soaring through the fields of air,
And gathering purest nectar there, 125

A butterfly, whose million hues
The dazzled eye of wonder views,
Long lingering on a work so strange,
Has undergone so bright a change.

How do I feel my happiness? 130

I cannot tell, but they may guess
Whose every gloomy feeling gone,
Friendship and passion feel alone;

Who see mortality's dull clouds
Before affection's murmur fly, 135

Whilst the mild glances of her eye
Pierce the thin veil of flesh that shrouds
The spirit's inmost sanctuary.

O thou! whose virtues latest known,
First in this heart yet claim'st a
throne; 140

Whose downy sceptre still shall share
The gentle sway with virtue there;
Thou fair in form, and pure in mind,

Whose ardent friendship rivets fast
The flowery band our fates that bind,
Which incorruptible shall last 146

When duty's hard and cold control
Has thawed around the burning
soul,—

The gloomiest retrospects that bind
With crowns of thorn the bleeding
mind, 150

The prospects of most doubtful hue
That rise on Fancy's shuddering
view,—

Are gilt by the reviving ray
Which thou hast flung upon my day.

FRAGMENT OF A SONNET

TO HARRIET

[Published from the Esdaile MS. book by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887; dated August 1, 1812.]

EVER as now with Love and Virtue's
glow

May thy unwithering soul not cease to
burn,

Still may thine heart with those pure
thoughts o'erflow

Which force from mine such quick and
warm return.

TO HARRIET

[Published, 5–13, by Forman, *P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1876; 58–69, by Shelley, *Notes to Queen Mab*, 1813; and entire (from the Esdaile MS. book) by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887; dated 1812.]

It is not blasphemy to hope that
Heaven

More perfectly will give those nameless
joys

Which throb within the pulses of the
blood

And sweeten all that bitterness which
Earth

Infuses in the heaven-born soul. 0
thou 5

Whose dear love gleamed upon the
gloomy path

Which this lone spirit travelled, drear
and cold,

Yet swiftly leading to those awful
limits

Which mark the bounds of Time and
of the space

When Time shall be no more; wilt thou
not turn 10

Those spirit-beaming eyes and look on
me,

Until I be assured that Earth is
Heaven,

And Heaven is Earth?—will not thy
 glowing cheek,
 Glowing with soft suffusion, rest on
 mine,
 And breathe magnetic sweetness
 through the frame 15
 Of my corporeal nature, through the soul
 Now knit with these fine fibres? I
 would give
 The longest and the happiest day that
 fate
 Has marked on my existence but to feel
One soul-reviving kiss. . . . O thou
 most dear, 20
 'Tis an assurance that this Earth is
 Heaven,
 And Heaven the flower of that un-
 tainted seed
 Which springeth here beneath such
 love as ours.
 Harriet! let death all mortal ties dis-
 solve,
 But ours shall not be mortal! The
 cold hand 25
 Of Time may chill the love of earthly
 minds
 Half frozen now; the frigid inter-
 course
 Of common souls lives but a summer's
 day;
 It dies, where it arose, upon this earth.
 But ours! oh, 'tis the stretch of Fancy's
 hope 30
 To portray its continuance as now,
 Warm, tranquil, spirit-healing; nor
 when age
 Has tempered these wild ecstasies, and
 given
 A soberer tinge to the luxurious glow
 Which blazing on devotion's pinnacle
 Makes virtuous passion supersede the
 power 36
 Of reason; nor when life's aestival sun
 To deeper manhood shall have ripened
 me;
 Nor when some years have added judge-
 ment's store
 To all thy woman sweetness, all the fire

Which throbs in thine enthusiast heart;
 not then 41
 Shall holy friendship (for what other
 name
 May love like ours assume?), not even
 then
 Shall Custom so corrupt, or the cold
 forms
 Of this desolate world so harden us, 45
 As when we think of the dear love that
 binds
 Our souls in soft communion, while we
 know
 Each other's thoughts and feelings, can
 we say
 Unblushingly a heartless compliment,
 Praise, hate, or love with the unthink-
 ing world, 50
 Or dare to cut the unrelaxing nerve
 That knits our love to virtue. Can
 those eyes,
 Beaming with mildest radiance on my
 heart
 To purify its purity, e'er bend
 To soothe its vice or consecrate its
 fears? 55
 Never, thou second Self! Is con-
 fidence
 So vain in virtue that I learn to doubt
 The mirror even of Truth? Dark flood
 of Time,
 Roll as it listeth thee; I measure not
 By month or moments thy ambiguous
 course. 60
 Another may stand by me on thy
 brink,
 And watch the bubble whirled beyond
 his ken,
 Which pauses at my feet. The sense
 of love,
 The thirst for action, and the im-
 passionate thought
 Prolong my being; if I wake no more, 65
 My life more actual living will contain
 Than some gray veteran's of the world's
 cold school,
 Whose listless hours unprofitably roll
 By one enthusiast feeling unredeemed,

Virtue and Love! unbending Forti-
tude, 70
Freedom, Devotedness and Purity!
That life my Spirit consecrates to you.

SONNET

TO A BALLOON LADEN WITH KNOW-
LEDGE

[Published from the Esdaile MS.
book by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*,
1887; dated August, 1812.]

BRIGHT ball of flame that through the
gloom of even
Silently takest thine aethereal way,
And with surpassing glory dimm'st
each ray
Twinkling amid the dark blue depths
of Heaven,—
Unlike the fire thou bearest, soon shalt
thou 5
Fade like a meteor in surrounding
gloom,
Whilst that, unquenchable, is doomed
to glow
A watch-light by the patriot's lonely
tomb;
A ray of courage to the oppressed and
poor;
A spark, though gleaming on the
hovel's hearth, 10
Which through the tyrant's gilded
domes shall roar;
A beacon in the darkness of the
Earth;
A sun which, o'er the renovated scene,
Shall dart like Truth where Falsehood
yet has been.

SONNET

ON LAUNCHING SOME BOTTLES FILLED
WITH KNOWLEDGE INTO THE BRISTOL
CHANNEL

[Published from the Esdaile MS.
book by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*,
1887; dated August, 1812.]

VESSELS of heavenly medicine! may
the breeze

Auspicious waft your dark green
forms to shore;
Safe may ye stem the wide sur-
rounding roar
Of the wild whirlwinds and the raging
seas;
And oh! if Liberty e'er deigned to
stoop 5
From yonder lowly throne her crown-
less brow,
Sure she will breathe around your
emerald group
The fairest breezes of her West that
blow.
Yes! she will waft ye to some freeborn
soul
Whose eye-beam, kindling as it meets
your freight, 10
Her heaven-born flame in suffering
Earth will light,
Until its radiance gleams from pole to
pole,
And tyrant-hearts with powerless
envy burst
To see their night of ignorance dis-
persed.

THE DEVIL'S WALK

A BALLAD

[Published as a broadside by Shelley,
1812.]

I

ONCE, early in the morning,
Beelzebub arose,
With care his sweet person adorning,
He put on his Sunday clothes.

II

He drew on a boot to hide his hoof, 5
He drew on a glove to hide his claw,
His horns were concealed by a *Bras*
Chapeau,
And the Devil went forth as natty a
Beau
As Bond-street ever saw.

III

He sate him down, in London town, 10
Before earth's morning ray;

With a favourite imp he began to chat,
On religion, and scandal, this and that,
Until the dawn of day.

IV

And then to St. James's Court he
went, 15
And St. Paul's Church he took on
his way;
He was mighty thick with every Saint,
Though they were formal and he
was gay.

V

The Devil was an agriculturist,
And as bad weeds quickly grow, 20
In looking over his farm, I wist,
He wouldn't find cause for woe.

VI

He peeped in each hole, to each cham-
ber stole,
His promising live-stock to view;
Grinning applause, he just showed
them his claws, 25
And they shrunk with affright from his
ugly sight,
Whose work they delighted to do.

VII

Satan poked his red nose into crannies
so small
One would think that the inno-
cents fair,
Poor lambkins! were just doing no-
thing at all 30
But settling some dress or arranging
some ball,
But the Devil saw deeper there.

VIII

A Priest, at whose elbow the Devil
during prayer
Sate familiarly, side by side,
Declared that, if the Tempter were
there, 35
His presence he would not abide.
Ah! ah! thought Old Nick, that's a
very stale trick,
For without the Devil, O favourite of
Evil,

In your carriage you would not
ride.

IX

Satan next saw a brainless King, 40
Whose house was as hot as his own;
Many Imps in attendance were there
on the wing,
They flapped the pennon and twisted
the sting,
Close by the very Throne.

X

Ah! ah! thought Satan, the pasture is
good, 45
My Cattle will here thrive better
than others;
They dine on news of human blood,
They sup on the groans of the dying
and dead,
And supperless never will go to bed;
Which will make them fat as their
brothers. 50

XI

Fat as the Fiends that feed on
blood,
Fresh and warm from the fields of
Spain,
Where Ruin ploughs her gory
way,
Where the shoots of earth are nipped
in the bud,
Where Hell is the Victor's prey, 55
Its glory the meed of the slain.

XII

Fat—as the Death-birds on Erin's
shore,
That glutted themselves in her dearest
gore,
And flitted round Castlereagh,
When they snatched the Patriot's
heart, that *his* grasp 60
Had torn from its widow's maniac
clasp,
And fled at the dawn of day.

XIII

Fat—as the Reptiles of the tomb,
That riot in corruption's spoil,
That fret their little hour in gloom, 65
And creep, and live the while.

XIV

Fat as that Prince's maudlin brain,
Which, addled by some gilded toy,
Tired, gives his sweetmeat, and again
Cries for it, like a humoured boy. 70

XV

For he is fat,—his waistcoat gay,
When strained upon a levee day,
Scarce meets across his princely
paunch;
And pantaloons are like half-moons
Upon each brawny haunch. 75

XVI

How vast his stock of calf! when
plenty
Had filled his empty head and
heart,
Enough to satiate foplings twenty,
Could make his pantaloon seams
start.

XVII

The Devil (who sometimes is called
Nature), 80
For men of power provides thus
well,

Whilst every change and every feature,
Their great original can tell.

XVIII

Satan saw a lawyer a viper slay, 84
That crawled up the leg of his table,
It reminded him most marvellously
Of the story of Cain and Abel.

XIX

The wealthy yeoman, as he wanders
His fertile fields among,
And on his thriving cattle ponders, 90
Counts his sure gains, and hums a
song;
Thus did the Devil, through earth
walking,
Hum low a hellish song.

XX

For they thrive well whose garb of
gore
Is Satan's choicest livery, 95
And they thrive well who from the poor
Have snatched the bread of penury,
And heap the houseless wanderer's
store
On the rank pile of luxury.

XXI

The Bishops thrive, though they are big;
The Lawyers thrive, though they are
thin; 101
For every gown, and every wig,
Hides the safe thrift of Hell within.

XXII

Thus pigs were never counted clean,
Although they dine on finest corn;
And cormorants are sin-like lean, 106
Although they eat from night to
morn.

XXIII

Oh! why is the Father of Hell in such
glee,
As he grins from ear to ear?
Why does he doff his clothes joyfully,
As he skips, and prances, and flaps
his wing, 111
As he sidles, leers, and twirls his
sting,
And dares, as he is, to appear?

XXIV

A statesman passed—alone to him,
The Devil dare his whole shape un-
cover, 115
To show each feature, every limb,
Secure of an unchanging lover.

XXV

At this known sign, a welcome sight,
The watchful demons sought their
King, 119
And every Fiend of the Stygian night,
Was in an instant on the wing.

XXVI

Pale Loyalty, his guilt-steeled brow,
With wreaths of gory laurel crowned:
The hell-hounds, Murder, Want and
Woe, 124

Forever hungering, flocked around;
From Spain had Satan sought their
food,
'Twas human woe and human blood!

XXVII

Hark! the earthquake's crash I hear,—
Kings turn pale, and Conquerors
start,

Ruffians tremble in their fear, 130
For their Satan doth depart.

XXVIII

This day Fiends give to revelry
To celebrate their King's return,
And with delight its Sire to see
Hell's adamantine limits burn. 135

XXIX

But were the Devil's sight as keen
As Reason's penetrating eye,
His sulphurous Majesty I ween,
Would find but little cause for joy.

XXX

For the sons of Reason see 140
That, ere fate consume the Pole,
The false Tyrant's cheek shall be
Bloodless as his coward soul.

FRAGMENT OF A SONNET

FAREWELL TO NORTH DEVON

[Published (from the Esdaile MS.
book) by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*,
1887; dated August, 1812.]

Where man's profane and tainting
hand
Nature's primaeval loveliness has
marred,
And some few souls of the high bliss
debarred
Which else obey her powerful com-
mand;
... mountain piles 5
That load in grandeur Cambria's
emerald vales.

ON LEAVING LONDON
FOR WALES

[Published (from the Esdaile MS.
book) by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*,
1887; dated November, 1812.]

HAIL to thee, Cambria! for the un-
fettered wind

Which from thy wilds even now
methinks I feel,

Chasing the clouds that roll in wrath
behind,

And tightening the soul's laxest
nerves to steel;

True mountain Liberty alone may
heal 5

The pain which Custom's obduracies
bring,

And he who dares in fancy even to
steal

One draught from Snowdon's ever
sacred spring

Blots out the unholyest rede of worldly
witnessing.

And shall that soul, to selfish peace
resigned, 10

So soon forget the woe its fellows
share?

Can Snowdon's Lethe from the free-
born mind

So soon the page of injured penury
tear?

Does this fine mass of human
passion dare

To sleep, unhonouring the patriot's
fall, 15

Or life's sweet load in quietude to
bear

While millions famish even in
Luxury's hall,

And Tyranny, high raised, stern lowers
on all?

No, Cambria! never may thy match-
less vales

A heart so false to hope and virtue
 shield; 20
 Nor ever may thy spirit-breathing
 gales
 Waft freshness to the slaves who
 dare to yield.
 For me! . . . the weapon that I burn
 to wield
 I seek amid thy rocks to ruin
 hurled,
 That Reason's flag may over Free-
 dom's field, 25
 Symbol of bloodless victory, wave
 unfurled,
 A meteor-sign of love effulgent o'er the
 world.

 Do thou, wild Cambria, calm each
 struggling thought;
 Cast thy sweet veil of rocks and
 woods between,
 That by the soul to indignation
 wrought 30
 Mountains and dells be mingled with
 the scene;
 Let me forever be what I have
 been,
 But not forever at my needy door
 Let Misery linger speechless, pale
 and lean;
 I am the friend of the unfriended
 poor,— 35
 Let me not madly stain their righteous
 cause in gore.

THE WANDERING JEW'S SOLILOQUY

[Published (from the Esdaile MS. book)
 by Bertram Dobell, 1887.]

Is it the Eternal Triune, is it He
 Who dares arrest the wheels of destiny
 And plunge me in the lowest Hell of
 Hells?
 Will not the lightning's blast destroy
 my frame?

Will not steel drink the blood-life
 where it swells? 5
 No—let me hie where dark Destruction
 dwells,
 To rouse her from her deeply caverned
 lair,
 And, taunting her cursed sluggishness
 to ire,
 Light long Oblivion's death-torch at
 its flame
 And calmly mount Annihilation's
 pyre,
 Tyrant of Earth! pale Misery's jackal
 Thou! 11
 Are there no stores of vengeful violent
 fate
 Within the magazines of Thy fierce
 hate?
 No poison in the clouds to bathe a
 brow
 That lowers on Thee with desperate
 contempt? 15
 Where is the noonday Pestilence that
 slew
 The myriad sons of Israel's favoured
 nation?
 Where the destroying Minister that
 flew
 Pouring the fiery tide of desolation
 Upon the leagued Assyrian's attempt?
 Where the dark Earthquake-daemon
 who engorged 21
 At the dread word Korah's uncon-
 scious crew?
 Or the Angel's two-edged sword of fire
 that urged
 Our primal parents from their bower
 of bliss
 (Reared by Thine hand) for errors not
 their own 25
 By Thine omniscient mind foredoomed,
 foreknown?
 Yes! I would court a ruin such as
 this,
 Almighty Tyrant! and give thanks to
 Thee—
 Drink deeply—drain the cup of hate;
 remit this—I may die.

EVENING

TO HARRIET

[Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887. Composed July 31, 1813.]

O THOU bright Sun! beneath the dark
blue line
Of western distance that sublime
descendest,
And, gleaming lovelier as thy beams
decline,
Thy million hues to every vapour
lendest,
And, over cobweb lawn and grove and
stream 5
Sheddest the liquid magic of thy
light,
Till calm Earth, with the parting
splendour bright,
Shows like the vision of a beauteous
dream;
What gazer now with astronomic eye
Could coldly count the spots within
thy sphere? 10
Such were thy lover, Harriet, could
he fly
The thoughts of all that makes his
passion dear,
And, turning senseless from thy
warm caress,
Pick flaws in our close-woven hap-
piness,

TO IANTHE

[Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887. Composed September, 1813.]

I LOVE thee, Baby! for thine own
sweet sake;
Those azure eyes, that faintly dim-
pled cheek,
Thy tender frame, so eloquently
weak,
Love in the sternest heart of hate
might wake;

But more when o'er thy fitful slumber
bending 5
Thy mother folds thee to her wake-
ful heart,
Whilst love and pity, in her glances
blending,
All that thy passive eyes can feel
impart:
More, when some feeble lineaments of
her,
Who bore thy weight beneath her
spotless bosom, 10
As with deep love I read thy face,
recur,—
More dear art thou, O fair and fragile
blossom;
Dearest when most thy tender traits
express
The image of thy mother's loveli-
ness,

SONG FROM
THE WANDERING JEW

[Published as Shelley's by Medwin, *Life of Shelley*, 1847, i. p. 58.]

SEE yon opening flower
Spreads its fragrance to the blast;
It fades within an hour,
Its decay is pale—is fast,
Paler is yon maiden; 5
Faster is her heart's decay;
Deep with sorrow laden,
She sinks in death away,

FRAGMENT FROM THE
WANDERING JEW

[Published as Shelley's by Medwin, *Life of Shelley*, 1847, i. p. 56.]

THE Elements respect their Maker's
seal!
Still like the scathed pine tree's
height,
Braving the tempests of the night

Have I 'scaped the flickering flame.
 Like the scathed pine, which a monu-
 ment stands 5
 Of faded grandeur, which the brands
 Of the tempest-shaken air
 Have riven on the desolate heath;
 Yet it stands majestic even in death,
 And rears its wild form there. 10

TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART

[Published as Shelley's by Medwin,
The Shelley Papers, 1833, and by Mrs.
 Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.; after-
 wards suppressed as of doubtful au-
 thenticity.]

I
 SHALL we roam, my love,
 To the twilight grove,
 When the moon is rising bright;
 Oh, I'll whisper there,
 In the cool night-air, 5
 What I dare not in broad daylight!

II
 I'll tell thee a part
 Of the thoughts that start
 To being when thou art nigh;
 And thy beauty, more bright 10
 Than the stars' soft light,
 Shall seem as a weft from the sky.

III
 When the pale moonbeam
 On tower and stream
 Sheds a flood of silver sheen, 15
 How I love to gaze
 As the cold ray strays
 O'er thy face, my heart's throned
 queen!

IV
 Wilt thou roam with me
 To the restless sea, 20
 And linger upon the steep,
 And list to the flow
 Of the waves below
 How they toss and roar and leap?

V
 Those boiling waves, 25
 And the storm that raves
 At night o'er their foaming crest,
 Resemble the strife
 That, from earliest life,
 The passions have waged in my
 breast. 30

VI
 Oh, come then, and rove
 To the sea or the grove,
 When the moon is rising bright;
 And I'll whisper there,
 In the cool night-air, 35
 What I dare not in broad day-
 light.

NOTES

ON THE TEXT AND ITS PUNCTUATION

IN the case of every poem published during Shelley's lifetime, the text of this edition is based upon that of the *editio princeps* or earliest issue. Wherever our text deviates verbally from this exemplar, the word or words of the *editio princeps* will be found recorded in a footnote. In like manner, wherever the text of the poems first printed by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems* of 1824 or the *Poetical Works* of 1839 is modified by MS. authority or otherwise, the reading of the earliest printed text has been subjoined in a footnote. Shelley's punctuation—or what may be presumed to be his—has been retained, save in the case of errors (whether of the transcriber or the printer) overlooked in the revision of the proof-sheets, and of a few places where the pointing, though certainly or seemingly Shelley's, tends to obscure the sense or grammatical construction. In the following notes the more important textual difficulties are briefly discussed, and the readings embodied in the text of this edition, it is hoped, sufficiently justified. An attempt has also been made to record the original punctuation where it is here departed from.

(1) PAGE 1.

THE DAEMON OF THE WORLD: PART I

The following paragraph, relating to this poem, closes Shelley's

Preface to Alastor, etc., 1816:—'The Fragment entitled *The Daemon of the World* is a detached part of a poem which the author does not intend for publication. The metre in which it is composed is that of *Samson Agonistes* and the Italian pastoral drama, and may be considered as the natural measure into which poetical conceptions, expressed in harmonious language, necessarily fall.'

(2) PAGE 2.

Lines 56, 112, 184, 288. The editor has added a comma at the end of these lines, and a period (for the comma of 1816) after *by*, l. 279.

(3) PAGE 4.

Lines 167, 168. The *ed. prin.* has a comma after *And*, l. 167, and *heaven*, l. 168.

(1) PAGE 7.

THE DAEMON OF THE WORLD: PART II

Printed by Mr. Forman from a copy in his possession of *Queen Mab*, corrected by Shelley's hand. See *The Shelley Library*, pp. 36-44, for a detailed history and description of this copy.

(2) PAGE 10.

Lines 436-438. Mr. Forman prints:—

*Which from the exhaustless lore
of human weal
Draws on the virtuous mind, the
thoughts that rise
In time-destroying infiniteness,
gift, etc.*

Our text exhibits both variants—*lore* for 'store,' and *Dawns* for 'Draws'—found in Shelley's note on the corresponding passage of *Queen Mab* (viii. 204–206). See editor's note on this passage. Shelley's comma after *infiniteness*, l. 438, is omitted as tending to obscure the construction.

(1) PAGE 15.

ALASTOR; OR THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE

Preface. For the concluding paragraph see editor's note (1) on *The Daemon of the World: Part I.*

(2) PAGE 21.

Conducts, O Sleep, to thy, etc.
(l. 219.)

The Shelley texts, 1816, 1824, 1839, have *Conduct* here, which Forman and Dowden retain. The suggestion that Shelley may have written 'death's blue vaults' (l. 216) need not, in the face of 'the dark gate of death' (l. 211), be seriously considered; *Conduct* must, therefore, be regarded as a fault in grammar. That Shelley actually wrote *Conduct* is not impossible, for his grammar is not seldom faulty (see, for instance, *Revolt of Islam, Dedication*, l. 60); but it is most improbable that he would have committed a solecism so striking both to eye and ear. Rossetti and Woodberry print *Conducts, etc.* The final *s* is often a vanishing quantity in Shelley's MSS. Or perhaps the compositor's hand was misled by his eye, which may have dropped on the words, *Conduct to thy, etc.*, seven lines above.

(3) PAGE 23.

Of wave ruining on wave, etc.
(l. 327.)

For *ruining* the text of *P.W.*,

1839, both edd., has *running*—an overlooked misprint, surely, rather than a conjectural emendation. For an example of *ruining* as an intransitive (= 'falling in ruins,' or, simply, 'falling in streams') see *Paradise Lost*, vi. 867–869:—

Hell heard th'insufferable noise,
Hell saw

Heav'n ruining from Heav'n,
and would have fled

Affrighted, etc.

Ruining, in the sense of 'streaming,' 'trailing,' occurs in Coleridge's *Melancholy: a Fragment* (Sibylline Leaves, 1817, p. 262):—

Where ruining ivies propped
the ruins steep—

Melancholy first appeared in *The Morning Post*, Dec. 7, 1797, where, through an error identical with that here assumed in the text of 1839, *running* appears in place of *ruining*—the word intended, and doubtless written, by Coleridge.

(4) PAGE 23.

Line 349. With Mr. Stopford Brooke, the editor substitutes here a colon for the full stop which, in edd. 1816, 1824, and 1839, follows *ocean*. Forman and Dowden retain the full stop; Rossetti and Woodberry substitute a semicolon.

(5) PAGE 27.

*And nought but gnarled roots of
ancient pines
Branchless and blasted, clenched
with grasping roots
The unwilling soil.*

(ll. 530–532.)

Edd. 1816, 1824, and 1839 have *roots* (l. 530)—a palpable misprint, the probable origin of which may be seen in the line which follows. Rossetti conjectures *trunks*, but

stumps or *stems* may have been Shelley's word.

(6) PAGE 28.

Lines 543-548. This somewhat involved passage is here reprinted exactly as it stands in the *ed. prin.*, save for the comma after *and*, l. 546, first introduced by Dowden, 1890. The construction and meaning are fully discussed by Forman (*P. W. of Shelley*, ed. 1876, vol. i. pp. 39, 40), Stopford Brooke (*Poems of Shelley*, G. T. S., 1880, p. 323), Dobell (*Alastor, &c., Facsimile Reprint*, 2nd ed., 1887, pp. xxii-xxvii), and Woodberry (*Complete P. W. of Shelley*, 1893, vol. i. p. 413).

(1) PAGE 34.

THE REVOLT OF ISLAM

The revised text (1818) of this poem is given here, as being that which Shelley actually published. In order to reconvert the text of *The Revolt of Islam* into that of *Laon and Cythna*, the reader must make the following alterations in the text. At the end of the *Preface* add:—

'In the personal conduct of my Hero and Heroine, there is one circumstance which was intended to startle the reader from the trance of ordinary life. It was my object to break through the crust of those outworn opinions on which established institutions depend. I have appealed therefore to the most universal of all feelings, and have endeavoured to strengthen the moral sense, by forbidding it to waste its energies in seeking to avoid actions which are only crimes of convention. It is because there is so great a multitude of artificial vices that there are so few real virtues. Those

feelings alone which are benevolent or malevolent, are essentially good or bad. The circumstance of which I speak was introduced, however, merely to accustom men to that charity and toleration which the exhibition of a practice widely differing from their own has a tendency to promote¹. Nothing indeed can be more mischievous than many actions, innocent in themselves, which might bring down upon individuals the bigoted contempt and rage of the multitude.'

P. 62, II. xxi. 1:

I had a little sister whose fair eyes

P. 63, II. xxv. 2:

*To love in human life, this sister
sweet,*

P. 68, III. i. 1:

*What thoughts had sway over my
sister's slumber*

P. 68, III. i. 3:

*As if they did ten thousand years
outnumber*

P. 83, IV. xxx. 6:

*And left it vacant—'twas her brother's
face—*

P. 94, V. xlvii. 5:

*I had a brother once, but he is
dead!—*

P. 104, VI. xxiv. 8:

*My own sweet sister looked), with
joy did quail,*

P. 106, VI. xxxi. 6:

*The common blood which ran within
our frames,*

P. 107, VI. xxxix. 6-9:

*With such close sympathies, for to
each other*

*Had high and solemn hopes, the
gentle might*

¹ The sentiments connected with and characteristic of this circumstance have no personal reference to the Writer.—[Shelley's Note.]

*Of earliest love, and all the
thoughts which smother
Cold Evil's power, now linked a
sister and a brother.*

P. 108, VI. xl. 1 :

*And such is Nature's modesty, that
those*

P. 121, VIII. iv. 9 :

*Dream ye that God thus builds for
man in solitude?*

P. 121, VIII. v. 1 :

*What then is God? Ye mock your-
selves and give*

P. 122, VIII. vi. 1 :

*What then is God? Some moon-
struck sophist stood*

P. 122, VIII. vi. 8, 9 :

*And that men say God has ap-
pointed Death
On all who scorn his will to wreak
immortal wrath.*

P. 122, VIII. vii. 1-4 :

*Men say they have seen God, and
heard from God,
Or known from others who have
known such things,
And that his will is all our law, a
rod
To scourge us into slaves—that
Priests and Kings*

P. 122, VIII. viii. 1 :

*And it is said, that God will punish
wrong;*

P. 122, VIII. viii. 3, 4 :

*And his red hell's undying snakes
among
Will bind the wretch on whom
he fixed a stain*

P. 123, VIII. xiii. 3, 4 :

*For it is said God rules both high
and low,
And man is made the captive of
his brother;*

P. 130, IX. xiii. 8 :

*To curse the rebels. To their God
did they*

P. 130, IX. xiv. 6 :

*By God, and Nature, and Neces-
sity.*

P. 130, IX. xv. The stanza
contains ten lines—ll. 4-7 as fol-
lows:

*There was one teacher, and must
ever be,
They said, even God, who, the
necessity
Of rule and wrong had armed
against mankind,
His slave and his avenger there to
be;*

P. 131, IX. xviii. 3-6 :

*And Hell and Awe, which in the
heart of man
Is God itself; the Priests its
downfall knew,
As day by day their altars lovelier
grew,
Till they were left alone within the
fane;*

P. 140, X. xxii. 9 :

*On fire! Almighty God his hell on
earth has spread!*

P. 141, X. xxvi. 7, 8 :

*Of their Almighty God, the armies
wind
In sad procession: each among the
train*

P. 141, X. xxviii. 1 :

*O God Almighty! thou alone hast
power.*

P. 142, X. xxxi. 1 :

*And Oromaze, and Christ, and
Mahomet,*

P. 142, X. xxxii. 1 :

*He was a Christian Priest from
whom it came*

P. 142, X. xxxii. 4 :

*To quell the rebel Atheists; a dire
guest*

P. 142, X. xxxii. 9 :

*To wreak his fear of God in ven-
geance on mankind*

P. 143, X. xxxiv. 5, 6 :

*His cradled Idol, and the sacrifice
Of God to God's own wrath—that
Islam's creed*

P. 143, X. xxxv. 9 :

*And thrones, which rest on faith in
God, nigh overturned.*

P. 144, X. xxxix. 4 :

*Of God may be appeased. He
ceased, and they*

P. 144, X. xl. 5 :

*With storms and shadows girt, sate
God, alone,*

P. 145, X. xlv. 9 :

*As 'hush! hark! Come they yet?
God, God, thine hour is near!'*

P. 145, X. xlv. 8 :

*Men brought their atheist kindred
to appease*

P. 146, X. xlvii. 6 :

*The threshold of God's throne, and
it was she!*

P. 149, XI. xvi. 1 :

*Ye turn to God for aid in your
distress;*

P. 152, XI. xxv. 7 :

*Swear by your dreadful God.—
'We swear, we swear!'*

P. 154, XII. x. 9 :

*Truly for self, thus thought that
Christian Priest indeed,*

P. 154, XII. xi. 9 :

*A woman? God has sent his other
victim here.*

P. 154, XII. xii. 6-8 :

*Will I stand up before God's golden
throne,*

*And cry, 'O Lord, to thee did I
betray*

*An Atheist; but for me she would
have known*

P. 158, XII. xxix. 4 :

*In torment and in fire have Atheists
gone;*

P. 158, XII. xxx. 4 :

*How Atheists and Republicans can
die;*

(2) PAGE 42.

*Aught but a lifeless clod, until
revived by thee (Dedic. vi. 9).*

So Rossetti; the Shelley edd., 1818 and 1839, read *clog*, which is retained by Forman, Dowden, and Woodberry. Rossetti's happy conjecture, *clod*, seems to Forman 'a doubtful emendation, as Shelley may have used *clog* in its [figurative] sense of *weight, encumbrance.*'—Hardly, as here, in a poetical figure: that would be to use a metaphor within a metaphor. Shelley compares his heart to a concrete object: if *clog* is right, the word must be taken in one or other of its two recognized *literal* senses—'a wooden shoe,' or 'a block of wood tied round the neck or to the leg of a horse or a dog.' Again, it is of others' hearts, not of his own, that Shelley here deplores the icy coldness and weight; besides, how could he appropriately describe his heart as a *weight* or *encumbrance* upon the free play of impulse and emotion, seeing that for Shelley, above all men, the heart was itself the main source and spring of all feeling and action? That source, he complains, has been dried up—its emotions desiccated—by the crushing impact of other hearts, heavy, hard and cold as stone. His heart has become withered and barren, like a lump of earth parched with frost—'a lifeless clod.' Compare *Summer and Winter*, lines 11-15:—

'It was a winter such as when
birds die
In the deep forests; and the
fishes lie
Stiffened in the translucent ice,
which makes

*Even the mud and slime of the
warm lakes*

*A wrinkled clod as hard as
brick;’ etc., etc.*

The word *revived* suits well with *clod*; but what is a *revived clog*? Finally, the first two lines of the following stanza (vii.) seem decisive in favour of Rossetti’s word.

If any one wonders how a misprint overlooked in 1818 could, after twenty-one years, still remain undiscovered in 1839, let him consider the case of *clog* in Lamb’s parody on Southey’s and Coleridge’s *Dactyls* (Lamb, *Letter to Coleridge*, July 1, 1796):—

Sorely your Dactyls do drag
along limp-footed;

Sad is the measure that hangs a
clog round ’em so, etc., etc.

Here the misprint, *clod*, which in 1868 appeared in Moxon’s edition of the *Letters of Charles Lamb*, has through five successive editions and under many editors—including Fitzgerald, Ainger, and Macdonald—held its ground even to the present day; and this, notwithstanding the preservation of the true reading, *clog*, in the texts of Talfourd and Carew Hazlitt. Here then is the case of a palpable misprint surviving, despite positive external evidence of its falsity, over a period of thirty-six years.

(3) PAGE 42.

*And walked as free, etc. (Ded.
vii. 6).*

Walked is one of Shelley’s occasional grammatical laxities. Forman well observes that *walkedst*, the right word here, would naturally seem to Shelley more heinous than a breach of syntactic rule. Rossetti and, after him, Dowden

print *walk*. Forman and Woodberry follow the early texts.

(4) PAGE 46.

I. ix. 1–7. Here the text follows the punctuation of the *ed. prin.*, 1818, with two exceptions: a comma is inserted (1) after *scale* (l. 201), on the authority of the Bodleian MS. (Locock); and (2) after *neck* (l. 205), to indicate the true construction. Mrs. Shelley’s text, 1839, has a semicolon after *plumes* (l. 203), which Rossetti adopts. Forman (1892) departs from the pointing of Shelley’s edition here, placing a period at the close of line 199, and a dash after *blended* (l. 200).

(5) PAGE 46.

*What life, what power, was, etc.
(I. xi. 1.)*

The *ed. prin.*, 1818, wants the commas here.

(6) PAGE 49.

. . . and now
*We are embarked—the mountains
hang and frown
Over the starry deep that gleams
below,
A vast and dim expanse, as o’er the
waves we go. (I. xxiii. 6–9.)*

With Woodberry I substitute after *embarked* (7) a dash for the comma of the *ed. prin.*; with Rossetti I restore to *below* (8) a comma which I believe to have been overlooked by the printer of that edition. Shelley’s meaning I take to be that ‘a vast and dim expanse of mountain hangs frowning over the starry deep that gleams below it as we pass over the waves.’

(7) PAGE 50.

*As King, and Lord, and God, the
conquering Fiend did own,—
(I. xxviii. 9.)*

So Forman (1892), Dowden; the *ed. prin.* has a full stop at the close of the line,—where, according to Mr. Locock, no point whatsoever appears in the Bodl. MS.

(8) PAGE 51.

Black-wingèd demon forms, etc.
(I. xxx. 7.)

The Bodl. MS. exhibits the requisite hyphen here, and in *golden-pinioned* (xxxii. 2). See *An Examination, etc.*, by C. D. Locock, p. 27.

(9) PAGE 51.

I. xxxi. 2, 6. The 'three-dots' point, employed by Shelley to indicate a pause longer than that of a full stop, is introduced into these two lines on the authority of the Bodl. MS. (Locock). In both cases it replaces a dash in the *ed. princeps*. See list of punctual variations below. Mr. Locock reports the presence in the MS. of what he justly terms a 'characteristic' comma after *Soon* (xxxii. 2).

(10) PAGE 52.

... *mine shook beneath the wide emotion.* (I. xxxviii. 9.)

For *emotion* the Bodl. MS. has *commotion* (Locock)—perhaps the fitter word here.

(11) PAGE 53.

Deep slumber fell on me:—my dreams were fire— (I. xl. 1.)

The dash after *fire* is from the Bodl. MS.,—where, moreover, the somewhat misleading but indubitably Shelleyan comma after *passion* (*ed. prin.*, xl. 4) is wanting (Locock). I have added a dash to the comma after *cover* (xl. 5) in order to clarify the sense.

(12) PAGE 54.

And shared in fearless deeds with evil men, (I. xlv. 4.)

With Forman and Dowden I substitute here a comma for the full stop of the *ed. princeps*. See also list of punctual variations below (stanza xlv).

(13) PAGE 54.

The Spirit whom I loved, in solitude

Sustained his child: (I. xlv. 4, 5.)

The comma here important as marking the sense as well as the rhythm of the passage, is derived from the Bodl. MS. (Locock).

(14) PAGE 54.

I looked, and we were sailing pleasantly,

Swift as a cloud between the sea and sky;

Beneath the rising moon seen far away,

Mountains of ice, etc.
(I. xlvii. 4-7.)

The *ed. prin.* has a comma after *sky* (5) and a semicolon after *away* (6)—a pointing followed by Forman, Dowden, and Woodberry. By transposing these points (as in our text), however, a much better sense is obtained; and, luckily, this better sense proves to be that yielded by the Bodl. MS., where, Mr. Locock reports, there is a semicolon after *sky* (5), a comma after *moon* (6), and no point whatsoever after *away* (6).

(15) PAGE 55.

Girt by the deserts of the Universe;
(I. l. 4.)

For the full stop at *Universe* (*ed. prin.*) Woodberry (1893) substituted a semicolon, the point exhibited here by the Bodl. MS. (Locock, 1903).

(16) PAGE 63.

*Hymns which my soul had woven
to Freedom, strong
The source of passion, whence they
rose, to be ;
Triumphant strains, which, etc.*

(II. xxviii. 6-8.)

The *ed. prin.*, followed by Forman, has *passion whence* (7). Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.* 1839, both edd., prints: *strong The source of passion, whence they rose to be Triumphant strains, which, etc.*

(17) PAGE 68.

*But, pale, were calm with passion
—thus subdued, etc.*

(II. xlix. 6.)

With Rossetti, Dowden, Woodberry, I add a comma after *But* to the pointing of the *ed. prin.* Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, both edd., prints: *But pale, were calm. —With passion thus subdued, etc.*

(18) PAGE 74.

*Methought that grate was lifted,
etc.*

(III. xxv. 1.)

Shelley's and Mrs. Shelley's edd. have *gate*, which is retained by Forman. But cf. III. xiv. 2, 7. Dowden and Woodberry follow Rossetti in printing *grate*.

(19) PAGE 81.

Where her own standard, etc.

(IV. xxiv. 5.)

So Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, both edd.

(20) PAGE 98.

*Beneath whose spires, which swayed
in the red flame,* (V. liv. 6.)

Shelley's and Mrs. Shelley's edd. (1818, 1839) give *red light* here,—an oversight perpetuated by Forman, the rhyme-words *name* (8) and *frame* (9) notwithstanding. With Rossetti, Dowden, Woodberry, I print *red flame*,

—an obvious emendation proposed by Fleay.

(21) PAGE 100.

*—when the waves smile,
As sudden earthquakes light many
a volcano-isle,
Thus sudden, unexpected feast was
spread, etc.*

(VI. vii. 8, 9 ; viii. 1.)

With Forman, Dowden, Woodberry, I substitute after *isle* (vii. 9) a comma for the full stop of edd. 1818, 1839 (retained by Rossetti). The passage is obscure: perhaps Shelley wrote '*lift many a volcano-isle.*' The plain becomes studded in an instant with piles of corpses, even as the smiling surface of the sea will sometimes become studded in an instant with many islands uplifted by a sudden shock of earthquake.

(22) PAGE 113.

VII. vii. 2-6. The *ed. prin.* punctuates thus:—

*and words it gave
Gestures and looks, such as in
whirlwinds bore
Which might not be withstood,
whence none could save
All who approached their sphere,
like some calm wave
Vexed into whirlpools by the chasms
beneath ;*

This punctuation is retained by Forman; Rossetti, Dowden, Woodberry, place a comma after *gave* (2) and *Gestures* (3), and—adopting the suggestion of Mr. A. C. Bradley—enclose line 4 (*Which might . . . could save*) in parentheses; thus construing *which might not be withstood* and *whence none could save* as adjectival clauses qualifying *whirlwinds* (3), and taking *bore* (3) as a transitive verb governing *All who approached their*

sphere (5). This, which I believe to be the true construction, is perhaps indicated quite as clearly by the pointing adopted in the text—a pointing moreover which, on metrical grounds, is, I think, preferable to that proposed by Mr. Bradley. I have added a dash to the comma after *sphere* (5), to indicate that it is *Cythna* herself (and not *All who approached*, etc.) that resembles *some calm wave*, etc.

(23) PAGE 116.

Which dwell in lakes, when the red moon on high

Pause ere it wakens tempest;—

(VII. xxii. 6, 7.)

Here *when the moon Pause* is clearly irregular, but it appears in edd. 1818, 1839, and is undoubtedly Shelley's phrase. Rossetti cites a conjectural emendation by a certain 'C. D. Campbell, Mauritius':—*which the red moon on high Pours ere it wakens tempest*; but cf. *Julian and Maddalo*, ll. 53, 54:—

Meanwhile the sun paused ere it should alight,

Over the horizon of the mountains.

—and *Prince Athanase*, ll. 220, 221:—

When the curved moon then lingering in the west

Paused, in yon waves her mighty horns to wet, etc.

(24) PAGE 118.

—*time imparted*

Such power to me—I became fearless-hearted, etc.

(VII. xxx. 4, 5.)

With Woodberry I replace with a dash the comma (*ed. prin.*) after *me* (5) retained by Forman, deleted by Rossetti and Dowden. Shelley's (and Forman's) punctuation

leaves the construction ambiguous; with Woodberry's the two clauses are seen to be parallel—the latter being appositive to and explanatory of the former; while with Dowden's the clauses are placed in correlation: *time imparted such power to me that I became fearless-hearted*.

(25) PAGE 118.

Of love, in that lorn solitude, etc.

(VII. xxxii. 7.)

All edd. prior to 1876 have *lone solitude*, etc. The important emendation *lorn* was first introduced into the text by Forman, from Shelley's revised copy of *Laon and Cythna*, where *lone* is found to be turned into *lorn* by the poet's own hand.

(26) PAGE 123.

And Hate is throned on high with Fear her mother, etc.

(VIII. xiii. 5.)

So the *ed. prin.*; Forman, Dowden, Woodberry, following the text of *Laon and Cythna*, 1818, read, *Fear his mother*. Forman refers to X. xlii. 4, 5, where *Fear* figures as a female, and *Hate* as 'her mate and foe.' But consistency in such matters was not one of Shelley's characteristics, and there seems to be no need for alteration here. Mrs. Shelley (1839) and Rossetti follow the *ed. princeps*.

(27) PAGE 126.

The ship fled fast till the stars'gan to fail,

And, round me gathered, etc.

(VIII. xxvi. 5, 6.)

The *ed. prin.* has no comma after *And* (6). Mrs. Shelley (1839) places a full stop at *fail* (5) and reads, *All roud me gathered, etc.*

(28) PAGE 130.

*Words which the lore of truth in
hues of flame, etc.*

(IX. xii. 6.)

The *ed. prin.*, followed by Rossetti and Woodberry, has *hues of grace* [cf. note (20) above]; Forman and Dowden read *hues of flame*. For instances of a rhyme-word doing double service, see IX. xxxiv. 6, 9 (*thee . . . thee*); VI. iii. 2, 4 (*arms . . . arms*); X. v. 1, 3 (*came . . . came*).

(29) PAGE 136.

*Led them, thus erring, from their
native land;*

(X. v. 6.)

Edd. 1818, 1839 read *home* for *land* here. All modern editors adopt Fleay's cj., *land* [rhyming with *band* (8), *sand* (9)].

(30) PAGE 148.

XI. xi. 7. Rossetti and Dowden, following Mrs. Shelley (1839), print *writhed* here.

(31) PAGE 159.

When the broad sunrise, etc.

(XII. xxxiv. 3.)

When is Rossetti's cj. (accepted by Dowden) for *Where* (1818, 1839), which Forman and Woodberry retain. In XI. xxiv. 1, XII. xv. 2 and XII. xxviii. 7 there is Forman's cj. for *then* (1818).

(32) PAGE 160.

*a golden mist did quiver
Where its wild surges with the
lake were blended,—*

(XII. xl. 3, 4.)

Where is Rossetti's cj. (accepted by Forman and Dowden) for *When* (edd. 1818, 1839; Woodberry). See also list of punctual variations below.

(33) PAGE 161.

*Our bark hung there, as on a line
suspended, etc.*

(XII. xl. 5.)

Here *on a line* is Rossetti's cj. (accepted by all editors) for *one line* (edd. 1818, 1839). See also list of punctual variations below.

(34) List of Punctual Variations.

Obvious errors of the press excepted, our text reproduces the punctuation of Shelley's edition (1818), save where the sense is likely to be perverted or obscured thereby. The following list shows where the pointing of the text varies from that of the *editio princeps* (1818) which is in every instance recorded here.

DEDICATION, vii. *long.* (9).

CANTO I. ix. *scale* (3), *neck* (7) xi. *What life what power* (1) xxii. *boat*, (8), *lay.* (9) xxiii. *embarked*, (7), *below A vast* (8, 9) xxvi. *world* (1), *chaos: Lo!* (2) xxviii. *life:* (2), *own.* (9) xxix. *mirth*, (6) xxx. *language* (2), *But, when* (5) xxxi. *foundations—soon* (2), *war— thrones* (6), *multitude*, (7) xxxii. *flame*, (4) xxxiii. *lightnings* (3), *truth*, (5), *brood*, (5), *hearts*, (8) xxxiv. *Fiend* (6) xxxv. *keep* (8) xxxvii. *mountains—* (8) xxxviii. *unfold*, (1), *woe:* (4), *show*, (5) xxxix. *gladness*, (6) xl. *fire*, (1), *cover*, (5), *far* (6) xlii. *kiss.* (9) xliii. *But* (5) xliv. *men.* (4), *fame;* (7) xlv. *loved* (4) xlvii. *sky*, (5), *away;* (6) xlix. *dream*, (2) l. *Universe.* (4), *language* (6) liv. *blind.* (4) lvii. *mine—He* (8) lviii. *said—* (5) lx. *tongue*, (9).

CANTO II. i. *which* (4) iii. *Yet flattering power had* (7) iv. *lust*, (6) vi. *kind*, (2) xi. *Nor*, (2) xiii. *ruin.* (3), *trust.* (9) xviii. *friend* (3) xxii. *thought*, (6), *fancies* (7) xxiv. *radiancy*, (3) xxv. *dells*, (8) xxvi. *waste*, (4) xxviii. *passion* (7) xxxi. *yet* (4)

xxxii. *which* (3) xxxiii. *blight*
(8), *who* (8) xxxvii. *seat*; (7)
xxxix. *not*—*wherefore* (1) xl.
good, (5) xli. *tears* (7) xliii. *air*
(2) xlvi. *fire*, (3) xlvii. *stroke*, (2)
xlix. *But* (6).

CANTO III. i. *dream*, (4) iii.
shown (7), *That* (9) iv. *when*, (3)
v. *ever* (7) vii. *And* (1) xvi. *Be-*
low (6) xix. *if* (4) xxv. *thither*,
(2) xxvi. *worm* (2), *there*, (3)
xxvii. *beautiful*, (8) xxviii. *And*
(1) xxx. *As* (1).

CANTO IV. ii. *fallen*—*We* (6)
iii. *ray*, (7) iv. *sleep*, (5) viii. *fed*
(6) x. *wide*; (1), *sword* (7)
xvi. *chance*, (7) xix. *her* (3),
blending (8) xxiii. *tyranny*, (4)
xxiv. *unwillingly* (1) xxvi. *blood*;
(2) xxvii. *around* (2), *as* (4)
xxxi. *or* (4) xxxiii. *was* (5).

CANTO V. i. *flow*, (5) ii. *pro-*
found—*Oh*, (4), *veiled*, (6) iii. *vic-*
tory (1), *face*—(8) iv. *swim*, (5)
vi. *spread*, (2), *outsprung* (5), *far*,
(6), *war*, (8) viii. *avail* (5)
x. *weep*; (4), *tents* (8) xi. *lives*,
(8) xiii. *beside* (1) xv. *sky*, (3)
xvii. *love* (4) xx. *Which* (9)
xxii. *gloom*, (8) xxiii. *King* (6)
xxvii. *known*, (4) xxxiii. *ye?*
(1), *Othman*—(3) xxxiv. *pure*—
(7) xxxv. *people* (1) xxxvi.
where (3) xxxviii. *quail*; (2)
xxxix. *society*, (8) xl. *see* (1)
xliii. *light* (8), *throne*. (9) l. *skies*,
(6) li. *Image* (7), *isles*; *all* (9),
amaze. *When* (9, 10), *fair*. (12)
li. 1: *will* (15), *train* (15) li. 2:
wert, (5) li. 4: *brethren* (1)
li. 5: *steaming*, (6) lv. *creep*. (9).

CANTO VI. i. *snapped* (9) ii. *gate*,
(2) v. *rout* (4), *voice*, (6), *looks*,
(6) vi. *as* (1) vii. *prey*, (1),
isle. (9) viii. *sight* (2) xii. *glen*
(4) xiv. *almost* (1), *dismount-*
ing (4) xv. *blood* (2) xxi. *reins*:
—*We* (3), *word* (3) xxii. *crest* (6)

xxv. *And*, (1), *and* (9) xxviii.
but (3), *there*, (8) xxx. *air*. (9)
xxxii. *voice*:—(1) xxxvii. *frames*;
(5) xliii. *mane*, (2), *again*, (7)
xlvi. *Now* (8) li. *hut*, (4) liv.
waste, (7).

CANTO VII. ii. *was*, (5) vi.
dreams (3) vii. *gave Gestures and*
(2, 3), *withstood*, (4), *save* (4),
sphere, (5) viii. *sent*, (2) xiv.
taught, (6), *sought*, (8) xvii. *and*
(6) xviii. *own* (5), *beloved*:—(5)
xix. *tears*; (2), *which*, (3), *appears*,
(5) xxv. *me*, (1), *shapes* (5)
xxvii. *And* (1) xxviii. *strength*
(1) xxx. *Aye*, (3), *me*, (5)
xxxiii. *pure* (9) xxxviii. *wracked*;
(4), *cataract*, (5).

CANTO VIII. ii. *and* (2) ix.
shadow (5) xi. *freedom* (7),
blood. (9) xiii. *Woman*, (8), *bond-*
slave, (8) xiv. *pursuing* (8),
wretch! (9) xv. *home*, (3) xxi.
Hate, (1) xxiii. *reply*, (1) xxv.
fairest, (1) xxvi. *And* (6) xxviii.
thunder (2).

CANTO IX. iv. *hills*, (1), *brood*, (6)
v. *port*—*alas!* (1) viii. *grave* (2)
ix. *with friend* (3), *occupations*
(7), *overnumber*, (8) xii. *lair*;
(5), *Words*, (6) xv. *who*, (4),
armed, (5), *misery*. (9) xvii. *call*,
(4) xx. *truth* (9) xxii. *sharest*;
(4) xxiii. *Faith*, (8) xxviii.
conceive (8) xxx. *and as* (5),
hope (8) xxxiii. *thoughts*:—
Come (7) xxxiv. *willingly* (2)
xxxv. *ceased*, (8) xxxvi. *un-*
dight; (4).

CANTO X. ii. *tongue*, (1) vii.
conspirators (6), *wolves*, (8) viii.
smiles, (5) ix. *bands*, (2) xi. *file*
did (5) xviii. *but* (5) xix.
brought, (5) xxiv. *food* (5)
xxix. *worshippers* (3) xxxii.
west (2) xxxvi. *foes*, (5) xxxviii.
now! (2) xl. *alone*, (5) xli.
morn—*at* (1) xlii. *below*, (2)

xliii. *deep*, (7), *pest* (8) xliv.
drear (8) xlvii. 'Kill me!' they
 (9) xlviii. *died*, (8).

CANTO XI. iv. *which*, (6), *eyes*, (8)
 v. *tenderness* (7) vii. *return*—
the (8) viii. *midnight*— (1)
 x. *multitude* (1) xi. *cheeks* (1),
here (4) xii. *come, give* (3)
 xiii. *many* (1) xiv. *arrest*, (4),
terror, (6) xix. *thus* (1) xx.
Stranger: 'What (5) xxiii.
People: (7).

CANTO XII. iii. *and like* (7)
 vii. *away* (7) viii. *Fairer it*
seems than (7) x. *self*, (9)
 xi. *divine* (2), *beauty*— (3) xii.
own. (9) xiv. *fear*, (1), *choose*,
 (4) xvii. *death? the* (1) xix.
radiance (3) xxii. *spake*; (5)
 xxv. *thee beloved*;— (8) xxvi.
towers (6) xxviii. *repent*, (2)
 xxix. *withdrawn*, (2) xxxi. *stood*
a winged Thought (1) xxxii.
gossamer, (6) xxxiii. *stream* (1)
 xxxiv. *sunrise*, (3), *gold*, (3),
quiver, (4) xxxv. *abode*, (4)
 xxxvii. *wonderful*; (3), *go*, (4)
 xl. *blended*: (4), *heavens*, (6),
lake; (6).

PRINCE ATHANASE

(1) PAGE 166.

Lines 28–30. The punctuation here (*P. W.*, 1839) is supported by the Bodleian MS., which has a full stop at *relief* (l. 28), and a comma at *chief* (l. 30). The text of the *Posth. Poems*, 1824, has a semicolon at *relief* and a full stop at *chief*. The original draft of ll. 29, 30, in the Bodleian MS., runs:—

*He was the child of fortune and
 of power,
 And, though of a high race the
 orphan Chief, etc.*

—which is decisive in favour of our punctuation (1839). See *Locock, Examination, etc.*, p. 51.

(2) PAGE 167.

*Which wake and feed an ever-
 living woe,—* (l. 74.)

All the edd. have *on* for *an*, the reading of the Bodl. MS., where it appears as a substitute for *his*, the word originally written. The first draft of the line runs: *Which nursed and fed his everliving woe.* *Wake*, accordingly, is to be construed as a transitive (*Locock*).

(3) PAGES 168, 169.

Lines 130–169. This entire passage is distinctly cancelled in the Bodl. MS., where the following revised version of ll. 125–129 and 168–181 is found some way later on:—

*Prince Athanase had one beloved
 friend,
 An old, old man, with hair of
 silver white,
 And lips where heavenly smiles
 would hang and blend
 With his wise words; and eyes
 whose arrowy light
 Was the reflex of many minds; he
 filled
 From fountains pure, nigh over-
 grown and [lost],
 The spirit of Prince Athanase, a
 child;
 And soul-sustaining songs of an-
 cient lore
 And philosophic wisdom, clear and
 mild.
 And sweet and subtle talk they ever-
 more
 The pupil and the master [share],
 until
 Sharing that undiminishable store,
 The youth, as clouds athwart a
 grassy hill
 Outrun the winds that chase them,
 soon outran
 His teacher, and did teach with
 native skill*

*Strange truths and new to that
experienced man;*

*So [?] they were friends, as few have
ever been*

*Who mark the extremes of life's
discordant span.*

The words bracketed above,
and in *Fragment v.* of our text,
are cancelled in the MS. (Locock).

(4) PAGE 169.

And blighting hope, etc.
(l. 152.)

The word *blighting* here, noted
as unsuitable by Rossetti, is can-
celled in the Bodl. MS. (Locock).

(5) PAGE 169.

*She saw between the chestnuts,
far beneath, etc.* (l. 154.)

The reading of edd. 1824, 1839
(*beneath the chestnuts*) is a palpable
misprint.

(6) PAGE 170.

*And sweet and subtle talk they
evermore,
The pupil and the master, shared;*
(ll. 173, 174.)

So ed. 1824, which is supported
by the Bodl. MS.,—both the can-
celled draft and the revised ver-
sion: cf. note (3) above. *P. W.*,
1839, has *now* for *they*—a reading
retained by Rossetti alone of
modern editors.

(7) PAGE 170.

Line 193. The 'three-dots'
point at *storm* is in the Bodl. MS.

(8) PAGE 170.

Lines 202–207. The Bodl. MS.,
which has a comma and dash after
nightingale, bears out James Thom-
son's ('B. V.'s') view, approved
by Rossetti, that these lines form
one sentence. The MS. has a
dash after *here* (l. 207), which
must be regarded as 'equivalent
to a full stop or note of exclama-

tion' (Locock). Edd. 1824, 1839
have a note of exclamation after
nightingale (l. 204) and a comma
after *here* (l. 207).

(9) PAGE 171.

Fragment iii (ll. 230–239). First
printed from the Bodl. MS. by
Mr. C. D. Locock (*Examination*,
etc., 1903, p. 57). In the space
here left blank, l. 231, the MS.
has *manhood*, which is cancelled
for some monosyllable unknown
—query, *spring*?

(10) PAGE 172.

*And sea-buds burst under the
waves serene:—* (l. 250.)

For *under* ed. 1839 has *beneath*,
which, however, is cancelled for
under in the Bodl. MS. (Locock).

(11) PAGE 172.

Lines 251–254. This, with many
other places from l. 222 onwards,
evidently lacks Shelley's final cor-
rections.

(12) PAGE 172.

Line 259. According to Mr.
Locock, the final text of this line
in the Bodl. MS. runs:—

*Exulting, while the wide world
shrinks below, etc.*

(13) PAGE 172.

Fragment v (ll. 261–278). The
text here is much tortured in the
Bodl. MS. What the editions give
us is clearly but a rough and ten-
tative draft. 'The language con-
tains no third rhyme to *mountains*
(l. 262) and *fountains* (l. 264).'
Locock. Lines 270–278 were first
printed by Mr. Locock from the
Bodl. MS.

(14) PAGE 173.

Lines 297–302 (*the darts . . . un-
garmented*). First printed by Mr.
Locock from the Bodl. MS.

(15) PAGE 173.

Line 289. For *light* (Bodl. MS.) here the edd. read *bright*. But *light* is undoubtedly the right word: cf. l. 287. *Investeth* (l. 285), Rossetti's cj. for *Investeth* (1824, 1839) is found in the Bodl. MS.

(16) PAGE 173.

Another Fragment (A). Lines 1-3 of this *Fragment* reappear in a modified shape in the Bodl. MS. of *Prometheus Unbound*, II. iv. 28-30:—

*Or looks which tell that while the
lips are calm
And the eyes cold, the spirit
weeps within
Tears like the sanguine sweat of
agony;*

Here the lines are cancelled—only, however, to reappear in a heightened shape in *The Cenci*, I. i. 111-113:—

*The dry, fixed eyeball; the pale
quivering lip,
Which tells me that the spirit
weeps within
Tears bitterer than the bloody
sweat of Christ.*

(Garnett, Locock.)

(17) PAGES 165-173.

PUNCTUAL VARIATIONS.

The punctuation of *Prince Athanas* is that of *P. W.*, 1839, save in the places specified in the notes above, and in l. 60—where there is a full stop, instead of the comma demanded by the sense, at the close of the line.

ROSALIND AND HELEN

(1) PAGE 176.

A sound from there, etc. (l. 63.)

Rossetti's cj., *there* for *thee*, is adopted by all modern editors.

(2) PAGE 182.

*And down my cheeks the quick
tears fell*, etc. (l. 366.)

The word *fell* is Rossetti's cj. (to rhyme with *tell*, l. 369) for *ran* (1819, 1839).

(3) PAGE 183.

Lines 405-409. The syntax here does not hang together, and Shelley may have been thinking of this passage amongst others when, on Sept. 6, 1819, he wrote to Ollier:—'In the *Rosalind and Helen* I see there are some few errors, which are so much the worse because they are errors in the sense.' The obscurity, however, may have been, in part at least, designed: *Rosalind* grows incoherent before breaking off abruptly. No satisfactory emendation has been proposed.

(4) PAGE 186.

*Where weary meteor lamps re-
pose*, etc. (l. 551.)

With Woodberry I regard *Where*, his cj. for *When* (1819, 1839), as necessary for the sense.

(5) PAGE 190.

*With which they drag from mines
of gore*, etc. (l. 711.)

Rossetti proposes *yore* for *gore* here, or, as an alternative, *rivers of gore*, etc. If *yore* be right, Shelley's meaning is: 'With which *from of old* they drag,' etc. But cf. Note (3) above.

(6) PAGE 195.

Where, like twin vultures, etc. (l. 932.)

Where is Woodberry's reading for *When* (1819, 1839). Forman suggests *Where* but does not print it.

(7) PAGE 198.

Lines 1093-1096. The *editio princeps* (1819) punctuates:—

*Hung in dense flocks beneath the
dome,
That ivory dome, whose azure
night
With golden stars, like heaven,
was bright
O'er the split cedar's pointed
flame;*

(8) PAGE 200.

Lines 1168-1170. *Sunk* (l. 1170) must be taken as a transitive in this passage, the grammar of which is defended by Mr. Swinburne.

(9) PAGE 200.

*Whilst animal life many long
years
Had rescue from a chasm of tears;*
(ll. 1208-9.)

Forman substitutes *rescue* for *rescued* (1819, 1839)—a highly probable *cj.* adopted by Dowden, but rejected by Woodberry. The sense is: 'Whilst my life, surviving by the physical functions merely, thus escaped during many years from hopeless weeping.'

(10) PAGES 175-203.

PUNCTUAL VARIATIONS.

The following is a list of punctual variations, giving in each case the pointing of the *editio princeps* (1819):—heart 257; weak 425; Aye 472; immortally 864; not, 894; bleeding, 933; Fidelity 1055; dome, 1093; bright 1095; tremble, 1150; life dissolving 1166; words, 1176; *omit parentheses* ll. 1188-9; bereft, 1230.

JULIAN AND MADDALO

(1) PAGE 208.

Line 158. *Salutations past*; (1824); *Salutations passed*; (1839). Our text follows Woodberry.

(2) PAGE 209.

—*we might be all
We dream of happy, high, ma-
jestic.* (ll. 172-3.)

So the Hunt MS., ed. 1824, has a comma after *of* (l. 173), which is retained by Rossetti and Dowden.

(3) PAGE 211.

—*his melody
Is interrupted—now we hear
the din, etc.* (ll. 265-6.)

So the Hunt MS.; *his melody Is interrupted now: we hear the din, etc.*, 1824, 1829.

(4) PAGE 211.

Lines 282-284. The *ed. prin.* (1824) runs:—

*Smiled in their motions as they
lay apart,
As one who wrought from his
own fervid heart
The eloquence of passion: soon
he raised, etc.*

(5) PAGE 214.

Line 414. The *ed. prin.* (1824) has a colon at the end of this line, and a semicolon at the close of l. 415.

(6) PAGES 212-217.

The 'three-dots' point, which appears several times in these pages, is taken from the Hunt MS. and serves to mark a pause longer than that of a full stop.

(7) PAGE 216.

*He ceased, and overcome leant
back awhile, etc.* (l. 511.)

The form *leant* is retained here, as the stem-vowel, though unaltered in spelling, is shortened in pronunciation. Thus *leant* (pronounced 'lent') from *lean* comes under the same category as *crept* from *creep*, *lept* from *leap*, *cleft* from *cleave*, etc.—perfectly normal

forms, all of them. In the case of weak preterites formed without any vowel-change, the more regular formation with *ed* is that which has been adopted in this volume. See Editor's *Preface*.

(8) PAGE 219.

Cancelled Fragments of Julian and Maddalo. These were first printed by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.

(9) PAGES 205-219.

PUNCTUAL VARIATIONS.

Shelley's final transcript of *Julian and Maddalo*, though written with great care and neatness, is yet very imperfectly punctuated. He would seem to have relied on the vigilance of Leigh Hunt—or, failing Hunt, of Peacock—to make good all omissions while seeing the poem through the press. Even Mr. Buxton Forman, careful as he is to uphold MS. authority in general, finds it necessary to supplement the pointing of the Hunt MS. in no fewer than ninety-four places. The following table gives a list of the pointings adopted in our text, over and above those found in the Hunt MS. In all but four or five instances, the supplementary points are derived from Mrs. Shelley's text of 1824.

1. *Comma added at end of line*: 40, 54, 60, 77, 78, 85, 90, 94, 107, 110, 116, 120, 123, 134, 144, 145, 154, 157, 168, 179, 183, 191, 196, 202, 203, 215, 217, 221, 224, 225, 238, 253, 254, 262, 287, 305, 307, 331, 338, 360, 375, 384, 385, 396, 432, 436, 447, 450, 451, 473, 475, 476, 511, 520, 526, 541, 582, 590, 591, 592, 593, 595, 603, 612, 614.

2. *Comma added elsewhere*: seas,

58; vineyards, 58; dismounted, 61; evening, 65; companion, 86; isles, 90; meant, 94; Look, Julian, 96; maniacs, 110; maker, 113; past, 114; churches, 136; rainy, 141; blithe, 167; beauty, 174; Maddalo, 192; others, 205; this, 232; respects, 241; shriek, 267; wrote, 286; month, 300; cried, 300; O, 304; and, 306; misery, disappointment, 314; soon, 369; stay, 392; mad, 394; Ray, 398; N\ serpent, 399; said, 403; cruel, 439; hate, 462; hearts, 483; he, 529; seemed, 529; Unseen, 554; morning, 582; aspect, 585; And, 593; remember, 604; parted, 610.

3. *Semicolon added at end of line*: 101, 103, 167, 181, 279, 496.

4. *Colon added at end of line*: 164, 178, 606, 610.

5. *Full stop added at end of line*: 95, 201, 299, 319, 407, 481, 599, 601, 617.

6. *Full stop added elsewhere*: transparent. 85; trials. 472; Venice. 583.

7. *Admiration-note added at end of line*: 392, 492; elsewhere: 310, 323.

8. *Dash added at end of line*: 158, 379.

9. *Full stop for comma (MS.)*: eye. 119.

10. *Full stop for dash (MS.)*: entered. 158.

11. *Colon for full stop (MS.)*: tale: 596.

12. *Dash for colon (MS.)*: this— 207; prepared— 379.

13. *Comma and dash for semicolon (MS.)*: expressionless, — 292.

14. *Comma and dash for comma (MS.)*: not,— 127.

PROMETHEUS UN-
BOUND

The variants of B. (Shelley's 'intermediate draft' of *Prometheus Unbound*, now in the Bodleian Library), here recorded, are taken from Mr. C. D. Locock's *Examination*, etc., Clarendon Press, 1903.

See Editor's Prefatory Note, p. 222, above.

(1) PAGE 229.

Act I, line 204. B. has—*shaken* in pencil above—*peopled*.

(2) PAGE 238.

Hark that outcry, etc. (I. 553.)

All edd. read *Mark that outcry*, etc. As Shelley nowhere else uses *Mark* in the sense of *List*, I have adopted *Hark*, the reading of B.

(3) PAGE 243.

Gleamed in the night. I wandered, etc. (I. 770.)

Forman proposes to delete the period at *night*.

(4) PAGE 243.

But treads with lulling footstep, etc. (I. 774.)

Forman prints *killing*—a misreading of B. Edd. 1820, 1839 read *silent*.

(5) PAGE 244.

... *the eastern star looks white*, etc. (I. 825.)

B. reads *wan* for *white*.

(6) PAGE 247.

Like footsteps of weak melody, etc. (II. i. 89.)

B. reads *far* (above a cancelled *lost*) for *weak*.

(7) PAGE 251.

And wakes the destined soft emotion,—

Attracts, impels them ;
(II. ii. 50, 51.)

The *ed. prin.* (1820) reads *destined soft emotion, Attracts, etc.* ; *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed. reads *destined: soft emotion Attracts, etc.* ; *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed. reads *destined, soft emotion Attracts, etc.* Forman and Dowden place a period, and Woodberry a semicolon, at *destined* (l. 50).

(8) PAGE 251.

There steams a plume-uplifting wind, etc. (II. ii. 53.)

Here *steams* is found in B., in the *ed. prin.* (1820) and in the 1st ed. of *P. W.*, 1839. In the 2nd ed., 1839, *streams* appears—no doubt a misprint overlooked by the editress.

(9) PAGE 251.

Sucked up and hurrying: as they fleet, etc. (II. ii. 60.)

So *P. W.*, 1839, both edd. The *ed. prin.* (1820) reads *hurrying as*, etc.

(10) PAGE 253.

See'st thou shapes within the mist? (II. iii. 50.)

So B., where these words are substituted for the cancelled *I see thin shapes within the mist* of the *ed. prin.* (1820). 'The credit of discovering the true reading belongs to [Dr. Julius] Zupitza' (Locock).

(11) PAGE 254.

II. iv. 12–18. The construction is faulty here, but the sense, as Professor Woodberry observes, is clear.

(12) PAGE 256.

... *but who rains down*, etc.
(II. iv. 100.)

The *ed. prin.* (1820) has *reigns*—a reading which Forman bravely but unsuccessfully attempts to defend.

(13) PAGE 259.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning, etc. (II. v. 54.)

The *ed. prin.* (1820) has *lips* for *limbs*, but the word *membre* in Shelley's Italian prose version of these lines establishes *limbs*, the reading of B. (Locock).

(14) PAGE 260.

Which in the winds and on the waves doth move, (II. v. 96.)

The word *and* is Rossetti's conjectural emendation, adopted by Forman and Dowden. Woodberry unhappily observes that 'the emendation corrects a faultless line merely to make it agree with stanzaic structure, and . . . is open to the gravest doubt.' Rossetti's conjecture is fully established by the authority of B.

(15) PAGE 272.

III. iv. 172-174. The *ed. prin.* (1820) punctuates :

mouldering round
These imaged to the pride of kings and priests,
A dark yet mighty faith, a power,
etc.

This punctuation is retained by Forman and Dowden ; that of our text is Woodberry's.

(16) PAGE 272.

III. iv. 180, 188. A dash has been introduced at the close of these two lines to indicate the construction more clearly. And for the sake of clearness a note of interrogation has been substituted for the semicolon of 1820 after *Passionless* (line 198).

(17) PAGE 276.

Where lovers catch ye by your loose tresses ; (IV. 107.)

B. has *sliding* for *loose* (cancelled).

(18) PAGE 279.

By ebbing light into her western cave, (IV. 208.)

Here *light* is the reading of B. for *night* (all edd.). Mr. Locock tells us that the anticipated discovery of this reading was the origin of his examination of the Shelley MSS. at the Bodleian.

In printing *night* Marchant's compositor blundered ; yet 'we cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.'

(19) PAGE 279.

Purple and azure, white, and green, and golden, (IV. 242.)

The *ed. prin.* (1820) reads *white, green and golden*, etc.—*white and green* being Rossetti's emendation, adopted by Forman and Dowden. Here again—cf. note (17) above—Prof. Woodberry commits himself by stigmatizing the correction as one 'for which there is no authority in Shelley's habitual versification.' Rossetti's conjecture is confirmed by the reading of B., *white and green*, etc.

(20) PAGE 280.

Filling the abyss with sun-like lightnings, (IV. 276.)

The *ed. prin.* (1820) reads *lightnings*, for which Rossetti substitutes *lightnings*—a conjecture described by Forman as 'an example of how a very slight change may produce a very calamitous result.' B. however supports Rossetti, and in point of fact Shelley usually wrote *lightnings*, even where the word counts as a disyllable (Locock).

(21) PAGE 287.

Meteors and mists, which throng air's solitudes :— (IV. 547.)

For *throng* (cancelled) B. reads *feed*, i. e., 'feed on' (cf. *Pasturing flowers of vegetable fire*, III. iv. 110)—a reading which carries on the metaphor of line 546 (*ye untamable herds*), and ought, perhaps, to be adopted into the text.

(22) PAGES 225-287.

PUNCTUAL VARIATIONS.

The punctuation of our text is