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WITH AN INTRODUCTION  
BY A. H. KOSZUL  
IN TWO VOLS. VOL. ONE

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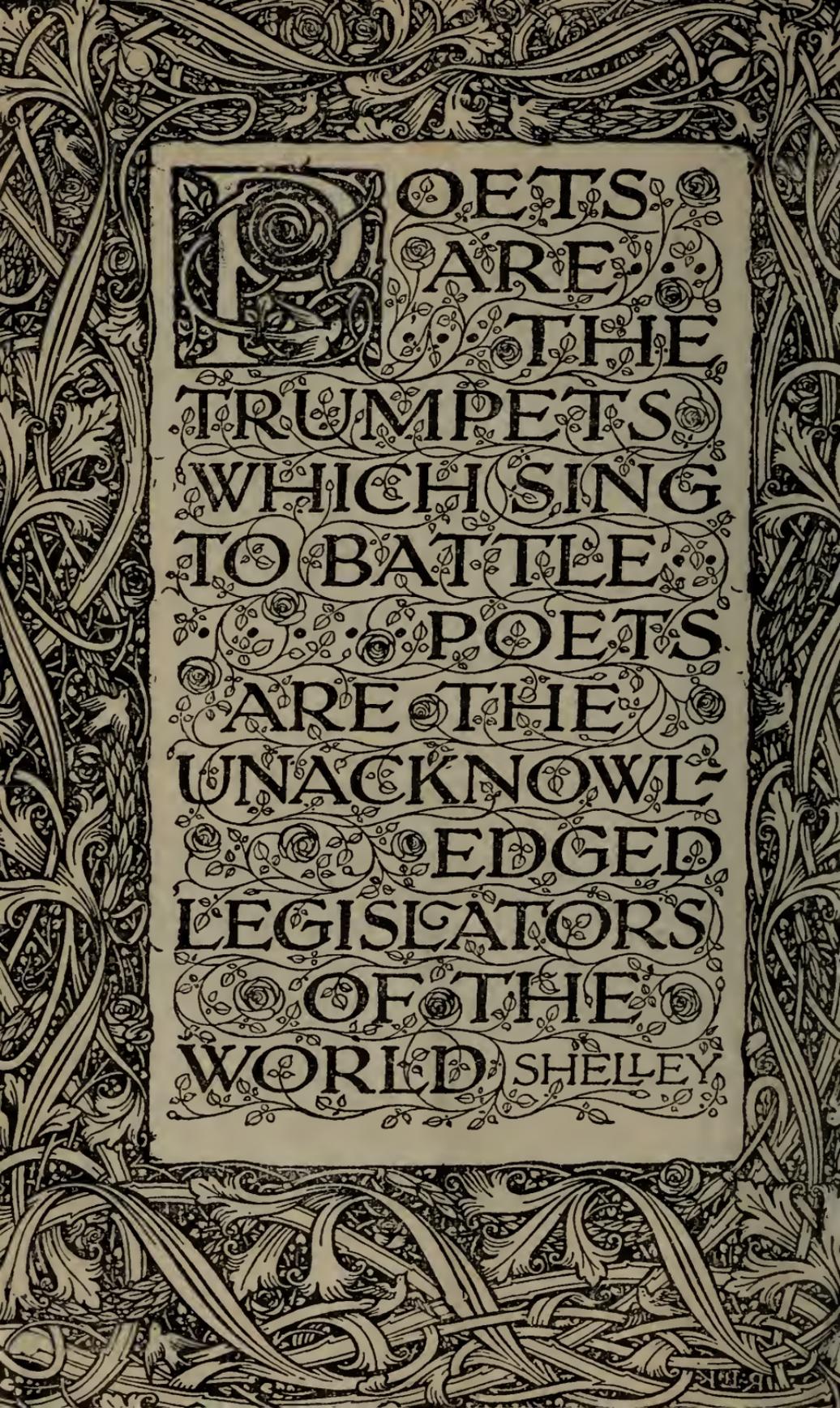
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THE  
LAW  
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IN  
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POETS  
ARE  
THE  
TRUMPETS  
WHICH SING  
TO BATTLE.  
POETS  
ARE THE  
UNACKNOWLEDGED  
LEGISLATORS  
OF THE  
WORLD. SHELLEY

THE POETICAL  
WORKS OF PERCY  
BYSSHE SHELLEY  
VOL I · LYRICS &  
SHORTER POEMS



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## INTRODUCTION

WHEN Shelley was born, in that classical-looking eighteenth-century mansion of Field Place, amidst the quiet scenery of the Weald (4th August 1792), the Western world, and England in particular, were fast entering upon a new phase of thought and feeling. The spirit of the intellectual and political Revolution which France had set afloat, and the spirit of the imaginative reawakening which had been chiefly heralded in England and Germany, were the two essential factors of this movement. It is the unique charm of Shelley that he could so spontaneously and so faithfully embody each of them, and at length unite the conflicting elements into a sort of Idealism which recalls the "wisdom" of the noblest of the Greek Poet-Philosophers—Plato.

The little fair-haired boy with the wild blue eyes, who grew up at Field Place, was first attracted by Romanticism in one of its most expressive, and, it must be added, one of its most naïve, forms—the "terror novel"—issued by such publishing firms as the once far-famed Minerva Press. With the swiftness of realisation which, all through his life, was characteristic of him, he wrote and published works which might well be called, as they have been called, from a purely objective point of view, "unmitigated rubbish." Shelley himself soon came to recognise them as utterly devoid of literary significance, but he insisted on their relative effect as showing the early bent of his powers. Indeed, such utterances, free from any suspicion of self-consciousness, are a rare enough product of the artistic mind; and we can accept them with the gratitude of the biographer, if not with the gusto of the critic. After all, *Zastrozzi*, *St Irvyne*, the *Original Poetry* (not humorously so called) by *Victor and Cazire*, and the *Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson*, are neither worse nor better than the novels of "Rosa Matilda" or the ballads of the raw-head-and-bloody-bones school. That Shelley should have been

so easily fired into imitation of the school is—it must be confessed—evidence of a singularly unprecocious taste; but unguarded enthusiasms, literary, philosophical, and sentimental, were to be the great feature of the poet's career.

Intellectualism in various attractive or oracular forms, made popular by writers like Paine and Godwin, next seized upon Shelley's mind. From him also was extorted that tribute which, some twenty years before, all the poets of the new era, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Campbell, had paid to the French sensationalist school. Reversing the order of history, Shelley, after being a votary of the "Sturm und Drang" spirit, became passionately fond of the fearless, triumphant, if rather cold and dry solutions of all problems of matter and mind, of state and individual, which made up the doctrines of the age of Enlightenment—"Aufklärung." He contributed to this movement many a political or religious pamphlet, which, however generous and inspired, can hardly claim the merit of originality. But the revolutionary commoner of University College, Oxford, and the advocate of Irish liberties, was maturing into the lover of Welsh streams and valleys; the poet was beginning to assert himself, and his first great work, *Queen Mab*, once, it is said, the gospel of the Owenites, and surely the epic of Intellectualism, amply redeems its fervid but over-simple theories by the gorgeousness of their poetical attire.

Now the time came too when the lessons of experience and sorrow, ever allied, deepened Shelley's insight into his own sensitive nature and true avocation. His early marriage with the daughter of a coffee-house keeper—at best a noble act of youthful impetuosity—soon opened to him the secret of his own heart. His political campaign in Dublin taught him the vanity of direct interference. It was a poetical impulse no less than a moral revolt or a sentimental disappointment which drew him away from his wife, and in 1814 made him fly with Mary Godwin, the philosopher's daughter, to the lakes and mountains of Switzerland. There, and amid the quieter scenes of Windsor Forest, Shelley found his real self, and soon *Alastor*, so full already of that heroic *morbidezza* which shall permeate many a later poem, gave the world the first undeniable revelation of a new poetic temperament.

This was for some time obscured by the opposition which Shelley's acts and thoughts met with, all around him, in

England. The year 1817, in which a sentence of the Lord Chancellor deprived him of his children, marked the climax of that period of agitation and obloquy. All his work is then somewhat cramped and embittered. Even in the grand epic of *The Revolt of Islam*, there is an under-current of feverish resentment which is too intense not to injure its artistic effect.

In March 1818 Shelley left England—never to return. Under the serener skies of Italy, in the semi-solitude which throws realities in the background, where inspiration can look upon them unruffled, the poet's enthusiasms became no less ardent but certainly more refined, more patient, and more subtle. A growing acquaintance with the classics revealed to him the value of Mythology—whether Christian or Pagan. A limited circle of friends was enough to show him the inexhaustible variety of the human heart and to impress upon him the paramount quality of love and mercy in bridging over the differences of intellect and temper. More than anything else, the development of his own genius, although still occasionally arrested or thwarted by physical pain and emotional uncertainty, and thus kept in touch with the realities of everyday life to a degree unknown to less unearthly singers, made it easier for him to think, as he once said, "in the whole." His intellectual protests were sweetened by an increasing sense of the slowness of the ways of Nature, nay, they could be relieved at times with a burst of Aristophanic laughter; his interpretations of the world's beauty, enlarged and deepened, assumed something akin to the imagined purity of the elemental atoms; his fancy, more ethereal and cosmic, seemed to be absorbed by the essence of things, and to dwell lovingly among the heavenly spheres. When he died, drowned in the bay of Spezzia (8th July 1822), he had been led by poetry to a living sense of the mystery of the world which filled with him the place of long discarded beliefs. "What is life," he cried, and could not wait for an answer. But his message was more than half uttered: an obstinate faith in the progress of mankind, sustained and beautified by love and imagination—some such formula may summarise the latest work of Shelley. Thus at last the elements of his nature, the Revolutionary Intellectualism and the Romantic Sensibility, were harmonised into one of the most earnest and most ideal aspirations of the Poetry of the Age.

It may be questioned whether sufficient emphasis has been laid on the wonderful example of a sincere, whole-hearted development, which Shelley the poet has set to posterity—an example of both unity and progress, progress without leap and without retreat, unity without stagnation and without monotony, the progress and the unity wherewith all truly living growths, whether in nature or in man, are marked. No poet, it is true, was ever so faithful to the intellectual creed, to the imaginative creations, nay, even to the artistic motives and rhythmical themes of his youth. Some of the most ethereal visions of feminine beauty in the *Epipsychidion* are adumbrated in the wild extravagance of the early romances, and the lyric movement of *The Cloud* is anticipated just as markedly in the *Juvenilia*. But no poet was so thrillingly alive as was Shelley to all influences which make for refinement of fancy or spiritualisation of idea: he has led us far from the "There is no God!" of *Queen Mab* before we come to the awe-stricken answers of Demogorgon in *Prometheus* (ii. 4).

"Who made the living world ?

God.

Who made all

That it contains: thought, passion, reason, will,  
Imagination ?

God, Almighty God !"

It is far too from the romantic descant on *Love's Rose* to the flower poetry in *The Sensitive Plant*, from the theorising about Universal Love in the notes to *Queen Mab* to the passionate cry in the *Magico Prodigioso*:

"That the glory far above  
All else in life is Love, oh, Love !"

from the cold advice of the reformer of 1811 to the Irish people: "Read, think, and converse!" to the pure delight of the poet in the free play of his genius,

"As thought by thought is piled till some great truth  
Is loosened. (*Prom.* ii. 3, 40.)

It is indeed because it was read too systematically, that Shelley's work could ever have been made a subject of contention between opposite parties in politics or religion.

A mind which, as his did, grew every day fuller of intellectual doubts, but also fuller of spiritual aspirations, could not reasonably be claimed either by Agnostics who do not suffer from their incertitude, or by Positivists—be it of Social Science or of Theology—who ignore the finer subtleties of thought. If anything of this party spirit still distorts the quiet meaning of Shelley's work, the best remedy, or the best preventive, should be found in the mere consecutive reading of what he wrote. This, the only way to get a living view of his living soul, will also bring out the real import of his message—a message similar to that of Shakespeare—the message which in the pathetic alliance of philosophical discontent and emotional trust, in the constant readiness to wonder and to love, consecrates the profound wisdom of Poetry.

These considerations have dictated the arrangement of the present edition. The great Epic *The Revolt of Islam*, the Dramas, and the Translations being set apart in one volume, in accordance with the general plan of this series, the other poems of Shelley have been given in chronological sections, corresponding to the periods of his life and inner development as suggested in this introduction. But as it seemed unfair to the poet's fame to confuse in the same levelling chronological sequence the finest of his masterpieces and the veriest trifle which the zeal of his worshippers may have unearthed, a smaller type has been adopted for all the verse which Shelley either came to disown in his later life or had not time to perfect for publication.

We have to thank Mr Ch. W. Esdaile and Professor Dowden for a permission to print the *Juvenilia* which appeared for the first time in the latter's *Life of Shelley*; also Mr C. D. Locock and the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, for permission to use the material contained in *An Examination of Shelley's MSS.*

A. H. KOSZUL.

1907.

The following is a list of Shelley's works:—

Zastrozzi : a Romance, 1810. Some chapters were said by Shelley to have been written by his cousin, Harriet Grove.

- Original Poetry : by Victor and Cazire, 1810 (his colleague is conjectured to have been this same cousin).
- Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson. Being Poems found amongst the papers of that noted female who attempted the life of the king in 1786 ; ed. by John Fitzvictor, 1810.
- St Irvyne ; or, The Rosicrucian : a Romance, 1811.
- The Necessity of Atheism, which led to Shelley's being expelled from Oxford.
- An Address to the Irish People, 1812.
- Proposals for an Association (of Philanthropists, to accomplish the Regeneration of Ireland), 1812.
- Declaration of Rights, 1812.
- The Devil's Walk, 1812.
- A Letter to Lord Ellenborough (on the sentence passed on the publisher of the third part of Paine's "Age of Reason"), 1812.
- Queen Mab : a Philosophical Poem, 1813.
- A Vindication of Natural Diet, 1813.
- A Refutation of Deism : in a Dialogue, 1814.
- Alastor : or, the Spirit of Solitude ; and other poems, 1816.
- A Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote throughout the Kingdom : by the Hermit of Marlow, 1817.
- An Address to the People on the Death of the Princess Charlotte : by the Hermit of Marlow, 1817.
- History of a Six Weeks' Tour, etc. ; with letters, 1817.
- Laon and Cythna (Revolt of Islam), 1818.
- Rosalind and Helen ; with other poems, 1819.
- The Cenci : a Tragedy, 1819.
- Prometheus Unbound : a Lyrical Drama ; with other poems, 1820.
- Œdipus Tyrannus ; or, Swellfoot the Tyrant : a Tragedy, translated from the Original Doric, 1820.
- Epipsychidion (verses addressed to . . . Emilia V., now imprisoned in the Convent of ———), 1821.
- Adonais : an Elegy on the Death of John Keats, 1821.
- Hellas : a Lyrical Drama, 1822.

The following are the most important posthumous publications :—

- Posthumous Poems ; ed. by Mary W. Shelley, 1824.
- Masque of Anarchy ; with Preface by Leigh Hunt, 1832.

- The Shelley Papers (Memoir, with poems and papers); ed.  
T. Medwin, 1833.
- Collected Edition of Poems; 4 vols.; ed. by Mrs Shelley,  
1839.
- Essays; Letters from Abroad, etc.; ed. Mrs Shelley,  
1840.
- Relics of Shelley; ed. R. Garnett, 1862.



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# SHELLEY

## I. Romantic Period

1800-1812

### VERSES ON A CAT

[Comp. 1800? Publ. 1858.]

#### 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.

#### II

You would not easily guess  
All the modes of distress  
Which torture the tenants of earth ;  
And the various evils,  
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 ;  
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  
 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!*

## EPITAPHIUM

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

[Publ. 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 tristes puerum notavit  
 Sollicitudo.

III

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

IV

Omne quod moestis habuit miserto  
 Corde largivit lacrimam, recepit  
 Omne quod cœlo voluit, fidelis  
 Pectus amici.

v

Longius sed tu fuge curiosus  
 Cæteras laudes fuge suspicari,  
 Cæteras culpas fuge velle tractas  
 Sede tremenda.

VI

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

## IN HOROLOGIUM

[Publ. 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 ?

## TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART

[1810? Publ. 1833.]

## 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,  
 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  
 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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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.

## 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,  
 What I dare not in broad day-light.

## ORIGINAL POETRY

BY VICTOR AND CAZIRE

[Publ. 1810.]

## I

*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 :*

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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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 ;  
 But come, try again—you must never despair,  
 Our Murray's or Entick's are not all so rare,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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 Demosthenes lie,  
 May as Junius be sharp, or as Plato be sage,  
 The pattern or satire to all of the age ;  
 But stop—a mad author I mean not to turn,  
 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 ;  
 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 complains,  
 It bids me step forward and just hold the reins.  
 My excuse shall be humble, and faithful, and true,  
 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.  
 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,  
 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,  
 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 answer I've made,  
 And since to your calls all the tribute I've paid,  
 Adieu my good friend ; pray never despair,  
 But grammar and sense and everything dare,  
 Attempt but to write dashing, easy, and free,  
 Then take out your grammar and pay him his fee.  
 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—  
 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,  
 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.  
 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 dazzled outright,  
 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 mischievous ways,  
 He knows not how much to laud forth her praise,  
 That he neither eats, drinks or sleeps for her sake,  
 And hopes her hard heart some compassion 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, discernment and grace,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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—  
 Now your parcel's arrived, [Bysshe's] letter shall go.  
 I hope all your joy mayn't be turned into woe.  
 Experience will tell you that pleasure is vain,  
 When it promises sunshine how often comes rain.  
 So when to fond hope every blessing is nigh,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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.  
 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,  
 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,  
 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 contended with fate :  
 '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,  
 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.—  
 " I call not yon rocks where the thunder peals rattle,  
 I call not yon clouds where the elements battle,  
 But thee, cruel —— I call thee unkind ! "—

Then she wreathed in her hair the wild flowers of the mountain,  
 And deliriously laughing, a garland entwined,  
 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,  
 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 slumbers in dew.

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,  
 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,  
 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!—

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.—

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,  
 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 mankind,  
 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,  
 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.—

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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 And portrays each succeeding day,  
 As dressed in fairer, brighter flowers,—

The vermeil tinted flowers that blossom,  
 Are frozen but to bud anew,  
 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,  
 '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,  
 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,  
 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 torment shall prove,  
 For fate and revenge are decreed from above.

Ah ! where is the hero, whose nerves strung by youth,  
 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 chaplets of bays,  
 To him shall each warrior give merited praise,  
 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,  
 The rewards of the brave are the transports of love.

OCTOBER, 1809.

## X. THE IRISHMAN'S SONG

THE stars may dissolve, and the fountain 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,  
 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 rapturous measure,  
 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,  
 And " my countrymen ! vengeance ! " incessantly 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,  
 Dim mists are flying—  
 See by the moon's pale light,  
 Poor Laura's dying !

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

No hand her eyes to close,  
 When life is flying,  
 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.

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,  
 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,  
 When the hope-winged 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, 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 fearful 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 shuddering wretch bending,  
 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,  
 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-raptur'd senses are losing  
 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.

AUGUST, 1810.

### XIV. SAINT EDMOND'S EVE<sup>1</sup>

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,  
 And to lay the wandering sprite,  
 Whose shadowy, restless form doth haunt,  
 The Abbey's drear aisle this night.

<sup>1</sup> This is not Shelley's, but one of the *Tales of Terror* (1799) of M. G. Lewis.

It saith it will not its wailing cease,  
 'Till that holy man come near,  
 '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,  
 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.

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,  
 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 sculptured saints  
 That frown on the sacred walls,  
 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,  
 At your benedicite.

" Now haste within ! the board is spread,  
 Keen blows the air, and cold,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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——

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,  
 Within what dark unhallowed tomb,  
 The corse unblessed was laid ? ”

“ Through yonder drear aisle alone it walks,  
 And murmurs a mournful plaint,  
 Of thee ! Black Canon, it wildly talks,  
 And calls 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,  
 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.”—

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,  
 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,  
 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  
 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!”

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,  
 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,  
 Here together they now shall rest entombed,  
 ’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,  
 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.

## 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—  
 I must wander this evening to Strasburg 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,  
 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,  
 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"—

"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,  
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,  
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 tombstones around,  
The blue lightning gleamed o'er the dark chapel spire,  
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 pervaded the scene,  
And a figure advanced—tall in form—fierce in mien.

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,  
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,  
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,  
And fierce yelling fiends shall exult o'er thy bride."

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

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 harrowing 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.—<sup>1</sup>

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,  
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,  
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.

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

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Fragment* (published by Medwin, 1833).

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

He seeks an Inn, for faint from toil,  
 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,  
 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 :

“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.

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

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

*Warrior*

Stranger! whosoe'er you are,  
 I feel impelled my tale to tell—  
 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,  
 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.—

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,  
 With noiseless, trackless footsteps came,—  
 Its light robe floated on the storm,  
 Its head was bound with lambent flame.

## Shelley

In chilling voice drear as the breeze  
 Which sweeps along th' autumnal ground,  
 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,  
 '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.

"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,  
 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,  
 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—  
 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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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—

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,  
 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,  
 Follow, follow, follow me.

Yet the tempest's duskiest wing,  
 Its mantle stretches o'er the sky,  
 Yet the midnight ravens sing,  
 "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—

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,  
 Flaming filled the stormy air,  
 In a wild verse he called the dead,  
 The dead in motley crowd were there.—

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

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

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See ! the sheeted Ghost they bring,  
 Yelling dreadful o'er the heath,  
 Hark ! the deadly verse they sing,  
 Tidings of despair and death !

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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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 !

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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 When the hour of twilight's past.—

Thunder shakes th' expansive sky,  
 Shakes the bosom of the heath,  
 "Mortal! Mortal! thou must die"—  
 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!

'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  
 Of the battling clouds on the mountain-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 whirlwind uprearing,  
 The dark ghost of the murdered Victoria strode,  
 Her right hand a blood-reeking dagger was bearing,  
 She swiftly advanced to my lonesome 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.]

### I

#### 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.

#### 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  
 Of the battling clouds, on the mountain-tops, broke ;—  
 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 whirlwind upholding,  
 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

## 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,  
 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 ;  
 In air whilst the tide of the night-storm is rolling,  
 It breaks on the pause of the elements' 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,  
 Whilst a wreath of dark vapour encircles his head.

## III. 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,  
 As he sits in his lonely cell.

## I

And the cold hand of death  
 Chills his shuddering breath,  
 As he lists to the fearful lay  
 Which the ghosts of the sky,  
 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.

## 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.

## IV

Then his fair cross of gold he dashed on the floor,  
 When the death-knell struck on his ear.—  
 " Delight is in store  
 For her evermore ;  
 But for me is fate, horror, and fear."

## 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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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—  
 " 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,  
 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 ;  
 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,  
 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,  
 Seemed around him to fly,  
 And mingle their yells with the blast :  
 And on the dark wall  
 Half-seen shadows did fall,  
 As horrified he onward passed.

## 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.

## 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,  
 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.

## 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,  
 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,  
 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. SONG

## 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,  
 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 ;  
 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,  
 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 ?

## 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. SONG

## 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 remembrance, a tear ;  
 When floods of despair down his pale cheek are streaming,  
 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 affection so dear.

## II

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

## VI. SONG

## I

AH ! faint are her limbs, and her footstep is weary,  
 Yet far must the desolate wanderer roam ;  
 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,  
 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,  
 And arose in her mind every dear recollection ;  
 “ 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 !

## 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 softness deceive ?  
 Oh ! how could false hope rend a bosom so fair ?  
 Thy love's pallid corse the wild surges are laving,  
 O'er his form the fierce swell of the tempest is raving ;  
 But, fear not, parting spirit ; thy goodness 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.

[Publ. Oxford, November, 1810.]

## 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 curiosity 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 arrangement ; 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  
 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—  
 “ 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 cannot hear,  
 For passions’ 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.”  
 He spake, reclined him on death’s bloody bed,  
 And with a parting groan his spirit fled.

Opressors of mankind to *you* we owe  
 The baleful streams from whence these miseries flow ;  
 For you how many a mother weeps her son,  
 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 ?  
 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,  
 He never triumphed in the work of hell—  
 Monarch 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,  
 Despising wealth, ambition, pomp, and pride,  
 Will stretch him fearless by his foemen’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 bloodless field,  
 And the stern warrior’s arm the sickle wield ?  
 Not whilst some King in cold ambition’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,  
 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,  
 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 ;  
 Will dash the sceptre from the Monarch’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,  
 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,  
 Then speeding swiftly o'er the ensanguined 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,  
 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 ;  
 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  
 That Heaven, indignant at the work of Hell,  
 Will soon the cause, the hated cause remove,  
 Which tears from earth peace, innocence, 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 mankind,  
 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,  
 When the blasts on the wild lake 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 ;  
 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,

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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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  
 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.  
 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.

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 condemn the rest ;  
 And thine, loved glory of thy sex ! to tear  
 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  
 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.  
 " Welcome, thou despot, 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  
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,  
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,  
    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,  
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.”

*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 feelst me warm.  
And I will recline on thy marble neck  
Till I mingle into thee ;  
And I will kiss the rose on thy cheek,  
And thou shalt give kisses to me.  
For here is no morn to flout our delight,  
Oh ! dost thou not joy at this ?  
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.  
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 ?  
 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 perfumed balm  
 Mid pearly gems of dew that shine so bright ?  
 And you wild winds, thus can you sleep so still  
 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 powerless silence lie ?

Hark ! I hear music on the zephyr's wing,  
 Louder it floats along the unruffled sky ;  
 Some fairy sure has touched the viewless string—  
 Now faint in distant air the murmurs die,  
 Awhile it stills the tide of agony.  
 Now—now it loftier swells—again stern woe  
 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,  
 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  
 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,  
 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,  
 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,—  
 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 wayward destiny.

I sought the cold brink of the midnight surge,  
 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 ;  
 Stilled was the unearthly howling, and a strain  
 Swelled mid the tumult of the battling 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 ?  
 And canst thou not contend with agony,  
 That thus at midnight thou dost quit thine home ? "  
 " Ah there she sleeps : cold is her bloodless form,  
 And I will go to slumber in her grave ;  
 And then our ghosts, whilst raves the maddened storm,  
 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 ;  
 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,  
 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  
 That poured its low moan on the stillness 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,  
 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,  
 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  
 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.  
 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,  
 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.  
 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,  
 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 ;  
 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 ;  
 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 sacred seek the caves of gigantic . . .  
 Where their thin forms pour unearthly sounds  
 On the blast that sweeps the breast of the lake,  
 And mingles its swell with the moonlight 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,  
 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,  
 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  
 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,  
 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!  
 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  
 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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 Athwart my enanguished senses flew  
 A fiercer, deadlier agony!

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

## THE WANDERING JEW'S SOLILOQUY

[Late 1810? Publ. 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?  
 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!  
 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?  
 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  
 At the dread word Korah's unconscious 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,  
 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.

## SONG FROM THE WANDERING JEW

[Publ. 1847.]

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;  
 Faster is her heart's decay  
 Deep with sorrow laden,  
 She sinks in death away.

## FRAGMENT FROM THE WANDERING JEW

[Publ. 1847.]

THE Elements respect their Maker's seal !  
 Still like the scathed pine tree's height,  
 Braving the tempests of the night  
 Have I escaped the flickering flame  
 Like the scathed pine, which a monument stands  
 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.

## BIGOTRY'S VICTIM

[April 1811. Publ. 1858.]

## 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,  
 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,  
 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 ;  
 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 endowed not with fast-fleeting footsteps of air,  
 Yet, yet I will 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  
 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,  
 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 :  
 What remains, but to curse him,—to curse him and die ?

ON AN ICICLE THAT CLUNG TO THE GRASS  
 OF A GRAVE

[Jan. 1811. Publ. 1858.]

## I

OH ! take the pure gem to where southerly breezes,  
 Waft repose to some bosom as faithful as fair,  
 In which the warm current of love never freezes,  
 As it rises unmingled with selfishness there,  
 Which, untainted by pride, unpolluted by care,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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  
 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.  
 Not for *thee* soft compassion celestials 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,  
 Though with millions of blood-reeking victims 'twas gory,  
 Though the tears of the widow polluted 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.

## LOVE

[May, 1811. Publ. 1858.]

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 ?  
 Since withering pain no power possessed,  
 Nor age, to blanch thy vermeil hue,  
 Nor time's dread victor, death, confessed,  
 Though bathed with his poison dew,  
 Still thou retain'st unchanging bloom,  
 Fixed, tranquil, even in the tomb.  
 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,  
 O'er each idea then to steal,  
 When other passions die ?  
 Felt it in some wild noonday dream,  
 When sitting by the lonely stream,  
 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.

## TO A STAR

[June, 1811. Publ. 1858]

SWEET star, which gleaming o'er the darksome scene  
 Through fleecy clouds of silvery radiance 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  
 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  
 Sighs in the ear of stillness, art thou aught but  
 Lulling the slaves of interest to repose  
 With that mild, pitying gaze? Oh, I would look  
 In thy dear beam till every bond of sense  
 Became enamoured——

## LOVE'S ROSE

[June, 1811. Publ. 1858.]

### I

HOPES that swell in youthful breasts,  
 Live not through the waste of time!  
 Love's rose a host of thorns invests;  
 Cold, ungenial is the clime,  
 Where its honours blow.  
 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  
 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,  
 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  
 In which its vermeil splendours shine.

## A DIALOGUE

[Comp. early 1811. Publ. 1858.]

### *Death*

FOR my dagger is bathed in the blood of the brave,  
 I come, care-worn tenant of life, from the grave,  
 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,—  
 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.  
 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,  
 Where no longer the scorpions of Perfidy 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 ?

*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,  
 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 ?

*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,  
 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.

TO THE MOONBEAM

[May, 1811. Publ. 1858.]

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 ?  
 But that can never be ;  
 For thine orb is bright,  
 And the clouds are light,  
 That at intervals shadow the star-studded night.

## 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,  
     And Nature's morn  
     To my bosom forlorn  
 Brings but a gloomier night, implants a deadlier thorn.

## III

Wretch ! Suppress the glare of madness  
 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,  
     When the twilight of care,  
     And the night of despair,  
 Seem in my breast but joys to the pangs that rankle there.

## TO DEATH

[1811 ? Publ. 1858.]

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 ?  
 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,  
 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 victory such as mine ?

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,  
 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 Virtue's beam—  
     That all the cares subside  
     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 ;  
     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 !

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,  
     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  
     To that mysterious strand.

## THE DEVIL'S WALK

### A BALLAD

[Publ. July, 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,  
     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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 In looking over his farm, I wist,  
 He wouldn't find cause for woe.

## VI

He peeped in each hole, to each chamber stole,  
 His promising like-stock to view ;  
 Grinning applause, he just showed them his claws,  
 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 innocents fair,  
 Poor lambkins ! were just doing nothing at all  
 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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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.

## 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,  
 Its glory the meed of thé slain.

## XII

Fat—as the Death-birds on Erin's shore,  
 That glutted themselves in her dearest gore,  
 And fittid round Castiereagh,  
 When they snatched the Patriot's heart, that *his* grasp  
 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,  
 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.

## 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.

## XVI

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

## XVII

The Devil (who sometimes is called Nature),  
 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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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 ;  
 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,  
 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,  
 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 uncover,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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.

## 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  
 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

[August, 1812. Publ. 1886.]

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

## [HAIL TO THEE, CAMBRIA]

[1812. Publ. 1886.]

## I

HAIL to thee, Cambria ! for the unfettered wind  
 Which from thy wilds even now methinks I feel,  
 Casing the clouds that roll in wrath behind,  
 And tightening the soul's laxest nerves to steel ;  
 True mountain Liberty alone may heal  
 The pain which Custom's obdurances 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.

## II

And shall that soul, to selfish peace resigned,  
 So soon forget the woe its fellows share ?  
 Can Snowdon's Lethe from the freeborn mind  
 So soon the page of injured penury tear ?  
 Does this fine mass of human passion dare  
 To sleep, unhonouring the patriot's fall,  
 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 ?

## III

No, Cambria ! never may thy matchless vales  
 A heart so false to hope and virtue shield ;  
 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 Freedom's field,  
 Symbol of bloodless victory, wave unfurled,  
 A meteor-sign of love effulgent o'er the world.

[4 Stanzas.]

## VIII

Do thou, wild Cambria, calm each struggling thought ;  
 Cast thy sweet veil of rocks and woods between,  
 That by the soul to indignation wrought  
 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,—  
 Let me not madly stain their righteous cause in gore.

## TO IRELAND

[1812. Publ. 1886 and 1892.]

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,  
 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 ; pyramids  
 That for millenniums have defied the blast,  
 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  
 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

[1812. Publ. 1886.]

## VI

No trump tells thy virtues—the grave where they rest  
 With thy dust shall remain unpolluted 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,  
 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

[Publ. 1886.]

A SCENE, which 'wilder'd 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  
 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,  
 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  
 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,  
 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  
 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,  
 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  
 That bade my 'wildered spirit rove ;  
 'Twas not the pride disdainful life,  
 That with this mortal world at strife  
 Would yield to the soul's inward sense,  
 Then groan in human impotence,  
 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  
 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.

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  
 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  
 To soar, and spurn 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,  
Which hidden from the vulgar glare  
Imbided no fleeting radiance there.  
My darksome spirit sought—it found  
A friendless solitude around.  
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,  
Though doomed with her to perish, where  
The captive clasps abhorred despair.

They could not share the bosom's feeling,  
Which, passion's every throb revealing,  
Dared force on the world's notice cold  
Thoughts of unprofitable mould,  
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,  
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,  
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,  
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:

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:

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  
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,  
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 sadness,  
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,  
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 ?  
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,  
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 ;  
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  
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,  
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

[August 1, 1812. Publ. 1886.]

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

[1812. Publ. entire 1886.]

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. O thou  
 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  
 Those spirit-beaming eyes and look on me,  
 Until I be assured that Earth is Heaven,  
 And Heaven is Earth ?—wilt not thy glowing cheek,  
 Glowing with soft suffusion, rest on mine,  
 And breathe magnetic sweetness through the frame  
 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,  
 'Tis an assurance that this Earth is Heaven,  
 And Heaven the flower of that untainted seed  
 Which springeth here beneath such love as ours.  
 Harriet ! let death all mortal ties dissolve,  
 But ours shall not be mortal ! The cold hand  
 Of Time may chill the love of earthly minds  
 Half frozen now ; the frigid intercourse  
 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  
 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  
 Of reason ; nor when life's aestival sun  
 To deeper manhood shall have ripened me ;  
 Nor when some years have added judgement's store  
 To all thy woman sweetness, all the fire  
 Which throbs in thine enthusiast heart ; not then  
 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,  
 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 unthinking world,  
 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?  
 Never, thou second Self! Is confidence  
 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.  
 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 impassioned 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,  
 Virtue and Love! unbending Fortitude,  
 Freedom, Devotedness and Purity!  
 That life my Spirit consecrates to you.

## SONNET

TO A BALLOON LADEN WITH KNOWLEDGE

[August, 1812. Publ. 1886.]

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  
 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,  
 Which through the tyrant's gilded domes shall soar;  
 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.

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## SONNET

ON LAUNCHING SOME BOTTLES FILLED WITH KNOWLEDGE INTO  
THE BRISTOL CHANNEL

[August, 1812. Pub. 1886.]

VESSELS of heavenly medicine ! may the breeze  
Auspicious waft your dark green forms to shore ;  
Safe may ye stem the wide surrounding roar  
Of the wild whirlwinds and the raging seas ;  
And oh ! if Liberty e'er deigned to stoop  
From yonder lowly throne her crownless 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,  
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 dispersed.

## FRAGMENTS

[1812. Publ. 1886.]

## I

NOT the swarth Pariah in some Indian grove,  
Lone, lean, and hunted by his brother's hate,  
Hath drunk so deep the cup of bitter fate.

## II

Then may we hope the consummating hour,  
Dreadfully, swiftly, sweetly, is arriving,  
When light from darkness, peace from desolation,  
Bursts unresisted.

## III

Meanwhile thro' calm and storm, thro' night and day,  
Unvarying in her aim the vessel went,  
As if some inward spirit ruled her way,  
And her tense sails were conscious of intent,  
Till Albion's cliffs gleamed o'er her plunging bow,  
And Albion's river-floods bright sparkled round her prow.

## IV

And the spirits of the brave,  
Shall start from every grave,  
Whilst from her Atlantic throne  
Freedom sanctifies the groan  
That fans the glorious fires of its change.

## II. Intellectual Period

1813

### QUEEN MAB

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM, WITH NOTES

[Comp. 1812. Privately printed in the spring of 1813.]

ECRASEZ L'INFAME !—*Correspondance de Voltaire.*

AVIA Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante  
Trita solo ; juvat integros accedere fonteis ;  
Atque haurire : juvatque novos decerpere flores.

Unde prius nulli velarint tempora musae.  
Primum quod magnis doceo de rebus ; et arctis  
Religionum animos nodis exsolvere pergo.—*Lucret. lib.*

Δος που στῶ, καὶ κοσμον κινῆσω.—*Archimedes.*

TO HARRIET \* \* \* \* \*

WHOSE is the love that gleaming through the world,  
Wards off the poisonous arrow of its scorn ?  
Whose is the warm and partial praise,  
Virtue's most sweet reward ?

Beneath whose looks did my reviving soul  
Riper in truth and virtuous daring grow ?  
Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on,  
And loved mankind the more ?

HARRIET ! on thine :—thou wert my purer mind ;  
Thou wert the inspiration of my song ;  
Thine are these early wilding flowers,  
Though garlanded by me.

Then press into thy breast this pledge of love ;  
And know, though time may change and years may roll,  
Each floweret gathered in my heart  
It consecrates to thine.

## QUEEN MAB

## I

How wonderful is Death,  
 Death and his brother Sleep  
 One, pale as yonder waning moon  
 With lips of lurid blue ;  
 The other, rosy as the morn  
 When throned on ocean's wave  
 It blushes o'er the world :  
 Yet both so passing wonderful !

Hath then the gloomy Power  
 Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres  
 Seized on her sinless soul ?  
 Must then that peerless form  
 Which love and admiration cannot view  
 Without a beating heart, those azure veins  
 Which steal like streams along a field of snow,  
 That lovely outline, which is fair  
 As breathing marble, perish ?  
 Must putrefaction's breath  
 Leave nothing of this heavenly sight  
 But loathsomeness and ruin ?



## THE DAEMON OF THE WORLD

## A FRAGMENT

## I

[Rehandling of *Queen Mab* I. and II., 1815. Publ. 1816.]

Nec tantum prodere vati,  
 Quantum scire licet. Venit aetas omnis in unam  
 Congeriem, miserumque premunt tot saecula pectus.  
 LUCAN, *Phars.* v. 176.

How wonderful is Death,  
 Death and his brother Sleep !  
 One pale as yonder wan and hornèd moon,  
 With lips of lurid blue,  
 The other glowing like the vital morn,  
 When throned on ocean's wave  
 It breathes over the world :  
 Yet both so passing strange and wonderful !

Hath then the iron-sceptred Skeleton,  
 Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres,  
 To the hell dogs that couch beneath his throne

Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,  
 On which the lightest heart might moralize ?  
 Or is it only a sweet slumber  
 Stealing o'er sensation,  
 Which the breath of roseate morning  
 Chaseth into darkness ?  
 Will Ianthe wake again,  
 And give that faithful bosom joy  
 Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch  
 Light, life and rapture from her smile ?

Yes ! she will wake again,  
 Although her glowing limbs are motionless,  
 And silent those sweet lips,  
 Once breathing eloquence,  
 That might have soothed a tiger's rage,  
 Or thawed the cold heart of a conqueror.  
 Her dewy eyes are closed,  
 And on their lids, whose texture fine  
 Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,  
 The baby Sleep is pillowed :  
 Her golden tresses shade  
 The bosom's stainless pride,  
 Curling like tendrils of the parasite  
 Around a marble column.

Cast that fair prey ? Must that divinest form,  
 Which love and admiration cannot view  
 Without a beating heart, whose azure veins  
 Steal like dark streams along a field of snow,  
 Whose outline is as fair as marble clothed  
 In light of some sublimest mind, decay ?  
 Nor putrefaction's breath  
 Leave aught of this pure spectacle  
 But loathsomeness and ruin ?—  
 Spare aught but a dark theme,  
 On which the lightest heart might moralize ?  
 Or is it but that downy-wingèd slumbers  
 Have charmed their nurse coy Silence near her lids  
 To watch their own repose ?  
 Will they, when morning's beam  
 Flows through those wells of light,  
 Seek far from noise and day some western cave,  
 Where woods and streams with soft and pausing winds  
 A lulling murmur weave ?—  
 Ianthe doth not sleep  
 The dreamless sleep of death :  
 Nor in her moonlight chamber silently  
 Doth Henry hear her regular pulses throb,



Oh! not the visioned poet in his dreams,  
 When silvery clouds float through the 'wilder'd brain,  
 When every sight of lovely, wild and grand  
   Astonishes, enraptures, elevates,  
   When fancy at a glance combines  
   The wondrous and the beautiful,—  
 So bright, so fair, so wild a shape  
   Hath ever yet beheld,  
 As that which reined the coursers of the air,  
 And poured the magic of her gaze  
   Upon the maiden's sleep.

The broad and yellow moon  
 Shone dimly through her form—  
 That form of faultless symmetry ;  
 The pearly and pellucid car  
   Moved not the moonlight's line :  
 'Twas not an earthly pageant :  
 Those who had looked upon the sight,  
   Passing all human glory,  
   Saw not the yellow moon,  
   Saw not the mortal scene,  
   Heard not the night-wind's rush,  
   Heard not an earthly sound,  
   Saw but the fairy pageant,  
   Heard but the heavenly strains  
   That filled the lonely dwelling.

|||||

The chariot of the Daemon of the World  
 Descends in silent power :  
 Its shape reposed within : slight as some cloud  
 That catches but the palest tinge of day  
   When evening yields to night,  
 Bright as that fibrous woof when stars indue  
   Its transitory robe.  
 Four shapeless shadows bright and beautiful  
 Draw that strange car of glory, reins of light  
 Check their unearthly speed ; they stop and fold  
   Their wings of braided air :  
 The Daemon leaning from the ethereal car  
   Gazed on the slumbering maid.  
 Human eye hath ne'er beheld  
 A shape so wild, so bright, so beautiful,  
 As that which o'er the maiden's charmèd sleep  
   Waving a starry wand,  
   Hung like a mist of light.  
 Such sounds as breathed around like odorous winds  
   Of wakening spring arose,  
 Filling the chamber and the moonlight sky.

The Fairy's frame was slight, yon fibrous cloud,  
 That catches but the palest tinge of even,  
 And which the straining eye can hardly seize  
 When melting into eastern twilight's shadow,  
 Were scarce so thin, so slight ; but the fair star  
 That gems the glittering coronet of morn,  
 Sheds not a light so mild, so powerful,  
 As that which, bursting from the Fairy's form,  
 Spread a purpureal halo round the scene,  
 Yet with an undulating motion,  
 Swayed to her outline gracefully.

From her celestial car  
 The Fairy Queen descended,  
 And thrice she waved her wand  
 Circled with wreaths of amaranth :  
 Her thin and misty form  
 Moved with the moving air,  
 And the clear silver tones,  
 As thus she spoke, were such  
 As are unheard by all but gifted ear.

*Fairy*

" Stars ! your balmiest influence shed !  
 Elements ! your wrath suspend !

.....

Maiden, the world's supremest spirit  
 Beneath the shadow of her wings  
 Folds all thy memory doth inherit  
 From ruin of divinest things,  
 Feelings that lure thee to betray,  
 And light of thoughts that pass away.

For thou hast earned a mighty boon,  
 The truths which wisest poets see  
 Dimly, thy mind may make its own,  
 Rewarding its own majesty,  
 • Entranced in some diviner mood  
 Of self-oblivious solitude.

Custom, and Faith, and Power thou spurnest ;  
 From hate and awe thy heart is free ;  
 Ardent and pure as day thou burnest,  
 For dark and cold mortality  
 A living light, to cheer it long,  
 The watch-fires of the world among.

Therefore from nature's inner shrine,  
 Where gods and fiends in worship bend,

Sleep, Ocean, in the rocky bounds  
 That circle thy domain !  
 Let not a breath be seen to stir  
 Around yon grass-grown ruin's height,  
 Let even the restless gossamer  
 Sleep on the moveless air !  
 Soul of Ianthe ! thou,  
 Judged alone worthy of the envied boon,  
 That waits the good and the sincere ; that waits  
 Those who have struggled, and with resolute will  
 Vanquished earth's pride and meanness, burst the chains,  
 The icy chains of custom, and have shone  
 The day-stars of their age ;—Soul of Ianthe !  
 Awake ! arise ! ”

Sudden arose  
 Ianthe's Soul ; it stood  
 All beautiful in naked purity,  
 The perfect semblance of its bodily frame.  
 Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace,  
 Each stain of earthliness  
 Had passed away, it reassumed  
 Its native dignity, and stood  
 Immortal amid ruin.

Majestic spirit, be it thine  
 The flame to seize, the veil to rend,  
 Where the vast snake Eternity  
 In charmed sleep doth ever lie.

All that inspires thy voice of love,  
 Or speaks in thy unclosing eyes,  
 Or through thy frame doth burn or move,  
 Or think or feel, awake, arise !  
 Spirit, leave for mine and me  
 Earth's unsubstantial mimicry !

It ceased, and from the mute and moveless frame  
 A radiant spirit arose,  
 All beautiful in naked purity.  
 Robed in its human hues it did ascend,  
 Disparting as it went the silver clouds,  
 It moved towards the car, and took its seat  
 Beside the Daemon shape.

Obedient to the sweep of æry song,  
 The mighty ministers  
 Unfurled their prismatic wings.  
 The magic car moved on ;

Upon the couch the body lay  
 Wrapped in the depth of slumber :  
 Its features were fixed and meaningless,  
 Yet animal life was there,  
 And every organ yet performed  
 Its natural functions : 'twas a sight  
 Of wonder to behold the body and soul.  
 The self-same lineaments, the same  
 Marks of identity were there :  
 Yet, oh, how different ! One aspires to Heaven,  
 Pants for its sempiternal heritage,  
 And ever-changing, ever-rising still,  
 Wantons in endless being.  
 The other, for a time the unwilling sport  
 Of circumstance and passion, struggles on ;  
 Fleets through its sad duration rapidly :  
 Then, like an useless and worn-out machine,  
 Rots, perishes, and passes.

*Fairy*

" Spirit ! who hast dived so deep ;  
 Spirit ! who hast soared so high ;  
 Thou the fearless, thou the mild,  
 Accept the boon thy worth hath earned,  
 Ascend the car with me."

The night was fair, innumerable stars  
 Studded heaven's dark blue vault ;  
 The eastern wave grew pale  
 With the first smile of morn.

The magic car moved on.  
 From the swift sweep of wings  
 The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew ;  
 And where the burning wheels  
 Eddied above the mountain's loftiest peak  
 Was traced a line of lightning.  
 Now far above a rock the utmost verge  
 Of the wide earth it flew,  
 The rival of the Andes, whose dark brow  
 Frowned o'er the silver sea.

Far, far below the chariot's stormy path,  
 Calm as a slumbering babe,  
 Tremendous ocean lay.  
 Its broad and silent mirror gave to view  
 The pale and waning stars,  
 The chariot's fiery track,  
 And the grey light of morn

*Spirit*

“ Do I dream ? Is this new feeling  
 But a visioned ghost of slumber ?  
 If indeed I am a soul,  
 A free, a disembodied soul,  
 Speak again to me.”

*Fairy*

“ I am the Fairy MAB : to me 'tis given  
 The wonders of the human world to keep :  
 The secrets of the immeasurable past,  
 In the unfailing consciences of men,  
 Those stern, unflattering chroniclers, I find :  
 The future, from the causes which arise  
 In each event, I gather : not the sting  
 Which retributive memory implants  
 In the hard bosom of the selfish man ;  
 Nor that ecstatic and exulting throb  
 Which virtue's votary feels when he sums up  
 The thoughts and actions of a well-spent day,  
 Are unforeseen, unregistered by me :  
 And it is yet permitted me, to rend  
 The veil of mortal frailty, that the spirit,  
 Clothed in its changeless purity, may know  
 How soonest to accomplish the great end

Tingeing those fleecy clouds  
 That cradled in their folds the infant dawn.  
 The chariot seemed to fly  
 Through the abyss of an immense concave,  
 Radiant with million constellations, tinged  
 With shades of infinite colour,  
 And semicircled with a belt  
 Flashing incessant meteors.

As they approached their goal,  
 The wingèd shadows seemed to gather speed.  
 The sea no longer was distinguished ; earth  
 Appeared a vast and shadowy sphere, suspended  
 In the black concave of heaven  
 With the sun's cloudless orb,  
 Whose rays of rapid light  
 Parted around the chariot's swifter course,  
 And fell like ocean's feathery spray  
 Dashed from the boiling surge  
 Before a vessel's prow.

The magic car moved on.  
 Earth's distant orb appeared

For which it hath its being, and may taste  
 That peace, which in the end all life will share.  
 This is the meed of virtue ; happy Soul,  
 Ascend the car with me ! ”

The chains of earth's immurement  
 Fell from Ianthe's spirit ;  
 They shrank and brake like bandages of straw  
 Beneath a wakened giant's strength.  
 She knew her glorious change,  
 And felt in apprehension uncontrolled  
 New raptures opening round :  
 Each day-dream of her mortal life,  
 Each frenzied vision of the slumbers  
 That closed each well-spent day,  
 Seemed now to meet reality.

The Fairy and the Soul proceeded ;  
 The silver clouds disparted ;  
 And as the car of magic they ascended,  
 Again the speechless music swelled,  
 Again the coursers of the air  
 Unfurled their azure pennons, and the Queen  
 Shaking the beamy reins  
 Bade them pursue their way.

.....

The smallest light that twinkles in the heavens,  
 Whilst round the chariot's way  
 Innumerable systems widely rolled,  
 And countless spheres diffused  
 An ever varying glory.

It was a sight of wonder ! Some were horned,  
 And like the moon's argentine crescent hung  
 In the dark dome of heaven ; some did shed  
 A clear mild beam like Hesperus, while the sea  
 Yet glows with fading sunlight ; others dashed  
 Athwart the night with trains of bickering fire,  
 Like spherèd worlds to death and ruin driven ;  
 Some shone like stars, and as the chariot passed  
 Bedimmed all other light.

Spirit of Nature ! here  
 In this interminable wilderness  
 Of worlds, at whose involved immensity  
 Even soaring fancy staggers,  
 Here is thy fitting temple.  
 Yet not the lightest leaf  
 That quivers to the passing breeze  
 Is less instinct with thee,—

The magic car moved on.  
 The night was fair, and countless stars  
 Studded Heaven's dark blue vault,—  
     Just o'er the eastern wave  
 Peeped the first faint smile of morn :—  
     The magic car moved on—  
     From the celestial hoofs  
 The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew,  
     And where the burning wheels  
 Eddied above the mountain's loftiest peak,  
     Was traced a line of lightning.  
 Now it flew far above a rock,  
     The utmost verge of earth,  
 The rival of the Andes, whose dark brow  
     Lowered o'er the silver sea.

Far, far below the chariot's path,  
     Calm as a slumbering babe,  
     Tremendous Ocean lay.  
 The mirror of its stillness showed  
     The pale and waning stars,  
     The chariot's fiery track,  
     And the gray light of morn  
     Tingeing those fleecy clouds  
     That canopied the dawn.

Yet not the meanest worm,  
 That lurks in graves and fattens on the dead,  
     Less shares thy eternal breath.  
 Spirit of Nature ! thou  
 Imperishable as this glorious scene,  
     Here is thy fitting temple.

If solitude hath ever led thy steps  
 To the shore of the immeasurable sea,  
     And thou hast lingered there.  
     Until the sun's broad orb  
 Seemed resting on the fiery line of ocean,  
 Thou must have marked the braided webs of gold  
     That without motion hang  
     Over the sinking sphere :  
 Thou must have marked the billowy mountain clouds,  
 Edged with intolerable radiancy,  
     Towering like rocks of jet  
     Above the burning deep :  
     And yet there is a moment  
     When the sun's highest point  
 Peers like a star o'er ocean's western edge,  
 When those far clouds of feathery purple gleam

Seemed it, that the chariot's way  
 Lay through the midst of an immense concave,  
 Radiant with million constellations, tinged  
 With shades of infinite colour,  
 And semicircled with a belt  
 Flashing incessant meteors.

The magic car moved on.  
 As they approached their goal  
 The coursers seemed to gather speed ;  
 The sea no longer was distinguished ; earth  
 Appeared a vast and shadowy sphere ;  
 The sun's unclouded orb  
 Rolled through the black concave ;  
 Its rays of rapid light  
 Parted around the chariot's swifter course,  
 And fell, like ocean's feathery spray  
 Dashed from the boiling surge  
 Before a vessel's prow.

The magic car moved on.  
 Earth's distant orb appeared  
 The smallest light that twinkles in the heaven ;  
 Whilst round the chariot's way  
 Innumerable systems rolled,

Like fairy lands girt by some heavenly sea :  
 Then has thy rapt imagination soared  
 Where in the midst of all existing things  
 The temple of the mightiest Daemon stands.

Yet not the golden islands  
 That gleam amid yon flood of purple light,  
 Nor the feathery curtains  
 That canopy the sun's resplendent couch,  
 Nor the burnished ocean waves  
 Paving that gorgeous dome,  
 So fair, so wonderful a sight  
 As the eternal temple could afford.  
 The elements of all that human thought  
 Can frame of lovely or sublime, did join  
 To rear the fabric of the fane, nor aught  
 Of earth may image forth its majesty.  
 Yet likest evening's vault that faëry hall,  
 As heaven low resting on the wave it spread  
 Its floors of flashing light,  
 Its vast and azure dome ;  
 And on the verge of that obscure abyss  
 Where crystal battlements o'erhang the gulf

And countless spheres diffused  
 An ever-varying glory.  
 It was a sight of wonder : some  
 Were hornèd like the crescent moon ;  
 Some shed a mild and silver beam  
 Like Hesperus o'er the western sea ;  
 Some dashed athwart with trains of flame,  
 Like worlds to death and ruin driven ;  
 Some shone like suns, and, as the chariot passed,  
 Eclipsed all other light.

Spirit of Nature ! here !  
 In this interminable wilderness  
 Of worlds, at whose immensity  
 Even soaring fancy staggers,  
 Here is thy fitting temple.  
 Yet not the lightest leaf  
 That quivers to the passing breeze  
 Is less instinct with thee :  
 Yet not the meanest worm  
 That lurks in graves and fattens on the dead  
 Less shares thy eternal breath.  
 Spirit of Nature ! thou !  
 Imperishable as this scene,  
 Here is thy fitting temple.

Of the dark world, ten thousand spheres diffuse  
 Their lustre through its adamantine gates.

The magic car no longer moved ;  
 The Daemon and the Spirit  
 Entered the eternal gates.  
 Those clouds of aëry gold  
 That slept in glittering billows  
 Beneath the azure canopy,  
 With the ethereal footsteps trembled not ;  
 While slight and odorous mists  
 Floated to strains of thrilling melody  
 Through the vast columns and the pearly shrines.

The Daemon and the Spirit  
 Approached the overhanging battlement,  
 Below lay stretched the boundless universe !  
 There, far as the remotest line  
 That limits swift imagination's flight,  
 Unending orbs mingled in mazy motion,  
 Immutably fulfilling  
 Eternal Nature's law.  
 Above, below, around,

## II

IF solitude hath ever led thy steps  
 To the wild Ocean's echoing shore,  
 And thou hast lingered there,  
 Until the sun's broad orb  
 Seemed resting on the burnished wave,  
 Thou must have marked the lines  
 Of purple gold, that motionless  
 Hung o'er the sinking sphere :  
 Thou must have marked the billowy clouds  
 Edged with intolerable radiancy  
 Towering like rocks of jet  
 Crowned with a diamond wreath.  
 And yet there is a moment,  
 When the sun's highest point  
 Peeps like a star o'er Ocean's western edge,  
 When those far clouds of feathery gold,  
 Shaded with deepest purple, gleam  
 Like islands on a dark blue sea ;  
 Then has thy fancy soared above the earth,  
 And furled its wearied wing  
 Within the Fairy's fane.

Yet not the golden islands  
 Gleaming in yon flood of light,

.....  
 The circling systems formed  
 A wilderness of harmony,  
 Each with undeviating aim  
 In eloquent silence through the depths of space  
 Pursued its wondrous way.—

Awhile the Spirit paused in ecstasy.  
 Yet soon she saw, as the vast spheres swept by,  
 Strange things within their belted orbs appear.  
 Like animated frenzies, dimly moved  
 Shadows, and skeletons, and fiendly shapes,  
 Thronging round human graves, and o'er the dead  
 Sculpturing records for each memory  
 In verse, such as malignant gods pronounce,  
 Blasting the hopes of men, when heaven and hell  
 Confounded burst in ruin o'er the world :  
 And they did build vast trophies, instruments  
 Of murder, human bones, barbaric gold,  
 Skins torn from living men, and towers of skulls  
 With sightless holes gazing on blinder heaven,  
 Mitres, and crowns, and brazen chariots stained  
 With blood, and scrolls of mystic wickedness,

Nor the feathery curtains  
 Stretching o'er the sun's bright couch,  
 Nor the burnished Ocean waves  
 Paving that gorgeous dome,  
 So fair, so wonderful a sight  
 As Mab's aethereal palace could afford.  
 Yet likest evening's vault, that faery Hall !  
 As Heaven, low resting on the wave, it spread  
     Its floors of flashing light,  
     Its vast and azure dome,  
     Its fertile golden islands  
     Floating on a silver sea ;  
 Whilst suns their mingling beamings darted  
 Through clouds of circumambient darkness,  
 And pearly battlements around  
 Looked o'er the immense of Heaven.

The magic car no longer moved.  
 The Fairy and the Spirit  
 Entered the Hall of Spells :  
     Those golden clouds  
 That rolled in glittering billows  
 Beneath the azure canopy  
 With the aethereal footsteps trembled not :  
     The light and crimson mists,

The sanguine codes of venerable crime.  
 The likeness of a thronè King came by,  
 When these had passed, bearing upon his brow  
 A threefold crown ; his countenance was calm,  
 His eye severe and cold ; but his right hand  
 Was charged with bloody coin, and he did gnaw  
 By fits, with secret smiles, a human heart  
 Concealed beneath his robe ; and motley shapes  
 A multitudinous throng, around him knelt,  
 With bosoms bare and bowed heads and false looks  
 Of true submission, as the sphere rolled by.  
 Brooking no eye to witness their foul shame,  
 Which human hearts must feel, while human tongues  
 Tremble to speak, they did rage horribly,  
 Breathing in self-contempt fierce blasphemies  
 Against the Daemon of the World, and high  
 Hurling their armèd hands where the pure Spirit,  
 Serene and inaccessibly secure,  
 Stood on an isolated pinnacle,  
 The flood of ages combating below,  
 The depth of the unbounded universe  
     Above, and all around  
 Necessity's unchanging harmony.

Floating to strains of thrilling melody  
 Through that unearthly dwelling,  
 Yielded to every movement of the will.  
 Upon their passive swell the Spirit leaned.  
 And, for the varied bliss that pressed around,  
 Used not the glorious privilege  
 Of virtue and of wisdom.

“ Spirit ! ” the Fairy said,  
 And pointed to the gorgeous dome,  
 “ This is a wondrous sight  
 And mocks all human grandeur ;  
 But, were it virtue’s only meed, to dwell  
 In a celestial palace, all resigned  
 To pleasurable impulses, immured  
 Within the prison of itself, the will  
 Of changeless Nature would be unfulfilled.  
 Learn to make others happy. Spirit, come !  
 This is thine high reward :—the past shall rise ;  
 Thou shalt behold the present ; I will teach  
 The secrets of the future.”

The Fairy and the Spirit  
 Approached the overhanging battlement.—  
 Below lay stretched the universe !  
 There, far as the remotest line  
 That bounds imagination’s flight,  
 Countless and unending orbs  
 In mazy motion intermingled,  
 Yet still fulfilled immutably  
 Eternal Nature’s law.  
 Above, below, around,  
 The circling systems formed  
 A wilderness of harmony ;  
 Each with undeviating aim,  
 In eloquent silence, through the depths of space  
 Pursued its wondrous way.

There was a little light  
 That twinkled in the misty distance :  
 None but a spirit’s eye  
 Might ken that rolling orb ;  
 None but a spirit’s eye,  
 And in no other place  
 But that celestial dwelling, might behold  
 Each action of this earth’s inhabitants.  
 But matter, space and time  
 In those aerial mansions cease to act ;  
 And all-prevailing wisdom, when it reaps  
 The harvest of its excellence, o’er-bounds  
 Those obstacles, of which an earthly soul  
 Fears to attempt the conquest.

The Fairy pointed to the earth.  
 The Spirit’s intellectual eye

Its kindred beings recognized.  
 The thronging thousands, to a passing view,  
 Seemed like an ant-hill's citizens.  
 How wonderful ! that even  
 The passions, prejudices, interests,  
 That sway the meanest being, the weak touch  
 That moves the finest nerve,  
 And in one human brain  
 Causes the faintest thought, becomes a link  
 In the great chain of Nature.

“ Behold,” the Fairy cried,  
 “ Palmyra's ruined palaces !—  
 Behold ! where grandeur frowned ;  
 Behold ! where pleasure smiled ;  
 What now remains ?—the memory  
 Of senselessness and shame—  
 What is immortal there ?  
 Nothing—it stands to tell  
 A melancholy tale, to give  
 An awful warning : soon  
 Oblivion will steal silently  
 The remnant of its fame.  
 Monarchs and conquerors there  
 Proud o'er prostrate millions trod—  
 The earthquakes of the human race ;  
 Like them, forgotten when the ruin  
 That marks their shock is past.

“ Beside the eternal Nile,  
 The Pyramids have risen.  
 Nile shall pursue his changeless way :  
 Those Pyramids shall fall ;  
 Yea ! not a stone shall stand to tell  
 The spot whereon they stood !  
 Their very site shall be forgotten,  
 As is their builder's name !

“ Behold yon sterile spot ;  
 Where now the wandering Arab's tent  
 Flaps in the desert-blast.  
 There once old Salem's haughty fane  
 Reared high to Heaven its thousand golden domes,  
 And in the blushing face of day  
 Exposed its shameful glory.  
 Oh ! many a widow, many an orphan cursed  
 The building of that fane ; and many a father,  
 Worn out with toil and slavery, implored  
 The poor man's God to sweep it from the earth,  
 And spare his children the detested task  
 Of piling stone on stone, and poisoning  
 The choicest days of life,  
 To soothe a dotard's vanity.  
 There an unhuman and uncultured race  
 Howled hideous praises to their Demon-God ;

They rushed to war, tore from the mother's womb  
 The unborn child,—old age and infancy  
 Promiscuous perished ; their victorious arms  
 Left not a soul to breathe. Oh ! they were fiends :  
 But what was he who taught them that the God  
 Of nature and benevolence hath given  
 A special sanction to the trade of blood ?  
 His name and theirs are fading, and the tales  
 Of this barbarian nation, which imposture  
 Recites till terror credits, are pursuing  
 Itself into forgetfulness.

“ Where Athens, Rome, and Sparta stood,  
 There is a moral desert now :  
 The mean and miserable huts,  
 The yet more wretched palaces,  
 Contrasted with those ancient fanes,  
 Now crumbling to oblivion ;  
 The long and lonely colonnades,  
 Through which the ghost of Freedom stalks,  
 Seem like a well-known tune,  
 Which in some dear scene we have loved to hear,  
 Remembered now in sadness.  
 But, oh ! how much more changed,  
 How gloomier is the contrast  
 Of human nature there !  
 Where Socrates expired, a tyrant's slave,  
 A coward and a fool, spreads death around—  
 Then, shuddering, meets his own.  
 Where Cicero and Antoninus lived,  
 A cowed and hypocritical monk  
 Prays, curses and deceives.

“ Spirit, ten thousand years  
 Have scarcely passed away,  
 Since, in the waste where now the savage drinks  
 His enemy's blood, and aping Europe's sons,  
 Wakes the unholy song of war,  
 Arose a stately city,  
 Metropolis of the western continent :  
 There, now, the mossy column-stone,  
 Indented by Time's unrelaxing grasp,  
 Which once appeared to brave  
 All, save its country's ruin ;  
 There the wide forest scene,  
 Rude in the uncultivated loveliness  
 Of gardens long run wild,  
 Seems, to the unwilling sojourner, whose steps  
 Chance in that desert has delayed,  
 Thus to have stood since earth was what it is.  
 Yet once it was the busiest haunt,  
 Whither, as to a common centre, flocked  
 Strangers, and ships, and merchandise :  
 Once peace and freedom blessed  
 The cultivated plain :

But wealth, that curse of man,  
 Blighted the bud of its prosperity :  
 Virtue and wisdom, truth and liberty,  
 Fled, to return not, until man shall know  
 That they alone can give the bliss  
 Worthy a soul that claims  
 Its kindred with eternity.

“ There’s not one atom of yon earth  
 But once was living man ;  
 Nor the minutest drop of rain,  
 That hangeth in its thinnest cloud,  
 But flowed in human veins :  
 And from the burning plains  
 Where Libyan monsters yell,  
 From the most gloomy glens  
 Of Greenland’s sunless clime,  
 To where the golden fields  
 Of fertile England spread  
 Their harvest to the day,  
 Thou canst not find one spot  
 Whereon no city stood.

“ How strange is human pride !  
 I tell thee that those living things,  
 To whom the fragile blade of grass,  
 That springeth in the morn  
 And perisheth ere noon,  
 Is an unbounded world ;  
 I tell thee that those viewless beings,  
 Whose mansion is the smallest particle  
 Of the impassive atmosphere,  
 Think, feel and live like man ;  
 That their affections and antipathies,  
 Like his, produce the laws  
 Ruling their moral state ;  
 And the minutest throb  
 That through their frame diffuses  
 The slightest, faintest motion,  
 Is fixed and indispensable  
 As the majestic laws  
 That rule yon rolling orbs.”

The Fairy paused. The Spirit,  
 In ecstasy of admiration, felt  
 All knowledge of the past revived ; the events  
 Of old and wondrous times,  
 Which dim tradition interruptedly  
 Teaches the credulous vulgar, were unfolded  
 In just perspective to the view ;  
 Yet dim from their infinitude.  
 The Spirit seemed to stand  
 High on an isolated pinnacle ;

The flood of ages combating below,  
 The depth of the unbounded universe  
     Above, and all around  
 Nature's unchanging harmony.

## III

“FAIRY!” the Spirit said,  
 And on the Queen of Spells  
 Fixed her aethereal eyes,  
 “I thank thee. Thou hast given  
 A boon which I will not resign, and taught  
 A lesson not to be unlearned. I know  
 The past, and thence I will essay to glean  
 A warning for the future, so that man  
 May profit by his errors, and derive  
     Experience from his folly :  
 For, when the power of imparting joy  
 Is equal to the will, the human soul  
     Requires no other Heaven.”

*Mab*

“Turn thee, surpassing Spirit !  
 Much yet remains unscanned.  
 Thou knowest how great is man,  
 Thou knowest his imbecility :  
 Yet learn thou what he is :  
 Yet learn the lofty destiny  
 Which restless time prepares  
 For every living soul.

“Behold a gorgeous palace, that, amid  
 Yon populous city rears its thousand towers  
 And seems itself a city. Gloomy troops  
 Of sentinels, in stern and silent ranks,  
 Encompass it around : the dweller there  
 Cannot be free and happy ; hearest thou not  
 The curse of the fatherless, the groans  
 Of those who have no friend ? He passes on :  
 The King, the wearer of a gilded chain  
 That binds his soul to abjectness, the fool  
 Whom courtiers nickname monarch, whilst a slave  
 Even to the basest appetites—that man  
 Heeds not the shriek of penury ; he smiles  
 At the deep curses which the destitute  
 Mutter in secret, and a sullen joy  
 Pervades his bloodless heart when thousands groan  
 But for those morsels which his wantonness  
 Wastes in unjoyous revelry, to save  
 All that they love from famine : when he hears  
 The tale of horror, to some ready-made face  
 Of hypocritical assent he turns,  
 Smothering the glow of shame, that, spite of him,  
 Flushes his bloated cheek.

Now to the meal

Of silence, grandeur, and excess, he drags  
 His palled unwilling appetite. If gold,  
 Gleaming around, and numerous viands culled  
 From every clime, could force the loathing sense  
 To overcome satiety,—if wealth  
 The spring it draws from poisons not,—or vice,  
 Unfeeling, stubborn vice, converteth not  
 Its food to deadliest venom ; then that king  
 Is happy ; and the peasant who fulfils  
 His unforced task, when he returns at even,  
 And by the blazing faggot meets again  
 Her welcome for whom all his toil is sped,  
 Tastes not a sweeter meal.

Behold him now  
 Stretched on the gorgeous couch ; his fevered brain  
 Reels dizzily awhile : but ah ! too soon  
 The slumber of intemperance subsides,  
 And conscience, that undying serpent, calls  
 Her venomous brood to their nocturnal task.  
 Listen ! he speaks ! oh ! mark that frenzied eye—  
 Oh ! mark that deadly visage.”

*King*

“ No cessation !  
 Oh ! must this last for ever ? Awful Death,  
 I wish, yet fear to clasp thee !—Not one moment  
 Of dreamless sleep ! O dear and blessed peace !  
 Why dost thou shroud thy vestal purity  
 In penury and dungeons ? wherefore lurkest  
 With danger, death, and solitude ; yet shunn’st  
 The palace I have built thee ? Sacred peace !  
 Oh visit me but once, but pitying shed  
 One drop of balm upon my withered soul.”

*The Fairy*

“ Vain man ! that palace is the virtuous heart,  
 And Peace defileth not her snowy robes  
 In such a shed as thine. Hark ! yet he mutters ;  
 His slumbers are but varied agonies,  
 They prey like scorpions on the springs of life.  
 There needeth not the hell that bigots frame  
 To punish those who err : earth in itself  
 Contains at once the evil and the cure ;  
 And all-sufficing Nature can chastise  
 Those who transgress her law,—she only knows  
 How justly to proportion to the fault  
 The punishment it merits.

Is it strange  
 That this poor wretch should pride him in his woe ?  
 Take pleasure in his abjectness, and hug  
 The scorpion that consumes him ? Is it strange  
 That, placed on a conspicuous throne of thorns,  
 Grasping an iron sceptre, and immured  
 Within a splendid prison, whose stern bounds

Shut him from all that's good or dear on earth,  
 His soul asserts not its humanity ?  
 That man's mild nature rises not in war  
 Against a king's employ ? No—'tis not strange.  
 He, like the vulgar, thinks, feels, acts and lives  
 Just as his father did ; the unconquered powers  
 Of precedent and custom interpose  
 Between a *king* and virtue. Stranger yet,  
 To those who know not Nature, nor deduce  
 The future from the present, it may seem,  
 That not one slave, who suffers from the crimes  
 Of this unnatural being ; not one wretch,  
 Whose children famish, and whose nuptial bed  
 Is earth's unpitying bosom, rears an arm  
 To dash him from his throne !

Those gilded flies

That, basking in the sunshine of a court,  
 Fatten on its corruption !—what are they ?  
 —The drones of the community ; they feed  
 On the mechanic's labour : the starved hind  
 For them compels the stubborn glebe to yield  
 Its unshared harvests ; and yon squalid form,  
 Leaner than fleshless misery, that wastes  
 A sunless life in the unwholesome mine,  
 Drags out in labour a protracted death,  
 To glut their grandeur ; many faint with toil,  
 That few may know the cares and woe of sloth.

“ Whence, think'st thou, kings and parasites arose ?  
 Whence that unnatural line of drones, who heap  
 Toil and unvanquishable penury  
 On those who build their palaces, and bring  
 Their daily bread ?—From vice, black loathsome vice ;  
 From rapine, madness, treachery, and wrong ;  
 From all that 'genders misery, and makes  
 Of earth this thorny wilderness ; from lust,  
 Revenge, and murder . . . . And when Reason's voice,  
 Loud as the voice of Nature, shall have waked  
 The nations ; and mankind perceive that vice  
 Is discord, war, and misery ; that virtue  
 Is peace, and happiness and harmony ;  
 When man's maturer nature shall disdain  
 The playthings of its childhood ;—kingly glare  
 Will lose its power to dazzle ; its authority  
 Will silently pass by ; the gorgeous throne  
 Shall stand unnoticed in the regal hall,  
 Fast falling to decay ; whilst falsehood's trade  
 Shall be as hateful and unprofitable  
 As that of truth is now.

Where is the fame

Which the vain-glorious mighty of the earth  
 Seek to eternize ? Oh ! the faintest sound  
 From Time's light footfall, the minutest wave  
 That swells the flood of ages, whelms in nothing  
 The unsubstantial bubble. Ay ! to-day

Stern is the tyrant's mandate, red the gaze  
 That flashes desolation, strong the arm  
 That scatters multitudes. To-morrow comes !  
 That mandate is a thunder-peal that died  
 In ages past ; that gaze, a transient flash  
 On which the midnight closed, and on that arm  
 The worm has made his meal.

The virtuous man,  
 Who, great in his humility, as kings  
 Are little in their grandeur ; he who leads  
 Invincibly a life of resolute good,  
 And stands amid the silent dungeon-depths  
 More free and fearless than the trembling judge,  
 Who, clothed in venal power, vainly strove  
 To bind the impassive spirit ;—when he falls,  
 His mild eye beams benevolence no more :  
 Withered the hand outstretched but to relieve  
 Sunk Reason's simple eloquence, that rolled  
 But to appal the guilty. Yes ! the grave  
 Hath quenched that eye, and Death's relentless frost  
 Withered that arm : but the unfading fame  
 Which Virtue hangs upon its votary's tomb ;  
 The deathless memory of that man, whom kings  
 Call to their mind and tremble ; the remembrance  
 With which the happy spirit contemplates  
 Its well-spent pilgrimage on earth,  
 Shall never pass away.

“ Nature rejects the monarch, not the man ;  
 The subject, not the citizen : for kings  
 And subjects, mutual foes, forever play  
 A losing game into each other's hands,  
 Whose stakes are vice and misery. The man  
 Of virtuous soul commands not, nor obeys.  
 Power, like a desolating pestilence,  
 Pollutes whate'er it touches ; and obedience,  
 Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,  
 Makes slaves of men, and, of the human frame,  
 A mechanized automaton.

When Nero,  
 High over flaming Rome, with savage joy  
 Lowered like a fiend, drank with enraptured ear  
 The shrieks of agonizing death, beheld  
 The frightful desolation spread, and felt  
 A new-created sense within his soul  
 Thrill to the sight, and vibrate to the sound ;  
 Think'st thou his grandeur had not overcome  
 The force of human kindness ? and, when Rome,  
 With one stern blow, hurled not the tyrant down,  
 Crushed not the arm red with her dearest blood,  
 Had not submissive abjectness destroyed  
 Nature's suggestions ?

Look on yonder earth :  
 The golden harvests spring ; the unfailing sun  
 Sheds light and life ; the fruits, the flowers, the trees,

Arise in due succession ; all things speak  
 Peace, harmony, and love. The universe,  
 In Nature's silent eloquence, declares  
 That all fulfil the works of love and joy,—  
 All but the outcast, Man. He fabricates  
 The sword which stabs his peace ; he cherisheth  
 The snakes that gnaw his heart ; he raiseth up  
 The tyrant, whose delight is in his woe,  
 Whose sport is in his agony. Yon sun,  
 Lights it the great alone ? Yon silver beams,  
 Sleep they less sweetly on the cottage thatch  
 Than on the dome of kings ? Is mother Earth  
 A step-dame to her numerous sons, who earn  
 Her unshared gifts with unremitting toil ;  
 A mother only to those puling babes  
 Who, nursed in ease and luxury, make men  
 The playthings of their babyhood, and mar,  
 In self-important childishness, that peace  
 Which men alone appreciate ?

“ Spirit of Nature ! no.  
 The pure diffusion of thy essence throbs  
 Alike in every human heart.  
 Thou, aye, erectest there  
 Thy throne of power unappealable :  
 Thou art the judge beneath whose nod  
 Man's brief and frail authority  
 Is powerless as the wind  
 That passeth idly by.  
 Thine the tribunal which surpasseth  
 The show of human justice,  
 As God surpasses man.

“ Spirit of Nature ! thou  
 Life of interminable multitudes ;  
 Soul of those mighty spheres  
 Whose changeless paths through Heaven's deep silence lie ;  
 Soul of that smallest being,  
 The dwelling of whose life  
 Is one faint April sun-gleam ;—  
 Man, like these passive things,  
 Thy will unconsciously fulfilleth :  
 Like theirs, his age of endless peace,  
 Which time is fast maturing,  
 Will swiftly, surely come ;  
 And the unbounded frame, which thou pervadest,  
 Will be without a flaw  
 Marring its perfect symmetry.

## IV

“ How beautiful this night ! the balmiest sigh,  
 Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,  
 Were discord to the speaking quietude  
 That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,

Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,  
 Seems like a canopy which love had spread  
 To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,  
 Robed in a garment of untrodden snow ;  
 Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,  
 So stainless, that their white and glittering spires  
 Tinge not the moon's pure beam ; yon castled steep,  
 Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower  
 So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it  
 A metaphor of peace ;—all form a scene  
 Where musing Solitude might love to lift  
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;  
 Where Silence undisturbed might watch alone,  
 So cold, so bright, so still.

The orb of day,  
 In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field  
 Sinks sweetly smiling : not the faintest breath  
 Steals o'er the unruffled deep ; the clouds of eve  
 Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day ;  
 And vesper's image on the western main  
 Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes :  
 Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,  
 Roll o'er the blackened waters ; the deep roar  
 Of distant thunder mutters awfully ;  
 Tempest unfolds its pinion o'er the gloom  
 That shrouds the boiling surge ; the pitiless fiend,  
 With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey ;  
 The torn deep yawns,—the vessel finds a grave  
 Beneath its jagged gulf.

Ah ! whence yon glare  
 That fires the arch of Heaven ?—that dark red smoke  
 Blotting the silver moon ? The stars are quenched  
 In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow  
 Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round !  
 Hark to that roar, whose swift and deaf'ning peals  
 In countless echoes through the mountains ring,  
 Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne !  
 Now swells the intermingling din ; the jar  
 Frequent and frightful of the bursting bomb ;  
 The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,  
 The ceaseless clangour, and the rush of men  
 Inebriate with rage :—loud, and more loud  
 The discord grows ; till pale Death shuts the scene,  
 And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws  
 His cold and bloody shroud.—Of all the men  
 Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,  
 In proud and vigorous health ; of all the hearts  
 That beat with anxious life at sunset there ;  
 How few survive, how few are beating now !  
 All is deep silence, like the fearful calm  
 That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause ;  
 Save when the frantic wail of widowed love  
 Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan  
 With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay

Wrapped round its struggling powers.

The gray morn  
Dawns on the mournful scene ; the sulphurous smoke  
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,  
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance  
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood  
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,  
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments  
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path  
Of the outsallying victors : far behind,  
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.  
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—  
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day,  
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

I see thee shrink,  
Surpassing Spirit !—wert thou human else ?  
I see a shade of doubt and horror fleet  
Across thy stainless features : yet fear not ;  
This is no unconnected misery,  
Nor stands uncaused, and irretrievable.  
Man's evil nature, that apology  
Which kings who rule, and cowards who crouch, set up  
For their unnumbered crimes, sheds not the blood  
Which desolates the discord-wasted land.  
From kings, and priests, and statesmen, war arose,  
Whose safety is man's deep unbettered woe,  
Whose grandeur his debasement. Let the axe  
Strike at the root, the poison-tree will fall ;  
And where its venom'd exhalations spread  
Ruin, and death, and woe, where millions lay  
Quenching the serpent's famine, and their bones  
Bleaching unburied in the putrid blast,  
A garden shall arise, in loveliness  
Surpassing fabled Eden.

Hath Nature's soul,  
That formed this world so beautiful, that spread  
Earth's lap with plenty, and life's smallest chord  
Strung to unchanging unison, that gave  
The happy birds their dwelling in the grove,  
That yielded to the wanderers of the deep  
The lovely silence of the unfathomed main,  
And filled the meanest worm that crawls in dust  
With spirit, thought, and love ; on Man alone,  
Partial in causeless malice, wantonly  
Heaped, ruin, vice, and slavery ; his soul  
Blasted with withering curses ; placed afar  
The meteor-happiness, that shuns his grasp,  
But serving on the frightful gulf to glare,  
Rent wide beneath his footsteps ?

Nature !—no !  
Kings, priests, and statesmen, blast the human flower  
Even in its tender bud ; their influence darts  
Like subtle poison through the bloodless veins  
Of desolate society. The child,  
Ere he can lisp his mother's sacred name,

Swells with the unnatural pride of crime, and lifts  
 His baby-sword even in a hero's mood.  
 This infant-arm becomes the bloodiest scourge  
 Of devastated earth ; whilst specious names,  
 Learned in soft childhood's unsuspecting hour,  
 Serve as the sophisms with which manhood dims  
 Bright Reason's ray, and sanctifies the sword  
 Upraised to shed a brother's innocent blood.  
 Let priest-led slaves cease to proclaim that man  
 Inherits vice and misery, when Force  
 And Falsehood hang even o'er the cradled babe,  
 Stifling with rudest grasp all natural good.

“ Ah ! to the stranger-soul, when first it peeps  
 From its new tenement, and looks abroad  
 For happiness and sympathy, how stern  
 And desolate a tract is this wide world !  
 How withered all the buds of natural good !  
 No shade, no shelter from the sweeping storms  
 Of pitiless power ! On its wretched frame,  
 Poisoned, perchance, by the disease and woe  
 Heaped on the wretched parent whence it sprung  
 By mortals, law, and custom, the pure winds  
 Of Heaven, that renovate the insect tribes  
 May breathe not. The untainting light of day  
 May visit not its longings. It is bound  
 Ere it has life : yea, all the chains are forged  
 Long ere its being : all liberty and love  
 And peace is torn from its defencelessness ;  
 Cursed from its birth, even from its cradle doomed  
 To abjectness and bondage !

“ Throughout this varied and eternal world  
 Soul is the only element, the block  
 That for uncounted ages has remained.  
 The moveless pillar of a mountain's weight  
 Is active, living spirit. Every grain  
 Is sentient both in unity and part,  
 And the minutest atom comprehends  
 A world of loves and hatreds ; these beget  
 Evil and good : hence truth and falsehood spring ;  
 Hence will and thought and action, all the germs  
 Of pain or pleasure, sympathy or hate,  
 That variegate the eternal universe.  
 Soul is not more polluted than the beams  
 Of Heaven's pure orb, ere round their rapid lines  
 The taint of earth-born atmospheres arise.

“ Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds  
 Of high resolve, on fancy's boldest wing  
 To soar unwearied, fearlessly to turn  
 The keenest pangs to peacefulness, and taste  
 The joys which mingled sense and spirit yield.  
 Or he is formed for abjectness and woe,  
 To grovel on the dunghill of his fears,  
 To shrink at every sound, to quench the flame

Of natural love in sensualism, to know  
 That hour as blessed when on his worthless days  
 The frozen hand of Death shall set its seal,  
 Yet fear the cure, though hating the disease.  
 The one is man that shall hereafter be ;  
 The other, man as vice has made him now.

“ War is the statesman’s game, the priest’s delight,  
 The lawyer’s jest, the hired assassin’s trade,  
 And, to those royal murderers, whose mean thrones  
 Are bought by crimes of treachery and gore,  
 The bread they eat, the staff on which they lean.  
 Guards, garbed in blood-red livery, surround  
 Their palaces, participate the crimes  
 That force defends, and from a nation’s rage  
 Secure the crown, which all the curses reach  
 That famine, frenzy, woe and penury breathe.  
 These are the hired bravos who defend  
 The tyrant’s throne—the bullies of his fear :  
 These are the sinks and channels of worst vice,  
 The refuse of society, the dregs  
 Of all that is most vile : their cold hearts blend  
 Deceit with sternness, ignorance with pride,  
 All that is mean and villanous, with rage  
 Which hopelessness of good, and self-contempt,  
 Alone might kindle ; they are decked in wealth,  
 Honour and power, then are sent abroad  
 To do their work. The pestilence that stalks  
 In gloomy triumph through some eastern land  
 Is less destroying. They cajole with gold,  
 And promises of fame, the thoughtless youth  
 Already crushed with servitude : he knows  
 His wretchedness too late, and cherishes  
 Repentance for his ruin, when his doom  
 Is sealed in gold and blood !  
 Those too the tyrant serve, who, skilled to snare  
 The feet of Justice in the toils of law,  
 Stand, ready to oppress the weaker still ;  
 And right or wrong will vindicate for gold,  
 Sneering at public virtue, which beneath  
 Their pitiless tread lies torn and trampled, where  
 Honour sits smiling at the sale of truth.

“ Then grave and hoary-headed hypocrites,  
 Without a hope, a passion, or a love,  
 Who, through a life of luxury and lies,  
 Have crept by flattery to the seats of power,  
 Support the system whence their honours flow.  
 They have three words :—well tyrants know their use,  
 Well pay them for the loan, with usury  
 Torn from a bleeding world !—God, Hell, and Heaven,  
 A vengeful, pitiless, and almighty fiend,  
 Whose mercy is a nickname for the rage  
 Of tameless tigers hungering for blood.  
 Hell, a red gulf of ever lasting fire,

Where poisonous and undying worms prolong  
 Eternal misery to those hapless slaves  
 Whose life has been a penance for its crimes.  
 And Heaven, a meed for those who dare belie  
 Their human nature, quake, believe, and cringe  
 Before the mockeries of earthly power.

“ These tools the tyrant tempers to his work,  
 Wields in his wrath, and as he wills destroys,  
 Omnipotent in wickedness : the while  
 Youth springs, age moulders, manhood tamely does  
 His bidding, bribed by short-lived joys to lend  
 Force to the weakness of his trembling arm.

“ They rise, they fall ; one generation comes  
 Yielding its harvest to destruction’s scythe.  
 It fades, another blossoms : yet behold !  
 Red glows the tyrant’s stamp-mark on its bloom,  
 Withering and cankering deep its passive prime.  
 He has invented lying words and modes,  
 Empty and vain as his own coreless heart ;  
 Evasive meanings, nothings of much sound,  
 To lure the heedless victim to the toils  
 Spread round the valley of its paradise.

“ Look to thyself, priest, conqueror, or prince !  
 Whether thy trade is falsehood, and thy lusts  
 Deep wallow in the earnings of the poor,  
 With whom thy Master was :—or thou delight’st  
 In numbering o’er the myriads of thy slain,  
 All misery weighing nothing in the scale  
 Against thy short-lived fame :—or thou dost load  
 With cowardice and crime the groaning land,  
 A pomp-fed king. Look to thy wretched self !  
 Ay, art thou not the veriest slave that e’er  
 Crawled on the loathing earth ? Are not thy days  
 Days of unsatisfying listlessness ?  
 Dost thou not cry, ere night’s long rack is o’er,  
 “ When will the morning come ? ” Is not thy youth  
 A vain and feverish dream of sensualism ?  
 Thy manhood blighted with unripe disease ?  
 Are not thy views of unregretted death  
 Drear, comfortless, and horrible ? Thy mind,  
 Is it not morbid as thy nerveless frame,  
 Incapable of judgement, hope, or love ?  
 And dost thou wish the errors to survive  
 That bar thee from all sympathies of good,  
 After the miserable interest  
 Thou hold’st in their protraction ? When the grave  
 Has swallowed up thy memory and thyself,  
 Dost thou desire the bane that poisons earth  
 To twine its roots around thy confined clay,  
 Spring from thy bones, and blossom on thy tomb,  
 That of its fruits thy babes may eat and die ?

## V

“ THUS do the generations of the earth  
Go to the grave, and issue from the womb,  
Surviving still the imperishable change  
That renovates the world ; even as the leaves  
Which the keen frost-wind of the waning year  
Has scattered on the forest soil, and heaped  
For many seasons there—though long they choke,  
Loading with loathsome rottenness the land,  
All germs of promise, yet then the tall trees  
From which they fell, shorn of their lovely shapes,  
Lie level with the earth to moulder there,  
They fertilize the land they long deformed,  
Till from the breathing lawn a forest springs  
Of youth, integrity, and loveliness,  
Like that which gave it life, to spring and die.  
Thus suicidal selfishness, that blights  
The fairest feelings of the opening heart,  
Is destined to decay, whilst from the soil  
Shall spring all virtue, all delight, all love,  
And judgement cease to wage unnatural war  
With passion’s unsubduable array.

“ Twin-sister of religion, selfishness !  
Rival in crime and falsehood, aping all  
The wanton horrors of her bloody play ;  
Yet frozen, unimpassioned, spiritless,  
Shunning the light, and owning not its name,  
Compelled, by its deformity, to screen  
With flimsy veil of justice and of right,  
Its unattractive lineaments, that scare  
All, save the brood of ignorance : at once  
The cause and the effect of tyranny ;  
Unblushing, hardened, sensual, and vile ;  
Dead to all love but of its abjectness,  
With heart impassive by more noble powers  
Than unshared pleasure, sordid gain, or fame ;  
Despising its own miserable being,  
Which still it longs, yet fears to disenthral.

“ Hence commerce springs, the venal interchange  
Of all that human art or nature yield ;  
Which wealth should purchase not, but want demand,  
And natural kindness hasten to supply  
From the full fountain of its boundless love,  
For ever stifled, drained, and tainted now.  
Commerce ! beneath whose poison-breathing shade  
No solitary virtue dares to spring,  
But Poverty and Wealth with equal hand  
Scatter their withering curses, and unfold  
The doors of premature and violent death,  
To pining famine and full-fed disease,  
To all that shares the lot of human life,

Which poisoned, body and soul, scarce drags the chain,  
That lengthens as it goes and clanks behind.

“ Commerce has set the mark of selfishness,  
The signet of its all-enslaving power  
Upon a shining ore, and called it gold :  
Before whose image bow the vulgar great,  
The vainly rich, the miserable proud,  
The mob of peasants, nobles, priests, and kings,  
And with blind feelings reverence the power  
That grinds them to the dust of misery.  
But in the temple of their hireling hearts  
Gold is a living god, and rules in scorn  
All earthly things but virtue.

“ Since tyrants, by the sale of human life,  
Heap luxuries to their sensualism, and fame  
To their wide-wasting and insatiate pride,  
Success has sanctioned to a credulous world  
The ruin, the disgrace, the woe of war.  
His hosts of blind and unresisting dupes  
The despot numbers ; from his cabinet  
These puppets of his schemes he moves at will,  
Even as the slaves by force or famine driven,  
Beneath a vulgar master, to perform  
A task of cold and brutal drudgery ;—  
Hardened to hope, insensible to fear,  
Scarce living pulleys of a dead machine,  
Mere wheels of work and articles of trade,  
That grace the proud and noisy pomp of wealth !

“ The harmony and happiness of man  
Yields to the wealth of nations ; that which lifts  
His nature to the heaven of its pride,  
Is bartered for the poison of his soul ;  
The weight that drags to earth his towering hopes,  
Blighting all prospect but of selfish gain,  
Withering all passion but of slavish fear,  
Extinguishing all free and generous love  
Of enterprise and daring, even the pulse  
That fancy kindles in the beating heart  
To mingle with sensation, it destroys,—  
Leaves nothing but the sordid lust of self,  
The grovelling hope of interest and gold,  
Unqualified, unmingled, unredeemed  
Even by hypocrisy.

And statesmen boast  
Of wealth ! The wordy eloquence, that lives  
After the ruin of their hearts, can gild  
The bitter poison of a nation's woe,  
Can turn the worship of the servile mob  
To their corrupt and glaring idol, Fame,  
From Virtue, trampled by its iron tread,  
Although its dazzling pedestal be raised  
Amid the horrors of a limb-strewn field,

With desolated dwellings smoking round,  
 The man of ease, who, by his warm fireside,  
 To deeds of charitable intercourse,  
 And bare fulfilment of the common laws  
 Of decency and prejudice, confines  
 The struggling nature of his human heart,  
 Is duped by their cold sophistry ; he sheds  
 A passing tear perchance upon the wreck  
 Of earthly peace, when near his dwelling's door  
 The frightful waves are driven,—when his son  
 Is murdered by the tyrant, or religion  
 Drives his wife raving mad. But the poor man,  
 Whose life is misery, and fear, and care ;  
 Whom the morn wakens but to fruitless toil ;  
 Who ever hears his famished offspring's scream,  
 Whom their pale mother's uncomplaining gaze  
 For ever meets, and the proud rich man's eye  
 Flashing command, and the heart-breaking scene  
 Of thousands like himself ;—he little heeds  
 The rhetoric of tyranny ; his hate  
 Is quenchless as his wrongs ; he laughs to scorn  
 The vain and bitter mockery of words,  
 Feeling the horror of the tyrant's deeds,  
 And unrestrained but by the arm of power,  
 That knows and dreads his enmity.

“ The iron rod of Penury still compels  
 Her wretched slave to bow the knee to wealth,  
 And poison, with unprofitable toil,  
 A life too void of solace to confirm  
 The very chains that bind him to his doom.  
 Nature, impartial in munificence,  
 Has gifted man with all-subduing will.  
 Matter with all its transitory shapes,  
 Lies subjected and plastic at his feet,  
 That, weak from bondage, tremble as they tread.  
 How many a rustic Milton has passed by,  
 Stifling the speechless longings of his heart,  
 In unremitting drudgery and care !  
 How many a vulgar Cato has compelled  
 His energies, no longer tameless then,  
 To mould a pin, or fabricate a nail !  
 How many a Newton, to whose passive ken  
 Those mighty spheres that gem infinity  
 Were only specks of tinsel, fixed in Heaven  
 To light the midnights of his native town !

“ Yet every heart contains perfection's germ :  
 The wisest of the sages of the earth,  
 That ever from the stores of reason drew  
 Science and truth, and virtue's dreadless tone,  
 Were but a weak and inexperienced boy,  
 Proud, sensual, unimpassioned, unimbued  
 With pure desire and universal love,  
 Compared to that high being, of cloudless brain,

Untainted passion, elevated will,  
 Which Death (who even would linger long in awe  
 Within his noble presence, and beneath  
 His changeless eyebeam) might alone subdue.  
 Him, every slave now dragging through the filth  
 Of some corrupted city his sad life,  
 Pining with famine, swoln with luxury,  
 Blunting the keenness of his spiritual sense  
 With narrow schemings and unworthy cares,  
 Or madly rushing through all violent crime,  
 To move the deep stagnation of his soul,—  
 Might imitate and equal.

But mean lust  
 Has bound its chains so tight around the earth,  
 That all within it but the virtuous man  
 Is venal : gold or fame will surely reach  
 The price prefixed by selfishness, to all  
 But him of resolute and unchanging will ;  
 Whom, nor the plaudits of a servile crowd,  
 Nor the vile joys of tainting luxury,  
 Can bribe to yield his elevated soul  
 To Tyranny or Falsehood, though they wield  
 With blood-red hand the sceptre of the world.

“ All things are sold : the very light of Heaven  
 Is venal ; earth’s unsparing gifts of love,  
 The smallest and most despicable things  
 That lurk in the abysses of the deep,  
 All objects of our life, even life itself,  
 And the poor pittance which the laws allow  
 Of liberty, the fellowship of man,  
 Those duties which his heart of human love  
 Should urge him to perform instinctively,  
 Are bought and sold as in a public mart  
 Of undisguising selfishness, that sets  
 On each its price, the stamp-mark of her reign.  
 Even love is sold ; the solace of all woe  
 Is turned to deadliest agony, old age  
 Shivers in selfish beauty’s loathing arms,  
 And youth’s corrupted impulses prepare  
 A life of horror from the blighting bane  
 Of commerce ; whilst the pestilence that springs  
 From unenjoying sensualism, has filled  
 All human life with hydra-headed woes.

“ Falsehood demands but gold to pay the pangs  
 Of outraged conscience ; for the slavish priest  
 Sets no great value on his hireling faith :  
 A little passing pomp, some servile souls,  
 Whom cowardice itself might safely chain,  
 Or the spare mite of avarice could bribe  
 To deck the triumph of their languid zeal,  
 Can make him minister to tyranny.  
 More daring crime requires a loftier meed :  
 Without a shudder, the slave-soldier lends

His arm to murderous deeds, and steels his heart,  
 When the dread eloquence of dying men,  
 Low mingling on the lonely field of fame,  
 Assails that nature, whose applause he sells  
 For the gross blessings of a patriot mob,  
 For the vile gratitude of heartless kings,  
 And for a cold world's good word,—viler still !

“ There is a nobler glory, which survives  
 Until our being fades, and, solacing  
 All human care, accompanies its change ;  
 Deserts not virtue in the dungeon's gloom,  
 And, in the precincts of the palace, guides  
 Its footsteps through that labyrinth of crime ;  
 Imbues his lineaments with dauntlessness,  
 Even when, from Power's avenging hand, he takes  
 Its sweetest, last and noblest title—death ;  
 —The consciousness of good, which neither gold,  
 Nor sordid fame, nor hope of heavenly bliss  
 Can purchase ; but a life of resolute good,  
 Unalterable will, quenchless desire  
 Of universal happiness, the heart  
 That beats with it in unison, the brain,  
 Whose ever wakeful wisdom toils to change  
 Reason's rich stores for its eternal weal.

“ This commerce of sincerest virtue needs  
 No mediative signs of selfishness,  
 No jealous intercourse of wretched gain,  
 No balancings of prudence, cold and long ;  
 In just and equal measure all is weighed,  
 One scale contains the sum of human weal,  
 And one, the good man's heart.

How vainly seek

The selfish for that happiness denied  
 To aught but virtue ! Blind and hardened, they,  
 Who hope for peace amid the storms of care,  
 Who covet power they know not how to use,  
 And sigh for pleasure they refuse to give,—  
 Madly they frustrate still their own designs ;  
 And, where they hope that quiet to enjoy  
 Which virtue pictures, bitterness of soul,  
 Pining regrets, and vain repentances,  
 Disease, disgust, and lassitude, pervade  
 Their valueless and miserable lives.

“ But hoary-headed Selfishness has felt  
 Its death-blow, and is tottering to the grave :  
 A brighter morn awaits the human day,  
 When every transfer of earth's natural gifts  
 Shall be a commerce of good words and works ;  
 When poverty and wealth, the thirst of fame,  
 The fear of infamy, disease and woe,  
 War with its million horrors, and fierce hell  
 Shall live but in the memory of Time,

Who, like a penitent libertine, shall start,  
Look back, and shudder at his younger years."

## VI

ALL touch, all eye, all ear,  
The Spirit felt the Fairy's burning speech.  
O'er the thin texture of its frame,  
The varying periods painted changing glows,  
As on a summer even,  
When soul-enfolding music floats around,  
The stainless mirror of the lake  
Re-images the eastern gloom,  
Mingling convulsively its purple hues  
With sunset's burnished gold.

Then thus the Spirit spoke :  
" It is a wild and miserable world !  
Thorny, and full of care,  
Which every fiend can make his prey at will.  
O Fairy ! in the lapse of years,  
Is there no hope in store ?  
Will yon vast suns roll on  
Interminably, still illuming  
The night of so many wretched souls,  
And see no hope for them ?  
Will not the universal Spirit e'er  
Revivify this withered limb of Heaven ? "

The Fairy calmly smiled  
In comfort, and a kindling gleam of hope  
Suffused the Spirit's lineaments.  
" Oh ! rest thee tranquil ; chase those fearful doubts,  
Which ne'er could rack an everlasting soul,  
That sees the chains which bind it to its doom.  
Yes ! crime and misery are in yonder earth,  
Falsehood, mistake, and lust ;  
But the eternal world  
Contains at once the evil and the cure.  
Some eminent in virtue shall start up,  
Even in perversest time :  
The truths of their pure lips, that never die,  
Shall bind the scorpion falsehood with a wreath  
Of ever-living flame,  
Until the monster sting itself to death.

" How sweet a scene will earth become !  
Of purest spirits a pure dwelling-place,  
Symphonious with the planetary spheres ;  
When man, with changeless Nature coalescing,  
Will undertake regeneration's work,  
When its ungenial poles no longer point  
To the red and baleful sun  
That faintly twinkles there.

" Spirit ! on yonder earth,  
 Falsehood now triumphs ; deadly power  
 Has fixed its seal upon the lip of truth !  
 Madness and misery are there !  
 The happiest is most wretched ! Yet confide,  
 Until pure health-drops, from the cup of joy,  
 Fall like a dew of balm upon the world.  
 Now, to the scene I show, in silence turn,  
 And read the blood-stained charter of all woe,  
 Which Nature soon, with re-creating hand,  
 Will blot in mercy from the book of earth.  
 How bold the flight of Passion's wandering wing,  
 How swift the step of Reason's firmer tread,  
 How calm and sweet the victories of life,  
 How terrorless the triumph of the grave !  
 How powerless were the mightiest monarch's arm,  
 Vain his loud threat, and impotent his frown !  
 How ludicrous the priest's dogmatic roar !  
 The weight of his exterminating curse  
 How light ! and his affected charity,  
 To suit the pressure of the changing times,  
 What palpable deceit !—but for thy aid,  
 Religion ! but for thee, prolific fiend,  
 Who peopled earth with demons, Hell with men,  
 And Heaven with slaves !

" Thou taintest all thou look'st upon !—the stars,  
 Which on thy cradle beamed so brightly sweet,  
 Were gods to the distempered playfulness  
 Of thy untutored infancy : the trees,  
 The grass, the clouds, the mountains, and the sea,  
 All living things that walk, swim, creep, or fly,  
 Were gods : the sun had homage, and the moon  
 Her worshipper. Then thou becam'st, a boy,  
 More daring in thy frenzies : every shape,  
 Monstrous or vast, or beautifully wild,  
 Which, from sensation's relics, fancy culls ;  
 The spirits of the air, the shuddering ghost,  
 The genii of the elements, the powers  
 That give a shape to Nature's varied works,  
 Had life and place in the corrupt belief  
 Of thy blind heart : yet still thy youthful hands  
 Were pure of human blood. Then manhood gave  
 Its strength and ardour to thy frenzied brain ;  
 Thine eager gaze scanned the stupendous scene,  
 Whose wonders mocked the knowledge of thy pride :  
 Their everlasting and unchanging laws  
 Reproached thine ignorance. Awhile thou stoodst  
 Baffled and gloomy ; then thou didst sum up  
 The elements of all that thou didst know ;  
 The changing seasons, winter's leafless reign,  
 The budding of the Heaven-breathing trees,  
 The eternal orbs that beautify the night,  
 The sunrise, and the setting of the moon,  
 Earthquakes and wars, and poisons and disease,

And all their causes, to an abstract point  
 Converging, thou didst bend and called it God !  
 The self-sufficing, the omnipotent,  
 The merciful, and the avenging God !  
 Who, prototype of human misrule, sits  
 High in Heaven's realm, upon a golden throne,  
 Even like an earthly king ; and whose dread work,  
 Hell, gapes for ever for the unhappy slaves  
 Of fate, whom He created, in his sport,  
 To triumph in their torments when they fell !  
 Earth heard the name ; Earth trembled, as the smoke  
 Of His revenge ascended up to Heaven,  
 Blotting the constellations ; and the cries  
 Of millions, butchered in sweet confidence  
 And unsuspecting peace, even when the bonds  
 Of safety were confirmed by wordy oaths  
 Sworn in His dreadful name, rung through the land ;  
 Whilst innocent babes writhed on thy stubborn spear,  
 And thou didst laugh to hear the mother's shriek  
 Of maniac gladness, as the sacred steel  
 Felt cold in her torn entrails !

“ Religion ! thou wert then in manhood's prime :  
 But age crept on : one God would not suffice  
 For senile puerility ; thou framedst  
 A tale to suit thy dotage, and to glut  
 Thy misery-thirsting soul, that the mad fiend  
 Thy wickedness had pictured might afford  
 A plea for satiating the unnatural thirst  
 For murder, rapine, violence, and crime,  
 That still consumed thy being, even when  
 Thou heardst the step of Fate ;—that flames might light  
 Thy funeral scene, and the shrill horrent shrieks  
 Of parents dying on the pile that burned  
 To light their children to thy paths, the roar  
 Of the encircling flames, the exulting cries  
 Of thine apostles, loud commingling there,  
     Might sate thine hungry ear  
     Even on the bed of death !

“ But now contempt is mocking thy grey hairs ;  
 Thou art descending to the darksome grave,  
 Unhonoured and unpitied, but by those  
 Whose pride is passing by like thine, and sheds,  
 Like thine, a glare that fades before the sun  
 Of truth, and shines but in the dreadful night  
 That long has lowered above the ruined world.

“ Throughout these infinite orbs of mingling light,  
 Of which yon earth is one, is wide diffused  
 A Spirit of activity and life,  
 That knows no term, cessation, or decay ;  
 That fades not when the lamp of earthly life,  
 Extinguished in the dampness of the grave,  
 Awhile there slumbers, more than when the babe

In the dim newness of its being feels  
 The impulses of sublunary things,  
 And all is wonder to unpractised sense :  
 But, active, steadfast, and eternal, still  
 Guides the fierce whirlwind, in the tempest roars,  
 Cheers in the day, breathes in the balmy groves,  
 Strengthens in health, and poisons in disease ;  
 And in the storm of change, that ceaselessly  
 Rolls round the eternal universe, and shakes  
 Its undecaying battlement, presides,  
 Apportioning with irresistible law  
 The place each spring of its machine shall fill ;  
 So that when waves on waves tumultuous heap  
 Confusion to the clouds, and fiercely driven  
 Heaven's lightnings scorch the uprooted ocean-fords,  
 Whilst, to the eye of shipwrecked mariner,  
 Lone sitting on the bare and shuddering rock,  
 All seems unlinked contingency and chance :  
 No atom of this turbulence fulfils  
 A vague and unnecessitated task,  
 Or acts but as it must and ought to act.  
 Even the minutest molecule of light,  
 That in an April sunbeam's fleeting glow  
 Fulfils its destined, though invisible work,  
 The universal Spirit guides ; nor less,  
 When merciless ambition, or mad zeal,  
 Has led two hosts of dupes to battlefield,  
 That, blind, they there may dig each other's graves,  
 And call the sad work glory, does it rule  
 All passions : not a thought, a will, an act,  
 No working of the tyrant's moody mind,  
 Nor one misgiving of the slaves who boast  
 Their servitude, to hide the shame they feel,  
 Nor the events enchaining every will,  
 That from the depths of unrecorded time  
 Have drawn all-influencing virtue, pass  
 Unrecognized, or unforeseen by thee,  
 Soul of the Universe ! eternal spring  
 Of life and death, of happiness and woe,  
 Of all that chequers the phantasmal scene  
 That floats before our eyes in wavering light,  
 Which gleams but on the darkness of our prison,  
     Whose chains and massy walls  
     We feel, but cannot see.

" Spirit of Nature ! all-sufficing Power,  
 Necessity ! thou mother of the world !  
 Unlike the God of human error, thou  
 Requir'st no prayers or praises ; the caprice  
 Of man's weak will belongs no more to thee  
 Than do the changeful passions of his breast  
 To thy unvarying harmony : the slave,  
 Whose horrible lusts spread misery o'er the world,  
 And the good man, who lifts, with virtuous pride,  
 His being, in the sight of happiness,

That springs from his own works ; the poison-tree,  
 Beneath whose shade all life is withered up,  
 And the fair oak, whose leafy dome affords  
 A temple where the vows of happy love  
 Are registered, are equal in thy sight :  
 No love, no hate thou cherishest ; revenge  
 And favouritism, and worst desire of fame  
 Thou know'st not : all that the wide world contains  
 Are but thy passive instruments, and thou  
 Regard'st them all with an impartial eye,  
 Whose joy or pain thy nature cannot feel,  
     Because thou hast not human sense,  
     Because thou art not human mind.

“ Yes ! when the sweeping storm of time  
 Has sung its death-dirge o'er the ruined fanes  
 And broken altars of the almighty Fiend  
 Whose name usurps thy honours, and the blood  
 Through centuries clotted there, has floated down  
 The tainted flood of ages, shalt thou live  
 Unchangeable ! A shrine is raised to thee,  
     Which, nor the tempest-breath of time,  
     Nor the interminable flood,  
     Over earth's slight pageant rolling,  
     Availeth to destroy,—

The sensitive extension of the world.

That wondrous and eternal fane,  
 Where pain and pleasure, good and evil join,  
 To do the will of strong necessity,  
 And life, in multitudinous shapes,  
 Still pressing forward where no term can be,  
 Like hungry and unresting flame  
 Curls round the eternal columns of its strength.”

## VII

### *Spirit*

“ I WAS an infant when my mother went  
 To see an atheist burned. She took me there :  
 The dark-robed priests were met around the pile ;  
 The multitude was gazing silently ;  
 And as the culprit passed with dauntless mien,  
 Tempered disdain in his unaltering eye,  
 Mixed with a quiet smile, shone calmly forth :  
 The thirsty fire crept round his manly limbs ;  
 His resolute eyes were scorched to blindness soon ;  
 His death-pang rent my heart ! the insensate mob  
 Uttered a cry of triumph, and I wept.  
 ‘ Weep not, child ! ’ cried my mother, ‘ for that man  
 Has said, There is no God.’ ”

### *Fairy*

“ There is no God !  
 Nature confirms the faith his death-groan sealed :  
 Let heaven and earth, let man's revolving race,

His ceaseless generations tell their tale ;  
 Let every part depending on the chain  
 That links it to the whole, point to the hand  
 That grasps its term ! let every seed that falls  
 In silent eloquence unfold its store  
 Of argument ; infinity within,  
 Infinity without, belie creation ;  
 The exterminable spirit it contains  
 Is nature's only God ; but human pride  
 Is skilful to invent most serious names  
 To hide its ignorance.

The name of God  
 Has fenced about all crime with holiness,  
 Himself the creature of His worshippers,  
 Whose names and attributes and passions change,  
 Seeva, Buddh, Foh, Jehovah, God, or Lord,  
 Even with the human dupes who build His shrines,  
 Still serving o'er the war-polluted world  
 For desolation's watchword ; whether hosts  
 Stain His death-blushing chariot-wheels, as on  
 Triumphantly they roll, whilst Brahmins raise  
 A sacred hymn to mingle with the groans ;  
 Or countless partners of His power divide  
 His tyranny to weakness ; or the smoke  
 Of burning towns, the cries of female helplessness,  
 Unarmed old age, and youth, and infancy,  
 Horribly massacred, ascend to Heaven  
 In honour of His name ; or, last and worst,  
 Earth groans beneath religion's iron age,  
 And priests dare babble of a God of peace,  
 Even whilst their hands are red with guiltless blood,  
 Murdering the while, uprooting every germ  
 Of truth, exterminating, spoiling all,  
 Making the earth a slaughter-house !

“ O Spirit ! through the sense  
 By which thy inner nature was apprised  
 Of outward shows, vague dreams have rolled,  
 And varied reminiscences have waked  
 Tablets that never fade ;  
 All things have been imprinted there,  
 The stars, the sea, the earth, the sky,  
 Even the unshapeliest lineaments  
 Of wild and fleeting visions  
 Have left a record there  
 To testify of earth.

“ These are my empire, for to me is given  
 The wonders of the human world to keep,  
 And Fancy's thin creations to endow  
 With manner, being, and reality ;  
 Therefore a wondrous phantom, from the dreams  
 Of human error's dense and purblind faith,  
 I will evoke, to meet thy questioning.  
 Ahasuerus, rise ! ”

A strange and woe-worn wight  
 Arose beside the battlement,  
 And stood unmoving there.  
 His inessential figure cast no shade  
 Upon the golden floor ;  
 His port and mien bore mark of many years,  
 And chronicles of untold ancientness  
 Were legible within his beamless eye :  
 Yet his cheek bore the mark of youth ;  
 Freshness and vigour knit his manly frame ;  
 The wisdom of old age was mingled there  
 With youth's primaevael dauntlessness ;  
 And inexpressible woe,  
 Chastened by fearless resignation, gave  
 An awful grace to his all-speaking brow.

*Spirit*

“ Is there a God ? ”

*Ahasuerus*

“ Is there a God !—ay, an almighty God,  
 And vengeful as almighty ! Once His voice  
 Was heard on earth : earth shuddered at the sound ;  
 The fiery-visaged firmament expressed  
 Abhorrence, and the grave of Nature yawned  
 To swallow all the dauntless and the good  
 That dared to hurl defiance at His throne,  
 Girt as it was with power. None but slaves  
 Survived,—cold-blooded slaves, who did the work  
 Of tyrannous omnipotence ; whose souls  
 No honest indignation ever urged  
 To elevated daring, to one deed  
 Which gross and sensual self did not pollute.  
 These slaves built temples for the omnipotent Fiend,  
 Gorgeous and vast : the costly altars smoked  
 With human blood, and hideous paeans rung  
 Through all the long-drawn aisles. A murderer heard  
 His voice in Egypt, one whose gifts and arts  
 Had raised him to his eminence in power,  
 Accomplice of omnipotence in crime,  
 And confidant of the all-knowing one.  
 These were Jehovah's words :—

“ From an eternity of idleness  
 I, God, awoke ; in seven days' toil made earth  
 From nothing ; rested, and created man :  
 I placed him in a Paradise, and there  
 Planted the tree of evil, so that he  
 Might eat and perish, and My soul procure  
 Wherewith to sate its malice, and to turn,  
 Even like a heartless conqueror of the earth,  
 All misery to My fame. The race of men  
 Chosen to My honour, with impunity  
 May sate the lusts I planted in their heart.

Here I command thee hence to lead them on,  
 Until, with hardened feet, their conquering troops  
 Wade on the promised soil through woman's blood,  
 And make My name be dreaded through the land.  
 Yet ever-burning flame and ceaseless woe  
 Shall be the doom of their eternal souls,  
 With every soul on this ungrateful earth,  
 Virtuous or vicious, weak or strong,—even all  
 Shall perish, to fulfil the blind revenge  
 (Which you, to men, call justice) of their God."

The murderer's brow

Quivered with horror.

" God omnipotent,  
 Is there no mercy ? must our punishment  
 Be endless ? will long ages roll away,  
 And see no term ? Oh ! wherefore hast Thou made  
 In mockery and wrath this evil earth ?  
 Mercy becomes the powerful—be but just :  
 O God ! repent and save."

" One way remains :

I will beget a Son, and He shall bear  
 The sins of all the world ; He shall arise  
 In an unnoticed corner of the earth,  
 And there shall die upon a cross, and purge  
 The universal crime ; so that the few  
 On whom My grace descends, those who are marked  
 As vessels to the honour of their God,  
 May credit this strange sacrifice, and save  
 Their souls alive : millions shall live and die,  
 Who ne'er shall call upon their Saviour's name,  
 But, unredeemed, go to the gaping grave.  
 Thousands shall deem it an old woman's tale,  
 Such as the nurses frighten babes withal :  
 These in a gulf of anguish and of flame  
 Shall curse their reprobation endlessly,  
 Yet tenfold pangs shall force them to avow,  
 Even on their beds of torment, where they howl,  
 My honour, and the justice of their doom.  
 What then avail their virtuous deeds, their thoughts  
 Of purity, with radiant genius bright,  
 Or lit with human reason's earthly ray ?  
 Many are called, but few will I elect.  
 Do thou My bidding, Moses ! "

Even the murderer's cheek

Was blanched with horror, and his quivering lips  
 Scarce faintly uttered—" O almighty One,  
 I tremble and obey ! "

" O Spirit ! centuries have set their seal  
 On this heart of many wounds, and loaded brain,  
 Since the Incarnate came : humbly He came,  
 Veiling His horrible Godhead in the shape

Of man, scorned by the world, His name unheard,  
 Save by the rabble of His native town,  
 Even as a parish demagogue. He led  
 The crowd; He taught them justice, truth, and peace,  
 In semblance; but He lit within their souls  
 The quenchless flames of zeal, and blessed the sword  
 He brought on earth to satiate with the blood  
 Of truth and freedom His malignant soul.  
 At length His mortal frame was led to death.  
 I stood beside Him: on the torturing cross  
 No pain assailed His unterrestrial sense;  
 And yet He groaned. Indignantly I summed  
 The massacres and miseries which His name  
 Had sanctioned in my country, and I cried,  
 "Go! Go!" in mockery.

A smile of godlike malice reilluminated  
 His fading lineaments.—"I go," He cried,  
 "But thou shalt wander o'er the unquiet earth  
 Eternally."—The dampness of the grave  
 Bathed my imperishable front. I fell,  
 And long lay tranced upon the charmed soil.  
 When I awoke Hell burned within my brain,  
 Which staggered on its seat; for all around  
 The mouldering relics of my kindred lay,  
 Even as the Almighty's ire arrested them,  
 And in their various attitudes of death  
 My murdered children's mute and eyeless skulls  
 Glared ghastly upon me.

But my soul,  
 From sight and sense of the polluting woe  
 Of tyranny, had long learned to prefer  
 Hell's freedom to the servitude of Heaven.  
 Therefore, I rose, and dauntlessly began  
 My lonely and unending pilgrimage,  
 Resolved to wage unwearable war  
 With my almighty Tyrant, and to hurl  
 Defiance at His impotence to harm  
 Beyond the curse I bore. The very hand  
 That barred my passage to the peaceful grave  
 Has crushed the earth to misery, and given  
 Its empire to the chosen of His slaves.  
 These have I seen, even from the earliest dawn  
 Of weak, unstable and precarious power,  
 Then preaching peace, as now they practise war;  
 So,\* when they turned but from the massacre  
 Of unoffending infidels, to quench  
 Their thirst for ruin in the very blood  
 That flowed in their own veins, and pitiless zeal  
 Froze every human feeling, as the wife  
 Sheathed in her husband's heart the sacred steel,  
 Even whilst its hopes were dreaming of her love;  
 And friends to friends, brothers to brothers stood  
 Opposed in bloodiest battle-field, and war,

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\* Rossetti: To when.

Scarce satiable by fate's last death-draught, waged,  
 Drunk from the winepress of the Almighty's wrath ;  
 Whilst the red cross, in mockery of peace,  
 Pointed to victory ! When the fray was done,  
 No remnant of the exterminated faith  
 Survived to tell its ruin, but the flesh,  
 With putrid smoke poisoning the atmosphere,  
 That rotted on the half-extinguished pile.

“ Yes ! I have seen God's worshippers unsheathe  
 The sword of His revenge, when grace descended,  
 Confirming all unnatural impulses,  
 To sanctify their desolating deeds ;  
 And frantic priests waved the ill-omened cross  
 O'er the unhappy earth : then shone the sun  
 On showers of gore from the upflashing steel  
 Of safe assassination, and all crime  
 Made stingless by the Spirits of the Lord,  
 And blood-red rainbows canopied the land.

“ Spirit, no year of my eventful being  
 Has passed unstained by crime and misery,  
 Which flows from God's own faith. I've marked His  
 slaves

With tongues whose lies are venomous, beguile  
 The insensate mob, and, whilst one hand was red  
 With murder, feign to stretch the other out  
 For brotherhood and peace ; and that they now  
 Babble of love and mercy, whilst their deeds  
 Are marked with all the narrowness and crime  
 That Freedom's young arm dare not yet chastise,  
 Reason may claim our gratitude, who now  
 Establishing the imperishable throne  
 Of truth, and stubborn virtue, maketh vain  
 The unprevailing malice of my Foe,  
 Whose bootless rage heaps torments for the brave,  
 Adds impotent eternities to pain,  
 Whilst keenest disappointment racks His breast  
 To see the smiles of peace around them play,  
 To frustrate or to sanctify their doom.

“ Thus have I stood,—through a wild waste of years  
 Struggling with whirlwinds of mad agony,  
 Yet peaceful, and serene, and self-enshrined,  
 Mocking my powerless Tyrant's horrible curse  
 With stubborn and unalterable will,  
 Even as a giant oak, which Heaven's fierce flame  
 Had scathed in the wilderness, to stand  
 A monument of fadeless ruin there ;  
 Yet peacefully and movelessly it braves  
 The midnight conflict of the wintry storm,  
 As in the sunlight's calm it spreads  
 Its worn and withered arms on high  
 To meet the quiet of a summer's noon.”

The Fairy waved her wand :  
 Ahasuerus fled  
 Fast as the shapes of mingled shade and mist,  
 That lurk in the glens of a twilight grove,  
 Flee from the morning beam :  
 The matter of which dreams are made  
 Not more endowed with actual life  
 Than this phantasmal portraiture  
 Of wandering human thought.

## VIII

*The Fairy*

“ THE Present and the Past thou hast beheld :  
 It was a desolate sight. Now, Spirit, learn  
 The secrets of the Future.—Time !  
 Unfold the brooding pinion of thy gloom,  
 Render thou up thy half-devoured babes,  
 And from the cradles of eternity,  
 Where millions lie lulled to their portioned sleep  
 By the deep murmuring stream of passing things,  
 Tear thou that gloomy shroud.—Spirit, behold  
 Thy glorious destiny !”

Joy to the Spirit came.  
 Through the wide rent in time's eternal veil,  
 Hope was seen beaming through the mists of fear :  
 Earth was no longer Hell ;  
 Love, freedom, health, had given  
 Their ripeness to the manhood of its prime,  
 And all its pulses beat  
 Symphonious to the planetary spheres :  
 Then dulcet music swelled  
 Concordant with the life-strings of the soul ;  
 It throbbed in sweet and languid beatings there,  
 Catching new life from transitory death,—  
 Like the vague sighings of a wind at even,  
 That wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea  
 And dies on the creation of its breath,  
 And sinks and rises, fails and swells by fits ;  
 Was the pure stream of feeling  
 That sprung from these sweet notes,  
 And o'er the Spirit's human sympathies  
 With mild and gentle motion calmly flowed.

Joy to the Spirit came,—  
 Such joy as when a lover sees  
 The chosen of his soul in happiness,  
 And witnesses her peace  
 Whose woe to him were bitterer than death,  
 Sees her unfaded cheek  
 Glow mantling in first luxury of health,  
 Thrills with her lovely eyes,  
 Which like two stars amid the heaving main  
 Sparkle through liquid bliss.

Then in her triumph spoke the Fairy Queen :

“ I will not call the ghost of ages gone  
To unfold the frightful secrets of its lore ;

The present now is past,

And those events that desolate the earth  
Have faded from the memory of Time,  
Who dares not give reality to that  
Whose being I annul. To me is given  
The wonders of the human world to keep,  
Space, matter, time, and mind. Futurity  
Exposes now its treasure ; let the sight  
Renew and strengthen all thy failing hope.  
O human Spirit ! spur thee to the goal  
Where virtue fixes universal peace,  
And midst the ebb and flow of human things,  
Show somewhat stable, somewhat certain still,  
A lighthouse o'er the wild of dreary waves.

“ The habitable earth is full of bliss ;  
Those wastes of frozen billows that were hurled  
By everlasting snowstorms round the poles,  
Where matter dared not vegetate or live,  
But ceaseless frost round the vast solitude  
Bound its broad zone of stillness, are unloosed ;  
And fragrant zephyrs there from spicy isles  
Ruffle the placid ocean-deep, that rolls  
Its broad, bright surges to the sloping sand,  
Whose roar is wakened into echoings sweet  
To murmur through the Heaven-breathing groves  
And melodize with man's blest nature there.

“ Those deserts of immeasurable sand,  
Whose age-collected fervours scarce allowed  
A bird to live, a blade of grass to spring,  
Where the shrill chirp of the green lizard's love  
Broke on the sultry silentness alone,  
Now teem with countless rills and shady woods,  
Cornfields and pastures and white cottages ;  
And where the startled wilderness beheld  
A savage conqueror stained in kindred blood,  
A tigress sating with the flesh of lambs  
The unnatural famine of her toothless cubs,  
Whilst shouts and howlings through the desert rang,  
Sloping and smooth the daisy-spangled lawn,  
Offering sweet incense to the sunrise smiles  
To see a babe before his mother's door,  
Sharing his morning's meal  
With the green and golden basilisk  
That comes to lick his feet.

“ Those trackless deeps, where many a weary sail  
Has seen above the illimitable plain,  
Morning on night, and night on morning rise,  
Whilst still no land to greet the wanderer spread  
Its shadowy mountains on the sunbright sea,

Where the loud roarings of the tempest-waves  
 So long have mingled with the gusty wind  
 In melancholy loneliness, and swept  
 The desert of those ocean solitudes,  
 But vocal to the sea-bird's harrowing shriek,  
 The bellowing monster, and the rushing storm,  
 Now to the sweet and many-mingling sounds  
 Of kindest human impulses respond.  
 Those lonely realms bright garden-isles begem,  
 With lightsome clouds and shining seas between,  
 And fertile valleys, resonant with bliss,  
 Whilst green woods overcanopy the wave,  
 Which like a toil-worn labourer leaps to shore,  
 To meet the kisses of the flow'rets there.

" All things are recreated, and the flame  
 Of consentaneous love inspires all life :  
 The fertile bosom of the earth gives suck  
 To myriads, who still grow beneath her care,  
 Rewarding her with their pure perfectness :  
 The balmy breathings of the wind inhale  
 Her virtues, and diffuse them all abroad :  
 Health floats amid the gentle atmosphere,  
 Glows in the fruits, and mantles on the stream :  
 No storms deform the beaming brow of Heaven,  
 Nor scatter in the freshness of its pride  
 The foliage of the ever-verdant trees ;  
 But fruits are ever ripe, flowers ever fair,  
 And Autumn proudly bears her matron grace,  
 Kindling a flush on the fair cheek of Spring,  
 Whose virgin bloom beneath the ruddy fruit  
 Reflects its tint, and blushes into love.

" The lion now forgets to thirst for blood :  
 There might you see him sporting in the sun  
 Beside the dreadless kid ; his claws are sheathed,  
 His teeth are harmless, custom's force has made  
 His nature as the nature of a lamb. .  
 Like passion's fruit, the nightshade's tempting bane  
 Poisons no more the pleasure it bestows :  
 All bitterness is past ; the cup of joy  
 Unmingled mantles to the goblet's brim,  
 And courts the thirsty lips it fled before.

" But chief, ambiguous Man, he that can know  
 More misery, and dream more joy than all ;  
 Whose keen sensations thrill within his breast  
 To mingle with a loftier instinct there,  
 Lending their power to pleasure and to pain,  
 Yet raising, sharpening, and refining each ;  
 Who stands amid the ever-varying world,  
 The burthen or the glory of the earth ;  
 He chief perceives the change, his being notes  
 The gradual renovation, and defines  
 Each movement of its progress on his mind.

“ Man, where the gloom of the long polar night  
Lowers o'er the snow-clad rocks and frozen soil,  
Where scarce the hardiest herb that braves the frost  
Basks in the moonlight's ineffectual glow,  
Shrank with the plants, and darkened with the night ;  
His chilled and narrow energies, his heart,  
Insensible to courage, truth, or love,  
His stunted stature and imbecile frame,  
Marked him for some abortion of the earth,  
Fit compeer of the bears that roamed around,  
Whose habits and enjoyments were his own :  
His life a feverish dream of stagnant woe,  
Whose meagre wants, but scantily fulfilled,  
Apprised him ever of the joyless length  
Which his short being's wretchedness had reached ;  
His death a pang which famine, cold and toil  
Long on the mind, whilst yet the vital spark  
Clung to the body stubbornly, had brought :  
All was inflicted here that Earth's revenge  
Could wreak on the infringers of her law ;  
One curse alone was spared—the name of God.

“ Nor where the tropics bound the realms of day  
With a broad belt of mingling cloud and flame,  
Where blue mists through the unmoving atmosphere  
Scattered the seeds of pestilence, and fed  
Unnatural vegetation, where the land  
Teemed with all earthquake, tempest and disease,  
Was Man a nobler being ; slavery  
Had crushed him to his country's bloodstained dust ;  
Or he was bartered for the fame of power,  
Which all internal impulses destroying,  
Makes human will an article of trade ;  
Or he was changed with Christians for their gold,  
And dragged to distant isles, where to the sound  
Of the flesh-mangling scourge, he does the work  
Of all-polluting luxury and wealth,  
Which doubly visits on the tyrants' heads  
The long-protracted fulness of their woe ;  
Or he was led to legal butchery,  
To turn to worms beneath that burning sun,  
Where kings first leagued against the rights of men,  
And priests first traded with the name of God.

“ Even where the milder zone afforded Man  
A seeming shelter, yet contagion there,  
Blighting his being with unnumbered ills,  
Spread like a quenchless fire ; nor truth till late  
Availed to arrest its progress, or create  
That peace which first in bloodless victory waved  
Her snowy standard o'er this favoured clime :  
There man was long the train-bearer of slaves,  
The mimic of surrounding misery,  
The jackal of ambition's lion-rage,  
The bloodhound of religion's hungry zeal.

" Here now the human being stands adorning  
 This loveliest earth with taintless body and mind ;  
 Blessed from his birth with all bland impulses,  
 Which gently in his noble bosom wake  
 All kindly passions and all pure desires.  
 Him, still from hope to hope the bliss pursuing  
 Which from the exhaustless store of human weal  
 Draws on the virtuous mind, the thoughts that rise  
 In time-destroying infiniteness, gift  
 With self-enshrined eternity, that mocks  
 The unprevailing hoariness of age,  
 And man, once fleeting o'er the transient scene  
 Swift as an unremembered vision, stands  
 Immortal upon earth : no longer now  
 He slays the lamb that looks him in the face,  
 And horribly devours his mangled flesh,  
 Which, still avenging Nature's broken law,  
 Kindled all putrid humours in his frame,  
 All evil passions, and all vain belief,  
 Hatred, despair, and loathing in his mind,  
 The germs of misery, death, disease, and crime.  
 No longer now the wingèd habitants,  
 That in the woods their sweet lives sing away,  
 Flee from the form of man ; but gather round,  
 And prune their sunny feathers on the hands  
 Which little children stretch in friendly sport  
 Towards these dreadless partners of their play.  
 All things are void of terror : Man has lost  
 His terrible prerogative, and stands  
 An equal amidst equals : happiness  
 And science dawn though late upon the earth ;  
 Peace cheers the mind, health renovates the frame ;  
 Disease and pleasure cease to mingle here,  
 Reason and passion cease to combat there ;  
 Whilst each unfettered o'er the earth extend  
 Their all-subduing energies, and wield  
 The sceptre of a vast dominion there ;  
 Whilst every shape and mode of matter lends  
 Its force to the omnipotence of mind,  
 Which from its dark mine drags the gem of truth  
 To decorate its Paradise of peace."

## IX

" O HAPPY Earth ! reality of Heaven !  
 To which those restless souls that ceaselessly  
 Throng through the human universe, aspire ;  
 Thou consummation of all mortal hope !  
 Thou glorious prize of blindly-working will !  
 Whose rays, diffused throughout all space and time,  
 Verge to one point and blend for ever there :  
 Of purest spirits thou pure dwelling-place !  
 Where care and sorrow, impotence and crime,  
 Languor, disease, and ignorance dare not come :  
 O happy Earth, reality of Heaven !

“ Genius has seen thee in her passionate dreams,  
And dim forebodings of thy loveliness  
Haunting the human heart, have there entwined  
Some rooted hopes of some sweet place of bliss  
Where friends and lovers meet to part no more.  
Thou art the end of all desire and will,  
The product of all action ; and the souls  
That by the paths of an aspiring change  
Have reached thy haven of perpetual peace,  
There rest from the eternity of toil  
That framed the fabric of thy perfectness.

“ Even Time, the conqueror, fled thee in his fear ;  
That hoary giant, who, in lovely pride,  
So long had ruled the world, that nations fell  
Beneath his silent footstep. Pyramids,  
That for millenniums had withstood the tide  
Of human things, his storm-breath drove in sand  
Across that desert where their stones survived  
The name of him whose pride had heaped them there.  
Yon monarch, in his solitary pomp,  
Was but the mushroom of a summer day,  
That his light wingèd footstep pressed to dust :  
Time was the king of earth : all things gave way  
Before him, but the fixed and virtuous will,  
The sacred sympathies of soul and sense,  
That mocked his fury and prepared his fall.

“ Yet slow and gradual dawned the morn of love ;  
Long lay the clouds of darkness o’er the scene,  
Till from its native Heaven they rolled away :  
First, Crime triumphant o’er all hope careered  
Unblushing, undisguising, bold and strong ;  
Whilst Falsehood, tricked in Virtue’s attributes,  
Long sanctified all deeds of vice and woe,  
Till done by her own venomous sting to death,  
She left the moral world without a law,  
No longer fettering Passion’s fearless wing,  
Nor searing Reason with the brand of God.  
Then steadily the happy ferment worked ;  
Reason was free ; and wild though Passion went  
Through tangled glens and wood-embosomed meads,  
Gathering a garland of the strangest flowers,  
Yet like the bee returning to her queen,  
She bound the sweetest on her sister’s brow,  
Who meek and sober kissed the sportive child,  
No longer trembling at the broken rod.

“ Mild was the slow necessity of death :  
The tranquil spirit failed beneath its grasp,  
Without a groan, almost without a fear,  
Calm as a voyager to some distant land,  
And full of wonder, full of hope as he.  
The deadly germs of languor and disease

Died in the human frame, and Purity  
 Blessed with all gifts her earthly worshippers  
 How vigorous then the athletic form of age !  
 How clear its open and unwrinkled brow !  
 Where neither avarice, cunning, pride, nor care,  
 Had stamped the seal of gray deformity  
 On all the mingling lineaments of time.  
 How lovely the intrepid front of youth !  
 Which meek-eyed courage decked with freshest grace ;  
 Courage of soul, that dreaded not a name,  
 And elevated will, that journeyed on  
 Through life's phantasmal scene in fearlessness,  
 With virtue, love, and pleasure, hand in hand.

“ Then, that sweet bondage which is Freedom's self,  
 And rivets with sensation's softest tie  
 The kindred sympathies of human souls,  
 Needed no fetters of tyrannic law :  
 Those delicate and timid impulses  
 In Nature's primal modesty arose,  
 And with undoubted confidence disclosed  
 The growing longings of its dawning love,  
 Unchecked by dull and selfish chastity,  
 That virtue of the cheaply virtuous,  
 Who pride themselves in senselessness and frost.  
 No longer prostitution's venom'd bane  
 Poisoned the springs of happiness and life ;  
 Woman and man, in confidence and love,  
 Equal and free and pure together trod  
 The mountain-paths of virtue, which no more  
 Were stained with blood from many a pilgrim's feet.

“ Then, where, through distant ages, long in pride  
 The palace of the monarch-slave had mocked  
 Famine's faint groan, and Penury's silent tear,  
 A heap of crumbling ruins stood, and threw  
 Year after year their stones upon the field,  
 Wakening a lonely echo ; and the leaves  
 Of the old thorn, that on the topmost tower  
 Usurped the royal ensign's grandeur, shook  
 In the stern storm that swayed the topmost tower  
 And whispered strange tales in the Whirlwind's ear.

“ Low through the lone cathedral's roofless aisles  
 The melancholy winds a death-dirge sung :  
 It were a sight of awfulness to see  
 The works of faith and slavery, so vast,  
 So sumptuous, yet so perishing withal !  
 Even as the corpse that rests beneath its wall.  
 A thousand mourners deck the pomp of death  
 To-day, the breathing marble glows above  
 To decorate its memory, and tongues  
 Are busy of its life : to-morrow, worms  
 In silence and in darkness seize their prey.

" Within the massy prison's mouldering courts,  
 Fearless and free the ruddy children played,  
 Weaving gay chaplets for their innocent brows  
 With the green ivy and the red wallflower,  
 That mock the dungeon's unavailing gloom ;  
 The ponderous chains, and gratings of strong iron,  
 There rusted amid heaps of broken stone  
 That mingled slowly with their native earth :  
 There the broad beam of day, which feebly once  
 Lighted the cheek of lean Captivity  
 With a pale and sickly glare, then freely shone  
 On the pure smiles of infant playfulness :  
 No more the shuddering voice of hoarse Despair  
 Pealed through the echoing vaults, but soothing notes  
 Of ivy-fingered winds and gladsome birds  
 And merriment were resonant around.

" These ruins soon left not a wreck behind :  
 Their elements, wide scattered o'er the globe,  
 To happier shapes were moulded, and became  
 Ministrant to all blissful impulses :  
 Thus human things were perfected, and earth,  
 Even as a child beneath its mother's love,  
 Was strengthened in all excellence, and grew  
 Fairer and nobler with each passing year.

" Now Time his dusky pennons o'er the scene  
 Closes in steadfast darkness, and the past  
 Fades from our charmed sight. My task is done :  
 Thy lore is learned. Earth's wonders are thine own,  
 With all the fear and all the hope they bring.  
 My spells are passed : the present now recurs.  
 Ah me ! a pathless wilderness remains  
 Yet unsubdued by man's reclaiming hand.

" Yet, human Spirit, bravely hold thy course,  
 Let virtue teach thee firmly to pursue  
 The gradual paths of an aspiring change :  
 For birth and life and death, and that strange state  
 Before the naked soul has found its home,  
 All tend to perfect happiness, and urge  
 The restless wheels of being on their way,  
 Whose flashing spokes, instinct with infinite life,  
 Bicker and burn to gain their destined goal :  
 For birth but wakes the spirit to the sense  
 Of outward shows, whose unexperienced shape  
 New modes of passion to its frame may lend ;  
 Life is its state of action, and the store  
 Of all events is aggregated there  
 That variegate the eternal universe ;  
 Death is a gate of dreariness and gloom,  
 That leads to azure isles and beaming skies  
 And happy regions of eternal hope.  
 Therefore, O Spirit ! fearlessly bear on :  
 Though storms may break the primrose on its stalk,

Though frosts may blight the freshness of its bloom,  
 Yet Spring's awakening breath will woo the earth,  
 To feed with kindest dews its favourite flower,  
 That blooms in mossy banks and darksome glens,  
 Lighting the greenwood with its sunny smile.

“ Fear not then, Spirit, Death's disrobing hand,  
 So welcome when the tyrant is awake,  
 So welcome when the bigot's hell-torch burns ;  
 'Tis but the voyage of a darksome hour,  
 The transient gulf-dream of a startling sleep.  
 Death is no foe to Virtue : earth has seen  
 Love's brightest roses on the scaffold bloom,  
 Mingling with Freedom's fadeless laurels there,  
 And presaging the truth of visioned bliss.  
 Are there not hopes within thee, which this scene  
 Of linked and gradual being has confirmed ?  
 Whose stings bade thy heart look further still,  
 When, to the moonlight walk by Henry led,  
 Sweetly and sadly thou didst talk of death ?  
 And wilt thou rudely tear them from thy breast,  
 Listening supinely to a bigot's creed,  
 Or tamely crouching to the tyrant's rod,  
 Whose iron thongs are red with human gore ?  
 Never : but bravely bearing on, thy will  
 Is destined an eternal war to wage  
 With tyranny and falsehood, and uproot  
 The germs of misery from the human heart.  
 Thine is the hand whose piety would soothe  
 The thorny pillow of unhappy crime,  
 Whose impotence an easy pardon gains,  
 Watching its wanderings as a friend's disease :  
 Thine is the brow whose mildness would defy  
 Its fiercest rage, and brave its sternest will,  
 When fenced by power and master of the world.  
 Thou art sincere and good ; of resolute mind,  
 Free from heart-withering custom's cold control,  
 Of passion lofty, pure and unsubdued.  
 Earth's pride and meanness could not vanquish thee,  
 And therefore art thou worthy of the boon  
 Which thou hast now received : Virtue shall keep  
 Thy footsteps in the path that thou hast trod,  
 And many days of beaming hope shall bless  
 Thy spotless life of sweet and sacred love.  
 Go, happy one, and give that bosom joy  
 Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch  
 Light, life and rapture from thy smile.”

The Fairy waves her wand of charm.  
 Speechless with bliss the Spirit mounts the car,  
 That rolled beside the battlement,  
 Bending her beamy eyes in thankfulness.  
 Again the enchanted steeds were yoked,  
 Again the burning wheels inflame  
 The steep descent of Heaven's untrodden way.

Fast and far the chariot flew :  
 The vast and fiery globes that rolled  
 Around the Fairy's palace-gate  
 Lessened by slow degrees and soon appeared  
 Such tiny twinklers as the planet orbs  
 That there attendant on the solar power  
 With borrowed light pursued their narrower way.

Earth floated then below :  
 The chariot paused a moment there ;  
 The Spirit then descended :  
 The restless coursers pawed the ungenial soil,  
 Snuffed the gross air, and then, their errand done,  
 Unfurled their pinions to the winds of Heaven.

The Body and the Soul united then,  
 A gentle start convulsed Ianthe's frame :  
 Her veiny eyelids quietly unclosed ;  
 Moveless awhile the dark blue orbs remained :  
 She looked around in wonder and beheld  
 Henry, who kneeled in silence by her couch,  
 Watching her sleep with looks of speechless love,  
 And the bright beaming stars  
 That through the casement shone.

## NOTES

I. p. 69 :—

*The sun's unclouded orb  
 Rolled through the black concave.*

BEYOND our atmosphere the sun would appear a rayless orb of fire in the midst of a black concave. The equal diffusion of its light on earth is owing to the refraction of the rays by the atmosphere, and their reflection from other bodies. Light consists either of vibrations propagated through a subtle medium, or of numerous minute particles repelled in all directions from the luminous body. Its velocity greatly exceeds that of any substance with which we are acquainted : observations on the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites have demonstrated that light takes up no more than 8' 7" in passing from the sun to the earth, a distance of 95,000,000 miles.—Some idea may be gained of the immense distance of the fixed stars when it is computed that many years would elapse before light could reach this earth from the nearest of them ; yet in one year light travels 5,422,400,000,000 miles, which is a distance 5,707,600 times greater than that of the sun from the earth.

I. p. 69 :—

*Whilst round the chariot's way  
Innumerable systems rolled.*

The plurality of worlds,—the indefinite immensity of the universe, is a most awful subject of contemplation. He who rightly feels its mystery and grandeur is in no danger of seduction from the falsehoods of religious systems, or of deifying the principle of the universe. It is impossible to believe that the Spirit that pervades this infinite machine begat a son upon the body of a Jewish woman ; or is angered at the consequences of that necessity, which is a synonym of itself. All that miserable tale of the Devil, and Eve, and an Intercessor, with the childish mummeries of the God of the Jews, is irreconcilable with the knowledge of the stars. The works of His fingers have borne witness against Him.

The nearest of the fixed stars is inconceivably distant from the earth, and they are probably proportionably distant from each other. By a calculation of the velocity of light, Sirius is supposed to be at least 54,224,000,000,000 miles from the earth.\* That which appears only like a thin and silvery cloud streaking the heaven is in effect composed of innumerable clusters of suns, each shining with its own light, and illuminating numbers of planets that revolve around them. Millions and millions of suns are ranged around us, all attended by innumerable worlds, yet calm, regular, and harmonious, all keeping the paths of immutable necessity.

IV. p. 85 :—

*These are the hired bravos who defend  
The tyrant's throne.*

To employ murder as a means of justice is an idea which a man of an enlightened mind will not dwell upon with pleasure. To march forth in rank and file, and all the pomp of streamers and trumpets, for the purpose of shooting at our fellow-men as a mark ; to inflict upon them all the variety of wound and anguish ; to leave them weltering in their blood ; to wander over the field of desolation, and count the number of the dying and the dead, —are employments which in thesis we may maintain to be necessary, but which no good man will contemplate with gratulation and delight. A battle we suppose is won :—thus truth is established, thus the cause of justice is confirmed ! It surely requires no common sagacity to discern the connexion between this immense heap of calamities and the assertion of truth or the maintenance of justice.

“ Kings, and ministers of state, the real authors of the calamity, sit unmolested in their cabinet, while those against whom the fury of the storm is directed are, for the most part, persons who have been trepanned into the service, or who are dragged unwillingly from their peaceful homes into the field of battle. A soldier is a man whose business it is to kill those who never

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\* See Nicholson's *Encyclopedia*, art. Light.

offended him, and who are the innocent martyrs of other men's iniquities. Whatever may become of the abstract question of the justifiableness of war, it seems impossible that the soldier should not be a depraved and unnatural being.

"To these more serious and momentous considerations it may be proper to add a recollection of the ridiculousness of the military character. Its first constituent is obedience: a soldier is, of all descriptions of men, the most completely a machine; yet his profession inevitably teaches him something of dogmatism, swaggering, and self-consequence; he is like the puppet of a showman, who, at the very time he is made to strut and swell and display the most farcical airs, we perfectly know cannot assume the most insignificant gesture, advance either to the right or the left, but as he is moved by his exhibitor." — Godwin's *Enquirer*, Essay v.

I will here subjoin a little poem, so strongly expressive of my abhorrence of despotism and falsehood, that I fear lest it never again may be depicted so vividly. This opportunity is perhaps the only one that ever will occur of rescuing it from oblivion.

## FALSEHOOD AND VICE

### A DIALOGUE

WHILST monarchs laughed upon their thrones  
To hear a famished nation's groans.  
And hugged the wealth wrung from the woe  
That makes its eyes and veins o'erflow,—  
Those thrones, high built upon the heaps  
Of bones where frenzied Famine sleeps,  
Where Slavery wields her scourge of iron,  
Red with mankind's unheeded gore,  
And War's mad fiends the scene environ,  
Mingling with shrieks a drunken roar,  
There Vice and Falsehood took their stand,  
High raised above the unhappy land.

#### *Falsehood*

Brother! arise from the dainty fare,  
Which thousands have toiled and bled to bestow;  
A finer feast for thy hungry ear  
Is the news that I bring of human woe.

#### *Vice*

And, secret one, what hast thou done,  
To compare, in thy tumid pride, with me?  
I, whose career, through the blasted year,  
Has been tracked by despair and agony.

#### *Falsehood*

What have I done! — I have torn the robe  
From baby Truth's unsheltered form,  
And round the desolated globe  
Borne safely the bewildering charm:

My tyrant-slaves to a dungeon-floor  
 Have bound the fearless innocent,  
 And streams of fertilizing gore  
 Flow from her bosom's hideous rent,  
 Which this unfailing dagger gave. . . .  
 I dread that blood!—no more—this day  
 Is ours, though her eternal ray  
     Must shine upon our grave.  
 Yet know, proud Vice, had I not given  
 To thee the robe I stole from Heaven,  
 Thy shape of ugliness and fear  
 Had never gained admission here.

*Vice*

And know, that had I disdained to toil,  
 But sate in my loathsome cave the while,  
 And ne'er to these hateful sons of Heaven,  
 GOLD, MONARCHY, and MURDER, given;  
 Hadst thou with all thine art essayed  
 One of thy games then to have played,  
 With all thine overweening boast,  
 Falsehood! I tell thee thou hadst lost!—  
 Yet wherefore this dispute?—we tend,  
 Fraternal, to one common end;  
 In this cold grave beneath my feet,  
 Will our hopes, our fears, and our labours, meet.

*Falsehood*

I brought my daughter, RELIGION, on earth:  
 She smothered Reason's babes in their birth;  
 But dreaded their mother's eye severe,—  
 So the crocodile slunk off slyly in fear,  
 And loosed her bloodhounds from the den. . . .  
 They started from dreams of slaughtered men,  
 And, by the light of her poison eye,  
 Did her work o'er the wide earth frightfully:  
 The dreadful stench of her torches' flare,  
 Fed with human fat, polluted the air:  
 The curses, the shrieks, the ceaseless cries  
 Of the many-mingling miseries,  
 As on she trod, ascended high  
 And trumpeted my victory!—  
 Brother, tell what thou hast done.

*Vice*

I have extinguished the noonday sun,  
 In the carnage-smoke of battles won:  
 Famine, Murder, Hell and Power  
 Were glutted in that glorious hour  
 Which searchless fate had stamped for me  
 With the seal of her security. . . .  
 For the bloated wretch on yonder throne  
 Commanded the bloody fray to rise.

Like me he joyed at the stifled moan  
 Wrung from a nation's miseries ;  
 While the snakes, whose slime even him *defiled*,  
 In ecstasies of malice smiled :  
 They thought 'twas theirs,—but mine the deed !  
 Theirs is the toil, but mine the meed—  
 Ten thousand victims madly bleed.  
 They dream that tyrants goad them there  
 With poisonous war to taint the air :  
 These tyrants, on their beds of thorn,  
 Swell with the thoughts of murderous fame,  
 And with their gains to lift my name  
 Restless they plan from night to morn :  
 I—I do all ; without my aid  
 Thy daughter, that relentless maid,  
 Could never o'er a death-bed urge  
 The fury of her venomed scourge.

*Falsehood*

Brother, well :—the world is ours ;  
 And whether thou or I have won,  
 The pestilence expectant lowers  
 On all beneath yon blasted sun.  
 Our joys, our toils, our honours meet  
 In the milk-white and wormy winding-sheet :  
 A short-lived hope, unceasing care,  
 Some heartless scraps of godly prayer,  
 A moody curse, and a frenzied sleep  
 Ere gapes the grave's unclosing deep,  
 A tyrant's dream, a coward's start,  
 The ice that clings to a priestly heart,  
 A judge's frown, a courtier's smile,  
 Make the great whole for which we toil ;  
 And, brother, whether thou or I  
 Have done the work of misery,  
 It little boots : thy toil and pain,  
 Without my aid, were more than vain ;  
 And but for thee I ne'er had sate  
 The guardian of Heaven's palace gate.

V. p. 87 :—

*Thus do the generations of the earth  
 Go to the grave, and issue from the womb.*

“ One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh ; but the earth abideth for ever. The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north ; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits. All the rivers run into the sea ; yet the sea is not full ; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.”—*Ecclesiastes*, chap. i. vv. 4-7.

V. p. 87 :—

*Even as the leaves**Which the keen frost-wind of the waning year  
Has scattered on the forest soil.*

Οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.  
 Φύλλα τὰ μὲν τ' ἀνεμος χαμάδις χέει, ἄλλα δέ θ' ὕλη  
 Τηλεθώσα φύει, ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη·  
 Ὡς ἀνδρῶν γενεή, ἣ μὲν φύει, ἣ δ' ἀπολήγει.

IΔΙΑΔ. Ζ, l. 146.

V. p. 88 :—

*The mob of peasants, nobles, priests, and kings.*

Suave mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis  
 E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem ;  
 Non quia vexari quemquam est iucunda voluptas,  
 Sed quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est.  
 Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri  
 Per campos instructa, tua sine parte pericli ;  
 Sed nil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere  
 Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena,  
 Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre  
 Errare atque viam palantis quaerere vitæ ;  
 Certare ingenio ; contendere nobilitate ;  
 Noctes atque dies niti praestante labore  
 Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.  
 O miseras hominum mentes ! O pectora caeca !—*Lucret.*

lib. ii.

V. p. 88 :—

*And statesmen boast  
Of wealth !*

There is no real wealth but the labour of man. Were the mountains of gold and the valleys of silver, the world would not be one grain of corn the richer ; no one comfort would be added to the human race. In consequence of our consideration for the precious metals, one man is enabled to heap to himself luxuries at the expense of the necessaries of his neighbour ; a system admirably fitted to produce all the varieties of disease and crime, which never fail to characterize the two extremes of opulence and penury. A speculator takes pride to himself as the promoter of his country's prosperity, who employs a number of hands in the manufacture of articles avowedly destitute of use, or subservient only to the unhallowed cravings of luxury and ostentation. The nobleman, who employs the peasants of his neighbourhood in building his palaces, until "*jam pauca aratro jugera regiae moles relinquunt,*" flatters himself that he has gained the title of a patriot by yielding to the impulses of vanity. The show and pomp of courts adduce the same apology for its continuance ; and many a fête has been given, many a woman has eclipsed her beauty by her dress, to benefit the labouring poor and to encourage trade. Who does not see that this is a remedy which aggravates whilst it palliates the countless diseases of society ? The poor are set to labour,—for what ? Not the food

for which they furnish : not the blankets for want of which their babes are frozen by the cold of their miserable hovels : not those comforts of civilization without which civilized man is far more miserable than the meanest savage ; oppressed as he is by all its insidious evils, within the daily and taunting prospect of its innumerable benefits assiduously exhibited before him :—no ; for the pride of power, for the miserable isolation of pride, for the false pleasures of the hundredth part of society. No greater evidence is afforded of the wide extended and radical mistakes of civilized man than this fact : those arts which are essential to his very being are held in the greatest contempt ; employments are lucrative in an inverse ratio to their usefulness\* : the jeweller, the toyman, the actor gains fame and wealth by the exercise of his useless and ridiculous art ; whilst the cultivator of the earth, he without whom society must cease to subsist, struggles through contempt and penury, and perishes by that famine which but for his unceasing exertions would annihilate the rest of mankind.

I will not insult common sense by insisting on the doctrine of the natural equality of man. The question is not concerning its desirableness, but its practicability : so far as it is practicable, it is desirable. That state of human society which approaches nearer to an equal partition of its benefits and evils should, *caeteris paribus*, be preferred : but so long as we conceive that a wanton expenditure of human labour, not for the necessities, not even for the luxuries of the mass of society, but for the egotism and ostentation of a few of its members, is defensible on the ground of public justice, so long we neglect to approximate to the redemption of the human race.

Labour is required for physical, and leisure for moral improvement : from the former of these advantages the rich, and from the latter the poor, by the inevitable conditions of their respective situations, are precluded. A state which should combine the advantages of both would be subjected to the evils of neither. He that is deficient in firm health, or vigorous intellect, is but half a man ; hence it follows that to subject the labouring classes to unnecessary labour is wantonly depriving them of any opportunities of intellectual improvement ; and that the rich are heaping up for their own mischief the disease, lassitude, and ennui by which their existence is rendered an intolerable burthen.

English reformers exclaim against sinecures,—but the true pension list is the rent-roll of the landed proprietors : wealth is a power usurped by the few, to compel the many to labour for their benefit. The laws which support this system derive their force from the ignorance and credulity of its victims : they are the result of a conspiracy of the few against the many, who are themselves obliged to purchase this pre-eminence by the loss of all real comfort.

“ The commodities that substantially contribute to the subsistence of the human species form a very short catalogue : they demand from us but a slender portion of industry. If these only were produced, and sufficiently produced, the species of man would be continued. If the labour necessarily required to produce

\* See Rousseau, *De l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes*, note 7.

them were equitably divided among the poor, and, still more, if it were equitably divided among all, each man's share of labour would be light, and his portion of leisure would be ample. There was a time when this leisure would have been of small comparative value : it is to be hoped that the time will come when it will be applied to the most important purposes. Those hours which are not required for the production of the necessaries of life may be devoted to the cultivation of the understanding, the enlarging our stock of knowledge, the refining our taste, and thus opening to us new and more exquisite sources of enjoyment.

“ It was perhaps necessary that a period of monopoly and oppression should subsist, before a period of cultivated equality could subsist. Savages perhaps would never have been excited to the discovery of truth and the invention of art but by the narrow motives which such a period affords. But surely, after the savage state has ceased, and men have set out in the glorious career of discovery and invention, monopoly and oppression cannot be necessary to prevent them from returning to a state of barbarism.” Godwin's *Enquirer*, Essay ii. See also *Pol. Jus.*, book VIII. chap. ii.

It is a calculation of this admirable author, that all the conveniences of civilized life might be produced, if society would divide the labour equally among its members, by each individual being employed in labour two hours during the day.

V. p. 89 :—

*or religion*  
*Drives his wife raving mad.*

I am acquainted with a lady of considerable accomplishments, and the mother of a numerous family, whom the Christian religion has goaded to incurable insanity. A parallel case is, I believe, within the experience of every physician.

Nam iam saepe homines patriam, carosque parentes  
Prodiderunt, vitare Acherusia templa petentes.—*Lucretius.*

V. p. 90 :—

*Even love is sold.*

Not even the intercourse of the sexes is exempt from the despotism of positive institution. Law pretends even to govern the indisciplinable wanderings of passion, to put fetters on the clearest deductions of reason, and, by appeals to the will, to subdue the involuntary affections of our nature. Love is inevitably consequent upon the perception of loveliness. Love withers under constraint : its very essence is liberty : it is compatible neither with obedience, jealousy, nor fear : it is there most pure, perfect, and unlimited, where its votaries live in confidence, equality, and unreserve.

How long then ought the sexual connection to last ? what law ought to specify the extent of the grievances which should limit its duration ? A husband and wife ought to continue so long united as they love each other : any law which should bind them to cohabitation for one moment after the decay of their affection

would be a most intolerable tyranny, and the most unworthy of toleration. How odious an usurpation of the right of private judgement should that law be considered which should make the ties of friendship indissoluble, in spite of the caprices, the inconstancy, the fallibility and capacity for improvement of the human mind. And by so much would the fetters of love be heavier and more unendurable than those of friendship, as love is more vehement and capricious, more dependent on those delicate peculiarities of imagination, and less capable of reduction to the ostensible merits of the object.

The state of society in which we exist is a mixture of feudal savageness and imperfect civilization. The narrow and unenlightened morality of the Christian religion is an aggravation of these evils. It is not even until lately that mankind have admitted that happiness is the sole end of the science of ethics, as of all other sciences; and that the fanatical idea of mortifying the flesh for the love of God has been discarded. I have heard, indeed, an ignorant collegian adduce, in favour of Christianity, its hostility to every worldly feeling! \*

But if happiness be the object of morality, of all human unions and disunions; if the worthiness of every action is to be estimated by the quantity of pleasurable sensation it is calculated to produce, then the connection of the sexes is so long sacred as it contributes to the comfort of the parties, and is naturally dissolved when its evils are greater than its benefits. There is nothing immoral in this separation. Constancy has nothing virtuous in itself, independently of the pleasure it confers, and partakes of the temporizing spirit of vice in proportion as it endures tamely moral defects of magnitude in the object of its indiscreet choice. Love is free: to promise for ever to love the same woman is not less absurd than to promise to believe the same creed: such a vow, in both cases, excludes us from all inquiry. The language of the votarist is this: The woman I now love may be infinitely inferior to many others; the creed I now profess may be a mass of errors and absurdities; but I exclude myself from all future information as to the truth of the other, resolving blindly, and in spite of conviction, to adhere to them. Is this the language of delicacy and reason? Is the love of such a frigid heart of more worth than its belief?

The present system of constraint does no more, in the majority of instances, than make hypocrites or open enemies. Persons of delicacy and virtue, unhappily united to one whom they find it impossible to love, spend the loveliest season of their life in unproductive efforts to appear otherwise than they are, for the

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\* The first Christian emperor made a law by which seduction was punished with death; if the female pleaded her own consent, she also was punished with death; if the parents endeavoured to screen the criminals, they were banished and their estates were confiscated; the slaves who might be accessory were burned alive, or forced to swallow melted lead. The very offspring of an illegal love were involved in the consequences of the sentence.—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, etc., vol. ii. p. 210. See also, for the hatred of the primitive Christians to love and even marriage, p. 269.

sake of the feelings of their partner or the welfare of their mutual offspring : those of less generosity and refinement openly avow their disappointment, and linger out the remnant of that union, which only death can dissolve, in a state of incurable bickering and hostility. The early education of their children takes its colour from the squabbles of the parents ; they are nursed in a systematic school of ill-humour, violence, and falsehood. Had they been suffered to part at the moment when indifference rendered their union irksome, they would have been spared many years of misery : they would have connected themselves more suitably, and would have found that happiness in the society of more congenial partners which is for ever denied them by the despotism of marriage. They would have been separately useful and happy members of society, who, whilst united, were miserable and rendered misanthropical by misery. The conviction that wedlock is indissoluble holds out the strongest of all temptations to the perverse : they indulge without restraint in acrimony, and all the little tyrannies of domestic life, when they know that their victim is without appeal. If this connection were put on a rational basis, each would be assured that habitual ill-temper would terminate in separation, and would check this vicious and dangerous propensity.

Prostitution is the legitimate offspring of marriage and its accompanying errors. Women, for no other crime than having followed the dictates of a natural appetite, are driven with fury from the comforts and sympathies of society. It is less venial than murder ; and the punishment which is inflicted on her who destroys her child to escape reproach is lighter than the life of agony and disease to which the prostitute is irrecoverably doomed. Has a woman obeyed the impulse of unerring nature ;—society declares war against her, pitiless and eternal war : she must be the tame slave, she must make no reprisals ; theirs is the right of persecution, hers the duty of endurance. She lives a life of infamy : the loud and bitter laugh of scorn scares her from all return. She dies of long and lingering disease : yet *she* is in fault, *she* is the criminal, *she* the froward and untamable child,—and society, forsooth, the pure and virtuous matron, who casts her as an abortion from her undefiled bosom ! Society avenges herself on the criminals of her own creation ; she is employed in anathematizing the vice to-day, which yesterday she was the most zealous to teach. Thus is formed one-tenth of the population of London : meanwhile the evil is twofold. Young men, excluded by the fanatical idea of chastity from the society of modest and accomplished women, associate with these vicious and miserable beings, destroying thereby all those exquisite and delicate sensibilities whose existence cold-hearted worldlings have denied ; annihilating all genuine passion, and debasing that to a selfish feeling which is the excess of generosity and devotedness. Their body and mind alike crumble into a hideous wreck of humanity ; idiocy and disease become perpetuated in their miserable offspring, and distant generations suffer for the bigoted morality of their forefathers. Chastity is a monkish and evangelical superstition, a greater foe to natural temperance even than unintellectual sensuality ; it strikes at the root of all domestic happiness, and consigns more than half of the human race to

misery, that some few may monopolize according to law. A system could not well have been devised more studiously hostile to human happiness than marriage.

I conceive that from the abolition of marriage, the fit and natural arrangement of sexual connection would result. I by no means assert that the intercourse would be promiscuous: on the contrary, it appears, from the relation of parent to child, that this union is generally of long duration, and marked above all others with generosity and self-devotion. But this is a subject which it is perhaps premature to discuss. That which will result from the abolition of marriage will be natural and right; because choice and change will be exempted from restraint.

In fact, religion and morality, as they now stand, compose a practical code of misery and servitude: the genius of human happiness must tear every leaf from the accursed book of God ere man can read the inscription on his heart. How would morality, dressed up in stiff stays and finery, start from her own disgusting image should she look in the mirror of nature!

VI. p. 92:—

*To the red and baleful sun  
That faintly twinkles there.*

The north polar star, to which the axis of the earth, in its present state of obliquity, points. It is exceedingly probable, from many considerations, that this obliquity will gradually diminish, until the equator coincides with the ecliptic: the nights and days will then become equal on the earth throughout the year, and probably the seasons also. There is no great extravagance in presuming that the progress of the perpendicularity of the poles may be as rapid as the progress of intellect; or that there should be a perfect identity between the moral and physical improvement of the human species. It is certain that wisdom is not compatible with disease, and that, in the present state of the climates of the earth, health, in the true and comprehensive sense of the word, is out of the reach of civilized man. Astronomy teaches us that the earth is now in its progress, and that the poles are every year becoming more and more perpendicular to the ecliptic. The strong evidence afforded by the history of mythology, and geological researches, that some event of this nature has taken place already, affords a strong presumption that this progress is not merely an oscillation, as has been surmised by some late astronomers.\* Bones of animals peculiar to the torrid zone have been found in the north of Siberia, and on the banks of the river Ohio. Plants have been found in the fossil state in the interior of Germany, which demand the present climate of Hindostan for their production.† The researches of M. Bailly ‡ establish the existence of a people who inhabited a tract in Tartary 49° north latitude, of greater antiquity than either the Indians, the Chinese, or the Chaldeans, from whom

\* Laplace, *Système du Monde*.

† Cabanis, *Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme*, vol. ii. p. 406.

‡ Bailly, *Lettres sur les Sciences, à Voltaire*.

these nations derived their sciences and theology. We find, from the testimony of ancient writers, that Britain, Germany, and France were much colder than at present, and that their great rivers were annually frozen over. Astronomy teaches us also that since this period the obliquity of the earth's position has been considerably diminished.

VI. p. 95 :—

*No atom of this turbulence fulfils  
A vague and unnecessitated task,  
Or acts but as it must and ought to act.*

“Deux exemples serviront à nous rendre plus sensible le principe qui vient d'être posé ; nous emprunterons l'un du physique et l'autre du moral. Dans un tourbillon de poussière qu'élève un vent impétueux, quelque confus qu'il paraisse à nos yeux ; dans la plus affreuse tempête excitée par des vents opposés qui soulèvent les flots,—il n'y a pas une seule molécule de poussière ou d'eau qui soit placée au *hasard*, qui n'ait sa cause suffisante pour occuper le lieu où elle se trouve, et qui n'agisse rigoureusement de la manière dont elle doit agir. Un géomètre qui connaîtrait exactement les différentes forces qui agissent dans ces deux cas, et les propriétés des molécules qui sont mues, démontrerait que d'après des causes données, chaque molécule agit précisément comme elle doit agir, et ne peut agir autrement qu'elle ne fait.

“Dans les convulsions terribles qui agitent quelquefois les sociétés politiques, et qui produisent souvent le renversement d'un empire, il n'y a pas une seule action, une seule parole, une seule pensée, une seule volonté, une seule passion dans les agens qui concourent à la révolution comme destructeurs ou comme victimes, qui ne soit nécessaire, qui n'agisse comme elle doit agir, qui n'opère infailliblement les effets qu'elle doit opérer, suivant la place qu'occupent ces agens dans ce tourbillon moral. Cela paraîtrait évident pour une intelligence qui sera en état de saisir et d'apprécier toutes les actions et réactions des esprits et des corps de ceux qui contribuent à cette révolution.”—*Système de la Nature*, vol. i, p. 44.

VI. p. 95 :—

*Necessity ! thou mother of the world !*

He who asserts the doctrine of Necessity means that, contemplating the events which compose the moral and material universe, he beholds only an immense and uninterrupted chain of causes and effects, no one of which could occupy any other place than it does occupy, or act in any other place than it does act. The idea of necessity is obtained by our experience of the connection between objects, the uniformity of the operations of nature, the constant conjunction of similar events, and the consequent inference of one from the other. Mankind are therefore agreed in the admission of necessity, if they admit that these two circumstances take place in voluntary action. Motive is to voluntary action in the human mind what cause is to effect in the material universe. The word liberty, as applied to mind, is

analogous to the word chance as applied to matter : they spring from an ignorance of the certainty of the conjunction of antecedents and consequents.

Every human being is irresistibly impelled to act precisely as he does act : in the eternity which preceded his birth a chain of causes was generated, which, operating under the name of motives, make it impossible that any thought of his mind, or any action of his life, should be otherwise than it is. Were the doctrine of Necessity false, the human mind would no longer be a legitimate object of science ; from like causes it would be in vain that we should expect like effects ; the strongest motive would no longer be paramount over the conduct ; all knowledge would be vague and undeterminate ; we could not predict with any certainty that we might not meet as an enemy to-morrow him with whom we have parted in friendship to-night ; the most probable inducements and the clearest reasonings would lose the invariable influence they possess. The contrary of this is demonstrably the fact. Similar circumstances produce the same unvariable effects. The precise character and motives of any man on any occasion being given, the moral philosopher could predict his actions with as much certainty as the natural philosopher could predict the effects of the mixture of any particular chemical substances. Why is the aged husbandman more experienced than the young beginner ? Because there is a uniform, undeniable necessity in the operations of the material universe. Why is the old statesman more skilful than the raw politician ? Because, relying on the necessary conjunction of motive and action, he proceeds to produce moral effects, by the application of those moral causes which experience has shown to be effectual. Some actions may be found to which we can attach no motives, but these are the effects of causes with which we are unacquainted. Hence the relation which motive bears to voluntary action is that of cause to effect ; nor, placed in this point of view, is it, or ever has it been, the subject of popular or philosophical dispute. None but the few fanatics who are engaged in the herculean task of reconciling the justice of their God with the misery of man, will longer outrage common sense by the supposition of an event without a cause, a voluntary action without a motive. History, politics, morals, criticism, all grounds of reasonings, all principles of science, alike assume the truth of the doctrine of Necessity. No farmer carrying his corn to market doubts the sale of it at the market price. The master of a manufactory no more doubts that he can purchase the human labour necessary for his purposes than that his machinery will act as they have been accustomed to act.

But, whilst none have scrupled to admit necessity as influencing matter, many have disputed its dominion over mind. Independently of its militating with the received ideas of the justice of God, it is by no means obvious to a superficial inquiry. When the mind observes its own operations, it feels no connection of motive and action : but as we know " nothing more of causation than the constant conjunction of objects and the consequent inference of one from the other, as we find that these two circumstances are universally allowed to have place in voluntary action, we may be easily led to own that they are subjected to the

necessity common to all causes." The actions of the will have a regular conjunction with circumstances and characters; motive is to voluntary action what cause is to effect. But the only idea we can form of causation is a constant conjunction of similar objects, and the consequent inference of one from the other: wherever this is the case necessity is clearly established.

The idea of liberty, applied metaphorically to the will, has sprung from a misconception of the meaning of the word power. What is power?—*id quod potest*, that which can produce any given effect. To deny power is to say that nothing can or has the power to be or act. In the only true sense of the word power, it applies with equal force to the lodestone as to the human will. Do you think these motives, which I shall present, are powerful enough to rouse him? is a question just as common as, Do you think this lever has the power of raising this weight? The advocates of free-will assert that the will has the power of refusing to be determined by the strongest motive: but the strongest motive is that which, overcoming all others, ultimately prevails; this assertion therefore amounts to a denial of the will being ultimately determined by that motive which does determine it, which is absurd. But it is equally certain that a man cannot resist the strongest motive as that he cannot overcome a physical impossibility.

The doctrine of Necessity tends to introduce a great change into the established notions of morality, and utterly to destroy religion. Reward and punishment must be considered, by the Necessarian, merely as motives which he would employ in order to procure the adoption or abandonment of any given line of conduct. Desert, in the present sense of the word, would no longer have any meaning; and he who should inflict pain upon another for no better reason than that he deserved it, would only gratify his revenge under pretence of satisfying justice. It is not enough, says the advocate of free-will, that a criminal should be prevented from a repetition of his crime: he should feel pain, and his torments, when justly inflicted, ought precisely to be proportioned to his fault. But utility is morality; that which is incapable of producing happiness is useless; and though the crime of Damiens must be condemned, yet the frightful torments which revenge, under the name of justice, inflicted on this unhappy man, cannot be supposed to have augmented, even at the long run, the stock of pleasurable sensation in the world. At the same time, the doctrine of Necessity does not in the least diminish our disapprobation of vice. The conviction which all feel that a viper is a poisonous animal, and that a tiger is constrained, by the inevitable condition of his existence, to devour men, does not induce us to avoid them less sedulously, or, even more, to hesitate in destroying them: but he would surely be of a hard heart who, meeting with a serpent on a desert island, or in a situation where it was incapable of injury, should wantonly deprive it of existence. A Necessarian is inconsequent to his own principles if he indulges in hatred or contempt; the compassion which he feels for the criminal is unmixed with a desire of injuring him: he looks with an elevated and dreadless composure upon the links of the universal chain as they pass before his eyes; whilst cowardice, curiosity, and inconsistency only assail him in proportion to the

feebleness and indistinctness with which he has perceived and rejected the delusions of free-will.

Religion is the perception of the relation in which we stand to the principle of the universe. But if the principle of the universe be not an organic being, the model and prototype of man, the relation between it and human beings is absolutely none. Without some insight into its will respecting our actions religion is nugatory and vain. But will is only a mode of animal mind; moral qualities also are such as only a human being can possess; to attribute them to the principle of the universe is to annex to it properties incompatible with any possible definition of its nature. It is probable that the word God was originally only an expression denoting the unknown cause of the known events which men perceived in the universe. By the vulgar mistake of a metaphor for a real being, of a word for a thing, it became a man, endowed with human qualities and governing the universe as an earthly monarch governs his kingdom. Their addresses to this imaginary being, indeed, are much in the same style as those of subjects to a king. They acknowledge his benevolence, deprecate his anger, and supplicate his favour.

But the doctrine of Necessity teaches us that in no case could any event have happened otherwise than it did happen, and that, if God is the author of good, He is also the author of evil; that, if He is entitled to our gratitude for the one, He is entitled to our hatred for the other; that, admitting the existence of this hypothetical being, He is also subjected to the dominion of an immutable necessity. It is plain that the same arguments which prove that God is the author of food, light, and life, prove Him also to be the author of poison, darkness, and death. The wide-wasting earthquake, the storm, the battle, and the tyranny, are attributable to this hypothetical being in the same degree as the fairest forms of nature, sunshine, liberty, and peace.

But we are taught, by the doctrine of Necessity, that there is neither good nor evil in the universe, otherwise than as the events to which we apply these epithets have relation to our own peculiar mode of being. Still less than with the hypothesis of a God will the doctrine of Necessity accord with the belief of a future state of punishment. God made man such as he is, and then damned him for being so: for to say that God was the author of all good, and man the author of all evil, is to say that one man made a straight line and a crooked one, and another man made the incongruity.

A Mahometan story, much to the present purpose, is recorded, wherein Adam and Moses are introduced disputing before God in the following manner. Thou, says Moses, art Adam, whom God created, and animated with the breath of life, and caused to be worshipped by the angels, and placed in Paradise, from whence mankind have been expelled for thy fault. Whereto Adam answered, Thou art Moses, whom God chose for His apostle, and entrusted with His word, by giving thee the tables of the law, and whom He vouchsafed to admit to discourse with Himself. How many years dost thou find the law was written before I was created? Says Moses, Forty. And dost thou not find, replied Adam, these words therein, And Adam rebelled against his Lord and transgressed? Which Moses confessing, Dost thou therefore blame me, continued he, for doing that which God wrote of

me that I should do, forty years before I was created, nay, for what was decreed concerning me fifty thousand years before the creation of heaven and earth?—Sale's *Prelim. Disc. to the Koran*, p. 164.

VII. p. 96 :—

*There is no God.*

This negation must be understood solely to affect a creative Deity. The hypothesis of a pervading Spirit co-eternal with the universe remains unshaken.

A close examination of the validity of the proofs adduced to support any proposition is the only secure way of attaining truth, on the advantages of which it is unnecessary to descant: our knowledge of the existence of a Deity is a subject of such importance that it cannot be too minutely investigated; in consequence of this conviction we proceed briefly and impartially to examine the proofs which have been adduced. It is necessary first to consider the nature of belief.

When a proposition is offered to the mind, it perceives the agreement or disagreement of the ideas of which it is composed. A perception of their agreement is termed *belief*. Many obstacles frequently prevent this perception from being immediate; these the mind attempts to remove in order that the perception may be distinct. The mind is active in the investigation in order to perfect the state of perception of the relation which the component ideas of the proposition bear to each, which is passive: the investigation being confused with the perception has induced many falsely to imagine that the mind is active in belief,—that belief is an act of volition,—in consequence of which it may be regulated by the mind. Pursuing, continuing this mistake, they have attached a degree of criminality to disbelief; of which, in its nature, it is incapable: it is equally incapable of merit.

Belief, then, is a passion, the strength of which, like every other passion, is in precise proportion to the degrees of excitement.

The degrees of excitement are three.

The senses are the sources of all knowledge to the mind; consequently their evidence claims the strongest assent.

The decision of the mind, founded upon our own experience, derived from these sources, claims the next degree.

The experience of others, which addresses itself to the former one, occupies the lowest degree.

(A graduated scale, on which should be marked the capabilities of propositions to approach to the test of the senses, would be a just barometer of the belief which ought to be attached to them.)

Consequently no testimony can be admitted which is contrary to reason; reason is founded on the evidence of our senses.

Every proof may be referred to one of these three divisions: it is to be considered what arguments we receive from each of them, which should convince us of the existence of a Deity.

1st, The evidence of the senses. If the Deity should appear

to us, if He should convince our senses of His existence, this revelation would necessarily command belief. Those to whom the Deity has thus appeared have the strongest possible conviction of His existence. But the God of Theologians is incapable of local visibility.

2d, Reason. It is urged that man knows that whatever is must either have had a beginning, or have existed from all eternity: he also knows that whatever is not eternal must have had a cause. When this reasoning is applied to the universe, it is necessary to prove that it was created: until that is clearly demonstrated we may reasonably suppose that it has endured from all eternity. We must prove design before we can infer a designer. The only idea which we can form of causation is derivable from the constant conjunction of objects, and the consequent inference of one from the other. In a case where two propositions are diametrically opposite, the mind believes that which is least incomprehensible;—it is easier to suppose that the universe has existed from all eternity than to conceive a being beyond its limits capable of creating it: if the mind sinks beneath the weight of one, is it an alleviation to increase the intolerability of the burthen?

The other argument, which is founded on a man's knowledge of his own existence, stands thus. A man knows not only that he now is, but that once he was not; consequently there must have been a cause. But our idea of causation is alone derivable from the constant conjunction of objects and the consequent inference of one from the other; and, reasoning experimentally, we can only infer from effects causes exactly adequate to those effects. But there certainly is a generative power which is effected by certain instruments: we cannot prove that it is inherent in these instruments; nor is the contrary hypothesis capable of demonstration: we admit that the generative power is incomprehensible; but to suppose that the same effect is produced by an eternal, omniscient, omnipotent being leaves the cause in the same obscurity, but renders it more incomprehensible.

3d, Testimony. It is required that testimony should not be contrary to reason. The testimony that the Deity convinces the senses of men of His existence can only be admitted by us if our mind considers it less probable that these men should have been deceived than that the Deity should have appeared to them. Our reason can never admit the testimony of men, who not only declared that they were eye-witnesses of miracles, but that the Deity was irrational; for He commanded that He should be believed, He proposed the highest rewards for faith, eternal punishments for disbelief. We can only command voluntary actions; belief is not an act of volition; the mind is even passive, or involuntarily active; from this it is evident that we have no sufficient testimony, or rather that testimony is insufficient to prove the being of a God. It has been before shown that it cannot be deduced from reason. They alone, then, who have been convinced by the evidence of the senses can believe it.

Hence it is evident that, having no proofs from either of the three sources of conviction, the mind *cannot* believe the existence

of a creative God : it is also evident that, as belief is a passion of the mind, no degree of criminality is attachable to disbelief ; and that they only are reprehensible who neglect to remove the false medium through which their mind views any subject of discussion. Every reflecting mind must acknowledge that there is no proof of the existence of a Deity.

God is an hypothesis, and, as such, stands in need of proof : the *onus probandi* rests on the theist. Sir Isaac Newton says : *Hypotheses non fingo, quicquid enim ex phaenomenis non deducitur hypothesis vocanda est, et hypotheses vel metaphysicae, vel physicae, vel qualitatum occultarum, seu mechanicae, in philosophia locum non habent.* To all proofs of the existence of a creative God apply this valuable rule. We see a variety of bodies possessing a variety of powers : we merely know their effects ; we are in a state of ignorance with respect to their essences and causes. These Newton calls the phenomena of things ; but the pride of philosophy is unwilling to admit its ignorance of their causes. From the phenomena, which are the objects of our senses, we attempt to infer a cause, which we call God, and gratuitously endow it with all negative and contradictory qualities. From this hypothesis we invent this general name, to conceal our ignorance of causes and essences. The being called God by no means answers with the conditions prescribed by Newton ; it bears every mark of a veil woven by philosophical conceit, to hide the ignorance of philosophers even from themselves. They borrow the threads of its texture from the anthropomorphism of the vulgar. Words have been used by sophists for the same purposes, from the occult qualities of the peripatetics to the *effluvium* of Boyle and the *crinities* or *nebulae* of Herschel. God is represented as infinite, eternal, incomprehensible ; He is contained under every *predicate in non* that the logic of ignorance could fabricate. Even His worshippers allow that it is impossible to form any idea of Him ; they exclaim with the French poet,

*Pour dire ce qu'il est, il faut être lui-même.*

Lord Bacon says that atheism leaves to man reason, philosophy, natural piety, laws, reputation, and everything that can serve to conduct him to virtue ; but superstition destroys all these, and erects itself into a tyranny over the understandings of men : hence atheism never disturbs the government, but renders man more clear-sighted, since he sees nothing beyond the boundaries of the present life.—Bacon's *Moral Essays*.

La première théologie de l'homme lui fit d'abord craindre et adorer les éléments même, des objets matériels et grossiers ; il rendit ensuite ses hommages à des agents présidant aux éléments, à des génies inférieurs, à des héros, ou à des hommes doués de grandes qualités, A force de réfléchir il crut simplifier les choses en soumettant la nature entière à un seul agent, à un esprit, à une âme universelle, qui mettait cette nature et ses parties en mouvement. En remontant de causes en causes, les mortels ont fini par ne rien voir ; et c'est dans cette obscurité qu'ils ont placé leur Dieu ; c'est dans cet abîme ténébreux que

leur imagination inquiète travaille toujours à se fabriquer des chimères, qui les affligeront jusqu'à ce que la connaissance de la nature les détrompe des fantômes qu'ils ont toujours si vainement adorés.

Si nous voulons nous rendre compte de nos idées sur la Divinité, nous serons obligés de convenir que, par le mot *Dieu*, les hommes n'ont jamais pu désigner que la cause la plus cachée, la plus éloignée, la plus inconnue des effets qu'ils voyaient : ils ne font usage de ce mot, que lorsque le jeu des causes naturelles et connues cesse d'être visible pour eux ; dès qu'ils perdent le fil de ces causes, ou dès que leur esprit ne peut plus en suivre la chaîne, ils tranchent leur difficulté, et terminent leurs recherches en appelant Dieu la dernière des causes, c'est-à-dire celle qui est au-delà de toutes les causes qu'ils connaissent ; ainsi ils ne font qu'assigner une dénomination vague à une cause ignorée, à laquelle leur paresse ou les bornes de leurs connaissances les forcent de s'arrêter. Toutes les fois qu'on nous dit que Dieu est l'auteur de quelque phénomène, cela signifie qu'on ignore comment un tel phénomène a pu s'opérer par le secours des forces ou des causes que nous connaissons dans la nature. C'est ainsi que le commun des hommes, dont l'ignorance est le partage, attribue à la Divinité non seulement les effets inusités qui les frappent, mais encore les évènements les plus simples, dont les causes sont les plus faciles à connaître pour quiconque a pu les méditer. En un mot, l'homme a toujours respecté les causes inconnues des effets surprenans, que son ignorance l'empêchait de démêler. Ce fut sur les débris de la nature que les hommes élevèrent le colosse imaginaire de la Divinité.

Si l'ignorance de la nature donna la naissance aux dieux, la connaissance de la nature est faite pour les détruire. A mesure que l'homme s'instruit, ses forces et ses ressources augmentent avec ses lumières ; les sciences, les arts conservateurs, l'industrie, lui fournissent des secours ; l'expérience le rassure ou lui procure des moyens de résister aux efforts de bien des causes qui cessent de l'alarmer dès qu'il les a connues. En un mot, ses terreurs se dissipent dans la même proportion que son esprit s'éclaire. L'homme instruit cesse d'être superstitieux.

Ce n'est jamais que sur parole que des peuples entiers adorent le Dieu de leurs pères et de leurs prêtres : l'autorité, la confiance, la soumission, et l'habitude leur tiennent lieu de conviction et de preuves ; ils se prosternent et prient, parce que leurs pères leur ont appris à se prosterner et prier : mais pourquoi ceux-ci se sont-ils mis à genoux ? C'est que dans les temps éloignés leurs législateurs et leurs guides leur en ont fait un devoir. "Adorez et croyez," ont-ils dit, "des dieux que vous ne pouvez comprendre ; rapportez-vous-en à notre sagesse profonde ; nous en savons plus que vous sur la divinité." Mais pourquoi m'en rapporterais-je à vous ? C'est que Dieu le veut ainsi, c'est que Dieu vous punira si vous osez résister. Mais ce Dieu n'est-il donc pas la chose en question ? Cependant les hommes se sont toujours payés de ce cercle vicieux ; la paresse de leur esprit leur fit trouver plus court de s'en rapporter au jugement des autres. Toutes les notions religieuses sont fondées uniquement sur l'autorité ; toutes les religions du monde défendent l'examen et ne veulent pas que l'on raisonne ; c'est l'autorité qui veut qu'on

croie en Dieu ; ce Dieu n'est lui-même fondé que sur l'autorité de quelques hommes qui prétendent le connaître, et venir de sa part pour l'annoncer à la terre. Un Dieu fait par les hommes a sans doute besoin des hommes pour se faire connaître aux hommes.

Ne serait-ce donc que pour des prêtres, des inspirés, des métaphysiciens que serait réservée la conviction de l'existence d'un Dieu, que l'on dit néanmoins si nécessaire à tout le genre humain ? Mais trouvons-nous de l'harmonie entre les opinions théologiques des différens inspirés, ou des penseurs répandus sur la terre ? Ceux même qui font profession d'adorer le même Dieu, sont-ils d'accord sur son compte ? Sont-ils contents des preuves que leurs collègues apportent de son existence ? Souscrivent-ils unanimement aux idées qu'ils présentent sur sa nature, sur sa conduite, sur la façon d'entendre ses prétendus oracles ? Est-il une contrée sur la terre où la science de Dieu se soit réellement perfectionnée ? A-t-elle pris quelque part la consistance et l'uniformité que nous voyons prendre aux connaissances humaines, aux arts les plus futiles, aux métiers les plus méprisés ? Ces mots d'*esprit*, d'*immatérialité*, de *création*, de *prédestination*, de *grâce* ; cette foule de distinctions subtiles dont la théologie s'est partout remplie dans quelques pays, ces inventions si ingénieuses, imaginées par des penseurs qui se sont succédés depuis tant de siècles, n'ont fait, hélas ! qu'embrouiller les choses, et jamais la science la plus nécessaire aux hommes n'a jusqu'ici pu acquérir la moindre fixité. Depuis des milliers d'années ces rêveurs oisifs se sont perpétuellement relayés pour méditer la Divinité, pour deviner ses voies cachées, pour inventer des hypothèses propres à développer cette énigme importante. Leur peu de succès n'a point découragé la vanité théologique ; toujours on a parlé de Dieu : on s'est égorgé pour lui, et cet être sublime demeure toujours le plus ignoré et le plus discuté.

Les hommes auraient été trop heureux, si, se bornant aux objets visibles qui les intéressent, ils eussent employé à perfectionner leurs sciences réelles, leurs loix, leur morale, leur éducation, la moitié des efforts qu'ils ont mis dans leurs recherches sur la Divinité. Ils auraient été bien plus sages encore, et plus fortunés, s'ils eussent pu consentir à laisser leurs guides désœuvres se quereller entre eux, et sonder des profondeurs capables de les étourdir, sans se mêler de leurs disputes insensées. Mais il est de l'essence de l'ignorance d'attacher de l'importance à ce qu'elle ne comprend pas. La vanité humaine fait que l'esprit se roidit contre des difficultés. Plus un objet se dérobe à nos yeux, plus nous faisons d'efforts pour le saisir, parce que dès-lors il aiguillonne notre orgueil, il excite notre curiosité, il nous paraît intéressant. En combattant pour son Dieu chacun ne combattit en effet que pour les intérêts de sa propre vanité, qui de toutes les passions produites par la mal-organisation de la société est la plus prompte à s'alarmer, et la plus propre à produire de très grandes folies.

Si écartant pour un moment les idées fâcheuses que la théologie nous donne d'un Dieu capricieux, dont les décrets partiels et despotiques décident du sort des humains, nous ne voulons fixer nos yeux que sur la bonté prétendue, que tous les hommes, même en tremblant devant ce Dieu, s'accordent à lui donner ; si nous lui supposons le projet qu'on lui prête de n'avoir travaillé que

pour sa propre gloire, d'exiger les hommages des êtres intelligens ; de ne chercher dans ses œuvres que le bien-être du genre humain : comment concilier ces vues et ces dispositions avec l'ignorance vraiment invincible dans laquelle ce Dieu, si glorieux et si bon, laisse la plupart des hommes sur son compte ? Si Dieu veut être connu, chéri, remercié, que ne se montre-t-il sous des traits favorables à tous ces êtres intelligens dont il veut être aimé et adoré ? Pourquoi ne point se manifester à toute la terre d'une façon non équivoque, bien plus capable de nous convaincre que ces révélations particulières qui semblent accuser la Divinité d'une partialité fâcheuse pour quelques-unes de ses créatures ? Le tout-puissant n'auroit-il donc pas des moyens plus convainquans de se montrer aux hommes que ces métamorphoses ridicules, ces incarnations prétendues, qui nous sont attestées par des écrivains si peu d'accord entre eux dans les récits qu'ils en font ? Au lieu de tant de miracles, inventés pour prouver la mission divine de tant de législateurs révévés par les différens peuples du monde, le souverain des esprits ne pouvait-il pas convaincre tout d'un coup l'esprit humain des choses qu'il a voulu lui faire connaître ? Au lieu de suspendre un soleil dans la voûte du firmament ; au lieu de répandre sans ordre les étoiles et les constellations qui remplissent l'espace, n'eût-il pas été plus conforme aux vues d'un Dieu si jaloux de sa gloire et si bien-intentionné pour l'homme d'écrire, d'une façon non sujette à dispute, son nom, ses attributs, ses volontés permanentes en caractères ineffaçables, et lisibles également pour tous les habitans de la terre. Personne alors n'aurait pu douter de l'existence d'un Dieu, de ses volontés claires, de ses intentions visibles. Sous les yeux de ce Dieu si terrible, personne n'aurait eu l'audace de violer ses ordonnances ; nul mortel n'eût osé se mettre dans le cas d'attirer sa colère : enfin nul homme n'eût le front d'en imposer en son nom, ou d'interpréter ses volontés suivant ses propres fantaisies.

En effet, quand même on admettrait l'existence du Dieu théologique et la réalité des attributs si discordans qu'on lui donne, l'on n'en peut rien conclure, pour autoriser la conduite ou les cultes qu'on prescrit de lui rendre. La théologie est vraiment *le tonneau des Danaïdes*. A force de qualités contradictoires et d'assertions hasardées, elle a, pour ainsi dire, tellement garrotté son Dieu qu'elle l'a mis dans l'impossibilité d'agir. S'il est infiniment bon, quelle raison aurions-nous de la craindre ? S'il est infiniment sage, de quoi nous inquiéter sur notre sort ? S'il sait tout, pourquoi l'avertir de nos besoins, et le fatiguer de nos prières ? S'il est partout, pourquoi lui élever des temples ? S'il est maître de tout, pourquoi lui faire des sacrifices et des offrandes ? S'il est juste, comment croire qu'il punisse des créatures qu'il a rempli de faiblesses ? Si la grâce fait tout en elles, quelle raison aurait-il de les récompenser ? S'il est tout-puissant, comment l'offenser, comment lui résister ? S'il est raisonnable, comment se mettrait-il en colère contre des aveugles, à qui il a laissé la liberté de déraisonner ? S'il est immuable, de quel droit prétendrions-nous faire changer ses décrets ? S'il est inconcevable, pourquoi nous en occuper ? S'IL A PARLÉ, POURQUOI L'UNIVERS N'EST-IL PAS CONVAINCU ? Si la connaissance d'un Dieu est la plus nécessaire, pourquoi

n'est-elle pas la plus évidente et la plus claire ?—*Système de la Nature*. London, 1781.

The enlightened and benevolent Pliny thus publicly professes himself an atheist:—Quapropter effigiem Dei formamque quaerere imbecillitatis humanae reor. Quisquis est Deus (si modo est alius) et quacunque in parte, totus est sensus, totus est visus, totus auditus, totus animae, totus animi, totus sui. . . . Imperfectae vero in homine naturae praecipua solatia ne deum quidem posse omnia. Namque nec sibi potest mortem consciscere, si velit, quod homini dedit optimum in tantis vitae poenis: nec mortales aeternitate donare, aut revocare defunctos; nec facere ut qui vixit non vixerit, qui honores gessit non gesserit, nullumque habere in praeteritum ius, praeterquam oblivionis, atque (ut facetis quoque argumentis societas haec cum deo copuletur) ut bis dena viginti non sint, et multa similiter efficere non posse.—Per quae declaratur haud dubie naturae potentiam id quoque esse quod Deum vocamus.—*Plin. Nat. Hist.* cap. de Deo.

The consistent Newtonian is necessarily an atheist. See Sir W. Drummond's *Academical Questions*, chap. iii.—Sir W. seems to consider the atheism to which it leads as a sufficient presumption of the falsehood of the system of gravitation; but surely it is more consistent with the good faith of philosophy to admit a deduction from facts than an hypothesis incapable of proof, although it might militate with the obstinate preconceptions of the mob. Had this author, instead of inveighing against the guilt and absurdity of atheism, demonstrated its falsehood, his conduct would have been more suited to the modesty of the sceptic and the toleration of the philosopher.

Omnia enim per Dei potentiam facta sunt: imo quia naturae potentia nulla est nisi ipsa Dei potentia. Certum est nos eatenus Dei potentiam non intelligere, quatenus causas naturales ignoramus; adeoque stulte ad eandem Dei potentiam recurritur, quando rei alicuius causam naturalem, sive est, ipsam Dei potentiam ignoramus.—*Spinoza, Tract. Theologico-Pol.* chap. i. p. 14.

VII. p. 97:—

*Ahasuerus, rise*

“Ahasuerus the Jew crept forth from the dark cave of Mount Carmel. Near two thousand years have elapsed since he was first goaded by never-ending restlessness to rove the globe from pole to pole. When our Lord was wearied with the burthen of His ponderous cross, and wanted to rest before the door of Ahasuerus, the unfeeling wretch drove Him away with brutality. The Saviour of mankind staggered, sinking under the heavy load, but uttered no complaint. An angel of death appeared before Ahasuerus, and exclaimed indignantly, ‘Barbarian! thou hast denied rest to the Son of man: be it denied thee also, until He comes to judge the world.’

“A black demon, let loose from hell upon Ahasuerus, goads him now from country to country; he is denied the consolation which death affords, and precluded from the rest of the peaceful grave.

“ Ahasuerus crept forth from the dark cave of Mount Carmel—he shook the dust from his beard—and taking up one of the skulls heaped there, hurled it down the eminence: it rebounded from the earth in shivered atoms. ‘This was my father!’ roared Ahasuerus. Seven more skulls rolled down from rock to rock; while the infuriate Jew, following them with ghastly looks, exclaimed—‘And these were my wives!’ He still continued to hurl down skull after skull, roaring in dreadful accents—‘And these, and these, and these were my children! They *could* die; but I! reprobate wretch! alas! I cannot die! Dreadful beyond conception is the judgement that hangs over me. Jerusalem fell—I crushed the sucking babe, and precipitated myself into the destructive flames. I cursed the Romans—but, alas! alas! the restless curse held me by the hair,—and I could not die!

“ ‘Rome the giantess fell—I placed myself before the falling statue—she fell and did not crush me. Nations sprang up and disappeared before me;—but I remained and did not die. From cloud-encircled cliffs did I precipitate myself into the ocean; but the foaming billows cast me upon the shore, and the burning arrow of existence pierced my cold heart again. I leaped into Etna’s flaming abyss, and roared with the giants for ten long months, polluting with my groans the Mount’s sulphureous mouth—ah! ten long months. The volcano fermented, and in a fiery stream of lava cast me up. I lay torn by the torture-snakes of hell amid the glowing cinders, and yet continued to exist,—A forest was on fire: I darted on wings of fury and despair into the crackling wood. Fire dropped upon me from the trees, but the flames only singed my limbs; alas! it could not consume them.—I now mixed with the butchers of mankind, and plunged in the tempest of the raging battle. I roared defiance to the infuriate Gaul, defiance to the victorious German; but arrows and spears rebounded in shivers from my body. The Saracen’s flaming sword broke upon my skull: balls in vain hissed upon me: the lightnings of battle glared harmless around my loins: in vain did the elephant trample on me, in vain the iron hoof of the wrathful steed! The mine, big with destructive power, burst upon me, and hurled me high in the air—I fell on heaps of smoking limbs, but was only singed. The giant’s steel club rebounded from my body; the executioner’s hand could not strangle me, the tiger’s tooth could not pierce me, nor would the hungry lion in the circus devour me. I cohabited with poisonous snakes, and pinched the red crest of the dragon.—The serpent stung, but could not destroy me. The dragon tormented, but dared not to devour me.—I now provoked the fury of tyrants: I said to Nero, ‘Thou art a bloodhound!’ I said to Christiern, ‘Thou art a bloodhound!’ I said to Muley Ismail, ‘Thou art a bloodhound!’—The tyrants invented cruel torments, but did not kill me.—Ha! not to be able to die—not to be able to die—not to be permitted to rest after the toils of life—to be doomed to be imprisoned for ever in the clay-formed dungeon—to be for ever clogged with this worthless body, its load of diseases and infirmities—to be condemned to [be]hold for millenniums that yawning monster Sameness, and Time, that hungry hyæna, ever bearing children, and ever devouring again her offspring!—Ha!

not to be permitted to die! Awful Avenger in Heaven, hast Thou in Thine armoury of wrath a punishment more dreadful? then let it thunder upon me, command a hurricane to sweep me down to the foot of Carmel, that I there may lie extended; may pant, and writhe, and die!"

This fragment is the translation of part of some German work, whose title I have vainly endeavoured to discover. I picked it up, dirty and torn, some years ago, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

VII. p. 99:—

*I will beget a Son, and He shall bear  
The sins of all the world.*

A book is put into our hands when children, called the Bible, the purport of whose history is briefly this: That God made the earth in six days, and there planted a delightful garden, in which He placed the first pair of human beings. In the midst of the garden He planted a tree, whose fruit, although within their reach, they were forbidden to touch. That the Devil, in the shape of a snake, persuaded them to eat of this fruit; in consequence of which God condemned both them and their posterity yet unborn to satisfy His justice by their eternal misery. That, four thousand years after these events (the human race in the meanwhile having gone unredeemed to perdition), God engendered with the betrothed wife of a carpenter in Judea (whose virginity was nevertheless uninjured), and begat a son, whose name was Jesus Christ; and who was crucified and died, in order that no more men might be devoted to hell-fire, He bearing the burthen of His Father's displeasure by proxy. The book states, in addition, that the soul of whoever disbelieves this sacrifice will be burned with everlasting fire.

During many ages of misery and darkness this story gained implicit belief; but at length men arose who suspected that it was a fable and imposture, and that Jesus Christ, so far from being a God, was only a man like themselves. But a numerous set of men, who derived and still derive immense emoluments from this opinion, in the shape of a popular belief, told the vulgar that if they did not believe in the Bible they would be damned to all eternity; and burned, imprisoned, and poisoned all the unbiassed and unconnected inquirers who occasionally arose. They still oppress them, so far as the people, now become more enlightened, will allow.

The belief in all that the Bible contains is called Christianity. A Roman governor of Judea, at the instance of a priest-led mob, crucified a man called Jesus eighteen centuries ago. He was a man of pure life, who desired to rescue his countrymen from the tyranny of their barbarous and degrading superstitions. The common fate of all who desire to benefit mankind awaited him. The rabble, at the instigation of the priests, demanded his death, although his very judge made public acknowledgement of his innocence. Jesus was sacrificed to the honour of that God with whom he was afterwards confounded. It is of importance, therefore, to distinguish between the pretended character of this being as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world, and his real

character as a man, who, for a vain attempt to reform the world, paid the forfeit of his life to that overbearing tyranny which has since so long desolated the universe in his name. Whilst the one is a hypocritical Daemon, who announces Himself as the God of compassion and peace, even whilst He stretches forth His blood-red hand with the sword of discord to waste the earth, having confessedly devised this scheme of desolation from eternity; the other stands in the foremost list of those true heroes who have died in the glorious martyrdom of liberty, and have braved torture, contempt, and poverty in the cause of suffering humanity.\*

The vulgar, ever in extremes, became persuaded that the crucifixion of Jesus was a supernatural event. Testimonies of miracles, so frequent in unenlightened ages, were not wanting to prove that he was something divine. This belief, rolling through the lapse of ages, met with the reveries of Plato, and the reasonings of Aristotle, and acquired force and extent, until the divinity of Jesus became a dogma, which to dispute was death, which to doubt was infamy.

*Christianity* is now the established religion: he who attempts to impugn it must be contented to behold murderers and traitors take precedence of him in public opinion; though, if his genius be equal to his courage, and assisted by a peculiar coalition of circumstances, future ages may exalt him to a divinity, and persecute others in his name, as he was persecuted in the name of his predecessor in the homage of the world.

The same means that have supported every other popular belief have supported Christianity. War, imprisonment, assassination, and falsehood: deeds of unexampled and incomparable atrocity have made it what it is. The blood shed by the votaries of the God of mercy and peace, since the establishment of His religion, would probably suffice to drown all other sectaries now on the habitable globe. We derive from our ancestors a faith thus fostered and supported: we quarrel, persecute, and hate for its maintenance. Even under a government which, whilst it infringes the very right of thought and speech, boasts of permitting the liberty of the press, a man is pilloried and imprisoned because he is a deist, and no one raises his voice in the indignation of outraged humanity. But it is ever a proof that the falsehood of a proposition is felt by those who use coercion, not reasoning, to procure its admission; and a dispassionate observer would feel himself more powerfully interested in favour of a man who, depending on the truth of his opinions, simply stated his reasons for entertaining them, than in that of his aggressor who, daringly avowing his unwillingness or incapacity to answer them by argument, proceeded to repress the energies and break the spirit of their promulgator by that torture and imprisonment whose infliction he could command.

Analogy seems to favour the opinion that as, like other systems, Christianity has arisen and augmented, so like them it will decay and perish; that as violence, darkness, and deceit, not reasoning and persuasion, have procured its admission among mankind,

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\* Since writing this note I have some reason to suspect that Jesus was an ambitious man, who aspired to the throne of Judea.

so, when enthusiasm has subsided, and time, that infallible controverter of false opinions, has involved its pretended evidences in the darkness of antiquity, it will become obsolete; that Milton's poem alone will give permanency to the remembrance of its absurdities; and that men will laugh as heartily at grace, faith, redemption, and original sin, as they now do at the metamorphoses of Jupiter, the miracles of Romish saints, the efficacy of witchcraft, and the appearance of departed spirits.

Had the Christian religion commenced and continued by the mere force of reasoning and persuasion, the preceding analogy would be inadmissible. We should never speculate on the future obsolescence of a system perfectly conformable to nature and reason: it would endure so long as they endured; it would be a truth as indisputable as the light of the sun, the criminality of murder, and other facts, whose evidence, depending on our organization and relative situations, must remain acknowledged as satisfactory so long as man is man. It is an incontrovertible fact, the consideration of which ought to repress the hasty conclusions of credulity, or moderate its obstinacy in maintaining them, that, had the Jews not been a fanatical race of men, had even the resolution of Pontius Pilate been equal to his candour, the Christian religion never could have prevailed, it could not even have existed: on so feeble a thread hangs the most cherished opinion of a sixth of the human race! When will the vulgar learn humility? When will the pride of ignorance blush at having believed before it could comprehend?

Either the Christian religion is true, or it is false: if true, it comes from God, and its authenticity can admit of doubt and dispute no further than its omnipotent author is willing to allow. Either the power or the goodness of God is called in question, if He leaves those doctrines most essential to the well-being of man in doubt and dispute; the only ones which, since their promulgation, have been the subject of unceasing cavil, the cause of irreconcilable hatred. *If God has spoken, why is the universe not convinced?*

There is this passage in the Christian Scriptures: "Those who obey not God, and believe not the Gospel of his Son, shall be punished with everlasting destruction." This is the pivot upon which all religions turn: they all assume that it is in our power to believe or not to believe; whereas the mind can only believe that which it thinks true. A human being can only be supposed accountable for those actions which are influenced by his will. But belief is utterly distinct from and unconnected with volition: it is the apprehension of the agreement or disagreement of the ideas that compose any proposition. Belief is a passion, or involuntary operation of the mind, and, like other passions, its intensity is precisely proportionate to the degrees of excitement. Volition is essential to merit or demerit. But the Christian religion attaches the highest possible degrees of merit and demerit to that which is worthy of neither, and which is totally unconnected with the peculiar faculty of the mind, whose presence is essential to their being.

Christianity was intended to reform the world: had an all-wise Being planned it, nothing is more improbable than that it should have failed: omniscience would infallibly have foreseen

the inutility of a scheme which experience demonstrates, to this age, to have been utterly unsuccessful.

Christianity inculcates the necessity of supplicating the Deity. Prayer may be considered under two points of view;—as an endeavour to change the intentions of God, or as a formal testimony of our obedience. But the former case supposes that the caprices of a limited intelligence can occasionally instruct the Creator of the world how to regulate the universe; and the latter, a certain degree of servility analogous to the loyalty demanded by earthly tyrants. Obedience indeed is only the pitiful and cowardly egotism of him who thinks that he can do something better than reason.

Christianity, like all other religions, rests upon miracles, prophecies, and martyrdoms. No religion ever existed which had not its prophets, its attested miracles, and, above all, crowds of devotees who would bear patiently the most horrible tortures to prove its authenticity. It should appear that in no case can a discriminating mind subscribe to the genuineness of a miracle. A miracle is an infraction of nature's law, by a supernatural cause; by a cause acting beyond that eternal circle within which all things are included. God breaks through the law of nature, that He may convince mankind of the truth of that revelation which, in spite of His precautions, has been, since its introduction, the subject of unceasing schism and cavil.

Miracles resolve themselves into the following question\* :—Whether it is more probable the laws of nature, hitherto so immutably harmonious, should have undergone violation, or that a man should have told a lie? Whether it is more probable that we are ignorant of the natural cause of an event, or that we know the supernatural one? That, in old times, when the powers of nature were less known than at present, a certain set of men were themselves deceived, or had some hidden motive for deceiving others; or that God begat a Son, who, in His legislation, measuring merit by belief, evidenced Himself to be totally ignorant of the powers of the human mind—of what is voluntary, and what is the contrary?

We have many instances of men telling lies;—none of an infraction of nature's laws, those laws of whose government alone we have any knowledge or experience. The records of all nations afford innumerable instances of men deceiving others either from vanity or interest, or themselves being deceived by the limitedness of their views and their ignorance of natural causes: but where is the accredited case of God having come upon earth, to give the lie to His own creations? There would be something truly wonderful in the appearance of a ghost; but the assertion of a child that he saw one as he passed through the churchyard is universally admitted to be less miraculous.

But even supposing that a man should raise a dead body to life before our eyes, and on this fact rest his claim to being considered the son of God;—the Humane Society restores drowned persons, and because it makes no mystery of the method it employs, its members are not mistaken for the sons of God. All that we have a right to infer from our ignorance of the cause

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\* See Hume's *Essay*, vol. ii. p. 121.

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 occurrence ; 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 life \* : 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.

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

Miracles cannot be received as testimonies of a disputed fact, because all human testimony has ever been insufficient to establish the possibility 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, inuptaque 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. p. 106 :—

*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 number 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 generalise 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 impassioned 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. p. 106 :—

*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 pestilence,  
 Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking 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 satis-

factorily 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 \*) 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 concomitant 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 grave.” †

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

† *Return to Nature.* Cadell, 1811.

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, 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 recommends, 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 exists.\* 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 overcome; 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 deprivation 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 inventions †), for the animals drink it too; not the earth we tread upon; not the unobscured

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

† 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 un-

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 experiment 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, cheerfulness and benignity ? Though history has

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natural, but that the unperverted palate would swallow no liquid capable of occasioning disease.

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 destroyer.\* 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.

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

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\* Lambe's *Reports on Cancer*.

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 essay.\*

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 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 carcass 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 supernumerary 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,

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

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 rivalry, 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 organised 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 lighter \* 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

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\* 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.

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 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 Trotter\* 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 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

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\* See Trotter on the Nervous Temperament.

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 a source 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 playfulness.\* The most valuable 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 ἰσχύρια καταλιπόντες ἐκείνους οὐδέν· ἐκείνοις μὲν γὰρ ὁ φόνος τροφή, ὑμῖν δὲ ὄψον ἐστίν. . . . Ὅτι γὰρ οὐκ ἔστιν ἀνθρώπων κατὰ φύσιν τὸ σαρκοφαγεῖν, πρῶτον μὲν ἀπὸ τῶν σωματίων δηλοῦται τῆς κατα-

\* 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 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.

σκευῆς. Οὐδενὶ γὰρ ἔοικε τὸ ἀνθρώπου σῶμα τῶν ἐπὶ σαρκοφαγία γεγονότων, οὐ γρυπότης χεῖλους, οὐκ ὀξύτης δυνυχος, οὐ τραχύτης ὀδόντος πρόσεστιν, οὐ κοιλίας εὐτονία καὶ πνεύματος θερμότης, τρέψαι καὶ κατεργάσασθαι δυνατὴ τὸ βαρὺ καὶ κρεῶδες· ἀλλ' αὐτόθεν ἡ φύσις τῇ λειότητι γῶν ὀδόντων καὶ τῇ σμικρότητι τοῦ στόματος καὶ τῇ μαλακότητι τῆς γλώσσης καὶ τῇ 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 χρῆσάμενος κοπίδι μῆδὲ τυμπάνῳ τιμὴ μῆδὲ πελέκει· ἀλλὰ, ὡς λύκοι καὶ ἄρκτοι καὶ λέοντες αὐτοὶ ὅσα ἐσθίουσι φονεύουσιν, ἄνελε δῆγματι βοῦν ἢ στόματι σὺν, ἢ ἄρνα ἢ λαγῶν διαρρηξον καὶ φάγε προσπεσῶν ἔτι ζῶντος, ὡς ἐκεῖνα. . . . Ἡμεῖς δ' οὕτως ἐν τῷ μαιφόνῳ τρυφῶμεν, ὥστ' ὄψων 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 προσapéντων ἔργον ἐστὶ τὴν πέψιν κρατῆσαι, καὶ διακρατηθείσης δὲ δεινὰς βαρύτητας ἐμποιεῖ καὶ νοσώδεις ἀπεισίας. . . . Οὕτω τὸ πρῶτον ἄγριόν τι ζῶν ἐβρώθη καὶ κακοῦργον, εἴτ' ὄρνις τις ἢ ἰχθὺς εἴλκυστο· καὶ γευσάμενον οὕτω καὶ προμελετήσαν ἐν ἐκείνοις τὸ φονικὸν ἐπὶ βοῦν ἐργάτην ἦλθε καὶ τὸ κόσμιον πρόβατον καὶ τὸν οἰκουρὸν ἀλεκτρύονα· καὶ κατὰ μικρὸν οὕτω τὴν ἀπληστίαν στομώσαντες ἐπὶ σφαγὰς ἀνθρώπων καὶ πολέμους καὶ φόνους προῆλθον.—Πλούτ. περὶ τῆς Σαρκοφαγίας.

### III. The Poet's Assertion

1813-1816

#### ON DEATH

[Composed early 1813? Publ. 1816.]

THERE IS NO WORK, NOR DEVICE, NOR KNOWLEDGE, NOR WISDOM, IN THE GRAVE, WHITHER THOU GOEST.—*Ecclesiastes.*

THE pale, the cold, and the moony smile  
Which the meteor beam of a starless night  
Sheds on a lonely and sea-girt isle,  
Ere the dawning of morn's undoubted light,  
Is the flame of life so fickle and wan  
That flits round our steps till their strength is gone.

O man! hold thee on in courage of soul  
Through the stormy shades of thy worldly way,  
And the billows of cloud that around thee roll  
Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day,  
Where Hell and Heaven shall leave thee free  
To the universe of destiny.

This world is the nurse of all we know,  
This world is the mother of all we feel,  
And the coming of death is a fearful blow  
To a brain unencompassed with nerves of steel;  
When all that we know, or feel, or see,  
Shall pass like an unreal mystery.

The secret things of the grave are there,  
Where all but this frame must surely be,  
Though the fine-wrought eye and the wondrous ear  
No longer will live to hear or to see  
All that is great and all that is strange  
In the boundless realm of unending change.

Who telleth a tale of unspeaking death?  
 Who lifteth the veil of what is to come?  
 Who painteth the shadows that are beneath  
 The wide-winding caves of the peopled tomb?  
 Or uniteth the hopes of what shall be  
 With the fears and the love for that which we see?

## MUTABILITY

[Publ. 1816.]

WE are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;  
 How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,  
 Streaking the darkness radiantly!—yet soon  
 Night closes round, and they are lost for ever;

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings  
 Give various response to each varying blast,  
 To whose frail frame no second motion brings  
 One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest.—A dream has power to poison sleep;  
 We rise.—One wandering thought pollutes the day;  
 We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;  
 Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away:

It is the same!—For, be it joy or sorrow,  
 The path of its departure still is free:  
 Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;  
 Nought may endure but Mutability.

## EVENING

TO HARRIET

[July 31, 1813. Publ. 1886.]

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  
 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?  
 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 happiness.

### TO IANTHE

[September, 1831. Publ. 1886.]

I LOVE thee, Baby! for thine own sweet sake;  
 Those azure eyes, that faintly dimpled 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  
 Thy mother folds thee to her wakeful 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,  
 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 loveliness.

### AT BRACKNELL

[March, 1814. Publ. 1858.]

#### I

THY dewy looks sink in my breast;  
 Thy gentle words stir poison there;  
 Thou hast disturbed the only rest  
 That was the portion of despair!  
 Subdued to Duty's hard control,  
 I could have borne my wayward lot:  
 The chains that bind this ruined soul  
 Had cankered then—but crushed it not.

#### II

#### STANZAS

[April, 1814. Publ. 1816.]

Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon,  
 Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even:  
 Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,  
 And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of  
 Heaven.

Pause not! The time is past! Every voice cries, Away!  
Tempt not with one last tear thy friend's ungentle mood:  
Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat thy  
stay;  
Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.

Away, away! to thy sad and silent home;  
Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth;  
Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come,  
And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth.

The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall float around thine  
head:  
The blooms of dewy spring shall gleam beneath thy feet:  
But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost that binds  
the dead,  
Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou and  
peace may meet.

The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own repose,  
For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the  
deep:  
Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows;  
Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath its appointed  
sleep.

Thou in the grave shalt rest—yet till the phantoms flee  
Which that house and heath and garden made dear to  
thee erewhile,  
Thy remembrance, and repentance, and deep musings are  
not free  
From the music of two voices and the light of one sweet  
smile.

## TO HARRIET

[May, 1814. Publ. 1886.]

Thy look of love has power to calm  
The stormiest passion of my soul;  
Thy gentle words are drops of balm  
In life's too bitter bowl;

No grief is mine, but that alone  
These choicest blessings I have known.

Harriet! if all who long to live  
In the warm sunshine of thine eye,  
That price beyond all pain must give,—  
Beneath thy scorn to die;  
Then hear thy chosen own too late  
His heart most worthy of thy hate.

Be thou, then, one among mankind  
Whose heart is harder not for state,  
Thou only virtuous, gentle, kind,  
Amid a world of hate;  
And by a slight endurance seal  
A fellow-being's lasting weal.

For pale with anguish is his cheek,  
His breath comes fast, his eyes are dim,  
Thy name is struggling ere he speak,  
Weak is each trembling limb;  
In mercy let him not endure  
The misery of a fatal cure.

Oh, trust for once no erring guide!  
Bid the remorseless feeling flee;  
'Tis malice, 'tis revenge, 'tis pride,  
'Tis anything but thee;  
Oh, deign a nobler pride to prove,  
And pity if thou canst not love.

### TO [HARRIET]

[1814. Publ. 1839, 2nd Ed.]

YET look on me—take not thine eyes away,  
Which feed upon the love within mine own,  
Which is indeed but the reflected ray  
Of thine own beauty from my spirit thrown.  
Yet speak to me—thy voice is as the tone  
Of my heart's echo, and I think I hear  
That thou yet lovest me; yet thou alone  
Like one before a mirror, without care  
Of aught but thine own features, imaged there;  
And yet I wear out life in watching thee;  
A toil so sweet at times, and thou indeed  
Art kind when I am sick, and pity me. . . .

## TO MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN

[June, 1814. Publ. 1824. The text is that of 1839.]

## I

MINE eyes were dim with tears unshed ;  
 Yes, I was firm—thus wert not thou ;—  
 My baffled looks did fear yet dread  
 To meet thy looks—I could not know  
 How anxiously they sought to shine  
 With soothing pity upon mine.

## II

To sit and curb the soul's mute rage  
 Which preys upon itself alone ;  
 To curse the life which is the cage  
 Of fettered grief that dares not groan,  
 Hiding from many a careless eye  
 The scornèd load of agony.

## III

Whilst thou alone, then not regarded,  
 The                    thou alone should be,  
 To spend years thus, and be rewarded,  
 As thou, sweet love, requited me  
 When none were near—Oh ! I did wake  
 From torture for that moment's sake.

## IV

Upon my heart thy accents sweet  
 Of peace and pity fell like dew  
 On flowers half dead ;—thy lips did meet  
 Mine tremblingly ; thy dark eyes threw  
 Their soft persuasion on my brain,  
 Charming away its dream of pain.

## V

We are not happy, sweet ! our state  
 Is strange and full of doubt and fear ;  
 More need of words that ill's abate ;—  
 Reserve or censure come not near  
 Our sacred friendship, lest there be  
 No solace left for thee and me.

## VI

Gentle and good and mild thou art,  
 Nor can I live if thou appear  
 Aught but thyself, or turn thine heart  
 Away from me, or stoop to wear  
 The mask of scorn, although it be  
 To hide the love thou feel'st for me.

TO——

[Publ. 1816.]

ΔΑΚΡΥΣΙ ΔΙΟΙΣΩ ΠΟΤΜΟΝ 'ΑΠΟΤΜΟΝ

OH! there are spirits of the air,  
 And genii of the evening breeze,  
 And gentle ghosts, with eyes as fair  
 As star-beams among twilight trees :—  
 Such lovely ministers to meet  
 Oft hast thou turned from men thy lonely feet

With mountain winds, and babbling springs,  
 And moonlit seas, that are the voice  
 Of these inexplicable things,  
 Thou didst hold commune, and rejoice  
 When they did answer thee ; but they  
 Cast, like a worthless boon, thy love away.

And thou hast sought in starry eyes  
 Beams that were never meant for thine,  
 Another's wealth :—tame sacrifice  
 To a fond faith ! still dost thou pine ?  
 Still dost thou hope that greeting hands,  
 Voice, looks, or lips, may answer thy demands ?

Ah ! wherefore didst thou build thine hope  
 On the false earth's inconstancy ?  
 Did thine own mind afford no scope  
 Of love, or moving thoughts to thee ?  
 That natural scenes or human smiles  
 Could steal the power to wind thee in their wiles ?

Yes, all the faithless smiles are fled  
 Whose falsehood left thee broken-hearted ;  
 The glory of the moon is dead ;  
 Night's ghosts and dreams have now departed ;  
 Thine own soul still is true to thee,  
 But changed to a foul fiend through misery.

This fiend, whose ghastly presence ever  
 Beside thee like thy shadow hangs,  
 Dream not to chase ;—the mad endeavour  
 Would scourge thee to severer pangs.  
 Be as thou art. Thy settled fate,  
 Dark as it is, all change would aggravate.

## A SUMMER EVENING CHURCHYARD

LECHLADE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

[Comp. September, 1815. Publ. 1816.]

THE wind has swept from the wide atmosphere  
Each vapour that obscured the sunset's ray ;  
And pallid Evening twines its beaming hair  
In dusker braids around the languid eyes of Day :  
Silence and Twilight, unbeloved of men,  
Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

They breathe their spells towards the departing day,  
Encompassing the earth, air, stars, and sea ;  
Light, sound, and motion own the potent sway,  
Responding to the charm with its own mystery.  
The winds are still, or the dry church-tower grass  
Knows not their gentle motions as they pass.

Thou too, æreal Pile ! whose pinnacles  
Point from one shrine like pyramids of fire,  
Obeyest in silence their sweet solemn spells,  
Clothing in hues of heaven thy dim and distant spire,  
Around whose lessening and invisible height  
Gather among the stars the clouds of night.

The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres :  
And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound,  
Half sense, half thought, among the darkness stirs,  
Breathed from their wormy beds all living things around,  
And mingling with the still night and mute sky  
Its awful hush is felt inaudibly.

Thus solemnized and softened, death is mild  
And terrorless as this serenest night :  
Here could I hope, like some inquiring child  
Sporting on graves, that death did hide from human sight  
Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep  
That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep.

## TO WORDSWORTH

[Publ. 1816.]

POET of Nature, thou hast wept to know  
 That things depart which never may return :  
 Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first glow,  
 Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.  
 These common woes I feel. One loss is mine  
 Which thou too feel'st, yet I alone deplore.  
 Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine  
 On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar :  
 Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood  
 Above the blind and battling multitude :  
 In honoured poverty thy voice did weave  
 Songs consecrate to truth and liberty,—  
 Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,  
 Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

FEELINGS OF A REPUBLICAN ON THE FALL  
OF BONAPARTE

[Publ. 1816.]

I HATED thee, fallen tyrant ! I did groan  
 To think that a most unambitious slave,  
 Like thou, shouldst dance and revel on the grave  
 Of Liberty. Thou mightst have built thy throne  
 Where it had stood even now : thou didst prefer  
 A frail and bloody pomp which Time has swept  
 In fragments towards Oblivion. Massacre,  
 For this I prayed, would on thy sleep have crept,  
 Treason and Slavery, Rapine, Fear, and Lust,  
 And stifled thee, their minister. I know  
 Too late, since thou and France are in the dust,  
 That Virtue owns a more eternal foe  
 Than Force or Fraud : old Custom, legal Crime,  
 And bloody Faith the foulest birth of Time.

“NOVEMBER 1815”

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I

THE cold earth slept below,  
 Above the cold sky shone ;  
 And all around, with a chilling sound,  
 From caves of ice and fields of snow,  
 The breath of night like death did flow  
 Beneath the sinking moon.

II

The wintry hedge was black,  
 The green grass was not seen,  
 The birds did rest on the bare thorn's breast,  
 Whose roots, beside the pathway track,  
 Had bound their folds o'er many a crack,  
 Which the frost had made between.

III

Thine eyes glowed in the glare  
 Of the moon's dying light ;  
 As a fen-fire's beam on a sluggish stream  
 Gleams dimly, so the moon shone there,  
 And it yellowed the strings of thy raven hair,  
 That shook in the wind of night.

IV

The moon made thy lips pale, beloved—  
 The wind made thy bosom chill—  
 The night did shed on thy dear head  
 Its frozen dew, and thou didst lie  
 Where the bitter breath of the naked sky  
 Might visit thee at will.

## ALASTOR OR THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE

[Comp. at Bishopsgate, in the autumn of 1815. Publ. March 1816.]

### PREFACE

THE poem entitled *Alastor* may be considered as allegorical of one of the most interesting situations of the human mind. It represents a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and

majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. He drinks deep of the fountains of knowledge, and is still insatiate. The magnificence and beauty of the external world sinks profoundly into the frame of his conceptions, and affords to their modifications a variety not to be exhausted. So long as it is possible for his desires to point towards objects thus infinite and unmeasured, he is joyous, and tranquil, and self-possessed. But the period arrives when these objects cease to suffice. His mind is at length suddenly awakened and thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself. He images to himself the Being whom he loves. Conversant with speculations of the sublimest and most perfect natures, the vision in which he embodies his own imaginations unites all of wonderful, or wise, or beautiful, which the poet, the philosopher, or the lover could depicture. The intellectual faculties, the imagination, the functions of sense, have their respective requisitions on the sympathy of corresponding powers in other human beings. The Poet is represented as uniting these requisitions, and attaching them to a single image. He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception. Blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave.

The picture is not barren of instruction to actual men. The Poet's self-centred seclusion was avenged by the furies of an irresistible passion pursuing him to speedy ruin. But that Power which strikes the luminaries of the world with sudden darkness and extinction, by awakening them to too exquisite a perception of its influences, dooms to a slow and poisonous decay those meaner spirits that dare to abjure its dominion. Their destiny is more abject and inglorious as their delinquency is more contemptible and pernicious. They who, deluded by no generous error, instigated by no sacred thirst of doubtful knowledge, duped by no illustrious superstition, loving nothing on this earth, and cherishing no hopes beyond, yet keep aloof from sympathies with their kind, rejoicing neither in human joy nor mourning with human grief; these, and such as they, have their apportioned curse. They languish, because none feel with them their common nature. They are morally dead. They are neither friends, nor lovers, nor fathers, nor citizens of the world, nor benefactors of their country. Among those who attempt to exist without human sympathy, the pure and tender-hearted perish through the intensity and passion of their search after its communities, when the vacancy of their spirit suddenly

makes itself felt. All else, selfish, blind, and torpid, are those unforeseeing multitudes who constitute, together with their own, the lasting misery and loneliness of the world. Those who love not their fellow-beings live unfruitful lives, and prepare for their old age a miserable grave.

“ The good die first,  
And those whose hearts are dry as summer dust,  
Burn to the socket ! ”

December 14, 1815.

Nondum amabam, et amare amabam, quaerebam quid amarem, amans amare.—*Confess. St August.*

EARTH, ocean, air, belovèd brotherhood !  
If our great Mother has imbued my soul  
With aught of natural piety to feel  
Your love, and recompense the boon with mine ;  
If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even,  
With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,  
And solemn midnight's tingling silentness,  
If autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,  
And winter robing with pure snow and crowns  
Of starry ice the grey grass and bare boughs ;  
If spring's voluptuous pantings when she breathes  
Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to me ;  
If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast  
I consciously have injured, but still loved  
And cherished these my kindred ; then forgive  
This boast, belovèd brethren, and withdraw  
No portion of your wonted favour now !

Mother of this unfathomable world !  
Favour my solemn song, for I have loved  
Thee ever, and thee only ; I have watched  
Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,  
And my heart ever gazes on the depth  
Of thy deep mysteries. I have made my bed  
In charnels and on coffins, where black death  
Keeps record of the trophies won from thee,  
Hoping to still these obstinate questionings  
Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone ghost  
Thy messenger, to render up the tale  
Of what we are. In lone and silent hours,  
When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness,

Like an inspired and desperate alchymist  
 Staking his very life on some dark hope,  
 Have I mixed awful talk and asking looks  
 With my most innocent love, until strange tears  
 Uniting with those breathless kisses, made  
 Such magic as compels the charmed night  
 To render up thy charge : . . . and, though ne'er yet  
 Thou hast unveiled thy inmost sanctuary,  
 Enough from incommunicable dream,  
 And twilight phantasms, and deep noon-day thought,  
 Has shone within me, that serenely now  
 And moveless, as a long-forgotten lyre  
 Suspended in the solitary dome  
 Of some mysterious and deserted fane,  
 I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain  
 May modulate with murmurs of the air,  
 And motions of the forests and the sea,  
 And voice of living beings, and woven hymns  
 Of night and day, and the deep heart of man.

There was a Poet whose untimely tomb  
 No human hands with pious reverence reared,  
 But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds  
 Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid  
 Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness :—  
 A lovely youth,—no mourning maiden decked  
 With weeping flowers, or votive cypress wreath,  
 The lone couch of his everlasting sleep :—  
 Gentle, and brave, and generous,—no lorn bard  
 Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh :  
 He lived, he died, he sung, in solitude.  
 Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,  
 And virgins, as unknown he passed, have pined  
 And wasted for fond love of his wild eyes.  
 The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,  
 And Silence, too enamoured of that voice,  
 Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

By solemn vision, and bright silver dream,  
 His infancy was nurtured. Every sight  
 And sound from the vast earth and ambient air,  
 Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.  
 The fountains of divine philosophy  
 Fled not his thirsting lips, and all of great,

Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past  
In truth or fable consecrates, he felt  
And knew. When early youth had passed, he left  
His cold fireside and alienated home  
To seek strange truths in undiscovered lands.  
Many a wide waste and tangled wilderness  
Has lured his fearless steps ; and he has bought  
With his sweet voice and eyes, from savage men,  
His rest and food. Nature's most secret steps  
He like her shadow has pursued, where'er  
The red volcano overcanopies  
Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice  
With burning smoke, or where bitumen lakes  
On black bare pointed islets ever beat  
With sluggish surge, or where the secret caves  
Rugged and dark, winding among the springs  
Of fire and poison, inaccessible  
To avarice or pride, their starry domes  
Of diamond and of gold expand above  
Numberless and immeasurable halls,  
Frequent with crystal column, and clear shrines  
Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite.  
Nor had that scene of ampler majesty  
Than gems or gold, the varying roof of heaven  
And the green earth lost in his heart its claims  
To love and wonder ; he would linger long  
In lonesome vales, making the wild his home,  
Until the doves and squirrels would partake  
From his innocuous hand his bloodless food  
Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks,  
And the wild antelope, that starts when'er  
The dry leaf rustles in the brake, suspend  
Her timid steps to gaze upon a form  
More graceful than her own.

His wandering step  
Obedient to high thoughts, has visited  
The awful ruins of the days of old :  
Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste  
Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers  
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,  
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of strange  
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,  
Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphynx,  
Dark Æthiopia in her desert hills

Conceals. Among the ruined temples there,  
 Stupendous columns, and wild images  
 Of more than man, where marble daemons watch  
 The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men  
 Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,  
 He lingered, poring on memorials  
 Of the world's youth, through the long burning day  
 Gazed on those speechless shapes, nor, when the moon  
 Filled the mysterious halls with floating shades  
 Suspended he that task, but ever gazed  
 And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind  
 Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw  
 The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.

Meanwhile an Arab maiden brought his food,  
 Her daily portion, from her father's tent,  
 And spread her matting for his couch, and stole  
 From duties and repose to tend his steps :—  
 Enamoured, yet not daring for deep awe  
 To speak her love :—and watched his nightly sleep,  
 Sleepless herself, to gaze upon his lips  
 Parted in slumber, whence the regular breath  
 Of innocent dreams arose : then, when red morn  
 Made paler the pale moon, to her cold home  
 Wildered, and wan, and panting, she returned.

The Poet wandering on, through Arabia  
 And Persia, and the wild Carmanian waste,  
 And o'er the ærial mountains which pour down  
 Indus and Oxus from their icy caves,  
 In joy and exultation held his way ;  
 Till in the vale of Cashmire, far within  
 Its loneliest dell, where odorous plants entwine  
 Beneath the hollow rocks a natural bower,  
 Beside a sparkling rivulet he stretched  
 His languid limbs. A vision on his sleep  
 There came, a dream of hopes that never yet  
 Had flushed his cheek. He dreamed a veiled maid  
 Sate near him, talking in low solemn tones.  
 Her voice was like the voice of his own soul  
 Heard in the calm of thought ; its music long,  
 Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held  
 His inmost sense suspended in its web  
 Of many-coloured wool and shifting hues.

Knowledge and truth and virtue were her theme,  
And lofty hopes of divine liberty,  
Thoughts the most dear to him, and poesy,  
Herself a poet. Soon the solemn mood  
Of her pure mind kindled through all her frame  
A permeating fire : wild numbers then  
She raised, with voice stifled in tremulous sobs  
Subdued by its own pathos : her fair hands  
Were bare alone, sweeping from some strange harp  
Strange symphony, and in their branching veins  
The eloquent blood told an ineffable tale.  
The beating of her heart was heard to fill  
The pauses of her music, and her breath  
Tumultuously accorded with those fits  
Of intermitted song. Sudden she rose,  
As if her heart impatiently endured  
Its bursting burthen : at the sound he turned,  
And saw by the warm light of their own life  
Her glowing limbs beneath the sinuous veil  
Of woven wind, her outspread arms now bare,  
Her dark locks floating in the breath of night,  
Her beamy bending eyes, her parted lips  
Outstretched, and pale, and quivering eagerly.  
His strong heart sunk and sickened with excess  
Of love. He reared his shuddering limbs and quelled  
His gasping breath, and spread his arms to meet  
Her panting bosom : . . . she drew back a while,  
Then, yielding to the irresistible joy,  
With frantic gesture and short breathless cry  
Folded his frame in her dissolving arms.  
Now blackness veiled his dizzy eyes, and night  
Involved and swallowed up the vision ; sleep,  
Like a dark flood suspended in its course,  
Rolled back its impulse on his vacant brain.

Roused by the shock he started from his trance—  
The cold white light of morning, the blue moon  
Low in the west, the clear and garish hills,  
The distinct valley and the vacant woods,  
Spread round him where he stood. Whither have fled  
The hues of heaven that canopied his bower  
Of yesternight? The sounds that soothed his sleep,  
The mystery and the majesty of Earth,  
The joy, the exultation? His wan eyes

Gaze on the empty scene as vacantly  
 As ocean's moon looks on the moon in heaven.  
 The spirit of sweet human love has sent  
 A vision to the sleep of him who spurned  
 Her choicest gifts. He eagerly pursues  
 Beyond the realms of dream that fleeting shade ;  
 He overleaps the bounds. Alas ! Alas !  
 Were limbs, and breath, and being intertwined  
 Thus treacherously ? Lost, lost, for ever lost,  
 In the wide pathless desert of dim sleep,  
 That beautiful shape ! Does the dark gate of death  
 Conduct to thy mysterious paradise,  
 O Sleep ? Does the bright arch of rainbow clouds,  
 And pendent mountains seen in the calm lake,  
 Lead only to a black and watery depth,  
 While death's blue vault, with loathliest vapours hung,  
 Where every shade which the foul grave exhales  
 Hides its dead eye from the detested day,  
 Conduct, O Sleep, to thy delightful realms ?  
 This doubt with sudden tide flowed on his heart,  
 The insatiate hope which it awakened, stung  
 His brain even like despair.

While daylight held

The sky, the Poet kept mute conference  
 With his still soul. At night the passion came,  
 Like the fierce fiend of a distempered dream,  
 And shook him from his rest, and led him forth  
 Into the darkness.—As an eagle grasped  
 In folds of the green serpent, feels her breast  
 Buried with the poison, and precipitates  
 Through night and day, tempest, and calm, and cloud,  
 Frantic with dizzying anguish, her blind flight  
 O'er the wide æry wilderness : thus driven  
 By the bright shadow of that lovely dream,  
 Beneath the cold glare of the desolate night,  
 Through tangled swamps and deep precipitous dells,  
 Startling with careless step the moonlight snake,  
 He fled. Red morning dawned upon his flight,  
 Shedding the mockery of its vital hues  
 Upon his cheek of death. He wandered on  
 Till vast Aornos seen from Petra's steep  
 Hung o'er the low horizon like a cloud ;  
 Through Balk, and where the desolated tombs  
 Of Parthian kings scatter to every wind

Their wasting dust, wildly he wandered on,  
Day after day a weary waste of hours,  
Bearing within his life the brooding care  
That ever fed on its decaying flame.  
And now his limbs were lean : his scattered hair  
Sered by the autumn of strange suffering  
Sung dirges in the wind ; his listless hand  
Hung like dead bone within its withered skin ;  
Life, and the lustre that consumed it, shone  
As in a furnace burning secretly  
From his dark eyes alone. The cottagers,  
Who ministered with human charity  
His human wants, beheld with wondering awe  
Their fleeting visitant. The mountaineer,  
Encountering on some dizzy precipice  
That spectral form, deemed that the Spirit of wind  
With lightning eyes, and eager breath, and feet  
Disturbing not the drifted snow, had paused  
In its career : the infant would conceal  
His troubled visage in his mother's robe  
In terror at the glare of those wild eyes,  
To remember their strange light in many a dream  
Of after-times ; but youthful maidens, taught  
By nature, would interpret half the woe  
That wasted him, would call him with false names  
Brother, and friend, would press his pallid hand  
At parting, and watch, dim through tears, the path  
Of his departure from their father's door.

At length upon the lone Chorasmian shore  
He paused, a wide and melancholy waste  
Of putrid marshes. A strong impulse urged  
His steps to the sea-shore. A swan was there,  
Beside a sluggish stream among the reeds.  
It rose as he approached, and with strong wings  
Scaling the upward sky, bent its bright course  
High over the immeasurable main.  
His eyes pursued its flight.—“Thou hast a home,  
Beautiful bird ; thou voyagest to thine home,  
Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck  
With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes  
Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy.  
And what am I that I should linger here,  
With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,

Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned  
 To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers  
 In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven  
 That echoes not my thoughts?" A gloomy smile  
 Of desperate hope wrinkled his quivering lips.  
 For sleep, he knew, kept most relentlessly  
 Its precious charge, and silent death exposed,  
 Faithless perhaps as sleep, a shadowy lure,  
 With doubtful smile mocking its own strange charms.

Startled by his own thoughts he looked around.  
 There was no fair fiend near him, not a sight  
 Or sound of awe but in his own deep mind.  
 A little shallop floating near the shore  
 Caught the impatient wandering of his gaze.  
 It had been long abandoned, for its sides  
 Gaped wide with many a rift, and its frail joints  
 Swayed with the undulations of the tide.  
 A restless impulse urged him to embark  
 And meet lone Death on the drear ocean's waste ;  
 For well he knew that mighty Shadow loves  
 The slimy caverns of the populous deep.

The day was fair and sunny, sea and sky  
 Drank its inspiring radiance, and the wind  
 Swept strongly from the shore, blackening the waves.  
 Following his eager soul, the wanderer  
 Leaped in the boat, he spread his cloak aloft  
 On the bare mast, and took his lonely seat,  
 And felt the boat speed o'er the tranquil sea  
 Like a torn cloud before the hurricane.

As one that in a silver vision floats  
 Obedient to the sweep of odorous winds  
 Upon resplendent clouds, so rapidly  
 Along the dark and ruffled waters fled  
 The straining boat.—A whirlwind swept it on,  
 With fierce gusts and precipitating force,  
 Through the white ridges of the chafèd sea.  
 The waves arose. Higher and higher still  
 Their fierce necks writhed beneath the tempest's scourge  
 Like serpents struggling in a vulture's grasp.  
 Calm and rejoicing in a fearful war

Of wave ruining on wave, and blast on blast  
 Descending, and black flood on whirlpool driven  
 With dark obliterating course, he sate :  
 As if their genii were the ministers  
 Appointed to conduct him to the light  
 Of those belovèd eyes, the Poet sate  
 Holding the steady helm. Evening came on,  
 The beams of sunset hung their rainbow hues  
 High 'mid the shifting domes of sheeted spray  
 That canopied his path o'er the waste deep ;  
 Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,  
 Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks  
 O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day ;  
 Night followed, clad with stars. On every side  
 More horribly the multitudinous streams  
 Of ocean's mountainous waste to mutual war  
 Rushed in dark tumult thundering, as to mock  
 The calm and spangled sky. The little boat  
 Still fled before the storm ; still fled, like foam  
 Down the steep cataract of a wintry river ;  
 Now pausing on the edge of the riven wave ;  
 Now leaving far behind the bursting mass  
 That fell, convulsing ocean : safely fled—  
 As if that frail and wasted human form,  
 Had been an elemental god.

At midnight  
 The moon arose : and lo ! the ethereal cliffs  
 Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone  
 Among the stars like sunlight, and around  
 Whose caverned base the whirlpools and the waves  
 Bursting and eddying irresistibly  
 Rage and resound for ever.—Who shall save ?—  
 The boat fled on,—the boiling torrent drove,—  
 The crags closed round with black and jagged arms,  
 The shattered mountain overhung the sea,  
 And faster still, beyond all human speed,  
 Suspended on the sweep of the smooth wave,  
 The little boat was driven. A cavern there  
 Yawned, and amid its slant and winding depths  
 Ingulfed the rushing sea. The boat fled on  
 With unrelaxing speed.—“ Vision and Love ! ”  
 The Poet cried aloud, “ I have beheld  
 The path of thy departure. Sleep and death  
 Shall not divide us long ! ”

The boat pursued

The windings of the cavern. Daylight shone  
 At length upon that gloomy river's flow ;  
 Now, where the fiercest war among the waves  
 Is calm, on the unfathomable stream  
 The boat moved slowly. Where the mountain, riven,  
 Exposed those black depths to the azure sky,  
 Ere yet the flood's enormous volume fell  
 Even to the base of Caucasus, with sound  
 That shook the everlasting rocks, the mass  
 Filled with one whirlpool all that ample chasm ;  
 Stair above stair the eddying waters rose,  
 Circling immeasurably fast, and laved  
 With alternating dash the gnarlèd roots  
 Of mighty trees, that stretched their giant arms  
 In darkness over it. I' the midst was left,  
 Reflecting, yet distorting every cloud,  
 A pool of treacherous and tremendous calm.  
 Seized by the sway of the ascending stream,  
 With dizzy swiftness, round, and round, and round,  
 Ridge after ridge the straining boat arose,  
 Till on the verge of the extremest curve,  
 Where, through an opening of the rocky bank,  
 The waters overflow, and a smooth spot  
 Of glassy quiet mid those battling tides  
 Is left, the boat paused shuddering.—Shall it sink  
 Down the abyss ? Shall the reverting stress  
 Of that resistless gulf embosom it ?  
 Now shall it fall ?—A wandering stream of wind,  
 Breathed from the west, has caught the expanded sail,  
 And, lo ! with gentle motion, between banks  
 Of mossy slope, and on a placid stream,  
 Beneath a woven grove it sails, and, hark !  
 The ghastly torrent mingles its far roar,  
 With the breeze murmuring in the musical woods.  
 Where the embowering trees recede, and leave  
 A little space of green expanse, the cove  
 Is closed by meeting banks, whose yellow flowers  
 For ever gaze on their own drooping eyes,  
 Reflected in the crystal calm. The wave  
 Of the boat's motion marred their pensive task,  
 Which nought but vagrant bird, or wanton wind,  
 Or falling spear-grass, or their own decay  
 Had e'er disturbed before. The Poet longed

To deck with their bright hues his withered hair,  
 But on his heart its solitude returned,  
 And he forbore. Not the strong impulse hid  
 In those flushed cheeks, bent eyes, and shadowy frame  
 Had yet performed its ministry : it hung  
 Upon his life, as lightning in a cloud  
 Gleams, hovering ere it vanish, ere the floods  
 Of night close over it.

The noonday sun

Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass  
 Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence  
 A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge caves,  
 Scooped in the dark base of their aëry rocks  
 Mocking its moans, respond and roar for ever.  
 The meeting boughs and implicated leaves  
 Wove twilight o'er the Poet's path, as led  
 By love, or dream, or god, or mightier Death,  
 He sought in Nature's dearest haunt, some bank,  
 Her cradle, and his sepulchre. More dark  
 And dark the shades accumulate. The oak,  
 Expanding its immense and knotty arms,  
 Embraces the light beech. The pyramids  
 Of the tall cedar overarching, frame  
 Most solemn domes within, and far below,  
 Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,  
 The ash and the acacia floating hang  
 Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, clothed  
 In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,  
 Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around  
 The grey trunks, and, as gamesome infants' eyes,  
 With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,  
 Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,  
 These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs  
 Uniting their close union ; the woven leaves  
 Make net-work of the dark blue light of day,  
 And the night's noontide clearness, mutable  
 As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns  
 Beneath these canopies extend their swells,  
 Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms  
 Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen  
 Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine,  
 A soul-dissolving odour, to invite  
 To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell,  
 Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep

Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades,  
 Like vaporous shapes half seen ; beyond, a well,  
 Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,  
 Images all the woven boughs above,  
 And each depending leaf, and every speck  
 Of azure sky, darting between their chasms ;  
 Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves  
 Its portraiture, but some inconstant star  
 Between one foliated lattice twinkling fair,  
 Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,  
 Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,  
 Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings  
 Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

Hither the Poet came. His eyes beheld  
 Their own wan light through the reflected lines  
 Of his thin hair, distinct in the dark depth  
 Of that still fountain ; as the human heart,  
 Gazing in dreams over the gloomy grave,  
 Sees its own treacherous likeness there. He heard  
 The motion of the leaves, the grass that sprung  
 Startled and glanced and trembled even to feel  
 An unaccustomed presence, and the sound  
 Of the sweet brook that from the secret springs  
 Of that dark fountain rose. A Spirit seemed  
 To stand beside him—clothed in no bright robes  
 Of shadowy silver or enshrining light,  
 Borrowed from aught the visible world affords  
 Of grace, or majesty, or mystery ;—  
 But, undulating woods, and silent well,  
 And leaping rivulet, and evening gloom  
 Now deepening the dark shades, for speech assuming,  
 Held commune with him, as if he and it  
 Were all that was,—only . . . when his regard  
 Was raised by intense pensiveness, . . . two eyes,  
 Two starry eyes, hung in the gloom of thought,  
 And seemed with their serene and azure smiles  
 To beckon him.

Obedient to the light  
 That shone within his soul, he went, pursuing  
 The windings of the dell.—The rivulet  
 Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine  
 Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell

Among the moss with hollow harmony  
Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones  
It danced ; like childhood laughing as it went :  
Then, through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,  
Reflecting every herb and drooping bud  
That overhung its quietness.—“ O stream !  
Whose source is inaccessibly profound,  
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend ?  
Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome stillness,  
Thy dazzling waves, thy loud and hollow gulfs,  
Thy searchless fountain, and invisible course  
Have each their type in me : and the wide sky,  
And measureless ocean may declare as soon  
What oozy cavern or what wandering cloud  
Contains thy waters, as the universe  
Tell where these living thoughts reside, when stretched  
Upon thy flowers my bloodless limbs shall waste  
I' the passing wind !”

Beside the grassy shore  
Of the small stream he went ; he did impress  
On the green moss his tremulous step, that caught  
Strong shuddering from his burning limbs. As one  
Roused by some joyous madness from the couch  
Of fever, he did move ; yet, not like him,  
Forgetful of the grave, where, when the flame  
Of his frail exultation shall be spent,  
He must descend. With rapid steps he went  
Beneath the shade of trees, beside the flow  
Of the wild babbling rivulet ; and now  
The forest's solemn canopies were changed  
For the uniform and lightsome evening sky.  
Grey rocks did peep from the spare moss, and stemmed  
The struggling brook : tall spires of windlestrae  
Threw their thin shadows down the rugged slope ;  
And nought but gnarled roots of ancient pines  
Branchless and blasted, clenched with grasping roots  
The unwilling soil. A gradual change was here,  
Yet ghastly. For, as fast years flow away,  
The smooth brow gathers, and the hair grows thin  
And white, and where irradiate dewy eyes  
Had shone, gleam stony orbs :—so from his steps  
Bright flowers departed, and the beautiful shade  
Of the green groves, with all their odorous winds

And musical motions. Calm, he still pursued  
The stream, that with a larger volume now  
Rolled through the labyrinthine dell; and there  
Fretted a path through its descending curves  
With its wintry speed. On every side now rose  
Rocks, which, in unimaginable forms,  
Lifted their black and barren pinnacles  
In the light of evening, and, its precipice  
Obscuring the ravine, disclosed above,  
Mid toppling stones, black gulfs and yawning caves,  
Whose windings gave ten thousand various tongues  
To the loud stream. Lo! where the pass expands  
Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,  
And seems, with its accumulated crags,  
To overhang the world: for wide expand  
Beneath the wan stars and descending moon  
Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams,  
Dim tracts and vast, robed in the lustrous gloom  
Of leaden-coloured even, and fiery hills  
Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge  
Of the remote horizon. The near scene,  
In naked and severe simplicity,  
Made contrast with the universe. A pine,  
Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the vacancy  
Its swinging boughs, to each inconstant blast  
Yielding one only response, at each pause  
In most familiar cadence, with the howl  
The thunder and the hiss of homeless streams  
Mingling its solemn song, whilst the broad river,  
Foaming and hurrying o'er its rugged path,  
Fell into that immeasurable void  
Scattering its waters to the passing winds.

Yet the grey precipice and solemn pine  
And torrent, were not all;—one silent nook  
Was there. Even on the edge of that vast mountain,  
Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,  
It overlooked in its serenity  
The dark earth, and the bending vault of stars,  
It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to smile  
Even in the lap of horror. Ivy clasped  
The fissured stones with its entwining arms,  
And did embower with leaves for ever green,  
And berries dark, the smooth and even space

Of its inviolated floor, and here  
The children of the autumnal whirlwind bore,  
In wanton sport, those bright leaves, whose decay,  
Red, yellow, or ethereally pale,  
Rivals the pride of summer. 'Tis the haunt  
Of every gentle wind, whose breath can teach  
The winds to love tranquillity. One step,  
One human step alone, has ever broken  
The stillness of its solitude :—one voice  
Alone inspired its echoes ;—even that voice  
Which hither came, floating among the winds,  
And led the loveliest among human forms  
To make their wild haunts the depository  
Of all the grace and beauty that endued  
Its motions, render up its majesty,  
Scatter its music on the unfeeling storm,  
And to the damp leaves and blue cavern mould,  
Nurses of rainbow flowers and branching moss,  
Commit the colours of that varying cheek,  
That snowy breast, those dark and drooping eyes.

The dim and hornèd moon hung low, and poured  
A sea of lustre on the horizon's verge  
That overflowed its mountains. Yellow mist  
Filled the unbounded atmosphere, and drank  
Wan moonlight even to fulness : not a star  
Shone, not a sound was heard ; the very winds,  
Danger's grim playmates, on that precipice  
Slept, clasped in his embrace.—O, storm of death !  
Whose sightless speed divides this sullen night :  
And thou, colossal Skeleton, that, still  
Guiding its irresistible career  
In thy devastating omnipotence,  
Art king of this frail world, from the red field  
Of slaughter, from the reeking hospital,  
The patriot's sacred couch, the snowy bed  
Of innocence, the scaffold and the throne,  
A mighty voice invokes thee. Ruin calls  
His brother Death. A rare and regal prey  
He hath prepared, prowling around the world ;  
Glutted with which thou mayest repose, and men  
Go to their graves like flowers or creeping worms,  
Nor ever more offer at thy dark shrine  
The unheeded tribute of a broken heart.

When on the threshold of the green recess  
The wanderer's footsteps fell, he knew that death  
Was on him. Yet a little, ere it fled,  
Did he resign his high and holy soul  
To images of the majestic past,  
That paused within his passive being now,  
Like winds that bear sweet music, when they breathe  
Through some dim latticed chamber. He did place  
His pale lean hand upon the rugged trunk  
Of the old pine. Upon an ivied stone  
Reclined his languid head, his limbs did rest,  
Diffused and motionless, on the smooth brink  
Of that obscurest chasm ;—and thus he lay,  
Surrendering to their final impulses  
The hovering powers of life. Hope and despair,  
The torturers, slept ; no mortal pain or fear  
Marred his repose, the influxes of sense,  
And his own being unalloyed by pain,  
Yet feebler and more feeble, calmly fed  
The stream of thought, till he lay breathing there  
At peace, and faintly smiling :—his last sight  
Was the great moon, which o'er the western line  
Of the wide world her mighty horn suspended,  
With whose dun beams inwoven darkness seemed  
To mingle. Now upon the jagged hills  
It rests, and still as the divided frame  
Of the vast meteor sunk, the Poet's blood,  
That ever beat in mystic sympathy  
With nature's ebb and flow, grew feebler still :  
And when two lessening points of light alone  
Gleamed through the darkness, the alternate gasp  
Of his faint respiration scarce did stir  
The stagnate night :—till the minutest ray  
Was quenched, the pulse yet lingered in his heart.  
It paused—it fluttered. But when heaven remained  
Utterly black, the murky shades involved  
An image, silent, cold, and motionless,  
As their own voiceless earth and vacant air.  
Even as a vapour fed with golden beams  
That ministered on sunlight, ere the west  
Eclipses it, was now that wondrous frame—  
No sense, no motion, no divinity—  
A fragile lute, on whose harmonious strings  
The breath of heaven did wander—a bright stream

Once fed with many-voicèd waves—a dream  
Of youth, which night and time have quenched for ever,  
Still, dark, and dry, and unremembered now.

O, for Medea's wondrous alchemy,  
Which whereso'er it fell made the earth gleam  
With bright flowers, and the wintry boughs exhale  
From vernal blooms fresh fragrance ! O, that God,  
Profuse of poisons, would concede the chalice  
Which but one living man has drained, who now,  
Vessel of deathless wrath, a slave that feels  
No proud exemption in the blighting curse  
He bears, over the world wanders for ever,  
Lone as incarnate death ! O, that the dream  
Of dark magician in his visioned cave,  
Raking the cinders of a crucible  
For life and power, even when his feeble hand  
Shakes in its last decay, were the true law  
Of this so lovely world ! But thou art fled  
Like some frail exhalation ; which the dawn  
Robes in its golden beams,—ah ! thou hast fled !  
The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful,  
The child of grace and genius. Heartless things  
Are done and said i' the world, and many worms  
And beasts and men live on, and mighty Earth  
From sea and mountain, city and wilderness,  
In vesper low or joyous orison,  
Lifts still its solemn voice :—but thou art fled—  
Thou canst no longer know or love the shapes  
Of this phantasmal scene, who have to thee  
Been purest ministers, who are, alas !  
Now thou art not. Upon those pallid lips  
So sweet even in their silence, on those eyes  
That image sleep in death, upon that form  
Yet safe from the worm's outrage, let no tear  
Be shed—not even in thought. Nor, when those hues  
Are gone, and those divinest lineaments,  
Worn by the senseless wind, shall live alone  
In the frail pauses of this simple strain,  
Let not high verse, mourning the memory  
Of that which is no more, or painting's woe  
Or sculpture, speak in feeble imagery  
Their own cold powers. Art and eloquence,  
And all the shows o' the world are frail and vain

To weep a loss that turns their lights to shade.  
 It is a woe "too deep for tears," when all  
 Is reft at once, when some surpassing Spirit,  
 Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves  
 Those who remain behind, not sobs or groans,  
 The passionate tumult of a clinging hope ;  
 But pale despair and cold tranquillity,  
 Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,  
 Birth and the grave, that are not as they were.

### THE SUNSET

[Bishopsgate, 1816 (spring). Publ. in full, 1824.]

THERE, late was One within whose subtle being,  
 As light and wind within some delicate cloud  
 That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,  
 Genius and death contended. None may know  
 The sweetness of the joy which made his breath  
 Fail, like the trances of the summer air,  
 When, with the Lady of his love, who then  
 First knew the unreserve of mingled being,  
 He walked along the pathway of a field  
 Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,  
 But to the west was open to the sky.  
 There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold  
 Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points  
 Of the far level grass and nodding flowers  
 And the old dandelion's hoary beard,  
 And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay  
 On the brown massy woods—and in the east  
 The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose  
 Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,  
 While the faint stars were gathering overhead.—  
 "Is it not strange, Isabel," said the youth,  
 "I never saw the sun? We will walk here  
 To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with me."

That night the youth and lady mingled lay  
 In love and sleep—but when the morning came  
 The lady found her lover dead and cold.  
 Let none believe that God in mercy gave  
 That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,  
 But year by year lived on—in truth I think  
 Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,  
 And that she did not die, but lived to tend  
 Her aged father, were a kind of madness,  
 If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.  
 For but to see her were to read the tale  
 Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts

Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief :—  
 Her eyes were black an lustreless and wan,  
 Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,  
 Her lips and cheeks were like things dead—so pale ;  
 Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins  
 And weak articulations might be seen  
 Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self  
 Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,  
 Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee !

“ Inheritor of more than earth can give,  
 Passionless calm and silence unproved,  
 Whether the dead find, oh, not sleep ! but rest,  
 And are the uncomplaining things they seem,  
 Or live, or drop in the deep sea of Love ;  
 Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were—Peace ! ”  
 This was the only moan she ever made.

## HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

[Comp. 1816 (summer). Publ. 1817.]

### I

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power  
 Floats though unseen among us,—visiting  
 This various world with as inconstant wing  
 As summer winds that creep from flower to flower,—  
 Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,  
 It visits with inconstant glance  
 Each human heart and countenance ;  
 Like hues and harmonies of evening,—  
 Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—  
 Like memory of music fled,—  
 Like aught that for its grace may be  
 Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

### II

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate  
 With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon  
 Of human thought or form,—where art thou gone ?  
 Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,  
 This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate ?  
 Ask why the sunlight not for ever  
 Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain-river,  
 Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown,

Why fear and dream and death and birth  
 Cast on the daylight of this earth  
 Such gloom,—why man has such a scope  
 For love and hate, despondency and hope?

## III

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever  
 To sage or poet these responses given—  
 Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,  
 Remain the records of their vain endeavour,  
 Frail spells—whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,  
 From all we hear and all we see,  
 Doubt, chance, and mutability.  
 Thy light alone—like mist o'er mountains driven,  
 Or music by the night-wind sent  
 Through strings of some still instrument,  
 Or moonlight on a midnight stream,  
 Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

## IV

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart  
 And come, for some uncertain moments lent.  
 Man were immortal, and omnipotent,  
 Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,  
 Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.  
 Thou messenger of sympathies,  
 That wax and wane in lovers' eyes—  
 Thou—that to human thought art nourishment,  
 Like darkness to a dying flame!  
 Depart not as thy shadow came,  
 Depart not—lest the grave should be,  
 Like life and fear, a dark reality.

## v

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped  
 Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,  
 And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing  
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.  
 I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed;  
 I was not heard—I saw them not—  
 When musing deeply on the lot  
 Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing

All vital things that wake to bring  
 News of birds and blossoming,—  
 Sudden, thy shadow fell on me ;  
 I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy !

## VI

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers  
 To thee and thine—have I not kept the vow ?  
 With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now  
 I call the phantoms of a thousand hours  
 Each from his voiceless grave : they have in visioned bowers  
 Of studious zeal or love's delight  
 Outwatched with me the envious night—  
 They know that never joy illumed my brow  
 Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free  
 This world from its dark slavery,  
 That thou—O awful LOVELINESS,  
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

## VII

The day becomes more solemn and serene  
 When noon is past—there is a harmony  
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,  
 Which through the summer is not heard or seen,  
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been !  
 Thus let thy power, which like the truth  
 Of nature on my passive youth  
 Descended, to my onward life supply  
 Its calm—to one who worships thee,  
 And every form containing thee,  
 Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind  
 To fear himself, and love all human kind.

## MONT BLANC

LINES WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI

[July, 1816. Publ. 1817.]

## I

THE everlasting universe of things  
 Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves,  
 Now dark—now glittering—now reflecting gloom—

Now lending splendour, where from secret springs  
 The source of human thought its tribute brings  
 Of waters,—with a sound but half its own,  
 Such as a feeble brook will oft assume  
 In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,  
 Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,  
 Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river  
 Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

## II

Thus thou, Ravine of Arve—dark, deep Ravine—  
 Thou many-coloured, many-voicèd vale,  
 Over whose pines, and crags, and caverns sail  
 Fast cloud-shadows and sunbeams : awful scene,  
 Where Power in likeness of the Arve comes down  
 From the ice-gulfs that gird his secret throne,  
 Bursting through these dark mountains like the flame  
 Of lightning through the tempest ;—thou dost lie,  
 Thy giant brood of pines around thee clinging,  
 Children of elder time, in whose devotion  
 The chainless winds still come and ever came  
 To drink their odours, and their mighty swinging  
 To hear—an old and solemn harmony ;  
 Thine earthly rainbows stretched across the sweep  
 Of the aethereal waterfall, whose veil  
 Robes some unsculptured image ; the strange sleep  
 Which when the voices of the desert fail  
 Wraps all in its own deep eternity ;—  
 Thy caverns echoing to the Arve's commotion,  
 A loud, lone sound no other sound can tame ;  
 Thou art pervaded with that ceaseless motion,  
 Thou art the path of that unresting sound—  
 Dizzy Ravine ! and when I gaze on thee  
 I seem as in a trance sublime and strange  
 To muse on my own separate fantasy,  
 My own, my human mind, which passively  
 Now renders and receives fast influencings,  
 Holding an unremitting interchange  
 With the clear universe of things around ;  
 One legion of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings  
 Now float above thy darkness, and now rest  
 Where that or thou art no unbidden guest,

In the still cave of the witch Poesy,  
Seeking among the shadows that pass by  
Ghosts of all things that are, some shade of thee,  
Some phantom, some faint image ; till the breast  
From which they fled recalls them, thou art there !

## III

Some say that gleams of a remoter world  
Visit the soul in sleep,—that death is slumber,  
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber  
Of those who wake and live.—I look on high ;  
Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled  
The veil of life and death ? or do I lie  
In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep  
Spread far around and inaccessibly  
Its circles ? For the very spirit fails,  
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep  
That vanishes among the viewless gales !  
Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,  
Mont Blanc appears,—still, snowy, and serene—  
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms  
Pile around it, ice and rock ; broad vales between  
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,  
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread  
And wind among the accumulated steeps ;  
A desert peopled by the storms alone,  
Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,  
And the wolf tracks her there—how hideously  
Its shapes are heaped around ! rude, bare, and high,  
Ghastly, and scarred, and riven.—Is this the scene  
Where the old Earthquake-daemon taught her young  
Ruin ? Were these their toys ? or did a sea  
Of fire envelop once this silent snow ?  
None can reply—all seems eternal now.  
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue  
Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so mild,  
So solemn, so serene, that man may be,  
But for such faith, with nature reconciled ;  
Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to repeal  
Large codes of fraud and woe ; not understood  
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good  
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.

## IV

The fields, the lakes, the forests, and the streams,  
Ocean, and all the living things that dwell  
Within the daedal earth ; lightning, and rain,  
Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurricane,  
The torpor of the year when feeble dreams  
Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep  
Holds every future leaf and flower ;—the bound  
With which from that detested trance they leap ;  
The works and ways of man, their death and birth,  
And that of him and all that his may be ;  
All things that move and breathe with toil and sound  
Are born and die ; revolve, subside, and swell.  
Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,  
Remote, serene, and inaccessible :  
And *this*, the naked countenance of earth,  
On which I gaze, even these primaeval mountains  
Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers creep  
Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains,  
Slow rolling on ; there, many a precipice,  
Frost and the Sun in scorn of mortal power  
Have piled : dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,  
A city of death, distinct with many a tower  
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.  
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin  
Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky  
Rolls its perpetual stream ; vast pines are strewing  
Its destined path, or in the mangled soil  
Branchless and shattered stand ; the rocks, drawn down  
From yon remotest waste, have overthrown  
The limits of the dead and living world,  
Never to be reclaimed. The dwelling-place  
Of insects, beasts, and birds, becomes its spoil ;  
Their food and their retreat for ever gone,  
So much of life and joy is lost. The race  
Of man flies far in dread ; his work and dwelling  
Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,  
And their place is not known. Below, vast caves  
Shine in the rushing torrents' restless gleam,  
Which from those secret chasms in tumult welling  
Meet in the vale, and one majestic River,  
The breath and blood of distant lands, for ever  
Rolls its loud waters to the ocean-waves,  
Breathes its swift vapours to the circling air.

v

Mont Blanc yet gleams on high :—the power is there,  
 The still and solemn power of many sights,  
 And many sounds, and much of life and death.  
 In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,  
 In the lone glare of day, the snows descend  
 Upon that Mountain ; none beholds them there,  
 Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,  
 Or the star-beams dart through them :—Winds contend  
 Silently there, and heap the snow with breath  
 Rapid and strong, but silently ! Its home  
 The voiceless lightning in these solitudes  
 Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods  
 Over the snow. The secret Strength of things  
 Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome  
 Of Heaven is as a law, inhabits thee !  
 And what were thou, and earth, and stars, and sea,  
 If to the human mind's imaginings  
 Silence and solitude were vacancy ?

*July 23, 1816.*

## CANCELLED PASSAGE OF MONT BLANC

[Publ. 1862.]

THERE is a voice, not understood by all,  
 Sent from these desert-caves. It is the roar  
 Of the rent ice-cliff which the sunbeams call,  
 Plunging into the vale—it is the blast  
 Descending on the pines—the torrents pour. . . .

## FRAGMENT : HOME

[Publ. 1862.]

DEAR home, thou scene of earliest hopes and joys,  
 The least of which wronged Memory ever makes  
 Bitterer than all thine unremembered tears.

# IV. Revolt and Despondency

## 1817-1818

### TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR

[March 1817? Publ. 1839.]

#### I

THY country's curse is on thee, darkest crest  
Of that foul, knotted, many-headed worm  
Which rends our Mother's bosom—Priestly Pest  
Masked Resurrection of a buried Form!

#### II

Thy country's curse is on thee! Justice sold,  
Truth trampled, Nature's landmarks overthrown,  
And heaps of fraud-accumulated gold,  
Plead, loud as thunder, at Destruction's throne.

#### III

And, whilst that sure slow Angel which aye stands  
Watching the beck of Mutability  
Delays to execute her high commands,  
And, though a nation weeps, spares thine and thee,

#### IV

Oh, let a father's curse be on thy soul,  
And let a daughter's hope be on thy tomb;  
Be both, on thy gray head, a leaden cowl  
To weight thee down to thine approaching doom!

#### V

I curse thee by a parent's outraged love,  
By hopes long cherished and too lately lost,  
By gentle feelings thou couldst never prove,  
By griefs which thy stern nature never crossed;

#### VI

By those infantine smiles of happy light,  
Which were a fire within a stranger's hearth,  
Quenched even when kindled, in untimely night  
Hiding the promise of a lovely birth:

## VII

By those unpractised accents of young speech,  
 Which he who is a father thought to frame  
 To gentlest lore, such as the wisest teach—  
*Thou* strike the lyre of mind !—oh, grief and shame !

## VIII

By all the happy see in children's growth—  
 That undeveloped flower of budding years—  
 Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,  
 Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears—

## IX

By all the days, under an hirelings' care,  
 Of dull constraint and bitter heaviness,—  
 O wretched ye if ever any were,—  
 Sadder than orphans, yet not fatherless !

## X

By the false cant which on their innocent lips  
 Must hang like poison on an opening bloom,  
 By the dark creeds which cover with eclipse  
 Their pathway from the cradle to the tomb—

## XI

By thy most impious Hell, and all its terror ;  
 By all the grief, the madness, and the guilt  
 Of thine impostures, which must be their error—  
 That sand on which thy crumbling power is built—

## XII

By thy complicity with lust and hate—  
 Thy thirst for tears—thy hunger after gold—  
 The ready frauds which ever on thee wait—  
 The servile arts in which thou hast grown old—

## XIII

By thy most killing sneer, and by thy smile—  
 By all the arts and snares of thy black den,  
 And—for thou canst outweep the crocodile—  
 By thy false tears—those millstones braining men—

## XIV

By all the hate which checks a father's love—  
 By all the scorn which kills a father's care—  
 By those most impious hands which dared remove  
 Nature's high bounds—by thee—and by despair—

## XV

Yes, the despair which bids a father groan,  
 And cry, " My children are no longer mine—  
 The blood within those veins may be mine own,  
 But—Tyrant—their polluted souls are thine ;—"

## xvi

I curse thee—though I hate thee not.—O slave !  
 If thou couldst quench the earth-consuming Hell  
 Of which thou art a daemon, on thy grave  
 This curse should be a blessing. Fare thee well !

## TO WILLIAM SHELLEY

[First publ. in full. 1839, 2nd ed.]

## I

THE billows on the beach are leaping around it,  
 The bark is weak and frail,  
 The sea looks black, and the clouds that bound it  
 Darkly strew the gale.  
 Come with me, thou delightful child,  
 Come with me, though the wave is wild,  
 And the winds are loose, we must not stay,  
 Or the slaves of the law may rend thee away.

## II

They have taken thy brother and sister dear,  
 They have made them unfit for thee ;  
 They have withered the smile and dried the tear  
 Which should have been sacred to me.  
 To a blighting faith and a cause of crime  
 They have bound them slaves in youthly prime,  
 And they will curse my name and thee  
 Because we are fearless and free.

## III

Come thou, belovèd as thou art ;  
 Another sleepeth still  
 Near thy sweet mother's anxious heart,  
 Which thou with joy shalt fill,  
 With fairest smiles of wonder thrown  
 On that which is indeed our own,  
 And which in distant lands will be  
 The dearest playmate unto thee.

## IV

Fear not the tyrants will rule for ever,  
 Or the priests of the evil faith ;  
 They stand on the brink of that raging river,  
 Whose waves they have tainted with death.

It is fed from the depth of a thousand dells,  
Around them it foams and rages and swells ;  
And their swords and their sceptres I floating see,  
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity.

## v

Rest, rest, and shriek not, thou gentle child !  
The rocking of the boat thou fearest,  
And the cold spray and the clamour wild ?—  
There, sit between us two, thou dearest—  
Me and thy mother—well we know  
The storm at which thou tremblest so,  
With all its dark and hungry graves,  
Less cruel than the savage slaves  
Who hunt us o'er these sheltering waves.

## vi

This hour will in thy memory  
Be a dream of days forgotten long,  
We soon shall dwell by the azure sea  
Of serene and golden Italy,  
Or Greece, the Mother of the free ;  
And I will teach thine infant tongue  
To call upon those heroes old  
In their own language, and will mould  
Thy growing spirit in the flame  
Of Grecian lore, that by such name  
A patriot's birthright thou mayst claim !

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAFT OF THE POEM  
TO WILLIAM SHELLEY

[Publ. 1862.]

## I

THE world is now our dwelling-place ;  
Where'er the earth one fading trace  
Of what was great and free does keep,  
That is our home ! . . .  
Mild thoughts of man's ungentle race  
Shall our contented exile reap ;  
For who that in some happy place  
His own free thoughts can freely chase  
By woods and waves can clothe his face  
In cynic smiles ? Child ! we shall weep.

## II

This lament,  
The memory of thy grievous wrong  
Will fade . . .  
But genius is omnipotent  
To hallow . . .

## OTHO

[Publ. 1839, 1st ed.]

## I

THOU wert not, Cassius, and thou couldst not be,  
Last of the Romans, though thy memory claim  
From Brutus his own glory—and on thee  
Rests the full splendour of his sacred fame :  
Nor he who dared make the foul tyrant quail  
Amid his cowering senate with thy name,  
Though thou and he were great—it will avail  
To thine own fame that Otho's should not fail.

## II

'Twill wrong thee not—thou wouldst, if thou couldst feel,  
Abjure such envious fame—great Otho died  
Like thee—he sanctified his country's steel,  
At once the tyrant and tyrannicide,  
In his own blood—a deed it was to bring  
Tears from all men—though full of gentle pride,  
Such pride as from impetuous love may spring,  
That will not be refused its offering.

## FRAGMENTS

[Publ. 1862 connected with *Otho* ?]

## I

THOSE whom nor power, nor lying faith, nor toil,  
Nor custom, queen of many slaves, makes blind,  
Have ever grieved that man should be the spoil  
Of his own weakness, and with earnest mind  
Fed hopes of its redemption ; these recur  
Chastened by deathful victory now, and find  
Foundations in this foulest age, and stir  
Me whom they cheer to be their minister.

## II

Dark is the realm of grief : but human things  
Those may not know who cannot weep for them.

. . . . .

III

Once more descend  
 The shadows of my soul upon mankind,  
 For to those hearts with which they never blend,  
 Thoughts are but shadows which the flashing mind  
 From the swift clouds which track its flight of fire,  
 Casts on the gloomy world it leaves behind.

. . . . .

FRAGMENT: TO A FRIEND RELEASED FROM PRISON

[Publ. 1862.]

FOR me, my friend, if not that tears did tremble  
 In my faint eyes, and that my heart beat fast  
 With feelings which make rapture pain resemble,  
 Yet, from thy voice that falsehood starts aghast,  
 I thank thee—let the tyrant keep  
 His chains and tears, yea, let him weep  
 With rage to see thee freshly risen,  
 Like strength from slumber, from the prison,  
 In which he vainly hoped the soul to bind  
 Which on the chains must prey that fetter humankind.

ON FANNY GODWIN

[1817? Publ. 1839 1st ed.]

HER voice did quiver as we parted,  
 Yet knew I not that heart was broken  
 From which it came, and I departed  
 Heeding not the words then spoken,  
 Misery—O Misery,  
 This world is all too wide for thee.

“NOVEMBER 5TH, 1817”

[Anniversary of Harriet's death? Publ. 1824.]

I

THAT time is dead for ever, child!  
 Drowned, frozen, dead for ever!  
 We look on the past  
 And stare aghast  
 At the spectres wailing, pale and ghast,  
 Of hopes which thou and I beguiled  
 To death on life's dark river.

## II

The stream we gazed on then rolled by ;  
 Its waves are unreturning ;  
     But we yet stand  
     In a lone land  
 Like tombs to mark the memory  
 Of hopes and fears, which fade and flee  
     In the light of life's dim morning.

## DEATH

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

THEY die, the dead return not, Misery  
 Sits near an open grave and calls them over—  
 A Youth with hoary hair and haggard eye ;  
 They are the names of kindred, friend and lover,  
 Which he so feebly calls—they are all gone,  
 Fond wretch, all dead ! those vacant names alone,  
 This most familiar scene, my pain—  
 These tombs—alone remain.

## II

Misery, my sweetest friend, oh, weep no more !  
 Thou wilt not be consoled—I wonder not !  
 For I have seen thee from thy dwelling's door  
 Watch the calm sunset with them, and this spot  
 Was even as bright and calm, but transitory ;  
 And now thy hopes are gone, thy hair is hoary ;  
 This most familiar scene, my pain—  
 These tombs—alone remain.

## FRAGMENTS

[Publ. 1862.]

## I

O THAT a chariot of cloud were mine !  
 Of cloud which the wild tempest weaves in air,  
 When the moon over the ocean's line  
 Is spreading the locks of her bright gray hair.  
 O that a chariot of cloud were mine !  
 I would sail on the waves of the billowy wind  
 To the mountain peak and the rocky lake,  
 And the . . .

[Publ. 1839, 1st ed.]

## II

My thoughts arise and fade in solitude,  
 The verse that would invest them melts away,  
 Like moonlight in the heaven of spreading day :  
 How beautiful they were, how firm they stood,  
 Flecking the starry sky like woven pearl !

## MARIANNE'S DREAM

[Marlow 1817. Publ. in Hunt's *Literary Pocket Book*, 1819.]

## I

A PALE Dream came to a Lady fair,  
And said, "A boon, a boon, I pray!  
I know the secrets of the air,  
And things are lost in the glare of day,  
Which I can make the sleeping see,  
If they will put their trust in me.

## II

"And thou shalt know of things unknown,  
If thou wilt let me rest between  
The veiny lids, whose fringe is thrown  
Over thine eyes so dark and sheen."  
And half in hope, and half in fright,  
The Lady closed her eyes so bright.

## III

At first all deadly shapes were driven  
Tumultuously across her sleep,  
And o'er the vast cope of bending heaven  
All ghastly-visaged clouds did sweep;  
And the Lady ever looked to spy  
If the golden sun shone forth on high.

## IV

And as towards the east she turned,  
She saw aloft in the morning air,  
Which now with hues of sunrise burned,  
A great black Anchor rising there;  
And wherever the Lady turned her eyes,  
It hung before her in the skies.

## V

The sky was blue as the summer sea,  
The depths were cloudless overhead,  
The air was calm as it could be,  
There was no sight or sound of dread,  
But that black Anchor floating still  
Over the piny eastern hill.

## VI

The Lady grew sick with a weight of fear  
 To see that Anchor ever hanging,  
 And veiled her eyes ; she then did hear  
 The sound as of a dim low clanging,  
 And looked abroad if she might know  
 Was it aught else, or but the flow  
 Of the blood in her own veins, to and fro.

## VII

There was a mist in the sunless air,  
 Which shook as it were with an earthquake's shock,  
 But the very weeds that blossomed there  
 Were moveless, and each mighty rock  
 Stood on its basis steadfastly ;  
 The Anchor was seen no more on high.

## VIII

But piled around, with summits hid  
 In lines of cloud at intervals,  
 Stood many a mountain pyramid  
 Among whose everlasting walls  
 Two mighty cities shone, and ever  
 Through the red mist their domes did quiver.

## IX

On two dread mountains, from whose crest,  
 Might seem, the eagle, for her brood,  
 Would ne'er have hung her dizzy nest,  
 Those tower-encircled cities stood.  
 A vision strange such towers to see,  
 Sculptured and wrought so gorgeously,  
 Where human art could never be.

## X

And columns framed of marble white,  
 And giant fanes, dome over dome  
 Piled, and triumphant gates, all bright  
 With workmanship,—which could not come  
 From touch of mortal instrument,—  
 Shot o'er the vales, or lustre lent  
 From their own shapes magnificent.

## XI

But still the Lady heard that clang  
Filling the wide air far away ;  
And still the mist whose light did hang  
Among the mountains shook alway,  
So that the Lady's heart beat fast,  
As half in joy, and half aghast,  
On those high domes her look she cast.

## XII

Sudden, from out that city sprung  
A light that made the earth grow red ;  
Two flames that each with quivering tongue  
Licked its high domes, and overhead  
Among those mighty towers and fanes  
Dropped fire, as a volcano rains  
Its sulphurous ruin on the plains

## XIII

And hark ! a rush as if the deep  
Had burst its bonds ; she looked behind  
And saw over the western steep  
A raging flood descend, and wind  
Through that wide vale ; she felt no fear,  
But said within herself, 'Tis clear  
These towers are Nature's own, and she  
To save them has sent forth the sea.

## XIV

And now those raging billows came  
Where that fair Lady sate, and she  
Was borne towards the showering flame  
By the wild waves heaped tumultuously,  
And, on a little plank, the flow  
Of the whirlpool bore her to and fro.

## XV

The flames were fiercely vomited  
From every tower and every dome,  
And dreary light did widely shed  
O'er that vast flood's suspended foam,  
Beneath the smoke which hung its night  
On the stained cope of heaven's light.

## XVI

The plank whereon that Lady sate  
 Was driven through the chasms, about and about,  
 Between the peaks so desolate  
 Of the drowning mountains, in and out,  
 As the thistle-beard on a whirlwind sails—  
 While the flood was filling those hollow vales.

## XVII

At last her plank an eddy crossed,  
 And bore her to the city's wall,  
 Which now the flood had reached almost ;  
 It might the stoutest heart appal  
 To hear the fire roar and hiss  
 Through the domes of those mighty palaces.

## XVIII

The eddy whirled her round and round  
 Before a gorgeous gate, which stood  
 Piercing the clouds of smoke which bound  
 Its aery arch with light like blood ;  
 She looked on that gate of marble clear,  
 With wonder that extinguished fear.

## XIX

For it was filled with sculptures rarest,  
 Of forms most beautiful and strange,  
 Like nothing human, but the fairest  
 Of wingèd shapes, whose legions range  
 Throughout the sleep of those that are,  
 Like this same Lady, good and fair.

## XX

And as she looked, still lovelier grew  
 Those marble forms ;—the sculptor sure  
 Was a strong spirit, and the hue  
 Of his own mind did there endure  
 After the touch, whose power had braided  
 Such grace, was in some sad change faded.

## XXI

She looked, the flames were dim, the flood  
 Grew tranquil as a woodland river

Winding through hills in solitude ;

Those marble shapes then seemed to quiver,  
And their fair limbs to float in motion,  
Like weeds unfolding in the ocean.

## XXII

And their lips moved ; one seemed to speak,

When suddenly the mountains cracked,  
And through the chasm the flood did break

With an earth-uplifting cataract :  
The statues gave a joyous scream,  
And on its wings the pale thin Dream  
Lifted the Lady from the stream.

## XXIII

The dizzy flight of that phantom pale

Waked the fair Lady from her sleep,  
And she arose, while from the veil

Of her dark eyes the Dream did creep,  
And she walked about as one who knew  
That sleep has sights as clear and true  
As any waking eyes can view.

## TO CONSTANTIA, SINGING

[Publ. 1824 and 1903.]

## I

CEASE, cease—for such wild lessons madmen learn ;

Thus to be lost, and thus to sink and die  
Perchance were death indeed !—Constantia turn ;  
In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie

Even though the sounds its voice that were

Between [thy] lips are laid to sleep :

Within thy breath, and on thy hair

Like odour, it is [lingering] yet

And from thy touch like fire doth leap—

Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet—

Alas, that the torn heart can bleed but not forget.

## II

[A deep and] breathless awe like the swift change

Of dreams unseen but felt in youthful slumbers  
Wild, sweet, yet incommunicably strange

Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers. . . .

The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven

By the enchantment of thy strain,

And on my shoulders wings are woven,  
 To follow its sublime career  
 Beyond the mighty moons that wane  
 Upon the verge of Nature's utmost sphere,  
 Till the world's shadowy walls are past and disappear.

## III

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—it lingers  
 O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings.  
 The blood and life within those snowy fingers  
 Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.  
 My brain is wild, my breath comes quick—  
 The blood is listening in my frame,  
 And thronging shadows, fast and thick,  
 Fall on my overflowing eyes ;  
 My heart is quivering like a flame ;  
 As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies,  
 I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies.

## IV

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee,  
 Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song  
 Flows on, and fills all things with melody.—  
 Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong,  
 On which, like one in trance upborne,  
 Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,  
 Rejoicing like a cloud of morn.  
 Now 'tis the breath of summer night,  
 Which when the starry waters sleep,  
 Round western isles, with incense-blossoms bright,  
 Lingering, suspends my soul in its voluptuous flight.

## TO CONSTANTIA

[Dated 1817 by Mrs Shelley, Publ. 1839, 1st ed.]

## I

THE rose that drinks the fountain dew  
 In the pleasant air of noon,  
 Grows pale and blue with altered hue—  
 In the gaze of the nightly moon ;  
 For the planet of frost, so cold and bright,  
 Makes it wan with her borrowed light.

## II

Such is my heart—roses are fair,  
 And that at best a withered blossom ;  
 But thy false care did idly wear  
 Its withered leaves in a faithless bosom ;  
 And fed with love, like air and dew,  
 Its growth—

FRAGMENT : TO ONE SINGING

[1817. Publ. 1839, 1st ed. and 1903.]

My spirit like a charmèd bark doth swim  
 Upon the liquid waves of thy sweet singing,  
 Far far away into the regions dim

Of rapture—as a boat, with swift sails winging  
 Its way adown some many-winding river,  
 Speeds through dark forests o'er the waters swinging. . .

FRAGMENTS \*

[Publ. 1839, 1st ed.]

I

To thirst and find no fill,—to wail and wander  
 With short unsteady steps,—to pause and ponder,—  
 To feel the blood run through the veins and tingle  
 Where busy thought and blind sensation mingle,—  
 To nurse the image of unfelt caresses  
 Till dim imagination just possesses  
 The half-created shadow, then all the night  
 Sick . . .

II

Wealth and dominion fade into the mass  
 Of the great sea of human right and wrong,  
 When once from our possession they must pass ;  
 But love, though misdirected, is among  
 The things which are immortal, and surpass  
 All that frail stuff which will be—or which was.

FRAGMENTS TO MUSIC

[Both publ. 1839. Dated 1817.]

I

SILVER key of the fountain of tears,  
 Where the Spirit drinks till the brain is wild ;  
 Softest grave of a thousand fears,  
 Where their Mother, Care, like a drowsy child,  
 Is laid asleep in flowers . . .

II

No, Music, thou art not the " food of Love,"  
 Unless Love feeds upon its own sweet self,  
 Till it becomes all Music murmurs of.

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\* This occurs in the Bodleian MS., near *To Constantia*.

## OZYMANDIAS

[1817. Publ. 1818.]

I MET a traveller from an antique land,  
 Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown  
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command,  
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read,  
 Which yet survive stamped on these lifeless things  
 The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed :  
 And on the pedestal these words appear :  
 ' My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings :  
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair !'  
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

## PRINCE ATHANASE

## A FRAGMENT

[Written at Marlow in 1817, towards the close of the year ;  
 first publ. 1824.]

## PART I

THERE was a youth, who, as with toil and travel,  
 Had grown quite weak and gray before his time ;  
 Nor any could the restless griefs unravel

Which burned within him, withering up his prime  
 And goading him, like fiends, from land to land.  
 Not his the load of any secret crime,

For nought of ill his heart could understand,  
 But pity and wild sorrow for the same ;—  
 Not his the thirst for glory or command,

Baffled with blast of hope-consuming shame ;  
 Nor evil joys which fire the vulgar breast,  
 And quench in speedy smoke its feeble flame,

Had left within his soul their dark unrest :  
 Nor what religion fables of the grave  
 Feared he,—Philosophy's accepted guest.

For none than he a purer heart could have,  
 Or that loved good more for itself alone ;  
 Of nought in heaven or earth was he the slave.

What sorrow, strange, and shadowy, and unknown,  
Sent him, a hopeless wanderer, through mankind?—  
If with a human sadness he did groan,

He had a gentle yet aspiring mind ;  
Just, innocent, with varied learning fed ;  
And such a glorious consolation find

In others' joy, when all their own is dead :  
He loved, and laboured for his kind in grief,  
And yet, unlike all others, it is said

That from such toil he never found relief.  
Although a child of fortune and of power,  
Of an ancestral name the orphan chief,

His soul had wedded Wisdom, and her dower  
Is love and justice, clothed in which he sate  
Apart from men, as in a lonely tower,

Pitying the tumult of their dark estate.—  
Yet even in youth did he not e'er abuse  
The strength of wealth or thought, to consecrate

Those false opinions which the harsh rich use  
To blind the world they famish for their pride ;  
Nor did he hold from any man his dues,

But, like a steward in honest dealings tried,  
With those who toiled and wept, the poor and wise,  
His riches and his cares he did divide.

Fearless he was, and scorning all disguise,  
What he dared do or think, though men might start,  
He spoke with mild yet unaverted eyes ;

Liberal he was of soul, and frank of heart,  
And to his many friends—all loved him well—  
Whate'er he knew or felt he would impart,

If words he found those inmost thoughts to tell ;  
If not, he smiled or wept ; and his weak foes  
He neither spurned nor hated—though with fell

And mortal hate their thousand voices rose,  
They passed like aimless arrows from his ear—  
Nor did his heart or mind its portal close

To those, or them, or any, whom life's sphere  
May comprehend within its wide array.  
What sadness made that vernal spirit sere ?—

He knew not. Though his life, day after day,  
Was failing like an unreplenished stream,  
Though in his eyes a cloud and burthen lay,

Through which his soul, like Vesper's serene beam  
Piercing the chasms of ever-rising clouds,  
Shone, softly burning ; though his lips did seem

Like reeds which quiver in impetuous floods ;  
And through his sleep, and o'er each waking hour,  
Thoughts after thoughts, unresting multitudes,

Were driven within him by some secret power,  
Which bade them blaze, and live, and roll afar,  
Like lights and sounds, from haunted tower to tower.

O'er castled mountains borne, when tempest's war  
Is levied by the night-contending winds,  
And the pale dalesmen watch with eager ear ;—

Though such were in his spirit, as the fiends  
Which wake and feed an everliving woe,—  
What was this grief, which ne'er in other minds

A mirror found,—he knew not—none could know ;  
But on whoe'er might question him he turned  
The light of his frank eyes, as if to show

He knew not of the grief within that burned,  
But asked forbearance with a mournful look ;  
Or spoke in words from which none ever learned

The cause of his disquietude ; or shook  
With spasms of silent passion ; or turned pale :  
So that his friends soon rarely undertook

To stir his secret pain without avail ;—  
For all who knew and loved him then perceived  
That there was drawn an adamantine veil

Between his heart and mind,—both unrelieved  
Wrought in his brain and bosom separate strife.  
Some said that he was mad, others believed

That memories of an antenatal life  
Made this, where now he dwelt, a penal hell ;  
And others said that such mysterious grief

From God's displeasure, like a darkness, fell  
On souls like his, which owned no higher law  
Than love ; love calm, steadfast, invincible

By mortal fear or supernatural awe ;  
And others,—“ 'Tis the shadow of a dream  
Which the veiled eye of Memory never saw,

“ But through the soul's abyss, like some dark stream  
Through shattered mines and caverns underground  
Rolls, shaking its foundations ; and no beam

“ Of joy may rise, but it is quenched and drowned  
 In the dim whirlpools of this dream obscure ;  
 Soon its exhausted waters will have found

“ A lair of rest beneath thy spirit pure,  
 O Athanase !—in one so good and great  
 Evil or tumult cannot long endure.”

So spake they : idly of another's state  
 Babbling vain words and fond philosophy ;  
 This was their consolation ; such debate

Men held with one another ; nor did he,  
 Like one who labours with a human woe,  
 Decline this talk : as if its theme might be

Another, not himself, he to and fro  
 Questioned and canvassed it with subtlest wit ;  
 And none but those who loved him best could know

That which he knew not, how it galled and bit  
 His weary mind, this converse vain and cold ;  
 For like an eyeless nightmare grief did sit

Upon his being ; a snake which fold by fold  
 Pressed out the life of life, a clinging fiend  
 Which clenched him if he stirred with deadlier hold ;—  
 And so his grief remained—let it remain—untold.\*

## PART II

### FRAGMENT II

PRINCE ATHANASE had one belovèd 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  
 Shone like the reflex of a thousand minds.  
 He was the last whom superstition's blight

Had spared in Greece—the blight that cramps and blinds,—  
 And in his olive bower at Cœnoc  
 Had sate from earliest youth. Like one who finds

---

\* The Author was pursuing a fuller development of the ideal character of Athanase, when it struck him that in an attempt at extreme refinement and analysis, his conceptions might be betrayed into the assuming a morbid character. The reader will judge whether he is a loser or gainer by the difference. [Shelley's Note.]

A fertile island in the barren sea,  
 One mariner who has survived his mates  
 Many a drear month in a great ship—so he

With soul-sustaining songs, and sweet debates  
 Of ancient lore, there fed his lonely being :—  
 “ The mind becomes that which it contemplates,”—

And thus Zonoras, by forever seeing  
 Their bright creations, grew like wisest men ;  
 And when he heard the crash of nations fleeing

A bloodier power than ruled thy ruins then,  
 O sacred Hellas ! many weary years  
 He wandered, till the path of Laian's glen

Was grass-grown —and the unremembered tears  
 Were dry in Laian for their honoured chief,  
 Who fell in Byzant, pierced by Moslem spears :—

And as the lady looked with faithful grief  
 From her high lattice o'er the rugged path,  
 Where she once saw that horseman toil, with brief

And blighting hope, who with the news of death  
 Struck body and soul as with a mortal blight,  
 She saw between the chestnuts, far beneath,

An old man toiling up, a weary wight ;  
 And soon within her hospitable hall  
 She saw his white hair glittering in the light

Of the wood fire, and round his shoulders fall ;  
 And his wan visage and his withered mien,  
 Yet calm and gentle and majestic.

And Athanase, her child, who must have been  
 Then three years old, sate opposite and gazed  
 In patient silence.

#### FRAGMENT II

SUCH was Zonoras ; and as daylight finds  
 One amaranth glittering on the path of frost,  
 When autumn nights have nipped all weaker kinds,

Thus through his age, dark, cold, and tempest-tossed,  
 Shone truth upon Zonoras ; and he filled  
 From fountains pure, nigh overgrown and lost,

The spirit of Prince Athanase, a child,  
 With soul-sustaining songs of ancient lore  
 And philosophic wisdom, clear and mild.

And sweet and subtle talk they evermore,  
The pupil and the master, shared ; until,  
Sharing that undiminishable store,

The youth as shadows on 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 ;  
Still they were friends, as few have ever been  
Who mark the extremes of life's discordant span.

So in the caverns of the forest green,  
Or by the rocks of echoing ocean hoar,  
Zonoras and Prince Athanase were seen

By summer woodmen ; and when winter's roar  
Sounded o'er earth and sea its blast of war,  
The Balearic fisher, driven from shore,

Hanging upon the peakèd wave afar,  
Then saw their lamp from Laian's turret gleam  
Piercing the stormy darkness, like a star

Which pours beyond the sea one steadfast beam,  
Whilst all the constellations of the sky  
Seemed reeling through the storm . . . They did but seem—

For, lo ! the wintry clouds are all gone by,  
And bright Arcturus through yon pines is glowing,  
And far o'er southern waves, immovably

Belted Orion hangs—warm light is flowing  
From the young moon into the sunset's chasm.—  
“ O, summer eve ! with power divine, bestowing

“ On thine own bird the sweet enthusiasm  
Which overflows in notes of liquid gladness,  
Filling the sky like light ! How many a spasm

“ Of fevered brains, oppressed with grief and madness.  
Were lulled by thee, delightful nightingale,—  
And these soft waves, murmuring a gentle sadness,—

“ And the far sighings of yon piny dale  
Made vocal by some wind we feel not here.—  
I bear alone what nothing may avail

“ To lighten—a strange load ! ”—No human ear  
Heard this lament ; but o'er the visage wau  
Of Athanase, a ruffling atmosphere

Of dark emotion, a swift shadow, ran,  
Like wind upon some forest-bosomed lake,  
Glassy and dark.—And that divine old man

Beheld his mystic friend's whole being shake,  
 Even where its inmost depths were gloomiest—  
 And with a calm and measured voice he spake,

And, with a soft and equal pressure, pressed  
 That cold lean hand :—" Dost thou remember yet  
 When the carved moon then lingering in the west

" Paused, in yon waves her mighty horns to wet,  
 How in those beams we walked, half resting on the sea ?  
 'Tis just one year—sure thou dost not forget—

" Then Plato's words of light in thee and me  
 Lingered like moonlight in the moonless east,  
 For we had just then read—thy memory

" Is faithful now—the story of the feast ;  
 And Agathon and Diotima seemed  
 From death and dark forgetfulness released . . . . ."

#### FRAGMENT III

AND when the old man saw that on the green  
 Leaves of his opening                      a blight and lighted  
 He said : " My friend, one grief alone can wean

A gentle mind from all that once delighted :—  
 Thou lovest, and thy secret heart is laden  
 With feelings which should not be unrequited."

And Athanase then smiled, as one o'erladen  
 With iron chains might smile to talk of bands  
 Twinned round her lover's neck by some blithe maiden  
 And said . . . . .

#### FRAGMENT IV

'Twas at the season when the Earth upsprings  
 From slumber, as a spherèd angel's child,  
 Shadowing its eyes with green and golden wings,

Stands up before its mother bright and mild,  
 Of whose soft air the voice expectant seems—  
 So stood before the sun, which shone and smiled

To see it rise thus joyous from its dreams,  
 The fresh and radiant Earth. The hoary grove  
 Waxed green—and flowers burst forth like starry beams ;—

The grass in the warm sun did start and move,  
 And sea-buds burst under the waves serene :—  
 How many a one, though none be near to love,

Loves then the shade of his own soul, half seen  
 In any mirror—or the spring's young minions,  
 The winged leaves amid the copses green ;—

How many a spirit then puts on the pinions  
Of fancy, and outstrips the lagging blast,  
And his own steps—and over wide dominions

Swept in his dream-drawn chariot, far and fast,  
More fleet than storms—the wide world shrinks below,  
When winter and despondency are past.

## FRAGMENT V

'Twas at this season that Prince Athanase  
Passed the white Alps—those eagle-baffling mountains  
Slept in their shrouds of snow ;—beside the ways

The waterfalls were voiceless—for their fountains  
Were changed to mines of sunless crystal now,  
Or by the curdling winds—like brazen wings

Which clanged along the mountain's marble brow—  
Warped into adamantine fretwork, hung  
And filled with frozen light the chasms below.

Vexed by the blast, the great pines groaned and swung  
Under their load of flaked plumes of [snow] \*

. . . . .

Such as the eagle sees, when he dives down  
From the gray desarts of wide air, [beheld]  
[Prince] Athanase, and o'er his mien was thrown

The shadow of that scene, field after field,  
Purple and dim and wide . . . . .

## FRAGMENT VI

THOU art the wine whose drunkenness is all  
We can desire, O Love! and happy souls,  
Ere from thy vine the leaves of autumn fall,

Catch thee, and feed from their o'erflowing bowls  
Thousands who thirst for thine ambrosial dew ;—  
Thou art the radiance which where ocean rolls

Investeth it ; and when the heavens are blue  
Thou fillest them ; and when the earth is fair  
The shadow of thy moving wings imbue

Its deserts and its mountains, till they wear  
Beauty like some bright robe ;—thou ever soarest  
Among the towers of men, and as soft air

In spring, which moves the unawakened forest,  
Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,  
Thou floatest among men ; and aye inplorest

That which from thee they should implore :—the weak  
Alone kneel to thee, offering up the hearts  
The strong have broken—yet where shall any seek

A garment whom thou clothest not ? the darts  
Of the keen winter storm, barbèd with frost,  
Which, from the everlasting snow that parts

The Alps from Heaven, pierce some traveller lost  
In the wide interminable snow  
Ungarmented, . . . . .

#### ANOTHER FRAGMENT (A)

YES, often when the eyes are cold and dry,  
And the lips calm, the Spirit weeps within  
Tears bitterer than the blood of agony

Trembling in drops on the discoloured skin  
Of those who love their kind and therefore perish  
In ghastly torture—a sweet medicine

Of peace and sleep are tears, and quietly  
Them soothe from whose uplifted eyes they fall  
But . . . . .

#### ANOTHER FRAGMENT (B)

HER hair was brown, her sphered eyes were brown,  
And in their dark and liquid moisture swam,  
Like the dim orb of the eclipsed moon ;

Yet when the spirit flashed beneath, there came  
The light from them, as when tears of delight  
Double the western planet's serene flame.

### ROSALIND AND HELEN

#### A MODERN ECLOGUE

[Begun at Marlow, 1817. Publ. 1819].

#### ADVERTISEMENT

THE story of *Rosalind and Helen* is, undoubtedly, not an attempt in the highest style of poetry. It is in no degree calculated to excite profound meditation ; and if, by interesting the affections and amusing the imagination, it awakens a certain ideal melancholy favourable to the reception of more important impressions, it will produce in the reader all that the writer experienced in the composition. I resigned myself, as I wrote, to the impulse of the feelings

which moulded the conception of the story; and this impulse determined the pauses of a measure, which only pretends to be regular inasmuch as it corresponds with, and expresses, the irregularity of the imaginations which inspired it.

I do not know which of the few scattered poems I left in England will be selected by my bookseller to add to this collection. One, which I sent from Italy, was written after a day's excursion among those lovely mountains which surround what was once the retreat, and where is now the sepulchre, of Petrarch. If any one is inclined to condemn the insertion of the introductory lines, which image forth the sudden relief of a state of deep despondency by the radiant visions disclosed by the sudden burst of an Italian sunrise in autumn on the highest peak of those delightful mountains, I can only offer as my excuse, that they were not erased at the request of a dear friend, with whom added years of intercourse only add to my apprehension of its value, and who would have had more right than any one to complain, that she has not been able to extinguish in me the very power of delineating sadness.

NAPLES, Dec. 20, 1818.

ROSALIND, HELEN AND HER CHILD

SCENE—*The Shore of the Lake of Como*

*Helen.* Come hither, my sweet Rosalind.  
 'Tis long since thou and I have met ;  
 And yet methinks it were unkind  
 Those moments to forget.  
 Come sit by me. I see thee stand  
 By this lone lake, in this far land,  
 Thy loose hair in the light wind flying,  
 Thy sweet voice to each tone of even  
 United, and thine eyes replying  
 To the hues of yon fair heaven.  
 Come, gentle friend : wilt sit by me ?  
 And be as thou wert wont to be  
 Ere we were disunited ?  
 None doth behold us now : the power  
 That led us forth at this lone hour  
 Will be but ill requited  
 If thou depart in scorn : oh ! come,

And talk of our abandoned home.  
 Remember, this is Italy,  
 And we are exiles. Talk with me  
 Of that our land, whose wilds and flood  
 Barren and dark although they be,  
 Were dearer than these chestnut woods :  
 Those heathy paths, that inland stream,  
 And the blue mountains, shapes which seem  
 Like wrecks of childhood's sunny dream :  
 Which that we have abandoned now,  
 Weighs on the heart like that remorse  
 Which altered friendship leaves. I seek  
 No more our youthful intercourse.  
 That cannot be ! Rosalind, speak,  
 Speak to me. Leave me not.—When morn did come,  
 When evening fell upon our common home,  
 When for one hour we parted,—do not frown :  
 I would not chide thee, though thy faith is broken :  
 But turn to me. Oh ! by this cherished token,  
 Of woven hair, which thou wilt not disown,  
 Turn, as 'twere but the memory of me,  
 And not my scorned self who prayed to thee.

*Rosalind.* Is it a dream, or do I see  
 And hear frail Helen ? I would flee  
 Thy tainting touch ; but former years  
 Arise, and bring forbidden tears ;  
 And my o'erburthened memory  
 Seeks yet its lost repose in thee.  
 I share thy crime. I cannot choose  
 But weep for thee : mine own strange grief  
 But seldom stoops to such relief :  
 Nor ever did I love thee less,  
 Though mourning o'er thy wickedness  
 Even with a sister's woe. I knew  
 What to the evil world is due,  
 And therefore sternly did refuse  
 To link me with the infamy  
 Of one so lost as Helen. Now  
 Bewildered by my dire despair,  
 Wondering I blush, and weep that thou  
 Should'st love me still,—thou only !—There,  
 Let us sit on that gray stone,  
 Till our mournful talk be done.

*Helen.* Alas ! not there ; I cannot bear

The murmur of this lake to hear.  
 A sound from there, Rosalind dear,  
 Which never yet I heard elsewhere  
 But in our native land, recurs,  
 Even here where now we meet. It stirs  
 Too much of suffocating sorrow !  
 In the dell of yon dark chestnut wood  
 Is a stone seat, a solitude  
 Less like our own. The ghost of Peace  
 Will not desert this spot. To-morrow,  
 If thy kind feelings should not cease,  
 We may sit here.

*Rosalind.* Thou lead, my sweet,  
 And I will follow.

*Henry.* 'Tis Fenici's seat.  
 Where you are going? This is not the way,  
 Mamma ; it leads behind those trees that grow  
 Close to the little river.

*Helen.* Yes : I know :  
 I was bewildered. Kiss me, and be gay,  
 Dear boy : why do you sob ?

*Henry.* I do not know :  
 But it might break any one's heart to see  
 You and the lady cry so bitterly.

*Helen.* It is a gentle child, my friend. Go home,  
 Henry, and play with Lilla till I come.  
 We only cried with joy to see each other ;  
 We are quite merry now : Good-night.

The boy  
 Lifted a sudden look upon his mother,  
 And in the gleam of forced and hollow joy  
 Which lightened o'er her face, laughed with the glee  
 Of light and unsuspecting infancy,  
 And whispered in her ear, " Bring home with you  
 'That sweet strange lady-friend.'" Then off he flew,  
 But stopped, and beckoned with a meaning smile,  
 Where the road turned. Pale Rosalind the while,  
 Hiding her face, stood weeping silently.

In silence then they took the way  
 Beneath the forest's solitude.  
 It was a vast and antique wood,  
 'Thro' which they took their way :  
 And the gray shades of evening

O'er that green wilderness did fling  
Still deeper solitude.  
Pursuing still the path that wound  
The vast and knotted trees around  
Through which slow shades were wandering,  
To a deep lawny dell they came,  
To a stone seat beside a spring,  
O'er which the columned wood did frame  
A roofless temple, like the fane  
Where, ere new creeds could faith obtain,  
Man's early race once knelt beneath  
The overhanging deity.  
O'er this fair fountain hung the sky,  
Now spangled with rare stars. The snake,  
The pale snake, that with eager breath  
Creeps here his noontide thirst to slake,  
Is beaming with many a mingled hue,  
Shed from yon dome's eternal blue,  
When he floats on that dark and lucid flood  
In the light of his own loveliness ;  
And the birds that in the fountain dip  
Their plumes, with fearless fellowship  
Above and round him wheel and hover.  
The fitful wind is heard to stir  
One solitary leaf on high ;  
The chirping of the grasshopper  
Fills every pause. There is emotion  
In all that dwells at noontide here :  
Then, through the intricate wild wood,  
A maze of life and light and motion  
Is woven. But there is stillness now :  
Gloom and the trance of Nature now :  
The snake is in his cave asleep ;  
The birds are on the branches dreaming :  
Only the shadows creep :  
Only the glow-worm is gleaming :  
Only the owls and the nightingales  
Wake in this dell when daylight fails,  
And gray shades gather in the woods :  
And the owls have all fled far away  
In a merrier glen to hoot and play,  
For the moon is veiled and sleeping now.  
The accustomed nightingale still broods  
On her accustomed bough,

But she is mute ; for her false mate  
Has fled and left her desolate.

This silent spot tradition old  
Had peopled with the spectral dead.  
For the roots of the speaker's hair felt cold  
And stiff, as with tremulous lips he told  
That a hellish shape at midnight led  
The ghost of a youth with hoary hair  
And sate on the seat beside him there,  
Till a naked child came wandering by,  
When the fiend would change to a lady fair !  
A fearful tale ! The truth was worse :  
For here a sister and a brother  
Had solemnized a monstrous curse,  
Meeting in this fair solitude :  
For beneath yon very sky,  
Had resigned to one another  
Body and soul. The multitude,  
Tracking them to the secret wood,  
Tore limb from limb their innocent child,  
And stabbed and trampled on its mother ;  
But the youth, for God's most holy grace,  
A priest saved to burn in the market place.

Duly at evening Helen came  
To this lone silent spot,  
From the wrecks of a tale of wilder sorrow  
So much of sympathy to borrow  
As soothed her own dark lot.  
Duly each evening from her home,  
With her fair child would Helen come  
To sit upon that antique seat,  
While the hues of day were pale ;  
And the bright boy beside her feet  
Now lay, lifting at intervals  
His broad blue eyes on her ;  
Now, where some sudden impulse calls  
Following. He was a gentle boy  
And in all gentle sports took joy ;  
Oft in a dry leaf for a boat,  
With a small feather for a sail,  
His fancy on that spring would float,  
If some invisible breeze might stir

Its marble calm : and Helen smiled  
 Through tears of awe on the gay child,  
 To think that a boy as fair as he,  
 In years which never more may be,  
 By that same fount, in that same wood,  
 The like sweet fancies had pursued ;  
 And that a mother, lost like her,  
 Had mournfully sate watching him.  
 Then all the scene was wont to swim  
 Through the mist of a burning tear.

For many months had Helen known  
 This scene ; and now she thither turned  
 Her footsteps, not alone.  
 The friend whose falsehood she had mourned,  
 Sate with her on that seat of stone.  
 Silent they sate ; for evening,  
 And the power its glimpses bring  
 Had, with one awful shadow, quelled  
 The passion of their grief. They sate  
 With linkèd hands, for unrepelled  
 Had Helen taken Rosalind's.  
 Like the Autumn wind, when it unbinds  
 The tangled locks of the nightshade's hair,  
 Which is twined in the sultry summer air  
 Round the walls of an outworn sepulchre,  
 Did the voice of Helen, sad and sweet,  
 And the sound of her heart that ever beat,  
 As with sighs and words she breathed on her,  
 Unbind the knots of her friend's despair,  
 Till her thoughts were free to float and flow ;  
 And from her labouring bosom now,  
 Like the bursting of a prisoned flame,  
 The voice of a long-pent sorrow came.

*Rosalind.* I saw the dark earth fall upon  
 The coffin ; and I saw the stone  
 Laid over him whom this cold breast  
 Had pillowed to his nightly rest !  
 Thou knowest not, thou canst not know  
 My agony. Oh ! I could not weep : -  
 The sources whence such blessings flow  
 Were not to be approached by me !  
 But I could smile, and I could sleep,  
 Though with a self-accusing heart.

In morning's light, in evening's gloom,  
I watched—and would not thence depart—  
My husband's unlamented tomb.  
My children knew their sire was gone,  
But when I told them,—‘he is dead,’—  
They laughed aloud in frantic glee,  
They clapped their hands and leaped about,  
Answering each other's ecstasy  
With many a prank and merry shout.  
But I sate silent alone,  
Wrapped in the mock of mourning weed.

They laughed, for he was dead : but I  
Sate with a hard and tearless eye,  
And with a heart which would deny  
The secret joy it could not quell,  
Low muttering o'er his loathèd name ;  
Till from that self-contention came  
Remorse where sin was none ; a hell  
Which in pure spirits should not dwell.

I'll tell thee truth. He was a man  
Hard, selfish, loving only gold,  
Yet full of guile : his pale eyes ran  
With tears, which each some falsehood told,  
And oft his smooth and bridled tongue  
Would give the lie to his flushing cheek :  
He was a coward to the strong :  
He was a tyrant to the weak,  
On whom his vengeance he would wreak :  
For scorn, whose arrows search the heart,  
From many a stranger's eye would dart,  
And on his memory cling, and follow  
His soul to its home so cold and hollow.  
He was a tyrant to the weak,  
And we were such, alas the day !  
Oft, when my little ones at play,  
Were in youth's natural lightness gay,  
Or if they listened to some tale  
Of travellers, or of fairy land,—  
When the light from the wood-fire's dying brand  
Flashed on their faces,—if they heard  
Or thought they heard upon the stair  
His footstep, the suspended word  
Died on my lips : we all grew pale

The babe at my bosom was hushed with fear  
 If it thought it heard its father near ;  
 And my two wild boys would near my knee  
 Cling, cowed and cowering fearfully.

I'll tell thee truth : I loved another.  
 His name in my ear was ever ringing,  
 His form to my brain was ever clinging :  
 Yet if some stranger breathed that name,  
 My lips turned white, and my heart beat fast :  
 My nights were once haunted by dreams of flame,  
 My days were dim in the shadow cast  
 By the memory of the same !  
 Day and night, day and night,  
 He was my breath and life and light,  
 For three short years, which soon were passed.  
 On the fourth, my gentle mother  
 Led me to the shrine, to be  
 His sworn bride eternally.  
 And now we stood on the altar stair,  
 When my father came from a distant land,  
 And with a loud and fearful cry  
 Rushed between us suddenly.  
 I saw the stream of his thin gray hair,  
 I saw his lean and lifted hand,  
 And heard his words,—and live ! Oh God !  
 Wherefore do I live ?—" Hold, hold !"  
 He cried,—" I tell thee 'tis her brother !  
 Thy mother, boy, beneath the sod  
 Of yon churchyard rests in her shroud so cold :  
 I am now weak, and pale, and old :  
 We were once dear to one another,  
 I am that corpse ! Thou art our child !"  
 Then with a laugh both long and wild  
 The youth upon the pavement fell :  
 They found him dead ! All looked on me,  
 The spasms of my despair to see :  
 But I was calm. I went away :  
 I was clammy-cold like clay !  
 I did not weep : I did not speak :  
 But day by day, week after week,  
 I walked about like a corpse alive !  
 Alas ! sweet friend, you must believe  
 This heart is stone : it did not break.

My father lived a little while,  
But all might see that he was dying,  
He smiled with such a woeful smile !  
When he was in the churchyard lying  
Among the worms, we grew quite poor,  
So that no one would give us bread :  
My mother looked at me, and said  
Faint words of cheer, which only meant  
That she could die and be content ;  
So I went forth from the same church door  
To another husband's bed.  
And this was he who died at last,  
When weeks and months and years had passed,  
Through which I firmly did fulfil  
My duties, a devoted wife,  
With the stern step of vanquished will,  
Walking beneath the night of life,  
Whose hours extinguished, like slow rain  
Falling for ever, pain by pain,  
The very hope of death's dear rest ;  
Which, since the heart within my breast  
Of natural life was dispossessed,  
Its strange sustainer there had been.

When flowers were dead, and grass was green  
Upon my mother's grave,—that mother  
Whom to outlive, and cheer, and make  
My wan eyes glitter for her sake,  
Was my vowed task; the single care  
Which once gave life to my despair,—  
When she was a thing that did not stir  
And the crawling worms were cradling her  
To a sleep more deep and so more sweet  
Than a baby's rocked on its nurse's knee,  
I lived : a living pulse then beat  
Beneath my heart that awakened me.  
What was this pulse so warm and free ?  
Alas ! I knew it could not be  
My own dull blood : 'twas like a thought  
Of liquid love, that spread and wrought  
Under my bosom and in my brain,  
And crept with the blood through every vein ;  
And hour by hour, day after day,  
The wonder could not charm away,

But laid in sleep my wakeful pain,  
 Until I knew it was a child,  
 And then I wept. For long, long years  
 These frozen eyes had shed no tears :  
 But now—'twas the season fair and mild  
 When April has wept itself to May :  
 I sate through the sweet sunny day  
 By my window bowered round with leaves,  
 And down my cheeks the quick tears fell  
 Like twinkling rain-drops from the eaves,  
 When warm spring showers are passing o'er :  
 O Helen none can ever tell  
 The joy it was to weep once more !

I wept to think how hard it were  
 To kill my babe, and take from it  
 The sense of light, and the warm air,  
 And my own fond and tender care,  
 And love and smiles ; ere I knew yet  
 That these for it might, as for me,  
 Be the masks of a grinning mockery.  
 And haply, I would dream, 'twere sweet  
 To feed it from my faded breast,  
 Or mark my own heart's restless beat  
 Rock it to its untroubled rest,  
 And watch the growing soul beneath  
 Dawn in faint smiles ; and hear its breath,  
 Half interrupted by calm sighs,  
 And search the depth of its fair eyes  
 For long departed memories !  
 And so I lived till that sweet load  
 Was lightened. Darkly forward flowed  
 The stream of years, and on it bore  
 Two shapes of gladness to my sight ;  
 Two other babes, delightful more  
 In my lost soul's abandoned night,  
 Than their own country ships may be  
 Sailing towards wrecked mariners,  
 Who cling to the rock of a wintry sea.  
 For each, as it came, brought soothing tears,  
 And a loosening warmth, as each one lay  
 Sucking the sullen milk away  
 About my frozen heart, did play,  
 And weaned it, oh how painfully !—

As they themselves were weaned each one  
 From that sweet food,—even from the thirst  
 Of death, and nothingness, and rest,  
 Strange inmate of a living breast !  
 Which all that I had undergone  
 Of grief and shame, since she, who first  
 The gates of that dark refuge closed,  
 Came to my sight, and almost burst  
 The seal of that Lethean spring ;  
 But these fair shadows interposed :  
 For all delights are shadows now !  
 And from my brain to my dull brow  
 The heavy tears gather and flow :  
 I cannot speak : Oh let me weep !

The tears which fell from her wan eyes  
 Glimmered among the moonlight dew :  
 Her deep hard sobs and heavy sighs  
 Their echoes in the darkness threw.  
 When she grew calm, she thus did keep  
 The tenor of her tale :

He died :

I know not how : he was not old,  
 If age be numbered by its years :  
 But he was bowed and bent with fears,  
 Pale with the quenchless thirst of gold,  
 Which, like fierce fever, left him weak ;  
 And his strait lip and bloated cheek  
 Were warped in spasms by hollow sneers ;  
 And selfish cares with barren plough,  
 Not age, had lined his narrow brow,  
 And foul and cruel thoughts, which feed  
 Upon the withering life within,  
 Like vipers on some poisonous weed.  
 Whether his ill were death or sin  
 None knew, until he died indeed,  
 And then men owned they were the same.

Seven days within my chamber lay  
 That corse, and my babes made holiday :  
 At last, I told them what is death :  
 The eldest, with a kind of shame,  
 Came to my knees with silent breath,  
 And sate awe-stricken at my feet ;

And soon the others left their play,  
 And sate there too. It is unmeet  
 To shed on the brief flower of youth  
 The withering knowledge of the grave ;  
 From me remorse then wrung that truth.  
 I could not bear the joy which gave  
 Too just a response to mine own.  
 In vain. I dared not feign a groan ;  
 And in their artless looks I saw,  
 Between the mists of fear and awe,  
 That my own thought was theirs ; and they  
 Expressed it not in words, but said,  
 Each in its heart, how every day  
 Will pass in happy work and play,  
 Now he is dead and gone away.

After the funeral all our kin  
 Assembled, and the will was read.  
 My friend, I tell thee, even the dead  
 Have strength, their putrid shrouds within,  
 To blast and torture. Those who live  
 Still fear the living, but a corse  
 Is merciless, and power doth give  
 To such pale tyrants half the spoil  
 He rends from those who groan and toil,  
 Because they blush not with remorse  
 Among their crawling worms. Behold,  
 I have no child ! my tale grows old  
 With grief, and staggers : let it reach  
 The limits of my feeble speech,  
 And languidly at length recline  
 On the brink of its own grave and mine.

Thou knowest what a thing is Poverty  
 Among the fallen on evil days :  
 'Tis Crime, and Fear, and Infamy,  
 And houseless Want in frozen ways  
 Wandering ungarmented, and Pain,  
 And, worse than all, that inward stain  
 Foul Self-contempt, which drowns in sneers  
 Youth's starlight smile, and makes its tears  
 First like hot gall, then dry for ever !  
 And well thou knowest a mother never  
 Could doom her children to this ill,

And well he knew the same. The will  
Imported, that if e'er again  
I sought my children to behold,  
Or in my birthplace did remain  
Beyond three days, whose hours were told,  
They should inherit nought : and he,  
To whom next came their patrimony,  
A sallow lawyer, cruel and cold,  
Aye watched me, as the will was read,  
With eyes askance, which sought to see  
The secrets of my agony ;  
And with close lips and anxious brow  
Stood canvassing still to and fro  
The chance of my resolve, and all  
The dead man's caution just did call ;  
For in that killing lie 'twas said—  
“ She is adulterous, and doth hold  
In secret that the Christian creed  
Is false, and therefore is much need  
That I should have a care to save  
My children from eternal fire.”  
Friend, he was sheltered by the grave,  
And therefore dared to be a liar !  
In truth, the Indian on the pyre  
Of her dead husband, half consumed,  
As well might there be false, as I  
To those abhorred embraces doomed,  
Far worse than fire's brief agony.  
As to the Christian creed, if true  
Or false, I never questioned it :  
I took it as the vulgar do :  
Nor my vexed soul had leisure yet  
To doubt the things men say, or deem  
That they are other than they seem.

All present who those crimes did hear,  
In feigned or actual scorn and fear,  
Men, women, children, slunk away,  
Whispering with self-contented pride,  
Which half suspects its own base lie.  
I spoke to none, nor did abide,  
But silently I went my way,  
Nor noticed I where joyously  
Sate my two younger babes at play,

In the court-yard through which I passed ;  
 But went with footsteps firm and fast  
 Till I came to the brink of the ocean green,  
 And there, a woman with gray hairs,  
 Who had my mother's servant been,  
 Kneeling, with many tears and prayers,  
 Made me accept a purse of gold,  
 Half of the earnings she had kept  
 To refuge her when weak and old.

With woe, which never sleeps or slept,  
 I wander now. 'Tis a vain thought—  
 But on yon alp, whose snowy head  
 'Mid the azure air is islanded,  
 (We see it o'er the flood of cloud,  
 Which sunrise from its eastern caves  
 Drives, wrinkling into golden waves,  
 Hung with its precipices proud,  
 From that gray stone where first we met)  
 There—now who knows the dead feel nought?—  
 Should be my grave ; for he who yet  
 Is my soul's soul, once said : "'Twere sweet  
 'Mid stars and lightnings to abide,  
 And winds and lulling snows, that beat  
 With their soft flakes the mountain wide,  
 When weary meteor lamps repose,  
 And languid storms their pinions close :  
 And all things strong and bright and pure,  
 And ever during, aye endure :  
 Who knows, if one were buried there,  
 But these things might our spirits make,  
 Amid the all-surrounding air,  
 Their own eternity partake?"  
 Then 'twas a wild and playful saying  
 At which I laughed, or seemed to laugh :  
 They were his words : now heed my praying,  
 And let them be my epitaph.  
 Thy memory for a term may be  
 My monument. Wilt remember me ?  
 I know thou wilt, and canst forgive  
 Whilst in this erring world to live  
 My soul distained not, that I thought  
 Its lying forms were worthy aught  
 And much less thee.

*Helen.* O speak not so,  
 But come to me and pour thy woe  
 Into this heart, full though it be,  
 Ay, overflowing with its own :  
 I thought that grief had severed me  
 From all beside who weep and groan ;  
 Its likeness upon earth to be,  
 Its express image ; but thou art  
 More wretched. Sweet ! we will not part  
 Henceforth, if death be not division ;  
 If so, the dead feel no contrition.  
 But wilt thou hear since last we parted  
 All that has left me broken hearted ?

*Rosalind.* Yes, speak. The faintest stars are scarcely  
 shorn  
 Of their thin beams by that delusive morn  
 Which sinks again in darkness, like the light  
 Of early love, soon lost in total night.

*Helen.* Alas ! Italian winds are mild,  
 But my bosom is cold—wintry cold—  
 When the warm air weaves, among the fresh leaves,  
 Soft music, my poor brain is wild,  
 And I am weak like a nursling child,  
 Though my soul with grief is grief and old.

*Rosalind.* Weep not at thine own words, though they  
 must make  
 Me weep. What is thy tale ?

*Helen.* I fear 'twill shake  
 Thy gentle heart with tears. Thou well  
 Rememberest when we met no more,  
 And, though I dwelt with Lionel,  
 That friendless caution pierced me sore  
 With grief ; a wound my spirit bore  
 Indignantly, but when he died  
 With him lay dead both hope and pride.  
 Alas ! all hope is buried now.  
 But then men dreamed the agèd earth  
 Was labouring in that mighty birth,  
 Which many a poet and a sage  
 Has aye foreseen—the happy age  
 When truth and love shall dwell below  
 Among the works and ways of men ;  
 Which on this world not power but will  
 Even now is wanting to fulfil.

Among mankind what thence befell  
Of strife, how vain, is known too well ;  
When Liberty's dear paeon fell  
'Mid murderous howls. To Lionel,  
Though of great wealth and lineage high,  
Yet through those dungeon walls there came  
Thy thrilling light, O Liberty !  
And as the meteor's midnight flame  
Startles the dreamer, sun-like truth  
Flashed on his visionary youth,  
And filled him, not with love, but faith,  
And hope, and courage mute in death ;  
For love and life in him were twins,  
Born at one birth : in every other  
First life then love its course begins,  
Though they be children of one mother ;  
And so through this dark world they fleet  
Divided, till in death they meet :  
But he loved all things ever. Then  
He passed amid the strife of men,  
And stood at the throne of armèd power  
Pleading for a world of woe :  
Secure as one on a rock-built tower  
O'er the wrecks which the surge trails to and fro,  
'Mid the passions wild of human kind  
He stood, like a spirit calming them ;  
For, it was said, his words could bind  
Like music the lulled crowd, and stem  
That torrent of unquiet dream,  
Which mortals truth and reason deem,  
But is revenge and fear and pride.  
Joyous he was ; and hope and peace  
On all who heard him did abide,  
Raining like dew from his sweet talk,  
As where the evening star may walk  
Along the brink of the gloomy seas,  
Liquid mists of splendour quiver.  
His very gestures touched to tears  
The unpersuaded tyrant, never  
So moved before : his presence stung  
The torturers with their victim's pain,  
And none knew how ; and through their ears,  
The subtle witchcraft of his tongue  
Unlocked the hearts of those who keep

Gold, the world's bond of slavery.  
Men wondered, and some sneered to see  
One sow what he could never reap :  
For he is rich, they said, and young,  
And might drink from the depths of luxury.  
If he seeks Fame, Fame never crowned  
The champion of a trampled creed :  
If he seeks Power, Power is enthroned  
'Mid ancient rights and wrongs, to feed  
Which hungry wolves with praise and spoil,  
Those who would sit near Power must toil ;  
And such, there sitting, all may see.  
What seeks he ? All that others seek  
He casts away, like a vile weed  
Which the sea casts unreturningly.  
That poor and hungry men should break  
The laws which wreak them toil and scorn,  
We understand ; but Lionel  
We know is rich and nobly born.  
So wondered they : yet all men loved  
Young Lionel, though few approved ;  
All but the priests, whose hatred fell  
Like the unseen blight of a smiling day,  
The withering honey dew, which clings  
Under the bright green buds of May,  
Whilst they unfold their emerald wings :  
For he made verses wild and qucer  
On the strange creeds priests hold so dear,  
Because they bring them land and gold.  
Of devils and saints and all such gear,  
He made tales which whoso heard or read  
Would laugh till he were almost dead.  
So this grew a proverb : " Don't get old  
Till Lionel's ' Banquet in Hell ' you hear,  
And then you will laugh yourself young again."  
So the priests hated him, and he  
Repaid their hate with cheerful glee.

Ah, smiles and joyance quickly died,  
For public hope grew pale and dim  
In an altered time and tide,  
And in its wasting withered him,  
As a summer flower that blows too soon  
Droops in the smile of the waning moon,

When it scatters through an April night  
 The frozen dews of wrinkling blight.  
 None now hoped more. Gray Power was seated  
 Safely on her ancestral throne ;  
 And Faith, the Python, undefeated,  
 Even to its blood-stained steps dragged on  
 Her foul and wounded train, and men  
 Were trampled and deceived again,  
 And words and shows again could bind  
 The wailing tribes of human kind  
 In scorn and famine. Fire and blood  
 Raged round the raging multitude,  
 To fields remote by tyrants sent  
 To be the scornèd instrument  
 With which they drag from mines of gore  
 The chains their slaves yet ever wore :  
 And in the streets men met each other,  
 And by old altars and in halls,  
 And smiled again at festivals.  
 But each man found in his heart's brother  
 Cold cheer ; for all, though half deceived,  
 The outworn creeds again believed,  
 And the same round anew began,  
 Which the weary world yet ever ran.

Many then wept, not tears, but gall  
 Within their hearts, like drops which fall  
 Wasting the fountain-stone away.  
 And in that dark and evil day  
 Did all desires and thoughts, that claim  
 Men's care—ambition, friendship, fame,  
 Love, hope, though hope was now despair—  
 Indue the colours of this change,  
 As from the all-surrounding air  
 The earth takes hues obscure and strange,  
 When storm and earthquake linger there.

And so, my friend, it then befell  
 To many, most to Lionel,  
 Whose hope was like the life of youth  
 Within him, and when dead, became  
 A spirit of unresting flame,  
 Which goaded him in his distress  
 Over the world's vast wilderness.

Three years he left his native land,  
And on the fourth, when he returned,  
None knew him : he was stricken deep  
With some disease of mind, and turned  
Into aught unlike Lionel.

On him, on whom, did he pause in sleep,  
Serenest smiles were wont to keep,  
And, did he wake, a wingèd band  
Of bright persuasions, which had fed  
On his sweet lips and liquid eyes,  
Kept their swift pinions half outspread,  
To do on men his least command ;  
On him, whom once 'twas paradise  
Even to behold, now misery lay :  
In his own heart 'twas merciless,  
To all things else none may express  
Its innocence and tenderness.

'Twas said that he had refuge sought  
In love from his unquiet thought  
In distant lands, and been deceived  
By some strange show ; for there were found,  
Blotted with tears as those relieved  
By their own words are wont to do,  
These mournful verses on the ground,  
By all who read them blotted too.

“ How am I changed ! my hopes were once like fire :  
I loved, and I believed that life was love.  
How am I lost ! on wings of swift desire  
Among Heaven's winds my spirit once did move.  
I slept, and silver dreams did aye inspire  
My liquid sleep : I woke, and did approve  
All nature to my heart, and thought to make  
A paradise of earth for one sweet sake.

“ I love, but I believe in love no more.  
I feel desire, but hope not. O, from sleep  
Most vainly must my weary brain implore  
Its long lost flattery now : I wake to weep,  
And sit through the long day gnawing the core  
Of my bitter heart, and, like a miser, keep,  
Since none in what I feel take pain or pleasure,  
To my own soul its self-consuming treasure.”

He dwelt beside me near the sea :  
And oft in evening did we meet,  
When the waves, beneath the starlight, flee  
O'er the yellow sands with silver feet,  
And talked : our talk was sad and sweet,  
Till slowly from his mien there passed  
The desolation which it spoke ;  
And smiles,—as when the lightning's blast  
Has parched some heaven-delighting oak,  
The next spring shows leaves pale and rare,  
But like flowers delicate and fair,  
On its rent boughs,—again arrayed  
His countenance in tender light :  
His words grew subtile fire, which made  
The air his hearers breathed delight :  
His motions, like the winds, were free,  
Which bend the bright grass gracefully,  
Then fade away in circlets faint :  
And wingèd Hope, on which upborne  
His soul seemed hovering in his eyes,  
Like some bright spirit newly born  
Floating amid the sunny skies,  
Sprang forth from his rent heart anew.  
Yet o'er his talk, and looks, and mien,  
Tempering their loveliness too keen,  
Past woe its shadow backward threw,  
Till like an exhalation, spread  
From flowers half drunk with evening dew,  
They did become infectious : sweet  
And subtile mists of sense and thought :  
Which wrapped us soon, when we might meet,  
Almost from our own looks and aught  
The wide world holds. And so, his mind  
Was healed, while mine grew sick with fear :  
For ever now his health declined,  
Like some frail bark which cannot bear  
The impulse of an altered wind,  
Though prosperous : and my heart grew full  
'Mid its new joy of a new care :  
For his cheek became, not pale, but fair,  
As rose-o'ershadowed lilies are ;  
And soon his deep and sunny hair,  
In this alone less beautiful,  
Like grass in tombs grew wild and rare.

The blood in his translucent veins  
Beat, not like animal life, but love  
Seemed now its sullen springs to move,  
When life had failed, and all its pains :  
And sudden sleep would seize him oft  
Like death, so calm, but that a tear,  
His pointed eyelashes between,  
Would gather in the light serene  
Of smiles, whose lustre bright and soft  
Beneath lay undulating there.  
His breath was like inconstant flame,  
As eagerly it went and came ;  
And I hung o'er him in his sleep,  
Till, like an image in the lake  
Which rains disturb, my tears would break  
The shadow of that slumber deep :  
Then he would bid me not to weep,  
And say with flattery false, yet sweet,  
That death and he could never meet,  
If I would never part with him.  
And so we loved, and did unite  
All that in us was yet divided :  
For when he said, that many a rite,  
By men to bind but once provided,  
Could not be shared by him and me,  
Or they would kill him in their glee,  
I shuddered, and then laughing said—  
“ We will have rites our faith to bind,  
But our church shall be the starry night,  
Our altar the grassy night outspread,  
And our priest the muttering wind.”

'Twas sunset as I spoke : one star  
Had scarce burst forth, when from afar  
The ministers of misrule sent,  
Seized upon Lionel, and bore  
His chained limbs to a dreary tower,  
In the midst of a city vast and wide.  
For he, they said, from his mind had bent  
Against their gods keen blasphemy,  
For which, though his soul must roasted be  
In hell's red lakes immortally,  
Yet even on earth must he abide  
The vengeance of their slaves : a trial,

I think, men call it. What avail  
 Are prayers and tears, which chase denial  
 From the fierce savage, nursed in hate?  
 What the knit soul that pleading and pale  
 Makes wan the quivering cheek, which late  
 It painted with its own delight?  
 We were divided. As I could,  
 I stilled the tingling of my blood,  
 And followed him in their despite,  
 As a widow follows, pale and wild,  
 The murderers and corse of her only child;  
 And when we came to the prison door  
 And I prayed to share his dungeon floor  
 With prayers which rarely have been spurned,  
 And when men drove me forth and I  
 Stared with blank frenzy on the sky,  
 A farewell look of love he turned,  
 Half calming me; then gazed awhile,  
 As if thro' that black and massy pile,  
 And thro' the crowd around him there,  
 And thro' the dense and murky air,  
 And the thronged streets, he did espy  
 What poets know and prophesy;  
 And said, with voice that made them shiver  
 And clung like music in my brain,  
 And which the mute walls spoke again  
 Prolonging it with deepened strain:  
 "Fear not the tyrants shall rule for ever,  
 Or the priests of the bloody faith;  
 They stand on the brink of that mighty river,  
 Whose waves they have tainted with death:  
 It is fed from the depths of a thousand dells,  
 Around them it foams, and rages, and swells,  
 And their swords and their sceptres I floating see,  
 Like wrecks in the surge of eternity."

I dwelt beside the prison gate,  
 And the strange crowd that out and in  
 Passed, some, no doubt, with mine own fate,  
 Might have fretted me with its ceaseless din,  
 But the fever of care was louder within.  
 Soon, but too late, in penitence  
 Or fear, his foes released him thence:  
 I saw his thin and languid form,

As leaning on the jailor's arm,  
Whose hardened eyes grew moist the while,  
To meet his mute and faded smile,  
And hear his words of kind farewell,  
He tottered forth from his damp cell.  
Many had never wept before,  
From whom fast tears then gushed and fell :  
Many will relent no more,  
Who sobbed like infants then : ay, all  
Who thronged the prison's stony hall,  
The rulers or the slaves of law,  
Felt with a new surprise and awe  
That they were human, till strong shame  
Made them again become the same.  
The prison blood-hounds, huge and grim,  
From human looks the infection caught,  
And fondly crouched and fawned on him ;  
And men have heard the prisoners say,  
Who in their rotten dungeons lay,  
That from that hour, throughout one day,  
The fierce despair and hate which kept  
Their trampled bosoms almost slept :  
When, like twin vultures, they hung feeding  
On each heart's wound, wide torn and bleeding,—  
Because their jailers' rule, they thought,  
Grew merciful, like a parent's sway.

I know not how, but we were free :  
And Lionel sate alone with me,  
As the carriage drove thro' the streets apace ;  
And we looked upon each other's face ;  
And the blood in our fingers intertwined  
Ran like the thoughts of a single mind,  
As the swift emotions went and came  
Thro' the veins of each united frame.  
So thro' the long long streets we passed  
Of the million-peopled City vast ;  
Which is that desert, where each one  
Seeks his mate yet is alone,  
Beloved and sought and mourned of none ;  
Until the clear blue sky was seen,  
And the grassy meadows bright and green,  
And then I sunk in his embrace,  
Enclosing there a mighty space

Of love : and so we travelled on  
 By woods, and fields of yellow flowers,  
 And towns, and villages, and towers,  
 Day after day of happy hours.  
 It was the azure time of June,  
 When the skies are deep in the stainless noon,  
 And the warm and fitful breezes shake  
 The fresh green leaves of the hedge-row briar,  
 And there were odours then to make  
 The very breath we did respire  
 A liquid element, whereon  
 Our spirits, like delighted things  
 That walk the air on subtle wings,  
 Floated and mingled far away,  
 'Mid the warm winds of the sunny day,  
 And when the evening star came forth  
 Above the curve of the new bent moon,  
 And light and sound ebbed from the earth,  
 Like the tide of the full and weary sea  
 To the depths of its tranquillity,  
 Our natures to its own repose  
 Did the earth's breathless sleep attune :  
 Like flowers, which on each other close  
 Their languid leaves when daylight's gone,  
 We lay, till new emotions came,  
 Which seemed to make each mortal frame  
 One soul of interwoven flame,  
 A life in life, a second birth  
 In worlds diviner far than earth,  
 Which, like two strains of harmony  
 That mingle in the silent sky  
 Then slowly disunite, passed by  
 And left the tenderness of tears,  
 A soft oblivion of all fears,  
 A sweet sleep : so we travelled on  
 Till we came to the home of Lionel,  
 Among the mountains wild and lone,  
 Beside the hoary western sea,  
 Which near the verge of the echoing shore  
 The massy forest shadowed o'er.

The ancient steward, with hair all hoar,  
 As we alighted, wept to see  
 His master changed so fearfully ;

And the old man's sobs did waken me  
From my dream of unresembling gladness ;  
The truth flashed o'er me like quick madness  
When I looked, and saw that there was death  
On Lionel : yet day by day  
He lived, till fear grew hope and faith,  
And in my soul I dared to say,  
Nothing so bright can pass away :  
Death is dark, and foul, and dull,  
But he is—O how beautiful !  
Yet day by day he grew more weak,  
And his sweet voice, when he might speak,  
Which ne'er was loud, became more low ;  
And the light which flashed through his waxen cheek  
Grew faint, as the rose-like hues which flow  
From sunset o'er the Alpine snow :  
And death seemed not like death in him,  
For the spirit of life o'er every limb  
Lingered, a mist of sense and thought.  
When the summer wind faint odours brought  
From mountain flowers, even as it passed  
His cheek would change, as the noonday sea  
Which the dying breeze sweeps fitfully.  
If but a cloud the sky o'ercast,  
You might see his colour come and go,  
And the softest strain of music made  
Sweet smiles, yet sad, arise and fade  
Amid the dew of his tender eyes ;  
And the breath, with intermitting flow,  
Made his pale lips quiver and part.  
You might hear the beatings of his heart,  
Quick, but not strong ; and with my tresses  
When oft he playfully would bind  
In the bowers of mossy lonelineses  
His neck, and win me so to mingle  
In the sweet depth of woven' caresses,  
And our faint limbs were intertwined,  
Alas ! the unquiet life did tingle  
From mine own heart through every vein,  
Like a captive in dreams of liberty,  
Who beats the wall of his stony cell.  
But his, it seemed already free,  
Like the shadow of fire surrounding me !  
On my faint eyes and limbs did dwell

That spirit as it passed, till soon,  
 As a frail cloud wandering o'er the moon,  
 Beneath its light invisible,  
 Is seen when it folds its gray wings again  
 To alight on midnight's dusky plain,  
 I lived and saw, and the gathering soul  
 Passed from beneath that strong control,  
 And I fell on a life which was sick with fear  
 Of all the woe that now I bear.

Amid a bloomless myrtle wood,  
 On a green and sea-girt promontory,  
 Not far from where we dwelt, there stood  
 In record of a sweet sad story,  
 An altar and a temple bright  
 Circled by steps, and o'er the gate  
 Was sculptured, "To Fidelity";  
 And in the shrine an image sate,  
 All veiled: but there was seen the light  
 Of smiles, which faintly could express  
 A mingled pain and tenderness  
 Through that aethereal drapery.  
 The left hand held the head, the right—  
 Beyond the veil, beneath the skin,  
 You might see the nerves quivering within—  
 Was forcing the point of a barbèd dart  
 Into its side-convulsing heart.  
 An unskilled hand, yet one informed  
 With genius, had the marble warmed  
 With that pathetic life. This tale  
 It told: A dog had from the sea,  
 When the tide was raging fearfully,  
 Dragged Lionel's mother, weak and pale,  
 Then died beside her on the sand,  
 And she that temple thence had planned;  
 But it was Lionel's own hand  
 Had wrought the image. Each new moon  
 That lady did, in this lone fane,  
 The rites of a religion sweet,  
 Whose god was in her heart and brain:  
 The seasons' loveliest flowers were strewn  
 On the marble floor beneath her feet,  
 And she brought crowns of sea-buds white,  
 Whose odour is so sweet and faint,

And weeds, like branching chrysolite,  
Woven in devices fine and quaint,  
And tears from her brown eyes did stain  
The altar : need but look upon  
That dying statue fair and wan,  
If tears should cease, to weep again :  
And rare Arabian odours came,  
Through the myrtle copses steaming thence  
From the hissing frankincense,  
Whose smoke, wool-white as ocean foam,  
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 ;  
And the lady's harp would kindle there  
The melody of an old air,  
Softer than sleep ; the villagers  
Mixed their religion up with hers,  
And as they listened round, shed tears.

One eve he led me to this fane :  
Daylight on its last purple cloud  
Was lingering gray, and soon her strain  
The nightingale began ; now loud,  
Climbing in circles the windless sky,  
Now dying music , suddenly  
'Tis scattered in a thousand notes,  
And now to the hushed ear it floats  
Like field smells known in infancy,  
Then failing, soothes the air again.  
We sate within that temple lone,  
Pavilioned round with Parian stone :  
His mother's harp stood near, and oft  
I had awakened music soft  
Amid its wires : the nightingale  
Was pausing in her heaven-taught tale :  
“ Now drain the cup,” said Lionel,  
“ Which the poet-bird has crowned so well  
With the wine of her bright and liquid song !  
Heardst thou not sweet words among  
That heaven-resounding minstrelsy ?  
Heardst thou not, that those who die  
Awake in a world of ecstasy ?  
That love, when limbs are interwoven,

And sleep, when the night of life is cloven,  
And thought, to the world's dim boundaries clinging,  
And music, when one beloved is singing,  
Is death? Let us drain right joyously  
The cup which the sweet bird fills for me."  
He paused, and to my lips he bent  
His own : like spirit his words went  
Through all my limbs with the speed of fire  
And his keen eyes, glittering through mine,  
Filled me with the flame divine,  
Which in their orbs was burning far,  
Like the light of an unmeasured star,  
In the sky of midnight dark and deep :  
Yes, 'twas his soul that did inspire  
Sounds, which my skill could ne'er awaken  
And first, I felt my fingers sweep  
The harp, and a long quivering cry  
Burst from my lips in symphony :  
The dusk and solid air was shaken,  
As swift and swifter the notes came  
From my touch, that wandered like quick flame,  
And from my bosom, labouring  
With some unutterable thing :  
The awful sound of my own voice made  
My faint lips tremble ; in some mood  
Of wordless thought Lionel stood  
So pale, that even beside his cheek  
The snowy column from its shade  
Caught whiteness : yet his countenance  
Raised upward, burned with radiance  
Of spirit-piercing joy, whose light,  
Like the moon struggling through the night  
Of whirlwind-rifted clouds, did break  
With beams that might not be confined.  
I paused, but soon his gestures kindled  
New power, as by the moving wind  
The waves are lifted, and my song  
To low soft notes now changed and dwindled,  
And from the twinkling wires among,  
My languid fingers drew and flung  
Circles of life-dissolving sound,  
Yet faint ; in aery rings they bound  
My Lionel, who, as every strain  
Grew fainter but more sweet, his mien

Sunk with the sound relaxedly ;  
 And slowly now he turned to me,  
 As slowly faded from his face  
 That awful joy : with looks serene  
 He was soon drawn to my embrace,  
 And my wild song then died away  
 In murmurs : words I dare not say  
 We mixed, and on his lips mine fed  
 Till they methought felt still and cold :  
 " What is it with thee, love ? " I said :  
 No word, no look, no motion ! yes,  
 There was a change, but spare to guess,  
 Nor let that moment's hope be told.  
 I looked, and knew that he was dead,  
 And fell, as the eagle on the plain  
 Falls when life deserts her brain,  
 And the mortal lightning is veiled again.

O that I were now dead ! but such  
 (Did they not, love, demand too much,  
 Those dying murmurs ?) he forbade.  
 O that I once again were mad !  
 And yet, dear Rosalind, not so,  
 For I would live to share thy woe.  
 Sweet boy, did I forget thee too ?  
 Alas, we know not what we do  
 When we speak words.

No memory more

Is in my mind of that sea shore.  
 Madness came on me, and a troop  
 Of misty shapes did seem to sit  
 Beside me, on a vessel's poop,  
 And the clear north wind was driving it.  
 Then I heard strange tongues, and saw strange flowers,  
 And the stars methought grew unlike ours,  
 And the azure sky and the stormless sea  
 Made me believe that I had died,  
 And waked in a world, which was to me  
 Drear hell, though heaven to all beside :  
 Then a dead sleep fell on my mind,  
 Whilst animal life many long years  
 Had rescued from a chasm of tears ;  
 And when I woke, I wept to find  
 That the same lady, bright and wise,

With silver locks and quick brown eyes,  
 The mother of my Lionel,  
 Had tended me in my distress,  
 And died some months before. Nor less  
 Wonder, but far more peace and joy  
 Brought in that hour my lovely boy ;  
 For through that trance my soul had well  
 The impress of thy being kept ;  
 And if I waked, or if I slept,  
 No doubt, though memory faithless be,  
 Thy image ever dwelt on me ;  
 And thus, O Lionel, like thee  
 Is our sweet child. 'Tis sure most strange  
 I knew not of so great a change,  
 As that which gave him birth, who now  
 Is all the solace of my woe.

That Lionel great wealth had left  
 By will to me, and that of all  
 The ready lies of law bereft  
 My child and me, might well befall.  
 But let me think not of the scorn,  
 Which from the meanest I have borne,  
 When, for my child's belovèd sake,  
 I mixed with slaves, to vindicate  
 The very laws themselves do make :  
 Let me not say scorn is my fate,  
 Lest I be proud, suffering the same  
 With those who live in deathless fame.

She ceased.—“Lo, where red morning thro' the woods  
 Is burning o'er the dew ;” said Rosalind.  
 And with these words they rose, and towards the flood  
 Of the blue lake, beneath the leaves now wind  
 With equal steps and fingers intertwined :  
 Thence to a lonely dwelling, where the shore  
 Is shadowed with deep rocks, and cypresses  
 Cleave with their dark green cones the silent skies,  
 And with their shadows the clear depths below,  
 And where a little terrace from its bowers,  
 Of blooming myrtle and faint lemon-flowers,  
 Scatters its sense-dissolving fragrance o'er  
 The liquid marble of the windless lake ;

And where the agèd forest's limbs look hoar,  
Under the leaves which their green garments make,  
They come : 'tis Helen's home, and clean and white,  
Like one which tyrants spare on our own land  
In some such solitude, its casements bright  
Shone through their vine-leaves in the morning sun,  
And even within 'twas scarce like Italy.  
And when she saw how all things there were planned,  
As in an English home, dim memory  
Disturbed poor Rosalind : she stood as one  
Whose mind is where his body cannot be,  
Till Helen led her where her child yet slept,  
And said, "Observe, that brow was Lionel's,  
Those lips were his, and so he ever kept  
One arm in sleep, pillowing his head with it.  
You cannot see his eyes, they are two wells  
Of liquid love : let us not wake him yet."  
But Rosalind could bear no more, and wept  
A shower of burning tears, which fell upon  
His face, and so his opening lashes shone  
With tears unlike his own, as he did leap  
In sudden wonder from his innocent sleep.

So Rosalind and Helen lived together  
Thenceforth, changed in all else, yet friends again,  
Such as they were, when o'er the mountain heather  
They wandered in their youth, through sun and rain.  
And after many years, for human things  
Change even like the ocean and the wind,  
Her daughter was restored to Rosalind,  
And in their circle thence some visitings  
Of joy 'mid their new calm would intervene ;  
A lovely child she was, of looks serene,  
And motions which o'er things indifferent shed  
The grace and gentleness from whence they came.  
And Helen's boy grew with her, and they fed  
From the same flowers of thought, until each mind  
Like springs which mingle in one flood became,  
And in their union soon their parents saw  
The shadow of the peace denied to them.  
And Rosalind, for when the living stem  
Is cankered in its heart, the tree must fall,  
Died ere her time ; and with deep grief and awe  
The pale survivors followed her remains

Beyond the region of dissolving rains,  
 Up the cold mountain she was wont to call  
 Her tomb ; and on Chiavenna's precipice  
 They raised a pyramid of lasting ice,  
 Whose polished sides, ere day had yet begun,  
 Caught the first glow of the unrisen sun,  
 The last, when it had sunk ; and thro' the night  
 The charioteers of Arctos wheelèd round  
 Its glittering point, as seen from Helen's home,  
 Whose sad inhabitants each year would come,  
 With willing steps climbing that rugged height,  
 And hang long locks of hair, and garlands bound  
 With amaranth flowers, which, in the clime's despite,  
 Filled the frore air with unaccustomed light :  
 Such flowers, as in the wintry memory bloom  
 Of one friend left, adorned that frozen tomb.

Helen, whose spirit was of softer mould,  
 Whose sufferings too were less, Death slower led  
 Into the peace of his dominion cold :  
 She died among her kindred, being old.  
 And know, that if love die not in the dead  
 As in the living, none of mortal kind  
 Are blest, as now Helen and Rosalind.

## PASSAGE OF THE APENNINES

[Comp. May 4, 1818. Publ. 1824.]

LISTEN, listen, Mary mine,  
 To the whisper of the Apennine,  
 It bursts on the roof like the thunder's roar,  
 Or like the sea on a northern shore,  
 Heard in its raging ebb and flow  
 By the captives pent in the cave below.  
 The Apennine in the light of day  
 Is a mighty mountain dim and gray,  
 Which between the earth and sky doth lay ;  
 But when night comes, a chaos dread  
 On the dim starlight then is spread,  
 And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm,  
 Shrouding. . . .

## THE PAST

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

WILT thou forget the happy hours  
 Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,  
 Heaping over their corpses cold  
 Blossoms and leaves, instead of mould?—  
 Blossoms which were the joys that fell,  
 And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

## II

Forget the dead, the past? Oh, yet  
 There are ghosts that may take revenge for it,  
 Memories that make the heart a tomb,  
 Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,  
 And with ghastly whispers tell  
 That joy, once lost, is pain.

## TO MARY ———

[Publ. 1824.]

O MARY dear, that you were here  
 With your brown eyes bright and clear,  
 And your sweet voice, like a bird  
 Singing love to its lone mate  
 In the ivy bower disconsolate;  
 Voice the sweetest ever heard!  
 And your brow more . . .  
 Than the sky  
 Of this azure Italy.  
 Mary dear, come to me soon,  
 I am not well whilst thou art far;  
 As sunset to the spherèd moon,  
 As twilight to the western star,  
 Thou, belovèd, art to me.

O Mary dear, that you were here;  
 The Castle echo whispers "Here!"

LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN  
HILLS

OCTOBER, 1818.

[Publ. 1819.]

MANY a green isle needs must be  
 In the deep wide sea of Misery,  
 Or the mariner, worn and wan,

Never thus could voyage on—  
 Day and night, and night and day,  
 Drifting on his dreary way,  
 With the solid darkness black  
 Closing round his vessel's track ;  
 Whilst above the sunless sky,  
 Big with clouds, hangs heavily,  
 And behind the tempest fleet  
 Hurries on with lightning feet,  
 Riving sail, and cord, and plank,  
 Till the ship has almost drank  
 Death from the o'er-brimming deep ;  
 And sinks down, down, like that sleep  
 When the dreamer seems to be  
 Weltering through eternity ;  
 And the dim low line before  
 Of a dark and distant shore  
 Still recedes, as ever still  
 Longing with divided will,  
 But no power to seek or shun,  
 He is ever drifted on  
 O'er the unreposing wave  
 To the haven of the grave.  
 What, if there no friends will greet ;  
 What, if there no heart will meet  
 His with love's impatient beat ;  
 Wander wheresoe'er he may,  
 Can he dream before that day  
 To find refuge from distress  
 In friendship's smile, in love's caress?  
 Then 'twill wreak him little woe  
 Whether such there be or no :  
 Senseless is the breast, and cold,  
 Which relenting love would fold ;  
 Bloodless are the veins and chill  
 Which the pulse of pain did fill ;  
 Every little living nerve  
 That from bitter words did swerve  
 Round the tortured lips and brow,  
 Are like sapless leaflets now  
 Frozen upon December's bough.

On the beach of a northern sea  
 Which tempests shake eternally,

As once the wretch there lay to sleep,  
Lies a solitary heap.  
One white skull and seven dry bones,  
On the margin of the stones,  
Where a few gray rushes stand,  
Boundaries of the sea and land :  
Nor is heard one voice of wail  
But the sea-mews' as they sail  
O'er the billows of the gale ;  
Or the whirlwind up and down  
Howling, like a slaughtered town,  
When a king in glory rides  
Through the pomp of fratricides :  
Those unburied bones around  
There is many a mournful sound ;  
There is no lament for him,  
Like a sunless vapour, dim,  
Who once clothed with life and thought  
What now moves nor murmurs not.

Ay, many flowering islands lie  
In the waters of wide Agony :  
To such a one this morn was led,  
My bark by soft winds piloted :  
'Mid the mountains Euganean  
I stood listening to the paean  
With which the legioned rooks did hail  
The sun's uprising majestical ;  
Gathering round with wings all hoar,  
Through the dewy mist they soar  
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven  
Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,  
Flecked with fire and azure, lie  
In the unfathomable sky,  
So their plumes of purple grain,  
Starred with drops of golden rain,  
Gleam above the sunlight woods,  
As in silent multitudes  
On the morning's fitful gale  
Through the broken mist they sail,  
And the vapours cloven and gleaming  
Follow, down the dark steep streaming,  
Till all is bright, and clear, and still,  
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea  
 The waveless plain of Lombardy,  
 Bounded by the vaporous air,  
 Islanded by cities fair ;  
 Underneath Day's azure eyes  
 Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,  
 A peopled labyrinth of walls,  
 Amphitrite's destined halls,  
 Which her hoary sire now paves  
 With his blue and beaming waves.  
 Lo ! the sun upsprings behind,  
 Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined  
 On the level quivering line  
 Of the waters crystalline ;  
 And before that chasm of light,  
 As within a furnace bright,  
 Column, tower, and dome, and spire,  
 Shine like obelisks of fire,  
 Pointing with inconstant motion  
 From the altar of dark ocean  
 To the sapphire-tinted skies ;  
 As the flames of sacrifice  
 From the marble shrines did rise,  
 As to pierce the dome of gold  
 Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sea-girt City, thou hast been  
 Ocean's child, and then his queen ;  
 Now is come a darker day,  
 And thou soon must be his prey,  
 If the power that raised thee here  
 Hallow so thy watery bier.  
 A less drear ruin than than now,  
 With thy conquest-branded brow  
 Stooping to the slave of slaves  
 From thy throne, among the waves  
 Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew  
 Flies, as once, before it flew,  
 O'er thine isles depopulate,  
 And all is in its ancient state,  
 Save where many a palace gate  
 With green sea-flowers overgrown  
 Like a rock of Ocean's own,  
 Topples o'er the abandoned sea

As the tides change sullenly,  
The fisher on his watery way,  
Wandering at the close of day,  
Will spread his sail and seize his oar  
Till he pass the gloomy shore,  
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep  
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,  
Leap a rapid masque of death  
O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold  
Quivering through aëreal gold,  
As I now behold them here,  
Would imagine not they were  
Sepulchres, where human forms,  
Like pollution-nourished worms,  
To the corpse of greatness cling,  
Murdered, and now mouldering :  
But if Freedom should awake  
In her omnipotence, and shake  
From the Celtic Anarch's hold  
All the keys of dungeons cold,  
Where a hundred cities lie  
Chained like thee, ingloriously,  
Thou and all thy sister band  
Might adorn this sunny land,  
Twining memories of old time  
With new virtues more sublime ;  
If not, perish thou and they !—  
Clouds which stain truth's rising day  
By her sun consumed away—  
Earth can spare ye : while like flowers,  
In the waste of years and hours,  
From your dust new nations spring  
With more kindly blossoming.

Perish—let there only be  
Floating o'er thy heartless sea  
As the garment of thy sky  
Clothes the world immortally,  
One remembrance, more sublime  
Than the tattered pall of time,  
Which scarce hides thy visage wan ;—  
That a tempest-cleaving Swan

Of the sons of Albion,  
 Driven from his ancestral streams  
 By the might of evil dreams,  
 Found a nest in thee ; and Ocean  
 Welcomed him with such emotion  
 That its joy grew his, and sprung  
 From his lips like music flung  
 O'er a mighty thunder-fit,  
 Chastening terror :—what though yet  
 Poesy's unfailing River,  
 Which through Albion winds forever  
 Lashing with melodious wave  
 Many a sacred Poet's grave,  
 Mourn its latest nursling fled ?  
 What though thou with all thy dead  
 Scarce can for this fame repay  
 Aught thine own ? oh, rather say  
 Though thy sins and slaveries foul  
 Overcloud a sunlike soul ?  
 As the ghost of Homer clings  
 Round Scamander's wasting springs ;  
 As divinest Shakespeare's might  
 Fills Avon and the world with light  
 Like omniscient power which he  
 Imaged 'mid mortality ;  
 As the love from Petrarch's urn,  
 Yet amid yon hills doth burn,  
 A quenchless lamp by which the heart  
 Sees things unearthly ;—so thou art,  
 Mighty spirit—so shall be  
 The City that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky  
 Like thought-wingèd Liberty,  
 Till the universal light  
 Seems to level plain and height  
 From the sea a mist has spread,  
 And the beams of morn lie dead  
 On the towers of Venice now,  
 Like its glory long ago.  
 By the skirts of that gray cloud  
 Many-domèd Padua proud  
 Stands, a peopled solitude,  
 'Mid the harvest-shining plain,

Where the peasant heaps his grain  
In the garner of his foe,  
And the milk-white oxen slow  
With the purple vintage strain,  
Heaped upon the creaking wain,  
That the brutal Celt may swill  
Drunken sleep with savage will ;  
And the sickle to the sword  
Lies unchanged, though many a lord,  
Like a weed whose shade is poison,  
Overgrows this region's foison,  
Sheaves of whom are ripe to come  
To destruction's harvest-home :  
Men must reap the things they sow,  
Force from force must ever flow,  
Or worse ; but 'tis a bitter woe  
That love or reason cannot change  
The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

Padua, thou within those walls  
Those mute guests at festivals,  
Son and Mother, Death and Sin,  
Played at dice for Ezzelin,  
Till death cried, " I win, I win !"  
And Sin cursed to lose the wager,  
But Death promised, to assuage her,  
That he would petition for  
Her to be made Vice-Emperor,  
When the destined years were o'er,  
Over all between the Po  
And the eastern Alpine snow,  
Under the mighty Austrian ;  
Sin smiled so as Sin only can,  
And since that time, ay, long before,  
Both have ruled from shore to shore,—  
That incestuous pair, who follow  
Tyrants as the sun the swallow,  
As Repentance follows Crime,  
And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,  
Padua, now no more is burning ;  
Like a meteor, whose wild way  
Is lost over the grave of day,

It gleams betrayed and to betray :  
Once remotest nations came  
To adore that sacred flame,  
When it lit not many a hearth  
On this cold and gloomy earth :  
Now new fires from antique light  
Spring beneath the wide world's night ;  
But their spark lies dead in thee,  
Trampled out by Tyranny.  
As the Norway woodman quells,  
In the depth of piny dells,  
One light flame among the brakes,  
While the boundless forest shakes,  
And its mighty trunks are torn  
By the fire thus lowly born :  
The spark beneath his feet is dead,  
He starts to see the flames it fed  
Howling through the darkened sky  
With a myriad tongues victoriously,  
And sinks down in fear : so thou,  
O Tyranny, beholdest now  
Light around thee, and thou hearest  
The loud flames ascend, and fearest :  
Grovel on the earth ; ay, hide  
In the dust thy purple pride !

Noon descends around me now :  
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,  
When a soft and purple mist  
Like a vapourous amethyst,  
Or an air-dissolvèd star  
Mingling light and fragrance, far  
From the curved horizon's bound  
To the point of Heaven's profound,  
Fills the overflowing sky ;  
And the plains that silent lie  
Underneath, the leaves unsodden  
Where the infant Frost has trodden  
With his morning-wingèd feet,  
Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;  
And the red and golden vines,  
Piercing with their trellised lines  
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;  
The dun and bladed grass no less,

Pointing from this hoary tower  
In the windless air ; the flower  
Glimmering at my feet ; the line  
Of the olive-sandalled Apennine  
In the south dimly islanded ;  
And the Alps, whose snows are spread  
High between the clouds and sun ;  
And of living things each one ;  
And my spirit which so long  
Darkened this swift stream of song,—  
Interpenetrated lie  
By the glory of the sky :  
Be it love, light, harmony,  
Odour, or the soul of all  
Which from Heaven like dew doth fall,  
Or the minds which feeds this verse  
Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon  
Autumn's evening meets me soon,  
Leading the infantine moon,  
And that one star, which to her  
Almost seems to minister  
Half the crimson light she brings  
From the sunset's radiant springs :  
And the soft dreams of the morn  
(Which like wingèd winds had borne  
To that silent isle, which lies  
Mid remembered agonies,  
The frail bark of this lone being)  
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,  
And its ancient pilot, Pain,  
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be  
In the sea of Life and Agony :  
Other spirits float and flee  
O'er that gulf : even now, perhaps,  
On some rock the wild wave wraps,  
With folded wings they waiting sit  
For my bark, to pilot it  
To some calm and blooming cove,  
Where for me, and those I love,  
May a windless bower be built,

Far from passion, pain, and guilt,  
In a dell mid lawny hills,  
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,  
And soft sunshine, and the sound  
Of old forests echoing round,  
And the light and smell divine  
Of all flowers that breathe and shine :  
We may live so happy there,  
That the Spirits of the Air,  
Envyng us, may even entice  
To our healing Paradise  
The polluting multitude ;  
But their rage would be subdued  
By that clime divine and calm,  
And the winds whose wings rain balm  
On the uplifted soul, and leaves  
Under which the bright sea heaves ;  
While each breathless interval  
In their whisperings musical  
The inspired soul supplies  
With its own deep melodies,  
And the love which heals all strife  
Circling, like the breath of life,  
All things in that sweet abode  
With its own mild brotherhood :  
They, not it, would change ; and soon  
Every sprite beneath the moon  
Would repent its envy vain,  
And the earth grow young again.

## FRAGMENT : TO BYRON

[Publ. 1862.]

O MIGHTY Mind, in whose deep stream this age  
Shakes like a reed in the unheeding storm,  
Why dost thou curb not thine own sacred rage ?

## JULIAN AND MADDALO

## A CONVERSATION

[Comp. at Este in the autumn of 1818 ; sent to be published anonymously next year. Publ. 1824.]

## PREFACE

The meadows with fresh streams, the bees with thyme,  
The goats with the green leaves of budding Spring,  
Are saturated not—nor Love with tears.—VIRGIL'S *Gallus*.

COUNT MADDALO is a Venetian nobleman of ancient family and of great fortune, who, without mixing much in the society of his countrymen, resides chiefly at his magnificent palace in that city. He is a person of the most consummate genius, and capable, if he would direct his energies to such an end, of becoming the redeemer of his degraded country. But it is his weakness to be proud : he derives, from a comparison of his own extraordinary mind with the dwarfish intellects that surround him, an intense apprehension of the nothingness of human life. His passions and his powers are incomparably greater than those of other men ; and, instead of the latter having been employed in curbing the former, they have mutually lent each other strength. His ambition preys upon itself, for want of objects which it can consider worthy of exertion. I say that Maddalo is proud, because I can find no other word to express the concentrated and impatient feelings which consume him ; but it is on his own hopes and affections only that he seems to trample, for in social life no human being can be more gentle, patient, and unassuming than Maddalo. He is cheerful, frank, and witty. His more serious conversation is a sort of intoxication ; men are held by it as by a spell. He has travelled much ; and there is an inexpressible charm in his relation of his adventures in different countries.

Julian is an Englishman of good family, passionately attached to those philosophical notions which assert the power of man over his own mind, and the immense improvements of which, by the extinction of certain moral superstitions, human society may be yet susceptible. Without concealing the evil in the world, he is for ever speculating how good may be made superior. He is a complete infidel, and a scoffer at all things reputed holy ; and Mad-

dalo takes a wicked pleasure in drawing out his taunts against religion. What Maddalo thinks on these matters is not exactly known. Julian, in spite of his heterodox opinions, is conjectured by his friends to possess some good qualities. How far this is possible the pious reader will determine. Julian is rather serious.

Of the Maniac I can give no information. He seems, by his own account, to have been disappointed in love. He was evidently a very cultivated and amiable person when in his right senses. His story, told at length, might be like many other stories of the same kind: the unconnected exclamations of his agony will perhaps be found a sufficient comment for the text of every heart.

I RODE one evening with Count Maddalo  
 Upon the bank of land which breaks the flow  
 Of Adria towards Venice : a bare strand  
 Of hillocks, heaped from ever-shifting sand,  
 Matted with thistles and amphibious weeds,  
 Such as from earth's embrace the salt ooze breeds,  
 Is this ; an uninhabited sea-side,  
 Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,  
 Abandons ; and no other object breaks  
 The waste, but one dwarf tree and some few stakes  
 Broken and unrepaired, and the tide makes  
 A narrow space of level sand thereon,  
 Where 'twas our wont to ride while day went down.  
 This ride was my delight. I love all waste  
 And solitary places ; where we taste  
 The pleasure of believing what we see  
 Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be :  
 And such was this wide ocean, and this shore  
 More barren than its billows ; and yet more  
 Than all, with a remembered friend I love  
 To ride as then I rode ;—for the winds drove  
 The living spray along the sunny air  
 Into our faces ; the blue heavens were bare,  
 Stripped to their depths by the awakening north ;  
 And, from the waves, sound like delight broke forth  
 Harmonising with solitude, and sent  
 Into our hearts aëreal merriment.  
 So, as we rode, we talked ; and the swift thought,  
 Winging itself with laughter, lingered not,  
 But flew from brain to brain,—such glee was ours,

Charged with light memories of remembered hours,  
None slow enough for sadness : till we came  
Homeward, which always makes the spirit tame.  
This day had been cheerful but cold, and now  
The sun was sinking, and the wind also.  
Our talk grew somewhat serious, as may be  
Talk interrupted with such raillery  
As mocks itself, because it cannot scorn  
The thoughts it would extinguish :—'twas forlorn,  
Yet pleasing, such as once, so poets tell,  
The devils held within the dales of Hell  
Concerning God, freewill and destiny :  
Of all that earth has been or yet may be,  
All that vain men imagine or believe,  
Or hope can paint, or suffering can achieve,  
We descanted, and I (for ever still  
Is it not wise to make the best of ill ?)  
Argued against despondency, but pride  
Made my companion take the darker side.  
The sense that he was greater than his kind  
Had struck, methinks, his eagle spirit blind  
By gazing on its own exceeding light,  
Meanwhile the sun paused ere it should alight,  
Over the horizon of the mountains ;—Oh,  
How beautiful is sunset, when the glow  
Of Heaven descends upon a land like thee,  
Thou Paradise of exiles, Italy !  
Thy mountains, seas, and vineyards, and the towers  
Of cities they encircle !—it was ours  
To stand on thee, beholding it : and then,  
Just where we had dismounted, the Count's men  
Were waiting for us with the gondola.—  
As those who pause on some delightful way  
Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood  
Looking upon the evening, and the flood  
Which lay between the city and the shore,  
Paved with the image of the sky . . . the hoar  
And æry Alps towards the North appeared  
Through mist, an heaven-sustaining bulwark reared  
Between the East and West ; and half the sky  
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry  
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew  
Down the steep West into a wondrous hue  
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent

Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent  
 Among the many-folded hills : they were  
 Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,  
 As seen from Lido thro' the harbour piles,  
 The likeness of a clump of peakèd isles—  
 And then—as if the Earth and Sea had been  
 Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen  
 Those mountains towering as from waves of flame  
 Around the vaporous sun, from which there came  
 The inmost purple spirit of light, and made  
 Their very peaks transparent. “Ere it fade,”  
 Said my companion, “I will show you soon  
 A better station”—so, o'er the lagune  
 We glided ; and from that funereal bark  
 I leaned, and saw the city, and could mark  
 How from their many isles, in evening's gleam,  
 Its temples and its palaces did seem  
 Like fabrics of enchantment piled to Heaven.  
 I was about to speak, when—“We are even  
 Now at the point I meant,” said Maddalo,  
 And bade the gondolieri cease to row.  
 “Look, Julian, on the west, and listen well  
 If you hear not a deep and heavy bell.”  
 I looked, and saw between us and the sun  
 A building on an island ; such an one  
 As age to age might add, for uses vile,  
 A windowless, deformed and dreary pile ;  
 And on the top an open tower, where hung  
 A bell, which in the radiance swayed and swung ;  
 We could just hear its hoarse and iron tongue :  
 The broad sun sank behind it, and it tolled  
 In strong and black relief.—“What we behold  
 Shall be the madhouse and its belfry tower,”  
 Said Maddalo, “and ever at this hour  
 Those who may cross the water, hear that bell  
 Which calls the maniacs, each one from his cell,  
 To vespers.”—“As much skill as need to pray  
 In thanks or hope for their dark lot have they  
 To their stern Maker,” I replied. “O ho !  
 You talk as in years past,” said Maddalo.  
 “'Tis strange men change not. You were ever still  
 Among Christ's flock a perilous infidel,  
 A wolf for the meek lambs—if you can't swim  
 Beware of Providence.” I looked on him,

But the gay smile had faded from his eye.  
“And such,”—he cried, “is our mortality,  
And this must be the emblem and the sign  
Of what should be eternal and divine!—  
And like that black and dreary bell, the soul,  
Hung in an heaven-illumined tower, must toll  
Our thoughts and our desires to meet below  
Round the rent heart and pray—as madmen do ;  
For what? they know not,—till the night of death,  
As sunset that strange vision, severeth  
Our memory from itself, and us from all  
We sought and yet were baffled.” I recall  
The sense of what he said, although I mar  
The force of his expressions. The broad star  
Of day meanwhile had sunk behind the hill,  
And the black bell became invisible,  
And the red tower looked gray, and all between  
The churches, ships and palaces were seen  
Huddled in gloom ;—into the purple sea  
The orange hues of heaven sunk silently.  
We hardly spoke, and soon the gondola  
Conveyed me to my lodging by the way.  
The following morn was rainy, cold and dim :  
Ere Maddalo arose, I called on him,  
And whilst I waited with his child I played ;  
A lovelier toy sweet Nature never made,  
A serious, subtle, wild, yet gentle being,  
Graceful without design and unforeseeing,  
With eyes—Oh speak not of her eyes!—which seem  
Twin mirrors of Italian Heaven, yet gleam  
With such deep meaning, as we never see  
But in the human countenance : with me  
She was a special favourite : I had nursed  
Her fine and feeble limbs when she came first  
To this bleak world ; and she yet seemed to know  
On second sight her ancient playfellow,  
Less changed than she was by six months or so ;  
For after her first shyness was worn out  
We sate there, rolling billiard balls about,  
When the Count entered. Salutations past—  
“The word you spoke last night might well have cast  
A darkness on my spirit—if man be  
The passive thing you say, I should not see  
Much harm in the religions and old saws

(Tho' I may never own such leaden laws)  
 Which break a teachless nature to the yoke :  
 Mine is another faith"—thus much I spoke  
 And noting he replied not, added : " See  
 This lovely child, blithe, innocent and free ;  
 She spends a happy time with little care,  
 While we to such sick thoughts subjected are  
 As came on you last night—it is our will  
 Which thus enchains us to permitted ill—  
 We might be otherwise—we might be all  
 We dream of happy, high, majestic.  
 Where is the love, beauty, and truth we seek  
 But in our minds ? and if we were not weak  
 Should we be less in deed than in desire ?"  
 " Ay, if we were not weak—and we aspire  
 How vainly ! to be strong," said Maddalo :  
 " You talk Utopia." " It remains to know,"  
 I then rejoined, " and those who try may find  
 How strong the chains are which our spirit bind ;  
 Brittle perchance as straw . . . We are assured  
 Much may be conquered, much may be endured,  
 Of what degrades and crushes us. We know  
 That we have power over ourselves to do  
 And suffer—*what*, we know not till we try ;  
 But something nobler than to live and die—  
 So taught the kings of old philosophy  
 Who reigned, before Religion made men blind ;  
 And those who suffer with their suffering kind  
 Yet feel this faith, religion." " My dear friend,"  
 Said Maddalo, " my judgement will not bend  
 To your opinion, though I think you might  
 Make such a system refutation-tight  
 As far as words go. I knew one like you  
 Who to this city came some months ago,  
 With whom I argued in this sort, and he  
 Is now gone mad,—and so he answered me,—  
 Poor fellow ! but if you would like to go  
 We'll visit him, and his wild talk will show  
 How vain are such aspiring theories."  
 " I hope to prove the induction otherwise,  
 And that a want of that true theory, still,  
 Which seeks a ' soul of goodness ' in things ill  
 Or in himself or others, has thus bowed  
 His being—there are some by nature proud,

Who patient in all else demand but this—  
To love and be beloved with gentleness ;  
And being scorned, what wonder if they die  
Some living death ? this is not destiny  
But man's own wilful ill.'

As thus I spoke  
Servants announced the gondola, and we  
Through the fast-falling rain and high-wrought sea  
Sailed to the island where the madhouse stands.  
We disembarked. The clap of tortured hands,  
Fierce yells and howlings and lamentings keen,  
And laughter where complaint had merrier been,  
Moans, shrieks, and curses, and blaspheming prayers  
Accosted us. We climbed the oozy stairs  
Into an old courtyard. I heard on high,  
Then, fragments of most touching melody,  
But looking up saw not the singer there—  
Through the black bars in the tempestuous air  
I saw, like weeds on a wrecked palace growing,  
Long tangled locks flung wildly forth, and flowing,  
Of those who on a sudden were beguiled  
Into strange silence, and looked forth and smiled  
Hearing sweet sounds.—Then I : “ Methinks there were  
A cure of these with patience and kind care,  
If music can thus move. But what is he  
Whom we seek here ? ” “ Of his sad history  
I know but this,” said Maddalo : “ he came  
To Venice a dejected man, and fame  
Said he was wealthy, or he had been so ;  
Some thought the loss of fortune wrought him woe ;  
But he was ever talking in such sort  
As you do—far more sadly ; he seemed hurt,  
Even as a man with his peculiar wrong,  
To hear but of the oppression of the strong,  
Or those absurd deceits (I think with you  
In some respects, you know) which carry through  
The excellent imposters of this earth  
When they outface detection—he had worth,  
Poor fellow ! but a humourist in his way ”—  
“ Alas, what drove him mad ? ” “ I cannot say :  
A lady came with him from France, and when  
She left him and returned, he wandered then  
About yon lonely isles of desert sand  
Till he grew wild. He had no cash or land

Remaining,—the police had brought him here—  
Some fancy took him and he would not bear  
Removal ; so I fitted up for him  
Those rooms beside the sea, to please his whim,  
And sent him busts and books and urns for flowers,  
Which had adorned his life in happier hours,  
And instruments of music—you may guess  
A stranger could do little more or less  
For one so gentle and unfortunate :  
And those are his sweet strains which charm the weight  
From madmen's chains, and make this Hell appear  
A heaven of sacred silence, hushed to hear.”—  
“ Nay, this was kind of you—he had no claim,  
As the world says ”—“ None but the very same  
Which I on all mankind, were I as he  
Fallen to such deep reverse ;—his melody  
Is interrupted—now we hear the din  
Of madmen, shriek on shriek, again begin ;  
Let us now visit him ; after this strain  
He ever communes with himself again,  
And sees and hears not any.” Having said  
These words we called the keeper, and he led  
To an apartment opening on the sea.  
There the poor wretch was sitting mournfully  
Near a piano, his pale fingers twined  
One with the other, and the ooze and wind  
Rushed through an open casement, and did sway  
His hair, and starred it with the brackish spray ;  
His head was leaning on a music book,  
And he was muttering, and his lean limbs shook ;  
His lips were pressed against a folded leaf  
In hue too beautiful for health, and grief  
Smiled in their motions as they lay apart—  
As one who wrought from his own fervid heart  
The eloquence of passion, soon he raised  
His sad meek face and eyes lustrous and glazed  
And spoke—sometimes as one who wrote, and thought  
His words might move some heart that heeded not,  
If sent to distant lands : and then as one  
Reproaching deeds never to be undone  
With wondering self-compassion ; then his speech  
Was lost in grief, and then his words came each  
Unmodulated and expressionless,—  
But that from one jarred accent you might guess

It was despair made them so uniform :  
 And all the while the loud and gusty storm  
 Hissed through the window, and we stood behind  
 Stealing his accents from the envious wind  
 Unseen. I yet remember what he said  
 Distinctly : such impression his words made.

“Month after month,” he cried, “to bear this load  
 And as a jade urged by the whip and goad  
 To drag life on, which like a heavy chain  
 Lengthens behind with many a link of pain,  
 And not to speak my grief—O, not to dare  
 To give a human voice to my despair,  
 But live and move, and, wretched thing ! smile on  
 As if I never went aside to groan,  
 And wear this mask of falsehood even to those  
 Who are most dear—not for my own repose—  
 Alas ! no scorn or pain or hate could be  
 So heavy as that falsehood is to me—  
 But that I cannot bear more altered faces  
 Than needs must be, more changed and cold embraces,  
 More misery, disappointment, and mistrust  
 To own me for their father . . . Would the dust  
 Were covered in upon my body now !  
 That the life ceased to toil within my brow !  
 And then these thoughts would at the last be fled :  
 Let us not fear such pain can vex the dead.

“What Power delights to torture us ? I know  
 That to myself I do not wholly owe  
 What now I suffer, though in part I may.  
 Alas ! none strewed fresh flowers upon the way  
 Where wandering heedlessly, I met pale Pain  
 My shadow, which will leave me not again—  
 If I have erred, there was no joy in error,  
 But pain and insult and unrest and terror ;  
 I have not as some do, bought penitence  
 With pleasure, and a dark yet sweet offence,  
 For then,—if love and tenderness and truth  
 Had overlived Hope’s momentary youth,  
 My creed should have redeemed me from repenting ;  
 But loathed scorn and outrage unrelenting  
 Met love excited by far other seeming  
 Until the end was gained . . . as one from dreaming  
 Of sweetest peace, I woke, and found my state

Such as it is.—

“O Thou, my spirit's mate  
 Who, for thou art compassionate and wise,  
 Wouldst pity me from thy most gentle eyes  
 If this sad writing thou shouldst ever see—  
 My secret groans must be unheard by thee,  
 Thou wouldst weep tears bitter as blood to know  
 Thy lost friend's incommunicable woe.

“Ye few by whom my nature has been weighed  
 In friendship, let me not that name degrade  
 By placing on your hearts the secret load  
 Which crushes mine to dust. There is one road  
 To peace and that is truth, which follow ye!  
 Love sometimes leads astray to misery.  
 Yet think not though subdued—and I may well  
 Say that I am subdued—that the full Hell  
 Within me would infect the untainted breast  
 Of sacred nature with its own unrest;  
 As some perverted beings think to find  
 In scorn or hate a medicine for the mind  
 Which scorn or hate hath wounded—O how vain!  
 The dagger heals not but may rend again . . .  
 Believe that I am ever still the same  
 In creed as in resolve, and what may tame  
 My heart, must leave the understanding free,  
 Or all would sink under this agony—  
 Nor dream that I will join the vulgar cry;  
 Or with my silence sanction tyranny;  
 Or seek a moment's shelter from my pain  
 In any madness which the world calls gain,  
 Ambition or revenge or thoughts as stern  
 As those which make me what I am; or turn  
 To avarice or misanthropy or lust . . .  
 Heap on me soon, O grave, thy welcome dust!  
 Till then the dungeon may demand its prey,  
 And Poverty and Shame may meet and say—  
 Halting beside me on the public way—  
 ‘That love-devoted youth is ours—let's sit  
 Beside him—he may live some six months yet.’  
 Or the red scaffold, as our country bends,  
 May ask some willing victim, or ye friends  
 May fall under some sorrow which this heart  
 Or hand may share or vanquish or avert;

I am prepared—in truth with no proud joy—  
 To do or suffer aught, as when a boy  
 I did devote to justice and to love  
 My nature, worthless now! . . .

“I must remove

A veil from my pent mind. 'Tis torn aside!  
 O, pallid as Death's dedicated bride,  
 Thou mockery which art sitting by my side,  
 Am I not wan like thee? at the grave's call  
 I haste, invited to thy wedding-ball  
 To meet the ghastly paramour, for whom  
 Thou hast deserted me . . . and made the tomb  
 Thy bridal bed . . . But I beside thy feet  
 Will lie and watch ye from my winding sheet—  
 Thus . . . wide awake tho' dead . . . yet stay, O stay!  
 Go not so soon—I know not what I say—  
 Hear but my reasons . . . I am mad, I fear,  
 My fancy is o'erwrought . . . thou art not here . . .  
 Pale art thou, 'tis most true . . . but thou art gone,  
 Thy work is finished . . . I am left alone!—

“Nay, was it I who wooed thee to this breast  
 Which, like a serpent, thou envenomest  
 As in repayment of the warmth it lent?  
 Didst thou not seek me for thine own content?  
 Did not thy love awaken mine? I thought  
 That thou wert she who said, 'You kiss me not  
 Ever, I fear you do not love me now'—  
 In truth I loved even to my overthrow  
 Her, who would fain forget these words: but they  
 Cling to her mind, and cannot pass away.

“You say that I am proud—that when I speak  
 My lip is tortured with the wrongs which break  
 The spirit it expresses . . . Never one  
 Humbled himself before, as I have done!  
 Even the instinctive worm on which we tread  
 Turns, though it wound not—then with prostrate head  
 Sinks in the dust and writhes like me—and dies?  
 No: wears a living death of agonies!  
 As the slow shadows of the pointed grass  
 Mark the eternal periods, its pangs pass  
 Slow, ever-moving,—making moments be

As mine seem—each an immortality !

“That you had never seen me—never heard  
My voice, and more than all had ne'er endured  
The deep pollution of my loathed embrace—  
That your eyes ne'er had lied love in my face—  
That, like some maniac monk, I had torn out  
The nerves of manhood by their bleeding root  
With mine own quivering fingers, so that ne'er  
Our hearts had for a moment mingled there  
To disunite in horror—these were not  
With thee, like some suppressed and hideous thought  
Which flits athwart our musings, but can find  
No rest within a pure and gentle mind . . .  
Thou sealedst them with many a bare broad word,  
And searedst my memory o'er them,—for I heard  
And can forget not . . . they were ministered  
One after one, those curses. Mix them up  
Like self-destroying poisons in one cup,  
And they will make one blessing which thou ne'er  
Didst imprecate for on me—death.

“It were  
A cruel punishment for one most cruel,  
If such can love, to make that love the fuel  
Of the mind's hell ; hate, scorn, remorse, despair :  
But *me*—whose heart a stranger's tear might wear  
As water-drops the sandy fountain-stone,  
Who loved and pitied all things, and could moan  
For woes which others hear not, and could see  
The absent with the glance of phantasy,  
And near the poor and trampled sit and weep,  
Following the captive to his dungeon deep ;  
*Me*—who am as a nerve o'er which do creep  
The else unfelt oppressions of this earth,  
And was to thee the flame upon thy hearth,  
When all beside was cold—that thou on me  
Shouldst rain these plagues of blistering agony—  
Such curses are from lips once eloquent  
With love's too partial praise !—let none relent  
Who intend deeds too dreadful for a name  
Henceforth, if an example for the same  
They seek . . . for thou on me lookedst so, and so—  
And didst speak thus . . . and thus . . . I live to show

How much men bear and die not !

“Thou wilt tell,

With the grimace of hate, how horrible  
 It was to meet my love when thine grew less ;  
 Thou wilt admire how I could e'er address  
 Such features to love's work . . . this taunt, though true,  
 (For indeed Nature nor in form nor hue  
 Bestowed on me her choicest workmanship)  
 Shall not be thy defence : for since thy lip  
 Met mine first, years long past, since thine eye kindled  
 With soft fire under mine, I have not dwindled  
 Nor changed in mind or body, or in aught  
 But as love changes what it loveth not  
 After long years and many trials.

“How vain

Are words ! I thought never to speak again,  
 Not even in secret,—not to my own heart—  
 But from my lips the unwilling accents start,  
 And from my pen the words flow as I write,  
 Dazzling my eyes with scalding tears . . . my sight  
 Is dim to see that charactered in vain  
 On this unfeeling leaf which burns the brain  
 And eats into it, blotting all things fair  
 And wise and good which time had written there.

“Those who inflict must suffer, for they see  
 The work of their own hearts, and that must be  
 Our chastisement or recompense—O child !  
 I would that thine were like to be more mild  
 For both our wretched sakes . . . for thine the most  
 Who feelest already all that thou hast lost  
 Without the power to wish it thine again ;  
 And as slow years pass, a funeral train  
 Each with the ghost of some lost hope or friend  
 Following it like its shadow, wilt thou bend  
 No thought on my dead memory ?

“Alas, love !

Fear me not : against thee I would not move  
 A finger in despite. Do I not live  
 That thou mayest have less bitter cause to grieve ?  
 I give thee tears for scorn and love for hate ;  
 And that thy lot may be less desolate

Than his on whom thou tramplest, I refrain  
 From that sweet sleep which medicines all pain.  
 Then, when thou speakest of me, never say  
 'He could forgive not.' Here I cast away  
 All human passions, all revenge, all pride ;  
 I think, speak, act no ill ; I do but hide  
 Under these words, like embers, every spark  
 Of that which has consumed me—quick and dark  
 The grave is yawning . . . as its roof shall cover  
 My limbs with dust and worms under and over  
 So let Oblivion hide this grief . . . the air  
 Closes upon my accents, as despair  
 Upon my heart—let death upon despair !”

He ceased, and overcome leant back awhile,  
 Then rising, with a melancholy smile  
 Went to a sofa, and lay down, and slept  
 A heavy sleep, and in his dreams he wept  
 And muttered some familiar name, and we  
 Wept without shame in his society.  
 I think I never was impressed so much ;  
 The man who were not, must have lacked a touch  
 Of human nature. Then we lingered not,  
 Although our argument was quite forgot,  
 But calling the attendants, went to dine  
 At Maddalo's ; yet neither cheer nor wine  
 Could give us spirits, for we talked of him  
 And nothing else, till daylight made stars dim ;  
 And we agreed it was some dreadful ill  
 Wrought on him boldly, yet unspeakable,  
 By a dear friend ; some deadly change in love  
 Of one vowed deeply which he dreamed not of ;  
 For whose sake he, it seemed, had fixed a blot  
 Of falsehood in his mind which flourished not  
 But in the light of all-beholding truth ;  
 And having stamped this canker on his youth  
 She had abandoned him—and how much more  
 Might be his woe, we guessed not : he had store  
 Of friends and fortune once, as we could guess  
 From his nice habits and his gentleness ;  
 These now were lost . . . it were a grief indeed  
 If he had changed one unsustaining reed  
 For all that such a man might else adorn.  
 The colours of his mind seemed yet unworn ;

For the wild language of his grief was high,  
Such as in measure were called poetry ;  
And I remember one remark which then  
Maddalo made. He said : " Most wretched men  
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

If I had been an unconnected man  
I, from this moment, should have formed some plan  
Never to leave sweet Venice,—for to me  
It was delight to ride by the lone sea ;  
And then, the town is silent—one may write  
Or read in gondolas by day or night,  
Having the little brazen lamp alight,  
Unseen, uninterrupted ; books are there,  
Pictures, and casts from all those statues fair  
Which were twin-born with poetry, and all  
We seek in towns, with little to recall  
Regret for the green country. I might sit  
In Maddalo's great palace, and his wit  
And subtle talk would cheer the winter night  
And make me know myself, and the firelight  
Would flash upon our faces, till the day  
Might dawn and make me wonder at my stay :  
But I had friends in London too : the chief  
Attraction here, was that I sought relief  
From the deep tenderness that maniac wrought  
Within me—'twas perhaps an idle thought—  
But I imagined that if day by day  
I watched him, and but seldom went away,  
And studied all the beatings of his heart  
With zeal, as men study some stubborn art  
For their own good, and could by patience find  
An entrance to the caverns of his mind,  
I might reclaim him from his dark estate :  
In friendships I had been most fortunate—  
Yet never saw I one whom I would call  
More willingly my friend ; and this was all  
Accomplished not ; such dreams of baseless good  
Oft come and go in crowds or solitude  
And leave no trace—but what I now designed  
Made for long years impression on my mind.  
The following morning, urged by my affairs,  
I left bright Venice.

After many years  
 And many changes I returned ; the name  
 Of Venice, and its aspect, was the same ;  
 But Maddalo was travelling far away  
 Among the mountains of Armenia.  
 His dog was dead. His child had now become  
 A woman ; such as it has been my doom  
 To meet with few,—a wonder of this earth,  
 Where there is little of transcendent worth,—  
 Like one of Shakespeare's women : kindly she,  
 And, with a manner beyond courtesy,  
 Received her father's friend ; and when I asked  
 Of the lorn maniac, she her memory tasked,  
 And told as she had heard the mournful tale :  
 That the poor sufferer's health began to fail  
 Two years from my departure, but that then  
 The lady who had left him, came again.  
 Her mien had been imperious, but she now  
 Looked meek—perhaps remorse had brought her low.  
 " Her coming made him better, and they stayed  
 Together at my father's—for I played,  
 As I remember, with the lady's shawl—  
 I might be six years old—but after all  
 She left him " . . . " Why, her heart must have been tough :  
 How did it end ? " " And was not this enough ?  
 They met—they parted "—" Child, is there no more ? "  
 " Something within that interval which bore  
 The stamp of *why* they parted, *how* they met :  
 Yet if thine agèd eyes disdain to wet  
 Those wrinkled cheeks with youth's remembered tears,  
 Ask me no more, but let the silent years  
 Be closed and cèred over their memory  
 As yon mute marble where their corpses lie."  
 I urged and questioned still, she told me how  
 All happened—but the cold world shall not know.

### INVOCATION TO MISERY

[Publ. 1832.]

#### I

COME, be happy !—sit by me,  
 Shadow-vested Misery :  
 Coy, unwilling, silent bride,  
 Mourning in thy robe of pride,  
 Desolation—deified !

## II

Come, be happy!—sit near me :  
Sad as I may seem to thee,  
I am happier far than thou,  
Lady, whose imperial brow  
Is endiadem'd with woe.

## III

Misery ! we have known each other,  
Like a sister and a brother  
Living in the same lone home,  
Many years—we must live some  
Years and ages yet to come.

## IV

'Tis an evil lot, and yet  
Let us make the most of it ;  
If love can live when pleasure dies,  
We will love, till in our eyes  
This heart's Hell seem Paradise.

## V

Come, be happy !—lie thee down  
On the fresh grass newly mown,  
Where the Grasshopper doth sing  
Merrily—one joyous thing  
In a world of sorrowing !

## VI

There our tent shall be the willow,  
And thine arm shall be my pillow ;  
Sounds and odours, sorrowful  
Because they once were sweet, shall lull  
Us to slumber, deep and dull.

## VII

Ha ! thy frozen pulses flutter  
With a love thou darest not utter.  
Thou art murmuring—thou art weeping—  
Is thine icy bosom leaping  
While my burning heart lies sleeping ?

## VIII

Kiss me ;—oh ! thy lips are cold :  
Round my neck thine arms enfold—  
They are soft, but chill and dead ;  
And thy tears upon my head  
Burn like points of frozen lead.

## IX

Hasten to the bridal bed—  
 Underneath the grave 'tis spread :  
 In darkness may our love be hid,  
 Oblivion be our coverlid—  
 We may rest, and none forbid.

## X

Clasp me till our hearts be grown  
 Like two shadows into one ;  
 Till this dreadful transport may  
 Like a vapour fade away,  
 In the sleep that lasts alway.

## XI

We may dream, in that long sleep,  
 That we are not those who weep ;  
 E'en as Pleasure dreams of thee,  
 Life-deserting Misery,  
 Thou mayst dream of her with me.

## XII

Let us laugh, and make our mirth,  
 At the shadows of the earth,  
 As dogs bay the moonlight clouds,  
 That, like spectres wrapped in shrouds,  
 Pass o'er night in multitudes.

## XIII

All the wide world, beside us,  
 Are like multitudinous  
 Shadows shifting from a scene ;  
 What but mockery can they mean,  
 Where I am—where thou hast been ?

## STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES

[December, 1818. Publ. 1824.]

## I

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
 The purple noon's transparent might,  
 The breath of the moist earth is light,  
 Around its unexpanded buds ;  
 Like many a voice of one delight,  
 The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,  
 The City's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's.

## II

I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
 With green and purple seaweeds strown ;  
 I see the waves upon the shore,  
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :  
 I sit upon the sands alone,—  
 The lightning of the noontide ocean  
 Is flashing round me, and a tone  
 Arises from its measured motion,  
 How sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion.

## III

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,  
 Nor peace within nor calm around,  
 Nor that content surpassing wealth  
 The sage in meditation found,  
 And walked with inward glory crowned—  
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.  
 Others I see whom these surround—  
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;—  
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

## IV

Yet now despair itself is mild,  
 Even as the winds and waters are ;  
 I could lie down like a tired child,  
 And weep away the life of care  
 Which I have borne and yet must bear,  
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
 And I might feel in the warm air  
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

## V

Some might lament that I were cold,  
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,  
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,  
 Insults with this untimely moan ;  
 They might lament—for I am one  
 Whom men love not,—and yet regret,  
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun  
 Shall on its stainless glory set,  
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

## THE WOODMAN AND THE NIGHTINGALE

[Publ. 1824 and 1862.]

A WOODMAN whose rough heart was out of tune  
 (I think such hearts yet never came to good)  
 Hated to hear, under the stars or moon,

One nightingale in an interfluous wood  
 Sate the hungry dark with melody ;—  
 And as a vale is watered by a flood,

Or as the moonlight fills the open sky  
 Struggling with darkness—as a tuberose  
 Peoples some Indian dell with scents which lie

Like clouds above the flower from which they rose,  
 The singing of that happy nightingale  
 In this sweet forest, from the golden close

Of evening till the star of dawn may fail,  
 Was interfused upon the silentness ;  
 The folded roses and the violets pale

Heard her within their slumbers, the abyss  
 Of heaven, with all its planets, the dull ear  
 Of the night-cradled earth, the loneliness

Of the circumfluous waters, every sphere  
 And every flower and beam and cloud and wave,  
 And every wind of the mute atmosphere,

And every beast stretched in its rugged cave,  
 And every bird lulled on its mossy bough,  
 And every silver moth fresh from the grave

Which is its cradle—ever from below  
 Aspiring like one who loves too fair, too far,  
 To be consumed within the purest glow

Of one serene and unapproachèd star,  
 As if it were a lamp of earthly light,  
 Unconscious, as some human lovers are,

Itself how low, how high beyond all height  
 The heaven where it would perish !—and every form  
 That worshipped in the temple of the night

Was awed into delight, and by the charm  
 Girt as with an interminable zone,  
 Whilst that sweet bird, whose music was a storm

Of sound, shook forth the dull oblivion  
 Out of their dreams ; harmony became love  
 In every soul but one.

And so this man returned with axe and saw  
 At evening close from killing the tall tree,  
 The soul of whom by Nature's gentle law

Was each a wood-nymph, and kept ever green  
 The pavement and the roof of the wild copse,  
 Chequering the sunlight of the blue serene

With jagged leaves,—and from the forest tops  
Singing the winds to sleep—or weeping oft  
Fast showers of æreal water-drops

Into their mother's bosom, sweet and soft,  
Nature's pure tears which have no bitterness :—  
Around the cradles of the birds aloft

They spread themselves into the loveliness  
Of fan-like leaves, and over pallid flowers  
Hang like moist clouds :—or, where high branches kiss,

Make a green space among the silent bowers,  
Like a vast fane in a metropolis,  
Surrounded by the columns and the towers

All overwrought with branch-like trceries  
In which there is religion—and the mute  
Persuasion of unkindled melodies,

Odours and gleams and murmurs, which the lute  
Of the blind pilot-spirit of the blast  
Stirs as it sails, now grave and now acute,

Wakening the leaves and waves, ere it has passed  
To such brief unison as on the brain  
One tone, which never can recur, has cast,  
One accent never to return again.

The world is full of Woodmen who expel  
Love's gentle Dryads from the haunts of life,  
And vex the nightingales in every dell.

## MARENGHI

[Comp. in Naples, late 1818. Publ. 1824.]

### VII

O FOSTER-NURSE of man's abandoned glory,  
Since Athens, its great mother, sunk in splendour ;  
Thou shadowest forth that mighty shape in story,  
As ocean its wrecked fanes, severe yet tender :—  
The light-invested angel Poesy  
Was drawn from the dim world to welcome thee.

### VIII

And thou in painting didst transcribe all taught  
By loftiest meditations ; marble knew  
The sculptor's fearless soul—and as he wrought,  
The grace of his own power and freedom grew.  
And more than all, heroic, just, sublime,  
Thou wert among the false. . . was this thy crime ?

## IX

Yes ; and on Pisa's marble walls the twine  
 Of direst weeds hangs garlanded—the snake  
 Inhabits its wrecked palaces ;—in thine  
 A beast of subtler venom now doth make  
 Its lair, and sits amid their glories overthrown,  
 And thus thy victim's fate is as thine own.

## X

The sweetest flowers are ever frail and rare,  
 And love and freedom blossom but to wither ;  
 And good and ill like vines entangled are,  
 So that their grapes may oft be plucked together ;—  
 Divide the vintage ere thou drink, then make  
 Thy heart rejoice for dead Marengi's sake.

## xa

[Albert] Marengi was a Florentine ;  
 If he had wealth, or children, or a wife  
 Or friends, [or fame] or cherished thoughts which twine  
 The sights and sounds of home with life's own life,  
 Of these he was despoiled and Florence sent . . . .

## XI

No record of his crime remains in story,  
 But if the morning bright as evening shone,  
 It was some high and holy deed, by glory  
 Pursued into forgetfulness, which won  
 From the blind crowd he made secure and free  
 The patriot's meed, toil, death, and infamy.

## XII

For when by sound of trumpet was declared  
 A price upon his life, and there was set  
 A penalty of blood on all who shared -  
 So much of water with him as might wet  
 His lips, which speech divided not—he went  
 Alone, as you may guess, to banishment.

## : XIII

Amid the mountains, like a hunted beast,  
 He hid himself, and hunger, toil, and cold,  
 Month after month endured ; it was a feast  
 Whene'er he found those globes of deep-red gold  
 Which in the woods the strawberry-tree doth bear,  
 Suspended in their emerald atmosphere.

## XIV

And in the roofless huts of vast morasses,  
 Deserted by the fever-stricken serf,  
 All overgrown with reeds and long rank grasses,  
 And hillocks heaped of moss-inwoven turf,  
 And where the huge and speckled aloe made,  
 Rooted in stones, a broad and pointed shade,—

## xv

He housed himself. There is a point of strand  
 Near Vado's tower and town ; and on one side  
 The treacherous marsh divides it from the land,  
 Shadowed by pine and ilex forests wide,  
 And on the other, creeps eternally,  
 Through muddy weeds, the shallow sullen sea.

## SONNET

[Publ. 1824.]

LIFT not the painted veil which those who live  
 Call Life : though unreal shapes be pictured there,  
 And it but mimic all we would believe  
 With colours idly spread,—behind, lurk Fear  
 And Hope, twin Destinies ; who ever weave  
 Their shadows, o'er the chasm, sightless and drear.  
 I knew one who had lifted it—he sought,  
 For his lost heart was tender, things to love,  
 But found them not, alas ! nor was there aught  
 The world contains, the which he could approve.  
 Through the unheeding many he did move,  
 A splendour among shadows, a bright blot  
 Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove  
 For truth, and like the Preacher found it not.

## FRAGMENT: APOSTROPHE TO SILENCE

[Publ. 1862.]

SILENCE ! Oh, well are Death and Sleep and Thou  
 Three brethren named, the guardians gloomy-winged  
 Of one abyss, where life, and truth, and joy  
 Are swallowed up—yet spare me, Spirit, pity me,  
 Until the sounds I hear become my soul,  
 And it has left these faint and weary limbs,  
 To track along the lapses of the air  
 This wandering melody until it rests  
 Among lone mountains in some . . .

## FRAGMENTS

[About 1818 ? Publ. 1903.]

## I

SERENE in his unconquerable might  
 Endued[,] the Almighty King, his steadfast throne  
 Encompassed unapproachably with power  
 And darkness and deep solitude and awe

Stood like a black cloud on some aery cliff  
 Embosoming its lightning—in his sight  
 Unnumbered glorious spirits trembling stood  
 Like slaves before their Lord—prostrate around  
 Heaven's multitudes hymned everlasting praise.

## II

THOU living light that in thy rainbow hues  
 Clothest this naked world ; and over Sea  
 And Earth and air, and all the shapes that be  
 In peopled darkness of this wondrous world  
 The Spirit of thy glory dost diffuse  
   thou Vital Flame  
 Mysterious thought that in this mortal frame  
 Of things, with unextinguished lustre burnest  
 Now pale and faint now high to Heaven uncurled  
 That eer as thou dost languish still returnest  
 And ever

So soon as from the Earth formless and rude  
 One living step has chased drear Solitude  
 Thou wert, Thought ; thy brightness charmed the lids  
 Of the vast snake Eternity, who kept  
 The tree of good and evil.—

# V. Full Production

1819-1820

## TO WILLIAM SHELLEY

[June 1819. Publ. 1824.]

(With what truth may I say—  
Roma! Roma! Roma!  
Non è più come era prima!)

### I

My lost William, thou in whom  
Some bright spirit lived, and did  
That decaying robe consume  
Which its lustre faintly hid,—  
Here its ashes find a tomb,  
But beneath this pyramid  
Thou art not—if a thing divine  
Like thee can die, thy funeral shrine  
Is thy mother's grief and mine.

### II

Where art thou? my gentle child?  
Let me think thy spirit feeds,  
With its life intense and mild,  
The love of living leaves and weeds  
Among these tombs and ruins wild;—  
Let me think that through low seeds  
Of sweet flowers and sunny grass  
Into their hues and scents may pass  
A portion——

## TO WILLIAM SHELLEY

[Publ. 1839, 1st ed.]

Thy little footsteps on the sands  
Of a remote and lonely shore;  
The twinkling of thine infant hands,  
Where now the worm will feed no more;  
Thy mingled look of love and glee  
When we returned to gaze on thee—

## TO MARY SHELLEY

[Publ. 1839, 2nd ed.]

## I

My dearest Mary, wherefore hast thou gone,  
 And left me in this dreary world alone?  
 Thy form is here indeed—a lovely one—  
 But thou art fled, gone down the dreary road,  
 That leads to Sorrow's most obscure abode;  
 Thou sittest on the hearth of pale despair,  
Where  
 For thine own sake I cannot follow thee.

## II

The world is dreary,  
 And I am weary  
 Of wandering on without thee, Mary;  
 A joy was erewhile  
 In thy voice and thy smile,  
 And 'tis gone, when I should be gone too, Mary.

## FRAGMENTS ON ROME

[June 1819? Publ. 1839, 2nd ed.]

ROME has fallen, ye see it lying  
 Heaped in undistinguished ruin:  
 Nature is alone undying.

In the cave which wild weeds cover  
 Wait for thine aethereal lover;  
 For the pallid moon is waning  
 O'er the spiral cypress hanging  
 And the moon no cloud is staining.  
 It was once a Roman's chamber  
 Where he kept his darkest revels,  
 And the wild weeds twine and clamber;  
 It was then a chasm for devils . . .

## THE MASK OF ANARCHY

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE MASSACRE AT MANCHESTER

[Comp. in the autumn of 1819, after the Peterloo riot, August 16; sent to Leigh Hunt with a view to publication; publ. 1832.]

## I

As I lay asleep in Italy  
 There came a voice from over the Sea,  
 And with great power it forth led me  
 To walk in the visions of Poesy.

## II

I met Murder on the way—  
He had a mask like Castlereagh—  
Very smooth he looked, yet grim ;  
Seven blood-hounds followed him :

## III

All were fat ; and well they might  
Be in admirable plight,  
For one by one, and two by two,  
He tossed them human hearts to chew  
Which from his wide cloak he drew.

## IV

Next came Fraud, and he had on,  
Like Eldon, an ermined gown ;  
His big tears, for he wept well,  
Turned to mill-stones as they fell.

## V

And the little children, who  
Round his feet played to and fro,  
Thinking every tear a gem,  
Had their brains knocked out by them.

## VI

Clothed with the Bible, as with light,  
And the shadows of the night,  
Like Sidmouth, next, Hypocrisy  
On a crocodile rode by.

## VII

And many more Destructions played  
In this ghastly masquerade,  
All disguised, even to the eyes,  
Like Bishops, lawyers, peers, or spies.

## VIII

Last came Anarchy : he rode  
On a white horse, splashed with blood ;  
He was pale even to the lips,  
Like Death in the Apocalypse.

## IX

And he wore a kingly crown ,  
 And in his grasp a sceptre shone ;  
 And on his brow this mark I saw—  
 "I AM GOD, AND KING, AND LAW !"

## X

With a pace stately and fast,  
 Over English land he passed,  
 Trampling to a mire of blood  
 The adoring multitude.

## XI

And a mighty troop around,  
 With their trampling shook the ground,  
 Waving each a bloody sword,  
 For the service of their Lord.

## XII

And with glorious triumph, they  
 Rode through England proud and gay,  
 Drunk as with intoxication  
 Of the wine of desolation.

## XIII

O'er fields and towns, from sea to sea,  
 Passed the Pageant swift and free,  
 Tearing up, and trampling down,  
 Till they came to London town.

## XIV

And each dweller panic-stricken,  
 Felt his heart with terror sicken  
 Hearing the tempestuous cry  
 Of the triumph of Anarchy.

## XV

For with pomp to meet him came,  
 Clothed in arms like blood and flame,  
 The hired murderers, who did sing  
 "Thou art God, and Law, and King.

## XVI

“ We have waited, weak and lone  
For thy coming, Mighty One !  
Our purses are empty, our swords are cold,  
Give us glory, and blood, and gold.”

## XVII

Lawyers and priests, a motley crowd,  
To the earth their pale brows bowed ;  
Like a bad prayer not over loud,  
Whispering—“ Thou art Law and God.”—

## XVIII

Then all cried with one accord,  
“ Thou art King, and God, and Lord ;  
Anarchy, to thee we bow,  
Be thy name made holy now ! ”

## XIX

And Anarchy, the Skeleton,  
Bowed and grinned to every one,  
As well as if his education  
Had cost ten millions to the nation.

## XX

For he knew the Palaces  
Of our Kings were rightly his ;  
His the sceptre, crown, and globe,  
And the gold-inwoven robe.

## XXI

So he sent his slaves before  
To seize upon the Bank and Tower,  
And was proceeding with intent  
To meet his pensioned Parliament,

## XXII

When one fled past, a maniac maid,  
And her name was Hope, she said :  
But she looked more like Despair,  
And she cried out in the air :

## XXIII

“ My father Time is weak and gray  
 With waiting for a better day ;  
 See how idiot-like he stands,  
 Fumbling with his palsied hands !

## XXIV

“ He has had child after child,  
 And the dust of death is piled  
 Over every one but me—  
 Misery, oh, Misery !”

## XXV

Then she lay down in the street,  
 Right before the horses' feet,  
 Expecting, with a patient eye,  
 Murder, Fraud, and Anarchy.

## XXVI

When between her and her foes  
 A mist, a light, an image rose,  
 Small at first, and weak, and frail  
 Like the vapour of a vale :

## XXVII

Till as clouds grow on the blast,  
 Like tower-crowned giants striding fast,  
 And glare with lightnings as they fly,  
 And speak in thunder to the sky,

## XXVIII

It grew—a Shape arrayed in mail  
 Brighter than the viper's scale,  
 And upborn on wings whose grain  
 Was as the light of sunny rain.

## XXIX

On its helm, seen far away,  
 A planet, like the Morning's, lay ;  
 And those plumes its light rained through  
 Like a shower of crimson dew.

## xxx

With step as soft as wind it passed  
O'er the heads of men—so fast  
That they knew the presence there,  
And looked,—and all was empty air.

## xxxI

As flowers beneath May's footstep waken,  
As stars from Night's loose hair are shaken,  
As waves arise when loud winds call,  
Thoughts sprung where'er that step did fall.

## xxxII

And the prostrate multitude  
Looked—and ankle-deep in blood,  
Hope, that maiden most serene,  
Was walking with a quiet mien :

## xxxIII

And Anarchy, the ghastly birth,  
Lay dead earth upon the earth ;  
The Horse of Death tameless as wind  
Fled, and with his hoofs did grind  
To dust the murderers thronged behind.

## xxxIV

A rushing light of clouds and splendour,  
A sense awakening and yet tender  
Was heard and felt—and at its close  
These words of joy and fear arose,

## xxxV

As if their own indignant Earth  
Which gave the sons of England birth  
Had felt their blood upon her brow,  
And shuddering with a mother's throe

## xxxVI

Had turned every drop of blood  
By which her face had been bedewed  
To an accent unwitstood,—  
As if her heart had cried aloud :

## XXXVII

“Men of England, heirs of Glory,  
 Heroes of unwritten story,  
 Nurslings of one mighty Mother,  
 Hopes of her, and one another ;

## XXXVIII

“Rise like Lions after slumber  
 In unvanquishable number,  
 Shake your chains to earth like dew  
 Which in sleep had fallen on you—  
 Ye are many—they are few.

## XXXIX

“What is Freedom ?—ye can tell  
 That which slavery is, too well—  
 For its very name has grown  
 To an echo of your own.

## XL

“’Tis to work and have such pay  
 As just keeps life from day to day  
 In your limbs, as in a cell  
 For the tyrant’s use to dwell,

## XLI

“So that ye for them are made  
 Loom, and plough, and sword, and spade,  
 With or without your own will bent  
 To their defence and nourishment.

## XLII

“’Tis to see your children weak  
 With their mothers pine and peak,  
 When the winter winds are bleak,—  
 They are dying whilst I speak.

## XLIII

“’Tis to hunger for such diet  
 As the rich man in his riot  
 Casts to the fat dogs that lie  
 Surfeiting beneath his eye ;

## XLIV

“’Tis to let the Ghost of Gold  
Take from Toil a thousandfold  
More than e’er its substance could  
In the tyrannies of old.

## XLV

“Paper coin—that forgery  
Of the title-deeds, which ye  
Hold to something of the worth  
Of the inheritance of Earth.

## XLVI

“’Tis to be a slave in soul  
And to hold no strong control  
Over your own wills, but be  
All that others make of ye.

## XLVII

“And at length when ye complain  
With a murmur weak and vain  
’Tis to see the Tyrant’s crew  
Ride over your wives and you—  
Blood is on the grass like dew.

## XLVIII

“Then it is to feel revenge  
Fiercely thirsting to exchange  
Blood for blood—and wrong for wrong—  
Do not thus when ye are strong.

## XLIX

“Birds find rest, in narrow nest  
When weary of their wingèd quest ;  
Beasts find fare, in woody lair  
When storm and snow are in the air.\*

\* The earlier draft and the 1839 ed. add :

“Horses, oxen, have a home,  
When from daily toil they come ;  
Household dogs, when the wind roars,  
Find a home within warm doors.”

## L

“ Asses, swine, have litter spread  
 And with fitting food are fed ;  
 All things have a home but one—  
 Thou, Oh, Englishman, hast none !

## LI

“ This is Slavery—savage men,  
 Or wild beasts within a den  
 Would endure not as ye do—  
 But such ills they never knew.

## LII

“ What art thou, Freedom? O ! could slaves  
 Answer from their living graves  
 This demand—tyrants would flee  
 Like a dream’s dim imagery :

## LIII

“ Thou art not, as impostors say,  
 A shadow soon to pass away,  
 A superstition, and a name  
 Echoing from the cave of Fame.

## LIV

“ For the labourer thou art bread,  
 And a comely table spread,  
 From his daily labour come  
 To a neat and happy home.

## LV

“ Thou art clothes, and fire, and food  
 For the trampled multitude—  
 No—in countries that are free  
 Such starvation cannot be  
 As in England now we see.

## LVI

“ To the rich thou art a check,  
 When his foot is on the neck  
 Of his victim, thou dost make  
 That he treads upon a snake.

## LVII

“Thou art Justice—ne’er for gold  
May thy righteous laws be sold  
As laws are in England—thou  
Shield’st alike the high and low.

## LVIII

“Thou art Wisdom—Freemen never  
Dream that God will damn for ever  
All who think those things untrue  
Of which Priests make such ado.

## LIX

“Thou art Peace—never by thee  
Would blood and treasure wasted be  
As tyrants wasted them, when all  
Leagued to quench thy flame in Gaul.

## LX

“What if English toil and blood  
Was poured forth, even as a flood?  
It availed, Oh, Liberty,  
To dim, but not extinguish thee.

## LXI

“Thou art Love—the rich have kissed  
Thy feet, and like him following Christ,  
Give their substance to the free  
And through the rough world follow thee,

## LXII

“Or turn their wealth to arms, and make  
War for thy belovèd sake  
On wealth, and war, and fraud—whence they  
Drew the power which is their prey.

## LXIII

“Science, Poetry, and Thought  
Are thy lamps; they make the lot  
Of the dwellers in a cot  
So serene, they curse it not.

## LXIV

“Spirit, Patience, Gentleness,  
 All that can adorn and bless  
 Art thou—let deeds, not words, express  
 Thine exceeding loveliness.

## LXV

“Let a great Assembly be  
 Of the fearless and the free  
 On some spot of English ground  
 Where the plains stretch wide around.

## LXVI

“Let the blue sky overhead,  
 The green earth on which ye tread,  
 All that must eternal be  
 Witness the solemnity.

## LXVII

“From the corners uttermost  
 Of the bounds of English coast ;  
 From every hut, village, and town  
 Where those who live and suffer moan  
 For others' misery or their own,\*

## LXVIII

“From the workhouse and the prison  
 Where pale as corpses newly risen,  
 Women, children, young and old,  
 Groan for pain, and weep for cold—

## LXIX

“From the haunts of daily life  
 Where is waged the daily strife  
 With common wants and common cares  
 Which sows the human heart with tares—

\* The earlier draft reads here (but it is cancelled) :

“From the cities where from caves,  
 Like the dead from putrid graves,  
 Troops of starvelings gliding come,  
 Living Tenants of a tomb.”

## LXX

“Lastly from the palaces  
Where the murmur of distress  
Echoes, like the distant sound  
Of a wind alive around

## LXXI

“Those prison halls of wealth and fashion,  
Where some few feel such compassion  
For those who groan, and toil, and wail  
As must make their brethren pale—

## LXXII

“Ye who suffer woes untold,  
Or to feel, or to behold  
Your lost country bought and sold  
With a price of blood and gold—

## LXXIII

“Let a vast assembly be,  
And with great solemnity  
Declare with measured words that ye  
Are, as God made ye, free—

## LXXIV

“Be your strong and simple words  
Keen to wound as sharpened swords,  
And wide as targes let them be,  
With their shade to cover ye.

## LXXV

“Let the tyrants pour around  
With a quick and startling sound,  
Like the loosening of a sea,  
Troops of armed emblazonry.

## LXXVI

“Let the charged artillery drive  
Till the dead air seems alive  
With the clash of clanging wheels,  
And the tramp of horses' heels.

## LXXVII

“Let the fixèd bayonet  
Gleam with sharp desire to wet  
Its bright point in English blood  
Looking keen as one for food.

## LXXVIII

“Let the horsemen’s scimitars  
Wheel and flash, like sphereless stars  
Thirsting to eclipse their burning  
In a sea of death and mourning.

## LXXIX

“Stand ye calm and resolute,  
Like a forest close and mute,  
With folded arms and looks which are  
Weapons of an unvanquished war,

## LXXX

“And let Panic, who outspeeds  
The career of armèd steeds  
Pass, a disregarded shade  
Through your phalanx undismayed.

## LXXXI

“Let the laws of your own land,  
Good or ill, between ye stand  
Hand to hand, and foot to foot,  
Arbiters of the dispute,

## LXXXII

“The old laws of England—they  
Whose reverend heads with age are gray,  
Children of a wiser day ;  
And whose solemn voice must be  
Thine own echo—Liberty !

## LXXXIII

“On those who first should violate  
Such sacred heralds in their state  
Rest the blood that must ensue,  
And it will not rest on you.

## LXXXIV

“And if then the tyrants dare  
Let them ride among you there,  
Slash, and stab, and maim, and hew,—  
What they like, that let them do.

## LXXXV

“With folded arms and steady eyes,  
And little fear, and less surprise,  
Look upon them as they slay  
Till their rage has died away.

## LXXXVI

“Then they will return with shame  
To the place from which they came,  
And the blood thus shed will speak  
In hot blushes on their cheek.

## LXXXVII

“Every woman in the land  
Will point at them as they stand—  
They will hardly dare to greet  
Their acquaintance in the street.

## LXXXVIII

“And the bold, true warriors  
Who have hugged Danger in wars  
Will turn to those who would be free,  
Ashamed of such base company.

## LXXXIX

“And that slaughter to the Nation  
Shall steam up like inspiration,  
Eloquent, oracular ;  
A volcano heard afar.

## XC

“And these words shall then become  
Like Oppression's thundered doom  
Ringing through each heart and brain,  
Heard again—again—again—

## XCI

“ Rise like Lions after slumber  
 In unvanquishable number—  
 Shake your chains to earth like dew  
 Which in sleep had fallen on you—  
 Ye are many—they are few.”

LINES WRITTEN DURING THE CASTLEREAGH  
 ADMINISTRATION

[Publ. by Medwin, *The Athenæum*, December 8, 1832.]

## I

CORPSES are cold in the tomb ;  
 Stones on the pavement are dumb ;  
 Abortions are dead in the womb,  
 And their mothers look pale—like the death-white shore  
 Of Albion, free no more.

## II

*Her* sons are as stones in the way—  
 They are masses of senseless clay—  
 They are trodden, and move not away,—  
 The abortion with which *she* travaileth  
 Is Liberty, smitten to death.

## III

Then trample and dance, thou Oppressor !  
 For thy victim is no redresser ;  
 Thou art sole lord and possessor  
 Of her corpses, and clods, and abortions—they pave  
 Thy path to the grave.

## IV

Hearst thou the festival din  
 Of Death, and Destruction, and Sin,  
 And Wealth crying *Havoc !* within ?  
 'Tis the bacchanal triumph which makes Truth dumb,  
 Thine Epithalamium.

## V

Ay, marry thy ghastly wife !  
 Let Fear and Disquiet and Strife  
 Spread thy couch in the chamber of Life !  
 Marry Ruin, thou Tyrant ! and Hell be thy guide  
 To the bed of the bride !

## SONG TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND

[Publ. 1839, 1st ed.]

## I

MEN of England, wherefore plough  
 For the lords who lay ye low ?  
 Wherefore weave with toil and care  
 The rich robes your tyrants wear ?

## II

Wherefore feed and clothe and save,  
 From the cradle to the grave,  
 Those ungrateful drones who would  
 Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood ?

## III

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge  
 Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,  
 That these stingless drones may spoil  
 The forced produce of your toil ?

## IV

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,  
 Shelter, food, love's gentle balm ?  
 Or what it is ye buy so dear  
 With your pain and with your fear ?

## V

The seed ye sow another reaps ;  
 The wealth ye find another keeps ;  
 The robes ye weave another wears ;  
 The arms ye forge another bears.

## VI

Sow seed,—but let no tyrant reap ;  
 Find wealth,—let no impostor heap ;  
 Weave robes,—let not the idle wear ;  
 Forge arms,—in your defence to bear.

## VII

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells ;  
 In halls ye deck another dwells.  
 Why shake the chains ye wrought ? Ye see  
 The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

## VIII

With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,  
 Trace your grave, and build your tomb,  
 And weave your winding-sheet, till fair  
 England be your sepulchre.

## TO S[IDMOU]TH AND C[ASTLEREA]GH

SIMILES FOR TWO POLITICAL CHARACTERS OF 1819

[Publ. by Medwin, *The Athenæum*, August 25, 1832.]

## I

As from an ancestral oak  
 Two empty ravens sound their clarion,  
 Yell by yell and croak by croak,  
 When they scent the noonday smoke  
 Of fresh human carrion :—

## II

As two gibbering night-birds flit  
 From their bowers of deadly yew  
 Through the night to frighten it,  
 When the moon is in a fit,  
 And the stars are none or few :—

## III

As a shark and dog-fish wait  
 Under an Atlantic isle  
 For the negro-ship, whose freight  
 Is the theme of their debate,  
 Wrinkling their red gills the while—

## IV

Are ye, two vultures sick for battle,  
 Two scorpions under one wet stone,  
 Two bloodless wolves whose dry throats rattle,  
 Two crows perched on the murrained cattle,  
 Two vipers tangled into one.

## FRAGMENTS

[Publ. 1862.]

PEOPLE of England, ye who toil and groan,  
 Who reap the harvests which are not your own,  
 Who weave the clothes which your oppressors wear,  
 And for your own take the inclement air ;  
 Who build warm houses . . .  
 And are like gods who give them all they have,  
 And nurse them from the cradle to the grave . . .  
 . . . . .

[Publ. 1839, 2nd ed.]

WHAT men gain fairly —that they should possess,  
 And children may inherit idleness,  
 From him who earns it—This is understood ;  
 Private injustice may be general good.  
 But he who gains by base and armèd wrong,  
 Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,  
 May be despoiled ; even as a stolen dress  
 Is stripped from a convicted thief, and he  
 Left in the nakedness of infamy.

## A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM

[Publ. 1839, 2nd ed.]

## I

GOD prosper, speed, and save,  
 God raise from England's grave  
     Her murdered Queen !  
 Pave with swift victory  
 The steps of Liberty,  
 Whom Britons own to be  
     Immortal Queen.

## II

See, she comes throned on high,  
 On swift Eternity !  
     God save the Queen !  
 Millions on millions wait,  
 Firm, rapid, and elate,  
 On her majestic state !  
     God save the Queen !

## III

She is Thine own pure soul  
 Moulding the mighty whole,—  
     God save the Queen !  
 She is Thine own deep love  
 Rained down from Heaven above,—  
 Wherever she rest or move,  
     God save our Queen !

## IV

'Wilder her enemies  
 In their own dark disguise,—  
     God save our Queen !  
 All earthly things that dare  
 Her sacred name to bear,  
 Strip them, as kings are, bare ;  
     God save the Queen !

## V

Be her eternal throne  
 Built in our hearts alone—  
     God save the Queen !  
 Let the oppressor hold  
 Canopied seats of gold ;  
 She sits enthroned of old  
     O'er our hearts Queen.

## VI

Lips touched by seraphim  
 Breathe out the choral hymn  
     “ God save the Queen ! ”  
 Sweet as if angels sang,  
 Loud as that trumpet's clang  
 Wakening the world's dead gang,—  
     God save the Queen !

## SONNET : ENGLAND IN 1819

[Publ. 1839, 1st ed.]

AN old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king,—  
 Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow  
 Through public scorn,—mud from a muddy spring,—  
 Rulers who neither see, nor feel, nor know,  
 But leech-like to their fainting country cling,  
 Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow,—  
 A peopled starve and stabbed in the untilled field,—  
 An army, which liberticide and prey  
 Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield,—  
 Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay ;  
 Religion Christless, Godless—a book sealed ;  
 A Senate,—Time's worst statute unrepealed,—  
 Are graves, from which a glorious Phantom may  
 Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.

## AN ODE

WRITTEN OCTOBER 1819, BEFORE THE SPANIARDS HAD  
 RECOVERED THEIR LIBERTY

[Publ. 1820.]

ARISE, arise, arise !  
 There is blood on the earth that denies ye bread ;  
     Be your wounds like eyes  
 To weep for the dead, the dead, the dead.  
 What other grief were it just to pay ?  
 Your sons, your wives, your brethren, were they ;  
 Who said they were slain on the battle day ?

Awaken, awaken, awaken !  
 The slave and the tyrant are twin-born foes ;  
 Be the cold chains shaken  
 To the dust where your kindred repose, repose :  
 Their bones in the grave will start and move,  
 When they hear the voices of those they love,  
 Most loud in the holy combat above.

Wave, wave high the banner !  
 When Freedom is riding to conquest by :  
 Though the slaves that fan her  
 Be Famine and Toil, giving sigh for sigh.  
 And ye who attend her imperial car,  
 Lift not your hands in the banded war,  
 But in her defence whose children ye are.

Glory, glory, glory,  
 To those who have greatly suffered and done !  
 Never name in story  
 Was greater than that which ye shall have won.  
 Conquerors have conquered their foes alone,  
 Whose revenge, pride, and power they have overthrown :  
 Ride ye, more victorious, over your own.

Bind, bind every brow  
 With crownals of violet, ivy, and pine :  
 Hide the blood-stains now  
 With hues which sweet Nature has made divine :  
 Green strength, azure hope, and eternity :  
 But let not the pansy among them be ;  
 Ye were injured, and that means memory.

### CANCELLED STANZA

[Publ. in *The Times* (Rossetti).]

GATHER, O gather,  
 Foeman and friend in love and peace !  
 Waves sleep together  
 When the blasts that called them to battle, cease.  
 For fangless Power grown tame and mild  
 Is at play with Freedom's fearless child—  
 The dove and the serpent reconciled !

## PETER BELL THE THIRD

BY MICHING MALLECHO, ESQ.

Is it a party in a parlour,  
 Crammed just as they on earth were crammed,  
 Some sipping punch—some sipping tea ;  
 But, as you by their faces see,  
 All silent, and all——damned !

*Peter Bell*, by W. WORDSWORTH.

OPHELIA.—What means this, my lord ?

HAMLET.—Marry, this is Miching Mallecho ; it means mischief.

SHAKESPEARE.

[Comp. at Florence, October, 1819, and forwarded to Hunt (Nov. 2) with a view to publication ; publ. 1839, 2nd ed. Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* appeared in April, 1819.]

## DEDICATION

TO THOMAS BROWN, ESQ., THE YOUNGER, H.F.

DEAR TOM—Allow me to request you to introduce Mr. Peter Bell to the respectable family of the Fudges. Although he may fall short of those very considerable personages in the more active properties which characterize the Rat and the Apostate, I suspect that even you, their historian, will confess that he surpasses them in the more peculiarly legitimate qualification of intolerable dullness.

You know Mr Examiner Hunt ; well—it was he who presented me to two of the Mr. Bells. My intimacy with the younger Mr. Bell naturally sprung from this introduction to his brothers. And in presenting him to you, I have the satisfaction of being able to assure you that he is considerably the dullest of the three.

There is this particular advantage in an acquaintance with any one of the Peter Bells, that if you know one Peter Bell, you know three Peter Bells ; they are not one, but three ; not three, but one. An awful mystery, which, after having caused torrents of blood, and having been hymned by groans enough to deafen the music of the spheres, is at length illustrated to the satisfaction of all parties in the theological world, by the nature of Mr. Peter Bell.

Peter is a polyhedric Peter, or a Peter with many sides. He changes colours like a chameleon, and his coat like a snake. He is a Proteus of a Peter. He was at first sublime, pathetic, impressive, profound ; then dull ; then prosy and dull ; and now dull—oh so very dull ! it is an ultra-legitimate dullness.

You will perceive that it is not necessary to consider Hell and the Devil as supernatural machinery. The whole scene of my epic is in “ this world which is ”—so Peter informed us before his conversion to *White Obi*—

“ The world of all of us, and where  
 We find our happiness, or not at all.”

Let me observe that I have spent six or seven days in composing this sublime piece ; the orb of my moon-like genius has made the fourth part of its revolution round the dull earth which you inhabit, driving you mad, while it has retained its calmness and its splendour, and I have been fitting this its last phase "to occupy a permanent station in the literature of my country."

Your works, indeed, dear Tom, sell better ; but mine are far superior. The public is no judge ; posterity sets all to rights.

Allow me to observe that so much has been written of Peter Bell, that the present history can be considered only, like the *Iliad*, as a continuation of that series of cyclic poems, which have already been candidates for bestowing immortality upon, at the same time that they receive it from, his character and adventures. In this point of view I have violated no rule of syntax in beginning my composition with a conjunction ; the full stop which closes the poem continued by me being, like the full stops at the end of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, a full stop of a very qualified import.

Hoping that the immortality which you have given to the Fudges, you will receive from them ; and in the firm expectation, that when London shall be an habitation of bitterns ; when St Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh ; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism, the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians ; I remain, dear Tom, yours sincerely,

MICHING MALLECHO.

December 1, 1819.

P.S.—Pray excuse the date of place ; so soon as the profits of the publication come in, I mean to hire lodgings in a more respectable street.

### PROLOGUE

PETER BELLS, one, two and three,  
 O'er the wide world wandering be.—  
 First, the antenatal Peter,  
 Wrapped in weeds of the same metre,  
 The so-long-predestined raiment  
 Clothed in which to walk his way meant  
 The second Peter ; whose ambition  
 Is to link the proposition,  
 As the mean of two extremes—  
 ('This was learned from Aldric's themes)  
 Shielding from the guilt of schism  
 The orthodoxal syllogism ;  
 The First Peter—he who was  
 Like the shadow in the glass  
 Of the second, yet unripe,

His substantial antitype.—  
 Then came Peter Bell the Second,  
 Who henceforward must be reckoned  
 The body of a double soul,  
 And that portion of the whole  
 Without which the rest would seem  
 Ends of a disjointed dream.—  
 And the Third is he who has  
 O'er the grave been forced to pass  
 To the other side, which is,—  
 Go and try else,—just like this.

Peter Bell the First was Peter  
 Smugger, milder, softer, neater,  
 Like the soul before it is  
 Born from *that* world into *this*.  
 The next Peter Bell was he,  
 Predevote, like you and me,  
 To good or evil as may come ;  
 His was the severer doom,—  
 For he was an evil Cotter,  
 And a polygamic Potter.\*  
 And the last is Peter Bell,  
 Damned since our first parents fell,  
 Damned eternally to Hell—  
 Surely he deserves it well !

## PART THE FIRST

### DEATH

#### I

AND Peter Bell when he had been  
 With fresh-imported Hell-fire warmed,  
 Grew serious—from his dress and mien  
 'Twas very plainly to be seen  
 Peter was quite reformed.

\* The oldest scholiasts read—

A *dodecagamic* Potter.

This is at once more descriptive and more megalophonous,—but the alliteration of the text had captivated the vulgar ear of the herd of later commentators.

## II

His eyes turned up, his mouth turned down ;  
 His accent caught a nasal twang ;  
 He oiled his hair \* ; there might be heard  
 The grace of God in every word  
 Which Peter said or sang.

## III

But Peter now grew old, and had  
 An ill no doctor could unravel ;  
 His torments almost drove him mad ;—  
 Some said it was a fever bad—  
 Some swore it was the gravel.

## IV

His holy friends then came about,  
 And with long preaching and persuasion  
 Convinced the patient that, without  
 The smallest shadow of a doubt,  
 He was predestined to damnation.

## V

They said—"Thy name is Peter Bell ;  
 Thy skin is of a brimstone hue ;  
 Alive or dead—ay, sick or well—  
 The one God made to rhyme with hell ;  
 The other, I think, rhymes with you."

## VI

Then Peter set up such a yell !—  
 The nurse, who with some water gruel  
 Was climbing up the stairs, as well  
 As her old legs could climb them—fell,  
 And broke them both—the fall was cruel.

\* To those who have not duly appreciated the distinction between *Whale* and *Russia* oil, this attribute might rather seem to belong to the Dandy than the Evangelic. The effect, when to the windward, is indeed so similar, that it requires a subtle naturalist to discriminate the animals. They belong, however, to distinct genera.

## VII

The Parson from the casement leapt  
 Into the lake of Windermere—  
 And many an eel—though no adept  
 In God's right reason for it—kept  
 Gnawing his kidneys half a year.

## VIII

And all the rest rushed through the door,  
 And tumbled over one another,  
 And broke their skulls.—Upon the floor  
 Meanwhile sat Peter Bell, and swore,  
 And cursed his father and his mother ;

## IX

And raved of God, and sin, and death,  
 Blaspheming like an infidel ;  
 And said, that with his clenched teeth  
 He'd seize the earth from underneath,  
 And drag it with him down to hell.

## X

As he was speaking came a spasm,  
 And wrenched his gnashing teeth asunder ;  
 Like one who sees a strange phantasm  
 He lay,—there was a silent chasm  
 Between his upper jaw and under.

## XI

And yellow death lay on his face ;  
 And a fixed smile that was not human  
 Told, as I understand the case,  
 That he was gone to the wrong place :—  
 I heard all this from the old woman.

## XII

Then there came down from Langdale Pike  
 A cloud, with lightning, wind and hail ;  
 It swept over the mountains like  
 An ocean,—and I heard it strike  
 The woods and crags of Grasmere vale.

## XIII

And I saw the black storm come  
 Nearer, minute after minute ;  
 Its thunder made the cataracts dumb ;  
 With hiss, and clash, and hollow hum,  
 It neared as if the Devil was in it.

## XIV

The devil *was* in it :—he had bought  
 Peter for half-a-crown ; and when  
 The storm which bore him vanished, nought  
 That in the house that storm had caught  
 Was ever seen again.

## XV

The gaping neighbours came next day—  
 They found all vanished from the shore :  
 The Bible, whence he used to pray,  
 Half scorched under a hen-coop lay ;  
 Smashed glass—and nothing more !

## PART THE SECOND

## THE DEVIL

## I

THE Devil, I safely can aver,  
 Has neither hoof, nor tail, nor sting ;  
 Nor is he, as some sages swear,  
 A spirit, neither here nor there,  
 In nothing—yet in everything.

## II

He is—what we are ; for sometimes  
 The Devil is a gentleman ;  
 At others a bard bartering rhymes  
 For sack ; a statesman spinning crimes ;  
 A swindler, living as he can ;

## III

A thief, who cometh in the night,  
 With whole boots and net pantaloons,

Like some one whom it were not right  
 To mention ;—or the luckless wight  
 From whom he steals nine silver spoons.

## IV

But in this case he did appear  
 Like a slop-merchant from Wapping,  
 And with smug face, and eye severe,  
 On every side did perk and peer  
 Till he saw Peter dead or napping.

## V

He had on an upper Benjamin  
 (For he was of the driving schism)  
 In the which he wrapped his skin  
 From the storm he travelled in,  
 For fear of rheumatism.

## VI

He called the ghost out of the corse ;—  
 It was exceedingly like Peter,—  
 Only its voice was hollow and hoarse—  
 It had a queerish look of course—  
 Its dress too was a little neater.

## VII

The Devil knew not his name and lot ;  
 Peter knew not that he was Bell :  
 Each had an upper stream of thought,  
 Which made all seem as it was not ;  
 Fitting itself to all things well.

## VIII

Peter thought he had parents dear,  
 Brothers, sisters, cousins, cronies,  
 In the fens of Lincolnshire ;  
 He perhaps had found them there'  
 Had he gone and boldly shown his

## IX

Solemn phiz in his own village ;  
 Where he thought oft when a boy

He'd clomb the orchard walls to pillage  
The produce of his neighbour's tillage,  
With marvellous pride and joy.

## X

And the Devil thought he had,  
'Mid the misery and confusion  
Of an unjust war, just made  
A fortune by the gainful trade  
Of giving soldiers rations bad—  
The world is full of strange delusion—

## XI

That he had a mansion planned  
In a square like Grosvenor Square,  
That he was aping fashion, and  
That he now came to Westmoreland  
To see what was romantic there.

## XII

And all this, though quite ideal,—  
Ready at a breath to vanish,—  
Was a state not more unreal  
Than the peace he could not feel,  
Or the care he could not banish.

## XIII

After a little conversation,  
The Devil told Peter, if he chose,  
He'd bring him to the world of fashion  
By giving him a situation  
In his own service—and new clothes.

## XIV

And Peter bowed, quite pleased and proud,  
And after waiting some few days  
For a new livery—dirty yellow  
Turned up with black—the wretched fellow  
Was bowled to Hell in the Devil's chaise.

## PART THE THIRD

## HELL

## I

HELL is a city much like London—  
 A populous and a smoky city ;  
 There are all sorts of people undone,  
 And there is little or no fun done ;  
 Small justice shown, and still less pity.

## II

There is a Castles, and a Canning,  
 A Cobbett, and a Castlereagh ;  
 All sorts of caitiff corpses planning  
 All sorts of cozening for trepanning  
 Corpses less corrupt than they.

## III

There is a \* \* \* , who has lost  
 His wits, or sold them, none knows which ;  
 He walks about a double ghost,  
 And though as thin as Fraud almost—  
 Ever grows more grim and rich.

## IV

There is a Chancery Court ; a King ;  
 A manufacturing mob ; a set  
 Of thieves who by themselves are sent  
 Similar thieves to represent ;  
 An army ; and a public debt.

## V

Which last is a scheme of paper money,  
 And means—being interpreted—  
 “ Bees, keep your wax—give us the honey,  
 And we will plant, while skies are sunny,  
 Flowers, which in winter serve instead.”

## VI

There is a great talk of revolution—  
 And a great chance of despotism—  
 German soldiers—camps—confusion—  
 Tumults—lotteries—rage—delusion—  
 Gin—suicide—and methodism ;

## VII

Taxes too, on wine and bread,  
 And meat, and beer, and tea, and cheese,  
 From which those patriots pure are fed,  
 Who gorge before they reel to bed  
 The tenfold essence of all these.

## VIII

There are mincing women, mewing,  
 (Like cats, who *amant miserè*), \*  
 Of their own virtue, and pursuing  
 Their gentler sisters to that ruin,  
 Without which—what were chastity? †

## IX

Lawyers—judges—old hobnobbers  
 Are there—bailiffs—chancellors—  
 Bishops—great and little robbers—  
 Rhymsters—pamphleteers—stock-jobbers—  
 Men of glory in the wars,—

## X

Things whose trade is, over ladies  
 To lean, and flirt, and stare, and simper,  
 Till all that is divine in woman  
 Grows cruel, courteous, smooth, inhuman,  
 Crucified 'twixt a smile and whimper.

## XI

Thrusting, toiling, wailing, moiling,  
 Frowning, preaching—such a riot!  
 Each with never-ceasing labour,  
 Whilst he thinks he cheats his neighbour,  
 Cheating his own heart of quiet.

\* One of the attributes in Linnæus's description of the Cat. To a similar cause the caterwauling of more than one species of this genus is to be referred;—except, indeed, that the poor quadruped is compelled to quarrel with its own pleasures, whilst the biped is supposed only to quarrel with those of others.

† What would this husk and excuse for a virtue be without its kernel prostitution, or the kernel prostitution without this husk of a virtue? I wonder the women of the town do not form an association, like the Society for the Suppression of Vice, for the support of what may be called the "King, Church, and Constitution" of their order. But this subject is almost too horrible for a joke.

## XII

And all these meet at levees ;—  
 Dinners convivial and political ;—  
 Suppers of epic poets ;—teas,  
 Where small talk dies in agonies ;—  
 Breakfasts professional and critical ;

## XIII

Lunches and snacks so aldermanic  
 That one would furnish forth ten dinners,  
 Where reigns a Cretan-tongued panic,  
 Lest news Russ, Dutch, or Alemannic  
 Should make some losers, and some winners ;—

## XIV

At conversazioni—balls—  
 Conventicles—and drawing-rooms—  
 Courts of law—committees—calls  
 Of a morning—clubs—book-stalls—  
 Churches—masquerades—and tombs.

## XV

And this is Hell—and in this smother  
 All are damnable and damned ;  
 Each one damning, damns the other  
 They are damned by one another,  
 By none other are they damned.

## XVI

'Tis a lie to say, "God damns !" \*  
 Where was Heaven's Attorney General  
 When they first gave out such flams ?  
 Let there be an end of shams,  
 They are mines of poisonous mineral.

## XVII

Statesmen damn themselves to see  
 Cursed ; and lawyers damn their souls

\* This libel on our national oath, and this accusation of all our countrymen of being in the daily practice of solemnly asseverating the most enormous falsehood, I fear deserves the notice of a more active Attorney General than that here alluded to.

To the auction of a fee ;  
 Churchmen damn themselves to see  
 God's sweet love in burning coals.

## XVIII

The rich are damned, beyond all cure,  
 To taunt, and starve, and trample on  
 The weak and wretched ; and the poor  
 Damn their broken hearts to endure  
 Stripe on stripe, with groan on groan.

## XIX

Sometimes the poor are damned indeed  
 To take,—not means for being blessed,—  
 But Cobbett's snuff, revenge ; that weed  
 From which the worms that it doth feed  
 Squeeze less than they before possessed.

## XX

And some few, like we know who,  
 Damned—but God alone knows why—  
 To believe their minds are given  
 To make this ugly Hell a Heaven ;  
 In which faith they live and die.

## XXI

Thus, as in a town, plague-stricken,  
 Each man be he sound or no  
 Must indifferently sicken ;  
 As when day begins to thicken,  
 None knows a pigeon from a crow,—

## XXII

So good and bad, sane and mad,  
 The oppressor and the oppressed ;  
 Those who weep to see what others  
 Smile to inflict upon their brothers ;  
 Lovers, haters, worst and best ;

## XXIII

All are damned—they breathe an air,  
 Thick, infected, joy-dispelling :

Each pursues what seems most fair,  
 Mining like moles, through mind, and there  
 Scoop palace-caverns vast, where Care  
 In thronèd state is ever dwelling.

## PART THE FOURTH

## SIN

## I

Lo, Peter in Hell's Grosvenor Square,  
 A footman in the Devil's service !  
 And the misjudging world would swear  
 That every man in service there  
 To virtue would prefer vice.

## II

But Peter, though now damned, was not  
 What Peter was before damnation.  
 Men oftentimes prepare a lot  
 Which ere it finds them, is not what  
 Suits with their genuine station.

## III

All things that Peter saw and felt  
 Had a peculiar aspect to him ;  
 And when they came within the belt  
 Of his own nature, seemed to melt,  
 Like cloud to cloud, into him.

## IV

And so the outward world uniting  
 To that within him, he became  
 Considerably uninviting  
 To those who, meditation slighting,  
 Were moulded in a different frame.

## V

And he scorned them, and they scorned him ;  
 And he scorned all they did ; and they  
 Did all that men of their own trim  
 Are wont to do to please their whim,  
 Drinking, lying, swearing, play.

## VI

Such were his fellow-servants ; thus  
His virtue, like our own, was built  
Too much on that indignant fuss  
Hypocrite Pride stirs up in us  
To bully one another's guilt.

## VII

He had a mind which was somehow  
At once circumference and centre  
Of all he might or feel or know ;  
Nothing went ever out, although  
Something did ever enter.

## VIII

He had as much imagination  
As a pint-pot ;— he never could  
Fancy another situation,  
From which to dart his contemplation,  
Than that wherein he stood.

## IX

Yet his was individual mind,  
And new created all he saw  
In a new manner, and refined  
Those new creations, and combined  
Them, by a master-spirit's law.

## X

Thus—though unimaginative—  
An apprehension clear, intense,  
Of his mind's work, had made alive  
The things it wrought on ; I believe  
Wakening a sort of thought in sense.

## XI

But from the first 'twas Peter's drift  
To be a kind of moral eunuch,  
He touched the hem of Nature's shift,  
Felt faint—and never dared uplift  
The closest, all-concealing tunic.

## XII

She laughed the while, with an arch smile,  
 And kissed him with a sister's kiss,  
 And said—"My best Diogenes,  
 I love you well—but, if you please,  
 Tempt not again my deepest bliss,

## XIII

"'Tis you are cold—for I, not coy,  
 Yield love for love, frank, warm, and true ;  
 And Burns, a Scottish peasant boy—  
 His errors prove it—knew my joy  
 More, learnèd friend, than you.

## XIV

*"Bocca bacciata non perde ventura,  
 Anzi rinnuova come fa la luna :—*  
 So thought Boccaccio, whose sweet words might cure a  
 Male prude, like you, from what you now endure, a  
 Low-tide in soul, like a stagnant laguna."

## XV

Then Peter rubbed his eyes severe,  
 And smoothed his spacious forehead down  
 With his broad palm ;—'twixt love and fear,  
 He looked, as he no doubt felt queer,  
 And in his dream sate down.

## XVI

The Devil was no uncommon creature ;  
 A leaden-witted thief—just huddled  
 Out of the dross and scum of nature ;  
 A toad-like lump of limb and feature,  
 With mind, and heart, and fancy muddled.

## XVII

He was that heavy, dull, cold thing,  
 The spirit of evil well may be :  
 A drone too base to have a sting ;  
 Who gluts, and grimes his lazy wing,  
 And calls lust, luxury.

## XVIII

Now he was quite the kind of wight  
 Round whom collect, at a fixed aera,  
 Venison, turtle, hock, and claret,—  
 Good cheer—and those who come to share it—  
 And best East Indian madeira !

## XIX

It was his fancy to invite  
 Men of science, wit, and learning,  
 Who came to lend each other light ;  
 He proudly thought that his gold's might  
 Had set those spirits burning.

## XX

And men of learning, science, wit,  
 Considered him as you and I  
 Think of some rotten tree, and sit  
 Lounging and dining under it,  
 Exposed to the wide sky.

## XXI

And all the while, with loose fat smile,  
 The willing wretch sat winking there,  
 Believing 'twas his power that made  
 That jovial scene—and that all paid  
 Homage to his unnoticed chair.

## XXII

Though to be sure this place was Hell ;  
 He was the Devil—and all they—  
 What though the claret circled well,  
 And wit, like ocean, rose and fell ?—  
 Were damned eternally.

## PART THE FIFTH

## GRACE

## I

AMONG the guests who often stayed  
 Till the Devil's petits-soupers,  
 A man there came, fair as a maid,  
 And Peter noted what he said,  
 Standing beside his master's chair.

## II

He was a mighty poet—and  
 A subtle-souled psychologist ;  
 All things he seemed to understand,  
 Of old or new—of sea or land—  
 But his own mind—which was a mist.

## III

This was a man who might have turned  
 Hell into Heaven—and so in gladness  
 A Heaven unto himself have earned ;  
 But he in shadows undiscerned  
 Trusted,—and damned himself to madness.

## IV

He spoke of poetry, and how  
 “ Divine it was—a light—a love—  
 A spirit which like wind doth blow  
 As it listeth, to and fro ;  
 A dew rained down from God above ;

## V

“ A power which comes and goes like dream,  
 And which none can ever trace—  
 Heaven’s light on earth—Truth’s brightest beam.”  
 And when he ceased there lay the gleam  
 Of those words upon his face.

## VI

Now Peter, when he heard such talk,  
 Would, heedless of a broken pate,  
 Stand like a man asleep, or balk  
 Some wishing guest of knife or fork,  
 Or drop and break his master’s plate.

## VII

At night he oft would start and wake  
 Like a lover, and began  
 In a wild measure songs to make  
 On moor, and glen, and rocky lake,  
 And on the heart of man—

## VIII

And on the universal sky—  
And the wide earth's bosom green,—  
And the sweet, strange mystery  
Of what beyond these things may lie,  
And yet remain unseen.

## IX

For in his thought he visited  
The spots in which, ere dead and damned,  
He his wayward life had led ;  
Yet knew not whence the thoughts were fed  
Which thus his fancy crammed.

## X

And these obscure remembrances  
Stirred such harmony in Peter,  
That, whensoever he should please  
He could speak of rocks and trees  
In poetic metre.

## XI

For though it was without a sense  
Of memory, yet he remembered well  
Many a ditch and quick-set fence ;  
Of lakes he had intelligence,  
He knew something of heath and fell.

## XII

He had also dim recollections  
Of pedlars tramping on their rounds ;  
Milk-pans and pails ; and odd collections  
Of saws, and proverbs ; and reflections  
Old parsons make in burying-grounds.

## XIII

But Peter's verse was clear, and came  
Announcing, from the frozen hearth  
Of a cold age, that none might tame  
The soul of that diviner flame  
It augured to the Earth :

## XIV

Like gentle rains, on the dry plains,  
 Making that green which late was gray,  
 Or like the sudden moon, that stains  
 Some gloomy chamber's window-panes  
 With a broad light like day.

## XV

For language was in Peter's hand  
 Like clay while he was yet a potter ;  
 And he made songs for all the land,  
 Sweet both to feel and understand,  
 As pipkins late to mountain Cotter.

## XVI

And Mr. ——, the bookseller,  
 Gave twenty pounds for some ;—then scorning  
 A footman's yellow coat to wear,  
 Peter, too proud of heart, I fear,  
 Instantly gave the Devil warning.

## XVII

Whereat the Devil took offence,  
 And swore in his soul a great oath then,  
 "That for his damned impertinence  
 He'd bring him to a proper sense  
 Of what was due to gentlemen !"

## PART THE SIXTH

## DAMNATION

## I

"O THAT mine enemy had written  
 A book !"—cried Job :—a fearful curse,  
 If to the Arab, as the Briton,  
 'Twas galling to be critic-bitten :—  
 The Devil to Peter wished no worse.

## II

When Peter's next new book found vent,  
 The Devil to all the first Reviews

A copy of it slyly sent,  
 With five-pound note as compliment,  
 And this short notice—"Pray abuse."

## III

Then *seriatim*, month and quarter,  
 Appeared such mad tirades.—One said—  
 "Peter seduced Mrs. Foy's daughter,  
 Then drowned the mother in Ullswater,  
 The last thing as he went to bed."

## IV

Another—"Let him shave his head!  
 Where's Dr. Willis?—Or is he joking?  
 What does the rascal mean or hope,  
 No longer imitating Pope,  
 In that barbarian Shakespeare poking?"

## V

One more, "Is incest not enough?  
 And must there be adultery too?  
 Grace after meat? Miscreant and Liar!  
 Thief! Blackguard! Scoundrel! Fool! Hell-fire  
 Is twenty times too good for you."

## VI

"By that last book of yours we think  
 You've double damned yourself to scorn;  
 We warned you whilst yet on the brink  
 You stood. From your black name will shrink  
 The babe that is unborn."

## VII

All these Reviews the Devil made  
 Up in a parcel, which he had  
 Safely to Peter's house conveyed.  
 For carriage, tenpence Peter paid—  
 Untied them—read them—went half mad.

## VIII

"What!" cried he, "this is my reward  
 For nights of thought and days of toil?"

Do poets, but to be abhorred  
By men of whom they never heard,  
Consume their spirits' oil?

## IX

"What have I done to them?—and, who  
Is Mrs. Foy? 'Tis very cruel  
To speak of me and Emma so!  
Adultery! God defend me! Oh!  
I've half a mind to fight a duel.

## X

"Or," cried he, a grave look collecting,  
"Is it my genius, like the moon,  
Sets those who stand her face inspecting,  
That face within their brain reflecting,  
Like a crazed bell-chime, out of tune?"

## XI

For Peter did not know the town,  
But thought, as country readers do,  
For half a guinea or a crown,  
He bought oblivion or renown  
From God's own voice \* in a review.

## XII

All Peter did on this occasion  
Was, writing some sad stuff in prose.  
It is a dangerous invasion  
When poets criticize; their station  
Is to delight, not pose.

## XIII

The Devil then sent to Leipsic fair  
For Born's translation of Kant's book;  
A world of words, tail foremost, where  
Right—wrong—false—true—and foul—and fair  
As in a lottery-wheel are shook.

## XIV

Five thousand crammed octavo pages  
Of German psychologies,—he

\* *Vox populi, vox dei.* As Mr Godwin truly observes of a more famous saying, of some merit as a popular maxim, but totally destitute of philosophical accuracy.

Who his *furor verborum* assuages  
Thereon, deserves just seven months' wages  
More than will e'er be due to me.

## XV

I looked on them nine several days,  
And then I saw that they were bad ;  
A friend, too, spoke in their dispraise,—  
He never read them ;—with amaze  
I found Sir William Drummond had.

## XVI

When the book came, the Devil sent  
It to P. Verbovale,\* Esquire,  
With a brief note of compliment,  
By that night's Carlisle mail. It went,  
And set his soul on fire.

## XVII

Fire, which *ex luce praebens fumum*,  
Made him beyond the bottom see  
Of truth's clear well—when I and you, Ma'am,  
Go, as we shall do, *subter humum*,  
We may know more than he.

## XVIII

Now Peter ran to seed in soul  
Into a walking paradox ;  
For he was neither part nor whole,  
Nor good, nor bad—nor knave nor fool ;  
—Among the woods and rocks

## XIX

Furious he rode, where late he ran,  
Lashing and spurring his tame hobby ;  
Turned to a formal puritan,  
A solemn and unsexual man,—  
He half believed *White Obi*.

\* Quasi, *Qui valet verba* :—i.e. all the words which have been, are, or may be expended by, for, against, with, or on him. A sufficient proof of the utility of this history. Peter's progenitor who selected this name seems to have possessed a *pure anticipated cognition* of the nature and modesty of this ornament of his posterity.

## XX

This steed in vision he would ride,  
 High trotting over nine-inch bridges,  
 With Flibbertigibbet, imp of pride,  
 Mocking and mowing by his side—  
 A mad-brained goblin for a guide—  
 Over corn-fields, gates, and hedges.

## XXI

After these ghastly rides, he came  
 Home to his heart, and found from thence  
 Much stolen of its accustomed flame ;  
 His thoughts grew weak, drowsy, and lame  
 Of their intelligence.

## XXII

To Peter's view, all seemed one hue ;  
 He was no Whig, he was no Tory ;  
 No Deist and no Christian he ;—  
 He got so subtle, that to be  
 Nothing, was all his glory.

## XXIII

One single point in his belief  
 From his organization sprung,  
 The heart-enrooted faith, the chief  
 Ear in his doctrines' blighted sheaf,  
 That "Happiness is wrong" ;

## XXIV

So thought Calvin and Dominic ;  
 So think their fierce successors, who  
 Even now would neither stint nor stick  
 Our flesh from off our bones to pick,  
 If they might "do their do."

## XXV

His morals thus were undermined :—  
 The old Peter—the hard, old Potter—  
 Was born anew within his mind ;  
 He grew dull, harsh, sly, unrefined,  
 As when he tramped beside the Otter.\*

\* A famous river in the new Atlantis of the Dynastophylic Pantisocratists.

## XXVI .

In the death hues of agony  
 Lambently flashing from a fish,  
 Now Peter felt amused to see  
 Shades like a rainbow's rise and flee,  
 Mixed with a certain hungry wish.\*

## XXVII

So in his Country's dying face  
 He looked—and, lovely as she lay,  
 Seeking in vain his last embrace,  
 Wailing her own abandoned case,  
 With hardened sneer he turned away :

## XXVIII

And coolly to his own soul said ;  
 “ Do you not think that we might make  
 A poem on her when she's dead :—  
 Or, no—a thought is in my head—  
 Her shroud for a new sheet I'll take :

## XXIX

“ My wife wants one.—Let who will bury  
 This mangled corpse ! And I and you,  
 My dearest Soul, will then make merry,  
 As the Prince Regent did with Sherry,—”  
 “ Ay—and at last desert me too.”

## XXX

And so his Soul would not be gay,  
 But moaned within him ; like a fawn

\* See the description of the beautiful colours produced during the agonizing death of a number of trout, in the fourth part of a long poem in blank verse, published within a few years. [*The Excursion*, VIII. ll. 568-71.—ED.] That poem contains curious evidence of the gradual hardening of a strong but circumscribed sensibility, of the perversion of a penetrating but panic-stricken understanding. The author might have derived a lesson which he had probably forgotten from these sweet and sublime verses :—

“ This lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,  
 Taught both by what she \* shows and what conceals,  
 Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
 With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.”

Moaning within a cave, it lay  
Wounded and wasting, day by day,  
Till all its life of life was gone.

## XXXI

As troubled skies stain waters clear,  
The storm in Peter's heart and mind  
Now made his verses dark and queer :  
They were the ghosts of what they were,  
Shaking dim grave-clothes in the wind.

## XXXII

For he now raved enormous folly,  
Of Baptisms, Sunday-schools, and Graves,  
'Twould make George Colman melancholy  
To have heard him, like a male Molly,  
Chanting those stupid staves.

## XXXIII

Yet the Reviews, who heaped abuse  
On Peter while he wrote for freedom,  
So soon as in his song they spy  
The folly which soothes tyranny,  
Praise him, for those who feed 'em.

## XXXIV

"He was a man, too great to scan ;—  
A planet lost in truth's keen rays :—  
His virtue, awful and prodigious ;—  
He was the most sublime, religious,  
Pure-minded Poet of these days."

## XXXV

As soon as he read that, cried Peter,  
"Eureka ! I have found the way  
To make a better thing of metre  
Than e'er was made by living creature  
Up to this blessed day."

## XXXVI

Then Peter wrote odes to the Devil ;—  
In one of which he meekly said :

“ May Carnage and Slaughter,  
 Thy niece and thy daughter,  
 May Rapine and Famine,  
 Thy gorge ever cramming,  
 Glut thee with living and dead !

## XXXVII

“ May Death and Damnation,  
 And Consternation,  
 Flit up from Hell with pure intent !  
 Slash them at Manchester,  
 Glasgow, Leeds, and Chester ;  
 Drench all with blood from Avon to Trent.

## XXXVIII

“ Let thy body-guard yeomen  
 Hew down babes and women,  
 And laugh with bold triumph till Heaven be rent !  
 When Moloch in Jewry  
 Munched children with fury,  
 It was thou, Devil, dining with pure intent.” \*

## PART THE SEVENTH

## DOUBLE DAMNATION

## I

THE Devil now knew his proper cue.  
 Soon as he read the ode, he drove  
 To his friend Lord MacMurderchouse's,  
 A man of interest in both houses,  
 And said :—“ For money or for love,

## II

“ Pray find some cure or sinecure,  
 To feed from the superfluous taxes

\* It is curious to observe how often extremes meet. Cobbett and Peter use the same language for a different purpose ; Peter is indeed a sort of metrical Cobbett. Cobbett is, however, more mischievous than Peter, because he pollutes a holy and now unconquerable cause with the principles of legitimate murder ; whilst the other only makes a bad one ridiculous and odious.

If either Peter or Cobbett should see this note, each will feel more indignation at being compared to the other than at any censure implied in the moral perversion laid to their charge.

A friend of ours—a poet : fewer  
 Have fluttered tamer to the lure  
 Than he.” His lordship stands and racks his

## III

Stupid brains, while one might count  
 As many beads as he had boroughs,—  
 At length replies (from his mean front,  
 Like one who rubs out an account,  
 Smoothing away the unmeaning furrows) :

## IV

“It happens, fortunately, dear Sir,  
 I can. I hope I need require  
 No pledge from you, that he will stir  
 In our affairs ; like Oliver,  
 That he’ll be worthy of his hire.”

## V

These words exchanged, the news sent off  
 To Peter, home the Devil hied,—  
 Took to his bed ; he had no cough,  
 No doctor,—meat and drink enough,—  
 Yet that same night he died.

## VI

The Devil’s corpse was leaded down ;  
 His decent heirs enjoyed his pelf,  
 Mourning-coaches, many a one,  
 Followed his hearse along the town :—  
 Where was the Devil himself ?

## VII

When Peter heard of his promotion,  
 His eyes grew like two stars for bliss  
 There was a bow of sleek devotion  
 Engendering in his back ; each motion  
 Seemed a Lord’s shoe to kiss.

## VIII

He hired a house, bought plate, and made  
 A genteel drive up to his door,

With sifted gravel neatly laid,—  
As if defying all who said  
Peter was ever poor.

## IX

But a disease soon struck into  
The very life and soul of Peter.  
He walked about—slept—had the hue  
Of health upon his cheeks—and few  
Dug better—none a heartier eater.

## X

And yet a strange and horrid curse  
Clung upon Peter, night and day ;  
Month after month the thing grew worse,  
And deadlier than in this my verse  
I can find strength to say.

## XI

Peter was dull—(he was at first  
Dull)—oh, so dull—so very dull !  
Whether he talked, wrote, or rehearsed—  
Still with this dulness was he cursed—  
Dull—beyond all conception dull.

## XII

No one could read his books—no mortal,  
But a few natural friends, would hear him ;  
The parson came not near his portal ;  
His state was like that of the immortal  
Described by Swift—no man could bear him.

## XIII

His sister, wife, and children yawned,  
With a long, slow, and drear ennui,  
All human patience far beyond ;  
Their hopes of Heaven each would have pawned  
Anywhere else to be.

## XIV

But in his verse and in his prose  
The essence of his dulness was

Concentred and compressed so close,  
 'Twould have made Guatimozin doze  
 On his red gridiron of brass.

## XV

A printer's boy, folding those pages,  
 Fell slumbrously upon one side,  
 Like those famed Seven who slept three ages.  
 To wakeful frenzy's vigil-rages,  
 As opiates, were the same applied.

## XVI

Even the Reviewers who were hired  
 To do the work of his reviewing,  
 With adamantine nerves, grew tired ;—  
 Gaping and torpid they retired,  
 To dream of what they should be doing.

## XVII

And worse and worse, the drowsy curse  
 Yawned in him till it grew a pest ;  
 A wide contagious atmosphere,  
 Creeping like cold through all things near ;  
 A power to infect and to infest.

## XVIII

His servant-maids and dogs grew dull ;  
 His kitten, late a sportive elf ;  
 The woods and lakes, so beautiful,  
 Of dim stupidity were full ;  
 All grew dull as Peter's self.

## XIX

The earth under his feet, the springs  
 Which lived within it a quick life,  
 The air, the winds of many wings  
 That fan it with new murmurings,  
 Were dead to their harmonious strife.

## XX

The birds and beasts within the wood,  
 The insects, and each creeping thing,  
 Were now a silent multitude ;  
 Love's work was left unwrought—no brood  
 Near Peter's house took wing.

## XXI

And every neighbouring cottager  
 Stupidly yawned upon the other :  
 No jackass brayed, no little cur  
 Cocked up his ears ;—no man would stir  
 To save a dying mother.

## XXII

Yet all from that charmed district went  
 But some half-idiot and half-knave,  
 Who, rather than pay any rent,  
 Would live with marvellous content  
 Over his father's grave.

## XXIII

No bailiff dared within that space,  
 For fear of the dull charm, to enter ;  
 A man would bear upon his face,  
 For fifteen months in any case,  
 The yawn of such a venture.

## XXIV

Seven miles above—below—around—  
 This pest of dulness holds its sway ;  
 A ghastly life without a sound ;  
 To Peter's soul the spell is bound—  
 How should it ever pass away ?

## LINES TO A REVIEWER

[Late 1819 ? Publ. 1823.]

ALAS, good friend, what profit can you see  
 In hating such a hateless thing as me ?  
 There is no sport in hate where all the rage  
 Is on one side : in vain would you assuage  
 Your frowns upon an unresisting smile.  
 In which not even contempt lurks to beguile  
 Your heart, by some faint sympathy of hate.  
 Oh, conquer what you cannot satiate !  
 For to your passion I am far more coy  
 Than ever yet was coldest maid or boy  
 In winter noon. Of your antipathy  
 If I am the Narcissus, you are free  
 To pine into a sound with hating me.

## FRAGMENT OF A SATIRE ON SATIRE

[Publ. 1880.]

If gibbets, axes, confiscations, chains,  
 And racks of subtle torture, if the pains  
 Of shame, of fiery Hell's tempestuous wave,  
 Seen through the caverns of the shadowy grave,  
 Hurling the damned into the murky air  
 While the meek blest sit smiling ; if Despair  
 And Hate, the rapid bloodhounds with which Terror  
 Hunts through the world the homeless steps of Error  
 Are the true secrets of the commonweal  
 To make men wise and just ; . . .  
 And not the sophisms of revenge and fear,  
 Bloodier than is revenge . . .  
 Then send the priests to every hearth and home  
 To preach the burning wrath which is to come,  
 In words like flakes of sulphur, such as thaw  
 The frozen tears . . .  
 If Satire's scourge could wake the slumbering hounds  
 Of Conscience, or erase the deeper wounds,  
 The leprous scars of callous Infamy ;  
 If it could make the present not to be,  
 Or charm the dark past never to have been,  
 Or turn regret to hope ; who that has seen  
 What Southey is and was, would not exclaim,  
 " Lash on ! "            be the keen verse dipped in flame ;  
 Follow his flight with wingèd words, and urge  
 The strokes of the inexorable scourge  
 Until the heart be naked, till his soul  
 See the contagion's spots            foul ;  
 And from the mirror of Truth's sunlike shield,  
 From which his Parthian arrow . . .  
 Flash on his sight the spectres of the past,  
 Until his mind's eye paint thereon—  
 Let scorn like            yawn below,  
 And rain on him like flakes of fiery snow,  
 This cannot be, it ought not, evil still—  
 Suffering makes suffering, ill must follow ill.  
 Rough words beget sad thoughts,            and, beside,  
 Men take a sullen and a stupid pride  
 In being all they hate in others' shame,  
 By a perverse antipathy of fame.  
 'Tis not worth while to prove, as I could, how  
 From the sweet fountains of our Nature flow  
 These bitter waters ; I will only say,  
 If any friend would take Southey some day,  
 And tell him, in a country walk alone,  
 Softening harsh words with friendship's gentle tone,  
 How incorrect his public conduct is,  
 And what men think of it, 'twere not amiss.  
 Far better than to make innocent ink—

## ODE TO THE WEST WIND

[Autumn 1819. Publ. 1820.]

## I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou,  
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
 With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;  
 Destroyer and preserver ; hear, oh, hear !

## II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,  
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread  
 On the blue surface of thine aery surge,  
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons ; and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst : oh, hear !

## III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle is Baiae's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves : oh, hear !

## IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seemed a vision ; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
 Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !  
 I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed  
 One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

## V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :  
 What if my leaves are falling like its own !  
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,  
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
 My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
 Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !  
 And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !  
 Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O, Wind,  
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

ON THE MEDUSA OF LEONARDO DA VINCI  
 IN THE FLORENTINE GALLERY

[October, 1819. Publ. 1824.]

## I

It lieth gazing on the midnight sky,  
 Upon the cloudy mountain-peak supine ;  
 Below far lands are seen tremblingly ;  
 Its horror and its beauty are divine.  
 Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie  
 Loveliness like a shadow, from which shine,  
 Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,  
 The agonies of anguish and of death.

## II

Yet it is less the horror than the grace  
 Which turns the gazer's spirit into stone,  
 Whereon the lineaments of that dead face  
 Are graven, till the characters be grown

Into itself, and thought no more can trace ;  
 'Tis the melodious hue of beauty thrown  
 Athwart the darkness and the glare of pain,  
 Which humanize and harmonize the strain.

## III

And from its head as from one body grow,  
 As grass out of a watery rock,  
 Hairs which are vipers, and they curl and flow  
 And their long tangles in each other lock,  
 And with unending involutions show  
 Their mailèd radiance, as it were to mock  
 The torture and the death within, and saw  
 The solid air with many a ragged jaw.

## IV

And, from a stone beside, a poisonous eft  
 Peeps idly into those Gorgonian eyes ;  
 Whilst in the air a ghastly bat, bereft  
 Of sense, has flitted with a mad surprise  
 Out of the cave this hideous light had cleft,  
 And he comes hastening like a moth that hies  
 After a taper ; and the midnight sky  
 Flares, a light more dread than obscurity.

## V

'Tis the tempestuous loveliness of terror ;  
 For from the serpents gleams a brazen glare  
 Kindled by that inextricable error,  
 Which makes a thrilling vapour of the air  
 Become a and ever-shifting mirror  
 Of all the beauty and the terror there—  
 A woman's countenance, with serpent-locks,  
 Gazing in death on Heaven from those wet rocks.

## LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

[December, 1819. Publ. 1819.]

## I

THE fountains mingle with the river  
 And the rivers with the Ocean,  
 The winds of Heaven mix for ever  
 With a sweet emotion ;  
 Nothing in the world is single  
 All things by a law divine  
 In one spirit meet and mingle.  
 Why not I with thine?—

## II

See the mountains kiss high Heaven  
 And the waves clasp one another ;  
 No sister-flower would be forgiven  
 If it disdained its brother ;  
 And the sunlight clasps the earth  
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea :  
 What is all this sweet work worth  
 If thou kiss not me ?

FRAGMENT : "FOLLOW TO THE DEEP WOOD'S  
 WEEDS"

[Publ. 1862.]

FOLLOW to the deep wood's weeds,  
 Follow to the wild-briar dingle,  
 Where we seek to intermingle,  
 And the violet tells her tale  
 To the odour-scented gale,  
 For they two have enough to do  
 Of such work as I and you.

ODE TO HEAVEN

[" Florence, December, 1819." Publ. 1820.]

CHORUS OF SPIRITS

*First Spirit*

PALACE-ROOF of cloudless nights !  
 Paradise of golden lights !  
 Deep, immeasurable, vast,  
 Which art now, and which wert then !  
 Of the Present and the Past,  
 Of the eternal Where and When,  
 Presence-chamber, temple, home,  
 Ever-canopying dome,  
 Of acts and ages yet to come !  
 Glorious shapes have life in thee,  
 Earth, and all earth's company ;  
 Living globes which ever throng  
 Thy deep chasms and wildernesses ;  
 And green worlds that glide along ;  
 And swift stars with flashing tresses ;  
 And icy moons most cold and bright,

And mighty suns beyond the night,  
Atoms of intensest light.

Even thy name is as a god,  
Heaven! for thou art the abode  
Of that Power which is the glass  
Wherein man his nature sees.  
Generations as they pass  
Worship thee with bended knees.  
Their unremaining gods and they  
Like a river roll away:  
Thou remainest such—always!—

*Second Spirit*

Thou art but the mind's first chamber,  
Round which its young fancies clamber,  
Like weak insects in a cave,  
Lighted up by stalactites;  
But the portal of the grave,  
Where a world of new delights  
Will make thy best glories seem  
But a dim and noontday gleam  
From the shadow of a dream!

*Third Spirit*

Peace! the abyss is wreathed with scorn  
At your presumption, atom-born!  
What is Heaven? and what are ye  
Who its brief expanse inherit?  
What are suns and spheres which flee  
With the instinct of that Spirit  
Of which ye are but a part?  
Drops which Nature's mighty heart  
Drives through thinnest veins! Depart!

What is Heaven? a globe of dew,  
Filling in the morning new  
Some eyed flower whose young leaves waken  
On an unimagined world:  
Constellated suns unshaken,  
Orbits measureless, are furled  
In that frail and fading sphere,

With ten millions gathered there,  
To tremble, gleam, and disappear.

## CANCELLED FRAGMENTS OF THE ODE TO HEAVEN

[Publ. 1903.]

THE [living frame which sustains my soul]  
Is [sinking beneath the fierce control]  
Down through the lampless deep of song  
I am drawn and driven along—

When a Nation screams aloud  
Like an eagle from the cloud

Watch the look askance and old—  
See neglect, and falsehood fold. . . .

## FRAGMENT : WEDDED SOULS

[Publ. 1862.]

I AM as a spirit who has dwelt  
Within his heart of hearts, and I have felt  
His feelings, and have thought his thoughts, and known  
The inmost converse of his soul, the tone  
Unheard but in the silence of his blood,  
When all the pulses in their multitude  
Image the trembling calm of summer seas.  
I have unlocked the golden melodies  
Of his deep soul, as with a master-key,  
And loosened them and bathed myself therein—  
Even as an eagle in a thunder-mist  
Clothing his wings with lightning.

## FRAGMENT : "IS IT THAT IN SOME BRIGHTER SPHERE"

[Publ. 1862.]

Is it that in some brighter sphere  
We part from friends we meet with here ?  
Or do we see the Future pass  
Over the Present's dusky glass ?  
Or what is that that makes us seem  
To patch up fragments of a dream,  
Part of which comes true, and part  
Beats and trembles in the heart ?

## FRAGMENT: SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY

[Publ. 1862.]

Is not to-day enough? Why do I peer  
 Into the darkness of the day to come?  
 Is not to-morrow even as yesterday?  
 And will the day that follows change thy doom?  
 Few flowers grow upon thy wintry way;  
 And who waits for thee in that cheerless home  
 Whence thou hast fled, whither thou must return  
 Charged with the load that makes thee faint and mourn?

FRAGMENT: "YE GENTLE VISITATIONS OF  
CALM THOUGHT"

[Publ. 1839, 1st ed.]

YE gentle visitations of calm thought—  
 Moods like the memories of happier earth,  
 Which come arrayed in thoughts of little worth,  
 Like stars in clouds by the weak winds enwrought,—  
 But that the clouds depart and stars remain,  
 While they remain, and ye, alas, depart!

## THE BIRTH OF PLEASURE

[Publ. 1862.]

At the creation of the Earth  
 Pleasure, that divinest birth,  
 From the soil of Heaven did rise,  
 Wrapped in sweet wild melodies—  
 Like an exhalation wreathing  
 To the sound of air low-breathing  
 Through Aeolian pines, which make  
 A shade and shelter to the lake  
 Whence it rises soft and slow;  
 Her life-breathing [limbs] did flow  
 In the harmony divine  
 Of an ever-lengthening line  
 Which enwrapped her perfect form  
 With a beauty clear and warm.

## FRAGMENT: LOVE THE UNIVERSE TO-DAY

[Publ. 1819, 1st ed.]

AND who feels discord now or sorrow?  
 Love is the universe to-day—  
 These are the slaves of dim to-morrow,  
 Darkening Life's labyrinthine way.

FRAGMENT: "A GENTLE STORY OF TWO  
LOVERS YOUNG"

[Publ. 1839, 2nd ed.]

A GENTLE story of two lovers young,  
 Who met in innocence and died in sorrow,  
 And of one selfish heart, whose rancour clung  
 Like curses on them; are ye slow to borrow  
 The lore of truth from such a tale?  
 Or in this world's deserted vale,  
 Do ye not see a star of gladness  
 Pierce the shadows of its sadness,—  
 When ye are cold, that love is a light sent  
 From Heaven, which none shall quench, to cheer the innocent?

## FRAGMENT: LOVE'S TENDER ATMOSPHERE

[Publ. 1839, 2nd ed.]

THERE is a warm and gentle atmosphere  
 About the form of one we love, and thus  
 As in a tender mist our spirits are  
 Wrapped in the of that which is to us  
 The health of life's own life—

## AN EXHORTATION

["Pisa, April 1820." Publ. 1820.]

CHAMELEONS feed on light and air:  
 Poets' food is love and fame:  
 If in this wide world of care  
 Poets could but find the same  
 With as little toil as they,  
 Would they ever change their hue  
 As the light chameleons do,  
 Suiting it to every ray  
 Twenty times a day?

Poets are on this cold earth,  
 As chameleons might be,  
 Hidden from their early birth  
 In a cave beneath the sea;  
 Where light is chameleons change:  
 Where love is not, poets do:  
 Fame is love disguised: if few  
 Find either, never think it strange  
 That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power  
 A poet's free and heavenly mind :  
 If bright chameleons should devour  
 Any food but beams and wind.  
 They would grow as earthly soon  
 As their brother lizards are.  
 Children of a sunnier star,  
 Spirits from beyond the moon,  
 Oh, refuse the boon !

### THE INDIAN SERENADE

[Early 1820. Publ. 1822.]

#### I

I ARISE from dreams of thee  
 In the first sweet sleep of night,  
 When the winds are breathing low,  
 And the stars are shining bright  
 I arise from dreams of thee,  
 And a spirit in my feet  
 Hath led me—who knows how?  
 To thy chamber window, Sweet !

#### II

The wandering airs they faint  
 On the dark, the silent stream—  
 The Champak odours fail  
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;  
 The nightingale's complaint,  
 It dies upon her heart ;—  
 As I must on thine,  
 Belovèd as thou art !

#### III

O lift me from the grass !  
 I die ! I faint ! I fail !  
 Let thy love in kisses rain  
 On my lips and eyelids pale,  
 My cheek is cold and white, alas !  
 My heart beats loud and fast ;—  
 Oh ! press it close to thine again,  
 Where it will break at last.

TO —

[1820. Publ. 1824].

I

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,  
 Thou needest not fear mine :  
 My spirit is too deeply laden  
 Ever to burthen thine.

II

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,  
 Thou needest not fear mine :  
 Innocent is the heart's devotion  
 With which I worship thine.

## FRAGMENT

[Publ. 1862.]

UNRISEN splendour of the brightest sun  
 To rise upon our darkest, if the star  
 Now beckoning thee out of thy misty throne  
 Could thaw the clouds which wage an obscure war  
 With thy young brightness !

## FRAGMENT: MUSIC AND SWEET POETRY

[To Sophia Stacey. Early 1820. Publ. 1839, 2nd ed.]

How sweet it is to sit and read the tales  
 Of mighty poets and to hear the while  
 Sweet music, which when the attention fails  
 Fills the dim pause——

## FRAGMENT: THE SEPULCHRE OF MEMORY

[Publ. 1839, 1st ed.]

AND where is truth ? On tombs ? for such to thee  
 Has been my heart—and thy dead memory  
 Has lain from childhood, many a changeful year,  
 Unchangingly preserved and buried there.

FRAGMENT: "WHEN A LOVER CLASPS HIS  
 FAIREST"

[Publ. 1839, 2nd ed.]

I

WHEN a lover clasps his fairest,  
 Then be our dread sport the rarest.  
 Their caresses were like the chaff  
 In the tempest, and be our laugh  
 His despair—her epitaph !

## II

When a mother clasps her child,  
 Watch till dusty Death has piled  
 His cold ashes on the clay ;  
 She has loved it many a day—  
 She remains,—it fades away.

## FRAGMENT: "WAKE THE SERPENT NOT"

[Publ. 1839, 2nd ed.]

WAKE the serpent not—lest he  
 Should not know the way to go,—  
 Let him crawl which yet lies sleeping  
 Through the deep grass of the meadow !  
 Not a bee shall hear him creeping,  
 Not a may-fly shall awaken  
 From its cradling blue-bell shaken,  
 Not the starlight as he's sliding  
 Through the grass with silent gliding.

## FRAGMENT: RAIN

[Publ. 1839, 2nd ed.]

THE fitful alternations of the rain,  
 When the chill wind, languid as with pain  
 Of its own heavy moisture, here and there  
 Drives through the gray and beamless atmosphere

## FRAGMENT: A TALE UNTOLD

[Publ. 1839, 2nd ed.]

ONE sung of thee who left the tale untold,  
 Like the false dawns which perish in the bursting ;  
 Like empty cups of wrought and daedal gold,  
 Which mock the lips with air, when they are thirsting.

## FRAGMENT: TO ITALY

[Publ. 1862.]

As the sunrise to the night,  
 As the north wind to the clouds,  
 As the earthquake's fiery flight,  
 Ruining mountain solitudes,  
 Everlasting Italy,  
 Be those hopes and fears on thee.

## FRAGMENT : WINE OF THE FAIRIES

[Publ. 1839, 1st ed.]

I AM drunk with the honey wine  
 Of the moon-unfolded eglantine,  
 Which fairies catch in hyacinth bowls.  
 The bats, the dormice, and the moles  
 Sleep in the walls or under the sward  
 Of the desolate castle yard ;  
 And when 'tis spilt on the summer earth  
 Or its fumes arise among the dew,  
 Their jocund dreams are full of mirth,  
 They gibber their joy in sleep ; for few  
 Of the fairies bear those bowls so new !

## THE SENSITIVE PLANT

[Pisa, March ? 1820. Publ. 1820.]

## PART FIRST

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,  
 And the young winds fed it with silver dew,  
 And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,  
 And closed them beneath the kisses of Night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,  
 Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere ;  
 And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast  
 Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss  
 In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,  
 Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want  
 As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,  
 Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,  
 And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent  
 From the turf, like the voice and the instrument

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,  
 And narcissi, the fairest among them all,  
 Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,  
 Till they die of their own dear loveliness ;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,  
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale  
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen  
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,  
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew  
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,  
It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addressed  
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,  
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air  
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare :

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,  
As a Maenad, its moonlight-coloured cup,  
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,  
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,  
The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;  
And all rare blossoms from every clime  
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom  
Was pranked, under boughs of embowering blossom,  
With golden and green light, slanting through  
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,  
And starry river-buds glimmered by,  
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance  
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,  
Which led through the garden along and across,  
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,  
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells  
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,  
And flow'rets which, drooping as day drooped too,  
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,  
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise  
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes  
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet  
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,  
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,  
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one  
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated  
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,  
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear  
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant which could give small fruit  
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,  
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,  
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver :

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower ;  
Radiance and odour are not its dower ;  
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,  
It desires what it has not, the Beautiful !

The light winds which from unsustaining wings  
Shed the music of many murmurings ;  
The beams which dart from many a star  
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar ;

The plumèd insects swift and free,  
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,  
Laden with light and odour, which pass  
Over the gleam of the living grass ;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie  
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,  
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,  
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears ;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,  
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,  
In which every sound, and odour and beam,  
Move, as reeds in a single stream ;

Each and all like ministering angels were  
 For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,  
 Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by  
 Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from Heaven above,  
 And the Earth was all rest, and the air was all love,  
 And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,  
 And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were drowned  
 In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;  
 Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress  
 The light sand which paves it, consciousness ;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale  
 Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,  
 And snatches of its Elysian chant  
 Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant) ;—

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest  
 Uppgathered into the bosom of rest ;  
 A sweet child weary of its delight,  
 The feeblest and yet the favourite,  
 Cradled within the embrace of Night.

#### PART SECOND

There was a Power in this sweet place,  
 An Eve in this Eden ; a ruling Grace  
 Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,  
 Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,  
 Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind  
 Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion  
 Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even :  
 And the meteors of that sublunar Heaven,  
 Like the lamps of the air when Night walks forth,  
 Laughed round her footsteps up from the Earth !

She had no companion of mortal race,  
 But her tremulous breath and her flushing face

Told, whilst the morn kissed the sleep from her eyes,  
That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise :

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake  
Had deserted Heaven while the stars were awake,  
As if yet around her he lingering were,  
Though the veil of daylight concealed him from her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it pressed ;  
You might hear by the heaving of her breast,  
That the coming and going of the wind  
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her aery footstep trod,  
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod  
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep ;  
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet  
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet ;  
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came  
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream  
On those that were faint with the sunny beam ;  
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers  
She emptied the rain of the thunder-showers.

She lifted their head with her tender hands,  
And sustained them with rods and osier-bands ;  
If the flowers had been her own infants, she  
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,  
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,  
She bore, in a basket of Indian woof,  
Into the rough woods far aloof,—

In a basket, of grasses and wild-flowers full,  
The freshest her gentle hands could pull  
For the poor banished insects, whose intent,  
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris  
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that kiss

The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did she  
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,  
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,  
She left clinging round the smooth and dark  
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest Spring  
Thus moved through the garden ministering  
All the sweet season of Summertide,  
And ere the first leaf looked brown—she died!

### PART THIRD

Three days the flowers of the garden fair,  
Like stars when the moon is awakened, were,  
Or the waves of Baiae, ere luminous  
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant  
Felt the sound of the funeral chant,  
And the steps of the bearers heavy and slow,  
And the sobs of the mourners, deep and low;

The weary sound and the heavy breath,  
And the silent motions of passing death,  
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,  
Sent through the pores of the coffin-plank;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,  
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass;  
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,  
And sate in the pines, and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,  
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul,  
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,  
Then slowly changed till it grew a heap  
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift Summer into the Autumn flowed.  
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,  
Though the noonday sun looked clear and bright  
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose-leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,  
Paved the turf and the moss below.  
The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,  
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue  
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,  
Leaf after leaf, day after day,  
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and gray, and red,  
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,  
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind passed ;  
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the wingèd seeds,  
Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,  
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,  
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet  
Fell from the stalks on which they were set ;  
And the eddies drove them here and there,  
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks  
Were bent and tangled across the walks ;  
And the leafless network of parasite bowers  
Massed into ruin ; and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow  
All loathliest weeds began to grow,  
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many a speck,  
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,  
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock dank,  
Stretched out its long and hollow shank,  
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse feels loath,  
Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth,  
Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering, and blue,  
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

Their moss rotted off them, flake by flake,  
Till the thick stalk stuck like a murderer's stake,  
Where rags of loose flesh yet tremble on high,  
Infecting the winds that wander by.\*

And agaries, and fungi, with mildew and mould  
Started like mist from the wet ground cold ;  
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead  
With a spirit of growth had been animated !

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,  
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,  
And at its outlet flags huge as stakes  
Dammed it up with roots knotted like water-snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,  
The vapours arose which have strength to kill ;  
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,  
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray  
Crept and flitted in broad noonday  
Unseen ; every branch on which they alit  
By a venomous blight was burned and bit.

The Sensitive Plant, like one forbid,  
Wept, and the tears within each lid  
Of its folded leaves, which together grew,  
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon  
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn ;  
The sap shrank to the root through every pore  
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came : the wind was his whip :  
One choppy finger was on his lip :  
He had torn the cataracts from the hills  
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles ;

His breath was a chain which without a sound  
The earth, and the air, and the water bound ;  
He came, fiercely driven, in his chariot-throne  
By the tenfold blasts of the Arctic zone.

[\* This stanza was suppressed in later editions.]

Then the weeds which were forms of living death  
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath.  
Their decay and sudden flight from frost  
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost !

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant  
The moles and the dormice died for want :  
The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air  
And were caught in the branches naked and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain  
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again ;  
Then there steamed up a freezing dew  
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew ;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about  
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,  
Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy, and stiff,  
And snapped them off with his rigid griff.

When Winter had gone and Spring came back  
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck ;  
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks, and darnels,  
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

#### CONCLUSION

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that  
Which within its boughs like a Spirit sat,  
Ere its outward form had known decay,  
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that Lady's gentle mind,  
No longer with the form combined  
Which scattered love, as stars do light,  
Found sadness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess ; but in this life  
Of error, ignorance, and strife,  
Where nothing is, but all things seem,  
And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet  
Pleasant if one considers it,

To own that death itself must be,  
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,  
And all sweet shapes and odours there,  
In truth have never passed away :  
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed ; not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight,  
There is no death nor change : their might  
Exceeds our organs, which endure  
No light, being themselves obscure.

### A VISION OF THE SEA

[Pisa, April 1820. Publ. 1820.]

'Tis the terror of tempest. The rags of the sail  
Are flickering in ribbons within the fierce gale :  
From the stark night of vapours the dim rain is driven,  
And when lightning is loosed, like a deluge from Heaven,  
She sees the black trunks of the waterspouts spin  
And bend, as if Heaven was ruining in,  
Which they seemed to sustain with their terrible mass  
As if ocean had sunk from beneath them : they pass  
To their graves in the deep with an earthquake of sound,  
And the waves and the thunders, made silent around,  
Leave the wind to its echo. The vessel, now tossed  
Through the low-trailing rack of the tempest, is lost  
In the skirts of the thunder-cloud : now down the sweep  
Of the wind-cloven wave to the chasm of the deep  
It sinks, and the walls of the watery vale  
Whose depths of dread calm are unmoved by the gale,  
Dim mirrors of ruin, hang gleaming about ;  
While the surf, like a chaos of stars, like a rout  
Of death-flames, like whirlpools of fire-flowing iron,  
With splendour and terror the black ship environ,  
Or like sulphur-flakes hurled from a mine of pale fire  
In fountains spout o'er it. In many a spire  
The pyramid-billows with white points of brine  
In the cope of the lightning inconstantly shine,  
As piercing the sky from the floor of the sea,  
The great ship seems splitting ! it cracks as a tree,

While an earthquake is splintering its root, ere the blast  
Of the whirlwind that stripped it of branches has passed.  
The intense thunder-balls which are raining from Heaven  
Have shattered its mast, and it stands black and riven.  
The chinks suck destruction. The heavy dead hulk  
On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,  
Like a corpse on the clay which is hungering to fold  
Its corruption around it. Meanwhile, from the hold,  
One deck is burst up by the waters below,  
And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes blow  
O'er the lakes of the desert! Who sit on the other?  
Is that all the crew that lie burying each other,  
Like the dead in a breach, round the foremast? Are those  
Twin tigers, who burst, when the waters arose,  
In the agony of terror, their chains in the hold;  
(What now makes them tame, is what then made them  
bold ;)

Who crouch, side by side, and have driven, like a crank,  
The deep grip of their claws through the vibrating plank :—  
Are these all? Nine weeks the tall vessel had lain  
On the windless expanse of the watery plain,  
Where the death-darting sun cast no shadow at noon,  
And there seemed to be fire in the beams of the moon,  
Till a lead-coloured fog gathered up from the deep,  
Whose breath was quick pestilence; then, the cold sleep  
Crept, like blight through the ears of a thick field of corn,  
O'er the populous vessel. And even and morn,  
With their hammocks for coffins, the seamen aghast  
Like dead men the dead limbs of their comrades cast  
Down the deep, which closed on them above and around,  
And the sharks and the dogfish their grave-clothes unbound,  
And were gluttoned like Jews with this manna rained down  
From God on their wilderness. One after one  
The mariners died; on the eve of this day,  
When the tempest was gathering in cloudy array,  
But seven remained. Six the thunder has smitten,  
And they lie black as mummies on which Time has written  
His scorn of the embalmer; the seventh, from the deck  
An oak-splinter pierced through his breast and his back.  
And hung out to the tempest, a wreck on the wreck.  
No more? At the helm sits a woman more fair  
Than Heaven, when, unbinding its star-braided hair,  
It sinks with the sun on the earth and the sea.  
She clasps a bright child on her upgathered knee;

It laughs at the lightning, it mocks the mixed thunder  
 Of the air and the sea, with desire and with wonder  
 It is beckoning the tigers to rise and come near,  
 It would play with those eyes where the radiance of fear  
 Is outshining the meteors; its bosom beats high,  
 The heart-fire of pleasure has kindled its eye,  
 While its mother's is lustreless. "Smile not, my child,  
 But sleep deeply and sweetly, and so be beguiled  
 Of the pang that awaits us, whatever that be,  
 So dreadful since thou must divide it with me!  
 Dream, sleep! This pale bosom, thy cradle and bed,  
 Will it rock thee not, infant? 'Tis beating with dread!  
 Alas! what is life, what is death, what are we,  
 That when the ship sinks we no longer may be?  
 What! to see thee no more, and to feel thee no more?  
 Not to be after life what we have been before?  
 Not to touch those sweet hands? Not to look on those  
 eyes,

Those lips, and that hair,—all that smiling disguise  
 Thou yet wearest, sweet Spirit, which I, day by day,  
 Have so long called my child, but which now fades away  
 Like a rainbow, and I the fallen shower?"—Lo! the ship  
 Is settling, it topples, the leeward ports dip;  
 The tigers leap up when they feel the slow brine  
 Crawling inch by inch on them; hair, ears, limbs, and eyne,  
 Stand rigid with horror; a loud, long, hoarse cry  
 Bursts at once from their vitals tremendously,  
 And 'tis borne down the mountainous vale of the wave,  
 Rebounding, like thunder, from crag to cave,  
 Mixed with the clash of the lashing rain,  
 Hurried on by the might of the hurricane:  
 The hurricane came from the west, and passed on  
 By the path of the gate of the eastern sun,  
 Transversely dividing the stream of the storm;  
 As an arrowy serpent, pursuing the form  
 Of an elephant, bursts through the brakes of the waste.  
 Black as a cormorant, the screaming blast,  
 Between Ocean and Heaven, like an ocean, passed,  
 Till it came to the clouds on the verge of the world  
 Which, based on the sea and to Heaven upcurled,  
 Like columns and walls did surround and sustain  
 The dome of the tempest; it rent them in twain,  
 As a flood rends its barriers of mountainous crag:  
 And the dense clouds in many a ruin and rag,

Like the stones of a temple ere earthquake has passed,  
Like the dust of its fall, on the whirlwind are cast ;  
They are scattered like foam on the torrent ; and where  
The wind has burst out through the chasm, from the air  
Of clear morning the beams of the sunrise flow in,  
Unimpeded, keen, golden, and crystalline,  
Banded armies of light and of air ; at one gate  
They encounter, but interpenetrate.  
And that breach in the tempest is widening away,  
And the caverns of clouds are torn up by the day,  
And the fierce winds are sinking with weary wings,  
Lulled by the motion and murmurings  
And the long grassy heave of the rocking sea ;  
And overhead glorious, but dreadful to see,  
The wrecks of the tempest, like vapours of gold,  
Are consuming in sunrise. The heaped waves behold  
The deep calm of blue Heaven dilating above,  
And, like passions made still by the presence of Love,  
Beneath the clear surface reflecting it slide  
Tremulous with soft influence ; extending its tide  
From the Andes to Atlas, round mountain and isle,  
Round sea-birds and wrecks, paved with Heaven's azure  
smile,  
The wide world of waters is vibrating. Where  
Is the ship? On the verge of the wave where it lay  
One tiger is mingled in ghastly affray  
With a sea-snake. The foam and the smoke of the battle  
Stain the clear air with sunbows ; the jar, and the rattle  
Of solid bones crushed by the infinite stress  
Of the snake's adamantine voluminousness ;  
And the hum of the hot blood that spouts and rains  
Where the grip of the tiger has wounded the veins  
Swollen with rage, strength, and effort ; the whirl and the  
splash  
As of some hideous engine whose brazen teeth smash  
The thin winds and soft waves into thunder ; the streams  
And hissings crawl fast o'er the smooth ocean-streams,  
Each sound like a centipede. Near this commotion,  
A blue shark is hanging within the blue ocean,  
The fin-wingèd tomb of the victor. The other  
Is winning his way from the fate of his brother  
To his own with the speed of despair. Lo ! a boat  
Advances ; twelve rowers with the impulse of thought  
Urge on the keen keel,—the brine foams. At the stern

Three marksmen stand levelling. Hot bullets burn  
 In the breast of the tiger, which yet bears him on  
 To his refuge and ruin. One fragment alone,—  
 'Tis dwindling and sinking, 'tis now almost gone,—  
 Of the wreck of the vessel peers out of the sea.  
 With her left hand she grasps it impetuously,  
 With her right she sustains her fair infant. Death, Fear,  
 Love, Beauty, are mixed in the atmosphere,  
 Which trembles and burns with the fervour of dread  
 Around her wild eyes, her bright hand, and her head,  
 Like a meteor of light o'er the waters ! her child  
 Is yet smiling, and playing, and murmuring ; so smiled  
 The false deep ere the storm. Like a sister and brother  
 The child and the ocean still smile on each other,  
 Whilst——

### THE CLOUD

[Publ. with *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820.]

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
 From the seas and the streams ;  
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
 In their noonday dreams.  
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
 The sweet buds every one,  
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
 As she dances about the sun.  
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
 And whiten the green plains under,  
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
 And their great pines groan aghast ;  
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,  
 Lightning my pilot sits ;  
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
 It struggles and howls at fits ;  
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
 This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea ;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
The Spirit he loves remains ;  
And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning star shines dead ;  
As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one moment may sit  
In the light of its golden wings.  
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
Its ardours of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
From the depth of Heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest, on mine aery nest,  
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the Moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
By the midnight breezes strewn ;  
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
The stars peep behind her and peer ;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
Like a swarm of golden bees,  
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,  
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl ;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim  
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
Over a torrent sea,

Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,—  
 The mountains its columns be.  
 The triumphal arch through which I march  
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
 When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
 Is the million-coloured bow ;  
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,  
 While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,  
 And the nursling of the Sky ;  
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;  
 I change, but I cannot die.  
 For after the rain when with never a stain  
 The pavilion of Heaven is bare,  
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams  
 Build up the blue dome of air,  
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
 And out of the caverns of rain,  
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
 I arise and unbuild it again.

## ARETHUSA

["Pisa, 1820." Publ. 1824.]

### I

ARETHUSA arose  
 From her couch of snows  
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—  
 From cloud and from crag,  
 With many a jag,  
 Shepherding her bright fountains.  
 She leapt down the rocks,  
 With her rainbow locks  
 Streaming among the streams ;—  
 Her steps paved with green  
 The downward ravine  
 Which slopes to the western gleams ;  
 And gliding and springing  
 She went, ever singing,  
 In murmurs as soft as sleep ;  
 The Earth seemed to love her,  
 And Heaven smiled above her,  
 As she lingered towards the deep.

## II

Then Alpheus bold,  
 On his glacier cold,  
 With his trident the mountains strook ;  
 And opened a chasm  
 In the rocks—with the spasm  
 All Erymanthus shook.  
 And the black south wind  
 It unsealed behind  
 The urns of the silent snow,  
 And earthquake and thunder  
 Did rend in sunder  
 The bars of the springs below.  
 The beard and the hair  
 Of the River-god were  
 Seen through the torrent's sweep,  
 As he followed the light  
 Of the fleet nymph's flight  
 To the brink of the Dorian deep.

## III

“ Oh, save me ! Oh, guide me !  
 And bid the deep hide me,  
 For he grasps me now by the hair ! ”  
 The loud Ocean heard,  
 To its blue depth stirred,  
 And divided at her prayer ;  
 And under the water  
 The Earth's white daughter  
 Fled like a sunny beam ;  
 Behind her descended  
 Her billows, unblended  
 With the brackish Dorian stream :—  
 Like a gloomy stain  
 On the emerald main  
 Alpheus rushed behind,—  
 As an eagle pursuing  
 A dove to its ruin  
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

## IV

Under the bowers  
 Where the Ocean Powers  
 Sit on their pearlèd thrones ;  
 Through the coral woods  
 Of the weltering floods,  
 Over heaps of unvalued stones ;  
 Through the dim beams  
 Which amid the streams  
 Weave a network of coloured light ;  
 And under the caves,  
 Where the shadowy waves  
 Are as green as the forest's night :—

Outspeeding the shark,  
 And the sword-fish dark,  
 Under the Ocean's foam,  
 And up through the rifts  
 Of the mountain cliffs  
 They passed to their Dorian home.

## v

And now from their fountains  
 In Enna's mountains,  
 Down one vale where the morning basks  
 Like friends once parted  
 Grown single-hearted,  
 They ply their watery tasks.  
 At sunrise they leap  
 From their cradles steep  
 In the cave of the shelving hill ;  
 At noontide they flow  
 Through the woods below  
 And the meadows of asphodel ;  
 And at night they sleep  
 In the rocking deep  
 Beneath the Ortygian shore ;—  
 Like spirits that lie  
 In the azure sky  
 When they love but live no more.

## SONG OF PROSERPINE

WHILE GATHERING FLOWERS ON THE PLAIN OF ENNA

[1820. Publ. 1839, 1st ed.]

## I

SACRED Goddess, Mother Earth,  
 Thou from whose immortal bosom  
 Gods, and men, and beasts have birth,  
 Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,  
 Breathe thine influence most divine  
 On thine own child, Proserpine.

## II

If with mists of evening dew  
 Thou dost nourish these young flowers  
 Till they grow, in scent and hue,  
 Fairest children of the Hours,  
 Breathe thine influence most divine  
 On thine own child, Proserpine.

## HYMN OF APOLLO

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

THE sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,  
Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries  
From the broad moonlight of the sky,  
Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,—  
Waken me when their Mother, the gray Dawn,  
Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

## II

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,  
I walk over the mountains and the waves,  
Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam ;  
My footsteps pave the clouds with fire ; the caves  
Are filled with my bright presence, and the air  
Leaves the green Earth to my embraces bare.

## III

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill  
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day ;  
All men who do or even imagine ill  
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray  
Good minds and open actions take new might,  
Until diminished by the reign of Night.

## IV

I feel the clouds, the rainbows and the flowers  
With their aethereal colours ; the moon's globe  
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers  
Are cinctured with my power as with a robe ;  
Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine  
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

## V

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,  
Then with unwilling steps I wander down  
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even ;  
For grief that I depart they weep and frown :  
What look is more delightful than the smile  
With which I soothe them from the western isle ?

## VI

I am the eye with which the Universe  
Beholds itself and knows itself divine ;  
All harmony of instrument or verse,  
All prophecy, all medicine are mine,  
All light of art or nature ;—to my song  
Victory and praise in its own right belong.

## HYMN OF PAN

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

FROM the forests and highlands  
 We come, we come ;  
 From the river-girt islands,  
 Where loud waves are dumb  
 Listening to my sweet pipings.  
 The wind in the reeds and the rushes,  
 The bees on the bells of thyme,  
 The birds on the myrtle bushes,  
 The cicale above in the lime,  
 And the lizards below in the grass,  
 Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,  
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

## II

Liquid Peneus was flowing,  
 And all dark Tempe lay  
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing  
 The light of the dying day,  
 Speeded by my sweet pipings.  
 The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,  
 And the Nymphs of the woods and the waves,  
 To the edge of the moist river-lawns,  
 And the brink of the dewy caves,  
 And all that did then attend and follow,  
 Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,  
 With envy of my sweet pipings.

## III

I sang of the dancing stars,  
 I sang of the daedal Earth,  
 And of Heaven—and the giant wars,  
 And Love, and Death, and Birth,—  
 And then I changed my pipings,—  
 Singing how down the vale of Maenalus  
 I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed.  
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus !  
 It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed :  
 All wept, as I think both ye now would,  
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood  
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

## THE QUESTION

[Publ. 1822.]

## I

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,  
 Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,  
 And gentle odours led my steps astray,  
 Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring

Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling  
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,  
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

## II

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,  
Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth,  
The constellated flower that never sets ;  
Faint oxslips ; tender bluebells, at whose birth  
The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that wets—  
Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—  
Its mother's face with Heaven's collected tears,  
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

## III

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,  
Green cowbind and the moonlight-coloured may,  
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine  
Was the bright dew, yet drained not by the day ;  
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,  
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray ;  
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,  
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

## IV

And nearer to the river's trembling edge  
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with white,  
And starry river buds among the sedge,  
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,  
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge  
With moonlight beams of their own watery light ;  
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green  
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

## V

Methought that of these visionary flowers  
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way  
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers  
Were mingled or opposed, the like array

Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours  
 Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,  
 I hastened to the spot whence I had come,  
 That I might there present it!—Oh! to whom?

## THE TWO SPIRITS: AN ALLEGORY

[Publ. 1824.]

### *First Spirit*

O THOU, who plumed with strong desire  
 Wouldst float above the earth, beware  
 A Shadow tracks thy flight of fire—  
     Night is coming!  
 Bright are the regions of the air,  
 And among the winds and beams  
 It were delight to wander there—  
     Night is coming!

### *Second Spirit*

The deathless stars are bright above;  
 If I would cross the shade of night,  
 Within my heart is the lamp of love,  
     And that is day!  
 And the moon will smile with gentle light  
 On my golden plumes where'er they move;  
 The meteors will linger round my flight,  
     And make night day.

### *First Spirit*

But if the whirlwinds of darkness wake  
 Hail, and lightning, and stormy rain;  
 See, the bounds of the air are shaken—  
     Night is coming!  
 The red swift clouds of the hurricane  
 Yon declining sun have overtaken,  
 The clash of the hail sweeps over the plain—  
     Night is coming!

### *Second Spirit*

I see the light, and I hear the sound;  
 I'll sail on the flood of the tempest dark,  
 With the calm within and the light around  
     Which makes night day:

And thou, when the gloom is deep and stark,  
 Look from thy dull earth, slumber-bound,  
 My moon-like flight thou then mayst mark  
 On high, far away.

---

Some say there is a precipice  
 Where one vast pine is frozen to ruin  
 O'er piles of snow and chasms of ice  
 Mid Alpine mountains ;  
 And that the languid storm pursuing  
 That wingèd shape, for ever flies  
 Round those hoar branches, aye renewing  
 Its aery fountains.

Some say when nights are dry and clear,  
 And the death-dews sleep on the morass,  
 Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller,  
 Which make night day :  
 And a silver shape like his early love doth pass  
 Upborne by her wild and glittering hair,  
 And when he awakes on the fragrant grass,  
 He finds night day.

### TO A SKYLARK

[Leghorn, early summer, 1820. Publ. 1820.]

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit !  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from Heaven, or near it,  
 Pourest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
 From the earth thou springest  
 Like a cloud of fire ;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
 Of the sunken sun,  
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,  
 Thou dost float and run ;  
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
 Melts around thy flight ;  
 Like a star of Heaven,  
 In the broad daylight  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows  
 Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear  
 Until we hardly see—we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
 With thy voice is loud,  
 As, when night is bare,  
 From one lonely cloud  
 The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;  
 What is most like thee ?  
 From rainbow clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden  
 In a palace-tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
 Soul in secret hour  
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering un beholden  
 Its aëreal hue  
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view !

Like a rose embowered  
 In its own green leaves,  
 By warm winds deflowered,  
 Till the scent it gives  
 Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy wingèd thieves :

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awakened flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass :

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,  
 What sweet thoughts are thine :  
 I have never heard  
 Praise of love or wine  
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,  
 Or triumphal chant,  
 Matched with thine would be all  
 But an empty vaunt,  
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
 Of thy happy strain?  
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
 What shapes of sky or plain?  
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
 Languor cannot be :  
 Shadow of annoyance  
 Never came near thee :  
 Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
 Thou of death must deem  
 Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not :  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught ;  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
 Hate, and pride, and fear ;  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear,  
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
 Of delightful sound,  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found,  
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow  
 The world should listen then—as I am listening now.

## ODE TO LIBERTY

[Comp. in the spring of 1820. Publ. 1820.]

Yet, Freedom, yet, thy banner, torn by flying,  
 Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind.—BYRON.

### I

A GLORIOUS people vibrated again  
 The lightning of the nations : Liberty  
 From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,  
 Scattering contagious fire into the sky,  
 Gleamed. My soul spurned the chains of its dismay,  
 And in the rapid plumes of song  
 Clothed itself, sublime and strong,

(As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,)  
 Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey ;  
 Till from its station in the Heaven of fame  
 The Spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray  
 Of the remotest sphere of living flame  
 Which paves the void was from behind it flung,  
 As foam from a ship's swiftness, when there came  
 A voice out of the deep : I will record the same.

## II

“ The Sun and the serenest Moon sprang forth :  
 The burning stars of the abyss were hurled  
 Into the depths of Heaven. The daedal earth,  
 That island in the ocean of the world,  
 Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air :  
 But this divinest universe  
 Was yet a chaos and a curse,  
 For thou wert not : but, power from worst producing worse,  
 The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,  
 And of the birds, and of the watery forms,  
 And there was war among them, and despair  
 Within them, raging without truce or terms :  
 The bosom of their violated nurse  
 Groaned, for beasts warred on beasts, and worms on worms,  
 And men on men ; each heart was as a hell of storms.

## III

“ Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied  
 His generations under the pavilion  
 Of the Sun's throne : palace and pyramid,  
 Temple and prison, to many a swarming million  
 Were, as to mountain-wolves their raggèd caves.  
 This human living multitude  
 Was savage, cunning, blind, and rude,  
 For thou wert not ; but o'er the populous solitude,  
 Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves,  
 Hung Tyranny ; beneath, sate deified  
 The sister-pest, congregator of slaves ;  
 Into the shadow of her pinions wide  
 Anarchs and priests, who feed on gold and blood  
 Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed,  
 Drove the astonished herds of men from every side.

## IV

“ The nodding promontories, and blue isles,  
 And cloud-like mountains, and dividuous waves  
 Of Greece, basked glorious in the open smiles  
 Of favouring Heaven : from their enchanted caves  
 Prophetic echoes flung dim melody.

    On the unapprehensive wild,  
     The vine, the corn, the olive mild,  
 Grew savage yet, to human use unreconciled ;  
 And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,  
     Like the man’s thought dark in the infant’s brain,  
     Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,  
 Art’s deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein  
 Of Parian stone ; and, yet a speechless child,  
 Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain  
 Her lidless eyes for thee ; when o’er the Aegean main

## V

“ Athens arose : a city such as vision  
 Builds from the purple crags and silver towers  
 Of battlemented cloud, as in derision  
 Of kingliest masonry : the ocean-floors  
 Pave it ; the evening sky pavilions it ;  
     Its portals are inhabited  
     By thunder-zonèd winds, each head  
 Within its cloudy wings with sun-fire garlanded,—  
 A divine work ! Athens, diviner yet,  
     Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will  
 Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set ;  
     For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill  
 Peopled, with forms that mock the eternal dead  
 In marble immortality, that hill  
 Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

## VI

“ Within the surface of Time’s fleeting river  
 Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay  
 Immovably unquiet, and for ever  
 It trembles, but it cannot pass away !  
 The voices of thy bards and sages thunder  
     With an earth-awakening blast  
 Through the caverns of the past :

Religion veils her eyes ; Oppression shrinks aghast :  
 A wingèd sound of joy, and love, and wonder,  
 Which soars where Expectation never flew,  
 Rending the veil of space and time asunder !  
 One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams, and dew ;  
 One Sun illumines Heaven ; one Spirit vast  
 With life and love makes chaos ever new,  
 As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew.

## VII

“ Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,  
 Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmaean Maenad,\*  
 She drew the milk of greatness, though thy dearest  
 From that Elysian food was yet unweanèd ;  
 And many a deed of terrible uprightiness  
 By thy sweet love was sanctified ;  
 And in thy smile, and by thy side,  
 Saintly Camillus lived, and firm Atilius died.  
 But when tears stained thy robe of vestal whiteness,  
 And gold profaned thy Capitolian throne,  
 Thou didst desert, with spirit-wingèd lightness,  
 The senate of the tyrants : they sunk prone  
 Slaves of one tyrant : Palatinus sighed  
 Faint echoes of Ionian song ; that tone  
 Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

## VIII

“ From what Hyrcanian glen or frozen hill,  
 Or piny promontory of the Arctic main,  
 Or utmost islet inaccessible,  
 Didst thou lament the ruin of thy reign,  
 Teaching the woods and waves, and desert rocks,  
 And every Naiad’s ice-cold urn,  
 To talk in echoes sad and stern  
 Of that sublimest love which man had dared unlearn ?  
 For neither didst thou watch the wizard flocks  
 Of the Scald’s dreams, nor haunt the Druid’s sleep.  
 What if the tears rained through thy scattered locks  
 Were quickly dried ? for thou didst groan, not weep,  
 When from its sea of death, to kill and burn,  
 The Galilean serpent forth did creep,  
 And made thy world an undistinguishable heap.

\* See the *Bacchae* of Euripides.

## IX

"A thousand years the Earth cried, 'Where art thou?'  
 And then the shadow of thy coming fell  
 On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow:  
 And many a warrior-peopled citadel,  
 Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,  
     Arose in sacred Italy,  
     Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea  
 Of Kings, and priests, and slaves, in tower-crowned majesty;  
 That multitudinous anarchy did sweep  
     And burst around their walls, like idle foam,  
 Whilst from the human spirit's deepest deep  
     Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb  
 Dissonant arms; and Art, which cannot die,  
     With divine wand traced on our earthly home  
     Fit imagery to pave Heaven's everlasting dome.

## X

"Thou huntress swifter than the Moon! thou terror  
 Of the world's wolves! thou bearer of the quiver,  
 Whose sunlike shafts pierce tempest-wingèd Error,  
     As light may pierce the clouds when they dis sever  
 In the calm regions of the orient day!  
     Luther caught thy wakening glance;  
     Like lightning, from his leaden lance  
 Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance  
     In which, as in a tomb, the nations lay;  
     And England's prophets hailed thee as their queen,  
     In songs whose music cannot pass away,  
     Though it must flow forever: not unseen  
 Before the spirit-sighted countenance  
     Of Milton didst thou pass, from the sad scene  
     Beyond whose night he saw, with a dejected mien.

## XI

"The eager hours and unreluctant years  
     As on a dawn-illumined mountain stood,  
 Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears,  
     Darkening each other with their multitude,  
 And cried aloud, 'Liberty!' Indignation  
     Answered Pity from her cave;  
     Death grew pale within the grave,

And Desolation howled to the destroyer, Save!  
 When like Heaven's Sun girt by the exhalation  
 Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,  
 Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation  
 Like shadows : as if day had cloven the skies  
 At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,  
 Men started, staggering with a glad surprise,  
 Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.

## XII

"Thou Heaven of earth ! what spells could pall thee then  
 In ominous eclipse ? a thousand years  
 Bred from the slime of deep Oppression's den,  
 Dyed all thy liquid light with blood and tears,  
 Till thy sweet stars could weep the stain away ;  
 How like Bacchanals of blood  
 Round France, the ghastly vintage, stood  
 Destruction's sceptred slaves, and Folly's mitred brood !  
 When one, like them, but mightier far than they,  
 The Anarch of thine own bewildered powers,  
 Rose : armies mingled in obscure array,  
 Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred bowers  
 Of serene Heaven. He, by the past pursued,  
 Rests with those dead, but unforgotten hours,  
 Whose ghosts scare victor kings in their ancestral towers.

## XIII

"England yet sleeps : was she not called of old ?  
 Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder  
 Vesuvius wakens Aetna, and the cold  
 Snow-crags by its reply are cloven in sunder :  
 O'er the lit waves every Acolian isle  
 From Pithecusa to Pelorus  
 Howls, and leaps, and glares in chorus :  
 They cry, 'Be dim ; ye lamps of Heaven suspended o'er us !'  
 Her chains are threads of gold, she need but smile  
 And they dissolve ; but Spain's were links of steel,  
 Till bit to dust by virtue's keenest file.  
 Twins of a single destiny ! appeal  
 To the eternal years enthroned before us  
 In the dim West ; impress as from a seal,  
 All ye have thought and done ! Time cannot dare  
 conceal.

## XIV

"Tomb of Arminius! render up thy dead  
 Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,  
 His soul may stream over the tyrant's head;  
 Thy victory shall be his epitaph,  
 Wild Bacchanal of truth's mysterious wine,  
 King-deluded Germany,  
 His dead spirit lives in thee.  
 Why do we fear or hope? thou art already free!  
 And thou, lost Paradise of this divine  
 And glorious world! thou flowery wilderness!  
 Thou island of eternity! thou shrine  
 Where Desolation, clothed with loveliness,  
 Worships the thing thou wert! O Italy,  
 Gather thy blood into thy heart; repress  
 The beasts who make their dens thy sacred palaces.

## XV

"Oh, that the free would stamp the impious name  
 Of KING into the dust! or write it there,  
 So that this blot upon the page of fame  
 Were as a serpent's path, which the light air  
 Erases, and the flat sands close behind!  
 Ye the oracle have heard:  
 Lift the victory-flashing sword,  
 And cut the snaky knots of this foul gordian word,  
 Which, weak itself as stubble, yet can bind  
 Into a mass, irrefragably firm,  
 The axes and the rods which awe mankind;  
 The sound has poison in it, 'tis the sperm  
 Of what makes life foul, cankerous, and abhorred;  
 Disdain not thou, at thine appointed term,  
 To set thine armèd heel on this reluctant worm.

## XVI

"Oh, that the wise from their bright minds would kindle  
 Such lamps within the dome of this dim world,  
 That the pale name of PRIEST might shrink and dwindle  
 Into the hell from which it first was hurled,  
 A scoff of impious pride from fiends impure;  
 Till human thoughts might kneel alone,  
 Each before the judgement-throne

Of its own aweless soul, or of the Power unknown !  
 Oh, that the words which make the thoughts obscure  
 From which they spring, as clouds of glimmering dew  
 From a white lake blot Heaven's blue portraiture,  
 Were stripped of their thin masks and various hue  
 And frowns and smiles and splendours not their own,  
 Till in the nakedness of false and true  
 They stand before their Lord, each to receive its due !

## XVII

“ He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever  
 Can be between the cradle and the grave  
 Crowned him the King of Life. Oh, vain endeavour !  
 If on his own high will, a willing slave,  
 He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor.  
 What if earth can clothe and feed  
 Amplest millions at their need,  
 And power in thought be as the tree within the seed ?  
 Or what if Art, an ardent intercessor,  
 Driving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,  
 Checks the great mother stooping to caress her,  
 And cries : ‘ Give me, thy child, dominion  
 Over all height and depth ’ ? if Life can breed  
 New wants, and wealth from those who toil and groan,  
 Rend of thy gifts and hers a thousandfold for one !

## XVIII

“ Come thou, but lead out of the inmost cave  
 Of man's deep spirit, as the morning-star  
 Beckons the Sun from the Eoan wave,  
 Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her car  
 Self-moving, like cloud charioted by flame ;  
 Comes she not, and come ye not,  
 Rulers of eternal thought,  
 To judge, with solemn truth, life's ill-apportioned lot ?  
 Blind Love, and equal Justice, and the Fame  
 Of what has been, the Hope of what will be ?  
 O Liberty ! if such could be thy name  
 Wert thou disjoined from these, or they from thee :  
 If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought  
 By blood or tears, have not the wise and free  
 Wept tears, and blood like tears ? ”—The solemn harmony

## XIX

Paused, and the Spirit of that mighty singing  
 To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn ;  
 Then, as a wild swan, when sublimely winging  
 Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,  
 Sinks headlong through the aerial golden light  
 On the heavy-sounding plain,  
 When the bolt has pierced its brain ;  
 As summer clouds dissolve, unburthened of their rain ;  
 As a far taper fades with fading night,  
 As a brief insect dies with dying day,—  
 My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,  
 Drooped ; o'er it closed the echoes far away  
 Of the great voice which did its flight sustain,  
 As waves which lately paved his watery way  
 Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous play.

CANCELLED PASSAGE OF THE ODE TO  
 LIBERTY

[Publ. 1862.]

WITHIN a cavern of man's trackless spirit  
 Is throned an Image, so intensely fair  
 That the adventurous thoughts that wander near it  
 Worship, and as they kneel, tremble and wear  
 The splendour of its presence, and the light  
 Penetrates their dreamlike frame  
 Till they become charged with the strength of flame.

LETTER TO MARIA GISBORNE

[Publ. 1824.]

LEGHORN, *July 1*, 1820.

THE spider spreads her webs, whether she be  
 In poet's tower, cellar, or barn, or tree ;  
 The silk-worm in the dark green mulberry leaves  
 His winding sheet and cradle ever weaves ;  
 So I, a thing whom moralists call worm,  
 Sit spinning still round this decaying form,  
 From the fine threads of rare and subtle thought—  
 No net of words in garish colours wrought  
 To catch the idle buzzers of the day—  
 But a soft cell, where when that fades away,  
 Memory may clothe in wings my living name  
 And feed it with the asphodels of fame,

Which in those hearts which must remember me  
Grow, making love an immortality.

Whoever should behold me now, I wist,  
Would think I were a mighty mechanist,  
Bent with sublime Archimedean art  
To breathe a soul into the iron heart  
Of some machine portentous, or strange gin,  
Which by the force of figured spells might win  
Its way over the sea, and sport therein ;  
For round the walls are hung dread engines, such  
As Vulcan never wrought for Jove to clutch  
Ixion or the Titan :—or the quick  
Wit of that man of God, St Dominic,  
To convince Atheist, Turk, or Heretic ;  
Or those in philanthropic council met,  
Who thought to pay some interest for the debt  
They owed to Jesus Christ for their salvation,  
By giving a faint foretaste of damnation  
To Shakespeare, Sidney, Spenser, and the rest  
Who made our land an island of the blest,  
When lamp-like Spain, who now relumes her fire  
On Freedom's hearth, grew dim with Empire :—  
With thumbscrews, wheels, with tooth and spike and jag,  
Which fishers found under the utmost crag  
Of Cornwall and the storm-encompassed isles,  
Where to the sky the rude sea rarely smiles  
Unless in treacherous wrath, as on the morn  
When the exulting elements in scorn,  
Satiated with destroyed destruction, lay  
Sleeping in beauty on their mangled prey,  
As panthers sleep ;—and other strange and dread  
Magical forms the brick floor overspread,—  
Proteus transformed to metal did not make  
More figures, or more strange ; nor did he take  
Such shapes of unintelligible brass,  
Or heap himself in such a horrid mass  
Of tin and iron not to be understood ;  
And forms of unimaginable wood,  
To puzzle Tubal Cain and all his brood :  
Great screws, and cones, and wheels, and groovèd blocks,  
The elements of what will stand the shocks  
Of wave and wind and time.—Upon the table  
More knacks and quips there be than I am able  
To catalogize in this verse of mine :—  
A pretty bowl of wood—not full of wine,  
But quicksilver ; that dew which the gnomes drink  
When at their subterranean toil they swink,  
Pledging the demons of the earthquake, who  
Reply to them in lava—cry halloo !  
And call out to the cities o'er their head,—  
Roofs, towers, and shrines, the dying and the dead,  
Crash through the chinks of earth—and then all quaff  
Another rouse, and hold their sides and laugh.  
This quicksilver no gnome has drunk—within

The walnut bowl it lies, veinèd and thin,  
 In colour like the wake of light that stains  
 The Tuscan deep, when from the moist moon rains  
 The inmost shower of its white fire—the breeze  
 Is still—blue Heaven smiles over the pale seas.  
 And in this bowl of quicksilver—for I  
 Yield to the impulse of an infancy  
 Outlasting manhood—I have made to float  
 A rude idealism of a paper boat :—  
 A hollow screw with cogs—Henry will know  
 The thing I mean and laugh at me,—if so  
 He fears not I should do more mischief.—Next  
 Lie bills and calculations much perplext,  
 With steam-boats, frigates, and machinery quaint  
 Traced over them in blue and yellow paint.  
 Then comes a range of mathematical  
 Instruments, for plans nautical and statical ;  
 A heap of rosin, a queer broken glass  
 With ink in it ; a china cup that was  
 What it will never be again, I think,—  
 A thing from which sweet lips were wont to drink  
 The liquor doctors rail at—and which I  
 Will quaff in spite of them—and when we die  
 We'll toss up who died first of drinking tea,  
 And cry out,—“ Heads or tails ? ” where'er we be.  
 Near that a dusty paint-box, some odd hooks,  
 A half-burnt match, an ivory block, three books,  
 Where conic sections, spherics, logarithms,  
 To great Laplace, from Saunderson and Sims,  
 Lie heaped in their harmonious disarray  
 Of figures,—disentangle them who may.  
 Baron de Tott's Memoirs beside them lie,  
 And some odd volumes of old chemistry.  
 Near those a most inexplicable thing,  
 With lead in the middle—I'm conjecturing  
 How to make Henry understand ; but no—  
 I'll leave, as Spenser says, with many mo,  
 This secret in the pregnant womb of time,  
 Too vast a matter for so weak a rhyme.

And here like some weird Archimage sit I,  
 Plotting dark spells, and devilish enginery,  
 The self-impelling steam-wheels of the mind  
 Which pump up oaths from clergymen, and grind  
 The gentle spirit of our meek reviews  
 Into a powdery foam of salt abuse,  
 Ruffling the ocean of their self-content ;—  
 I sit—and smile or sigh as is my bent,  
 But not for them—Libeccio rushes round  
 With an inconstant and an idle sound,  
 I heed him more than them—the thunder-smoke  
 Is gathering on the mountains, like a cloak  
 Folded athwart their shoulders broad and bare ;  
 The ripe corn under the undulating air  
 Undulates like an ocean ;—and the vines

Are trembling wide in all their trellised lines—  
 The murmur of the awakening sea doth fill  
 The empty pauses of the blast ;—the hill  
 Looks hoary through the white electric rain,  
 And from the glens beyond, in sullen strain,  
 The interrupted thunder howls ; above  
 One chasm of Heaven smiles, like the eye of Love  
 On the unquiet world ;—while such things are,  
 How could one worth your friendship heed the war  
 Of worms ? the shriek of the world's carrion jays,  
 Their censure, or their wonder, or their praise ?

You are not here ! the quaint witch Memory sees,  
 In vacant chairs, your absent images,  
 And points where once you sat, and now should be  
 But are not.—I demand if ever we  
 Shall meet as then we met ;—and she replies,  
 Veiling in awe her second-sighted eyes ;  
 “ I know the past alone—but summon home  
 My sister Hope,—she speaks of all to come.”  
 But I, an old diviner, who know well  
 Every false verse of that sweet oracle,  
 Turned to the sad enchantress once again,  
 And sought a respite from my gentle pain,  
 In acting every passage o'er and o'er  
 Of our communion—how on the sea-shore  
 We watched the ocean and the sky together,  
 Under the roof of blue Italian weather ;  
 How I ran home through last year's thunder-storm,  
 And felt the transverse lightning linger warm  
 Upon my cheek—and how we often made  
 Feasts for each other, where good will outweighed  
 The frugal luxury of our country cheer,  
 As it well might, were it less firm and clear  
 Than ours must ever be ;—and how we spun  
 A shroud of talk to hide us from the sun  
 Of this familiar life, which seems to be  
 But is not,—or is but quaint mockery  
 Of all we would believe ;—or sadly blame  
 The jarring and inexplicable frame  
 Of this wrong world :—and then anatomize  
 The purposes and thoughts of men whose eyes  
 Were closed in distant years ;—or widely guess  
 The issue of the earth's great business,  
 When we shall be as we no longer are—  
 Like babbling gossips safe, who hear the war  
 Of winds, and sigh, but tremble not ;—or how  
 You listened to some interrupted flow  
 Of visionary rhyme,—in joy and pain  
 Struck from the inmost fountains of my brain,  
 With little skill perhaps ;—or how we sought  
 Those deepest wells of passion or of thought  
 Wrought by wise poets in the waste of years,  
 Staining their sacred waters with our tears ;  
 Quenching a thirst ever to be renewed !

Or how I, wisest lady ! then endued  
 The language of a land which now is free,  
 And, winged with thoughts of truth and majesty,  
 Flits round the tyrant's sceptre like a cloud,  
 And bursts the peopled prisons, and cries aloud,  
 " My name is Legion ! "—that majestic tongue  
 Which Calderon over the desert flung  
 Of ages and of nations ; and which found  
 An echo in our hearts, and with the sound  
 Startled oblivion ;—thou wert then to me  
 As is a nurse—when inarticulately  
 A child would talk as its grown parents do.  
 If living winds the rapid clouds pursue,  
 If hawks chase doves through the aethereal way,  
 Huntsmen the innocent deer, and beasts their prey,  
 Why should not we rouse with the spirit's blast  
 Out of the forest of the pathless past  
 These recollected pleasures ?

You are now

In London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow  
 At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore  
 Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more.  
 Yet in its depth what treasures ! You will see  
 That which was Godwin,—greater none than he  
 Though fallen—and fallen on evil times—to stand  
 Among the spirits of our age and land,  
 Before the dread tribunal of *to come*  
 The foremost,—while Rebuke cowers pale and dumb.  
 You will see Coleridge—he who sits obscure  
 In the exceeding lustre and the pure  
 Intense irradiation of a mind,  
 Which, with its own internal lightning blind,  
 Flags wearily through darkness and despair—  
 A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,  
 A hooded eagle among blinking owls.—  
 You will see Hunt—one of those happy souls  
 Which are the salt of the earth, and without whom  
 This world would smell like what it is—a tomb ;  
 Who is, what others seem ; his room no doubt  
 Is still adorned with many a cast from Shout,  
 With graceful flowers tastefully placed about ;  
 And coronals of bay from ribbons hung,  
 And brighter wreaths in neat disorder flung ;  
 The gifts of the most learned among some dozens  
 Of female friends, sisters-in-law, and cousins.  
 And there is he with his eternal puns,  
 Which beat the dullest brain for smiles, like duns  
 Thundering for money at a poet's door ;  
 Alas ! it is no use to say, " I'm poor ! "   
 Or oft in graver mood, when he will look  
 Things wiser than were ever read in book,  
 Except in Shakespeare's wisest tenderness.—  
 You will see Hogg,—and I cannot express  
 His virtues,—though I know that they are great,  
 Because he locks, then barricades the gate

Within which they inhabit ;—of his wit  
 And wisdom, you'll cry out when you are bit.  
 He is a pearl within an oyster shell,  
 One of the richest of the deep ;—and there  
 Is English Peacock, with his mountain Fair,  
 Turned into a Flamingo ;—that shy bird  
 That gleams i' the Indian air—have you not heard  
 When a man marries, dies, or turns Hindoo,  
 His best friends hear no more of him ?—but you  
 Will see him, and will like him too, I hope,  
 With the milk-white Snowdonian Antelope  
 Matched with this cameleopard—his fine wit  
 Makes such a wound, the knife is lost in it ;  
 A strain too learnèd for a shallow age,  
 Too wise for selfish bigots ; let his page,  
 Which charms the chosen spirits of the time,  
 Fold itself up for the serener clime  
 Of years to come, and find its recompense  
 In that just expectation.—Wit and sense,  
 Virtue and human knowledge ; all that might  
 Make this dull world a business of delight,  
 Are all combined in Horace Smith.—And these,  
 With some exceptions, which I need not tease  
 Your patience by descanting on,—are all  
 You and I know in London.

I recall

My thoughts, and bid you look upon the night.  
 As water does a sponge, so the moonlight  
 Fills the void, hollow, universal air—  
 What see you ?—unpavilioned Heaven is fair,  
 Whether the moon, into her chamber gone,  
 Leaves midnight to the golden stars, or wan  
 Climbs with diminished beams the azure steep ;  
 Or whether clouds sail o'er the inverse deep,  
 Piloted by the many-wandering blast,  
 And the rare stars rush through them dim and fast :—  
 All this is beautiful in every land.—  
 But what see you beside ?—a shabby stand  
 Of hackney coaches—a brick house or wall  
 Fencing some lonely court, white with the scrawl  
 Of our unhappy politics ;—or worse—  
 A wretched woman reeling by, whose curse  
 Mixed with the watchman's, partner of her trade,  
 You must accept in place of serenade—  
 Or yellow-haired Pollonia murmuring  
 To Henry, some unutterable thing.

I see a chaos of green leaves and fruit  
 Built round dark caverns, even to the root  
 Of the living stems that feed them—in whose bowers  
 There sleep in their dark dew the folded flowers ;  
 Beyond, the surface of the unsickled corn  
 Trembles not in the slumbering air, and borne  
 In circles quaint, and ever-changing dance,  
 Like wingèd stars the fire-flies flash and glance,

Pale in the open moonshine ; but each one  
 Under the dark trees seems a little sun,  
 A meteor tamed, a fixed star gone astray  
 From the silver regions of the milky way ;—  
 Afar the Contadino's song is heard,  
 Rude, but made sweet by distance—and a bird  
 Which cannot be the Nightingale, and yet  
 I know none else that sings so sweet as it  
 At this late hour ;—and then all is still—  
 Now—Italy or London, which you will !

Next winter you must pass with me ; I'll have  
 My house by that time turned into a grave  
 Of dead despondence and low-thoughted care,  
 And all the dreams which our tormentors are ;  
 Oh ! that Hunt, Hogg, Peacock, and Smith were there,  
 With everything belonging to them fair !—  
 We will have books, Spanish, Italian, Greek ;  
 And ask one week to make another week  
 As like his father, as I'm unlike mine,  
 Which is not his fault, as you may divine.  
 Though we eat little flesh and drink no wine,  
 Yet let's be merry : we'll have tea and toast ;  
 Custards for supper, and an endless host  
 Of syllabubs and jellies and mince-pies,  
 And other such lady-like luxuries,—  
 Feasting on which we will philosophize !  
 And we'll have fires out of the Grand Duke's wood,  
 To thaw the six weeks' winter in our blood.  
 And then we'll talk ;—what shall we talk about ?  
 Oh ! there are themes enough for many a bout  
 Of thought-entangled descant ;—as to nerves—  
 With cones and parallelograms and curves  
 I've sworn to strangle them if once they dare  
 To bother me—when you are with me there.  
 And they shall never more sip laudanum,  
 From Helicon or Himeros ; \*—well, come,  
 And in despite of God and of the devil,  
 We'll make our friendly philosophic revel  
 Outlast the leafless time ; till buds and flowers  
 Warn the obscure inevitable hours,  
 Sweet meeting by sad parting to renew ;—  
 “ To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.”

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\* *Ἴμερος*, from which the river Himera was named, is, with some slight shade of difference, a synonym of Love.

## THE WITCH OF ATLAS

[Comp. at the Baths of San Giuliano, near Pisa, August 14-16, 1820; publ. 1824. The dedication *To Mary* first appeared in the *Poetical Works*, 1839, 1st ed.]

## TO MARY

(ON HER OBJECTING TO THE FOLLOWING POEM, UPON THE SCORE OF ITS CONTAINING NO HUMAN INTEREST)

## I

How, my dear Mary,—are you critic-bitten  
 (For vipers kill, though dead) by some review,  
 That you condemn these verses I have written,  
 Because they tell no story, false or true?  
 What, though no mice are caught by a young kitten,  
 May it not leap and play as grown cats do,  
 Till its claws come? Prithee, for this one time,  
 Content thee with a visionary rhyme.

## II

What hand would crush the silken-wingèd fly,  
 The youngest of inconstant April's minions,  
 Because it cannot climb the purest sky,  
 Where the swan sings, amid the sun's dominions?  
 Not thine. Thou knowest 'tis its doom to die,  
 When Day shall hide within her twilight pinions  
 The lucent eyes, and the eternal smile,  
 Serene as thine, which lent it life awhile.

## III

To thy fair feet a wingèd Vision came,  
 Whose date should have been longer than a day,  
 And o'er thy head did beat its wings for fame,  
 And in thy sight its fading plumes display;  
 The watery bow burned in the evening flame,  
 But the shower fell, the swift Sun went his way—  
 And that is dead.—O, let me not believe  
 That anything of mine is fit to live!

## IV

Wordsworth informs us he was nineteen years  
 Considering and retouching Peter Bell;  
 Watering his laurels with the killing tears  
 Of slow, dull care, so that their roots to Hell  
 Might pierce, and their wide branches blot the spheres  
 Of Heaven, with dewy leaves and flowers; this well  
 May be, for Heaven and Earth conspire to foil  
 The over-busy gardener's blundering toil.

## v

My witch indeed is not so sweet a creature  
 As Ruth or Lucy, whom his graceful praise  
 Clothes for our grandsons—but she matches Peter,  
 Though he took nineteen years, and she three days  
 In dressing. Light the vest of flowing metre  
 She wears; he, proud as dandy with his stays,  
 Has hung upon his wiry limbs a dress  
 Like King Lear's "looped and windowed raggedness."

## vi

If you strip Peter, you will see a fellow  
 Scorched by Hell's hyperequatorial climate  
 Into a kind of a sulphureous yellow:  
 A lean mark, hardly fit to fling a rhyme at;  
 In shape a Scaramouch, in hue Othello.  
 If you unveil my Witch, no priest nor primate  
 Can shrive you of that sin,—if sin there be  
 In love, when it becomes idolatry.

## THE WITCH OF ATLAS

## I

BEFORE those cruel Twins, whom at one birth  
 Incestuous Change bore to her father Time,  
 Error and Truth, had hunted from the Earth  
 All those bright natures which adorned its prime,  
 And left us nothing to believe in, worth  
 The pains of putting into learnèd rhyme,  
 A lady-witch there lived on Atlas' mountain  
 Within a cavern, by a secret fountain.

## II

Her mother was one of the Atlantides:  
 The all-beholding Sun had ne'er beholden  
 In his wide voyage o'er continents and seas  
 So fair a creature, as she lay enfolden  
 In the warm shadow of her loveliness;—  
 He kissed her with his beams, and made all golden  
 The chamber of gray rock in which she lay—  
 She, in that dream of joy, dissolved away.

## III

'Tis said, she was first changed into a vapour,  
 And then into a cloud, such clouds as flit,  
 Like splendour-wingèd moths about a taper,  
 Round the red west when the sun dies in it:  
 And then into a meteor, such as caper  
 On hill-tops when the moon is in a fit:  
 Then, into one of those mysterious stars  
 Which hide themselves between the Earth and Mars.

## IV

Ten times the Mother of the Months had bent  
 Her bow beside the folding-star, and bidden  
 With that bright sign the billows to indent  
 The sea-deserted sand—like children chidden,  
 At her command they ever came and went—  
 Since in that cave a dewy splendour hidden  
 Took shape and motion : with the living form  
 Of this embodied Power, the cave grew warm.

## V

A lovely lady garmented in light  
 From her own beauty—deep her eyes, as are  
 Two openings of unfathomable night  
 Seen through a Temple's cloven roof—her hair  
 Dark—the dim brain whirls dizzy with delight,  
 Picturing her form ; her soft smiles shone afar,  
 And her low voice was heard like love, and drew  
 All living things towards this wonder new.

## VI

And first the spotted cameleopard came ;  
 And then the wise and fearless elephant ;  
 Then the sly serpent, in the golden flame  
 Of his own volumes intervolved ;—all gaunt  
 And sanguine beasts her gentle looks made tame.  
 They drank before her at her sacred fount ;  
 And every beast of beating heart grew bold,  
 Such gentleness and power even to behold.

## VII

The brinded lioness led forth her young,  
 That she might teach them how they should forego  
 Their inborn thirst of death ; the pard unstrung  
 His sinews at her feet, and sought to know  
 With looks whose motions spoke without a tongue  
 How he might be as gentle as the doe.  
 The magic circle of her voice and eyes  
 All savage natures did imparadise.

## VIII

And old Silenus, shaking a green stick  
 Of lilies, and the wood-gods in a crew  
 Came, blithe, as in the olive copses thick  
 Cicadae are, drunk with the noonday dew :  
 And Dryope and Faunus followed quick,  
 Teasing the God to sing them something new ;  
 Till in this cave they found the lady lone,  
 Sitting upon a seat of emerald stone.

## IX

And Universal Fan, 'tis said, was there,  
 And though none saw him,—through the adamant

Of the deep mountains, through the trackless air,  
 And through those living spirits, like a want,  
 He passed out of his everlasting lair  
 Where the quick heart of the great world doth pant,  
 And felt that wondrous lady all alone,—  
 And she felt him, upon her emerald throne.

## X

And every nymph of stream and spreading tree,  
 And every shepherdess of Ocean's flocks,  
 Who drives her white waves over the green sea,  
 And Ocean with the brine on his gray locks,  
 And quaint Priapus with his company,  
 All came, much wondering how the enwombèd rocks  
 Could have brought forth so beautiful a birth;—  
 Her love subdued their wonder and their mirth.

## XI

The herdsmen and the mountain maidens came,  
 And the rude kings of pastoral Garamant—  
 Their spirits shook within them, as a flame  
 Stirred by the air under a cavern gaunt :  
 Pigmies, and Polyphemes, by many a name,  
 Centaurs, and Satyrs, and such shapes as haunt  
 Wet clefts,—and lumps neither alive nor dead,  
 Dog-headed, bosom-eyed, and bird-footed.

## XII

For she was beautiful—her beauty made  
 The bright world dim, and everything beside  
 Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade ;  
 No thought of living spirit could abide,  
 Which to her looks had ever been betrayed,  
 On any object in the world so wide,  
 On any hope within the circling skies,  
 But on her form, and in her inmost eyes.

## XIII

Which when the lady knew, she took her spindle  
 And twined three threads of fleecy mist, and three  
 Long lines of light, such as the dawn may kindle  
 The clouds and waves and mountains with ; and she  
 As many star-beams, ere their lamps could dwindle  
 In the belated moon ; wound skilfully ;  
 And with these threads a subtle veil she wove—  
 A shadow for the splendour of her love.

## XIV

The deep recesses of her odorous dwelling  
 Were stored with magic treasures—sounds of air,  
 Which had the power all spirits of compelling,  
 Folded in cells of chrystal silence there ;

Such as we hear in youth, and think the feeling

Will never die—yet ere we are aware,  
The feeling and the sound are fled and gone,  
And the regret they leave remains alone.

## XV

And there lay Visions swift, and sweet, and quaint,

Each in its thin sheath, like a chrysalis,  
Some eager to burst forth, some weak and faint

With the soft burthen of intensest bliss—  
It is its work to bear to many a saint

Whose heart adores the shrine which holiest is,  
Even Love's—and others white, green, gray, and black,  
And of all shapes—and each was at her beck.

## XVI

And odours in a kind of aviary

Of ever-blooming Eden-trees she kept,  
Clipped in a floating-net, a love sick Fairy

Had woven from dew-beams while the moon yet slept ;  
As bats at the wired window of a dairy,

They beat their vans ; and each was an adept,  
When loosed and missioned, making wings of winds,  
To stir sweet thoughts or sad, in destined minds.

## XVII

And liquors clear and sweet, whose healthful might

Could medicine the sick soul to happy sleep,  
And change eternal death into a night

Of glorious dreams—or if eyes needs must weep,  
Could make their tears all wonder and delight,

She in her chrystal vials did closely keep :  
If men could drink of those clear vials, 'tis said  
The living were not envied of the dead.

## XVIII

Her cave was stored with scrolls of strange device,

The works of some Saturnian Archimage,  
Which taught the expiations at whose price

Men from the Gods might win that happy age  
Too lightly lost, redeeming native vice ;

And which might quench the Earth-consuming rage  
Of gold and blood—till men should live and move  
Harmonious as the sacred stars above ;

## XIX

And how all things that seem untameable,

Not to be checked and not to be confined,  
Obey the spells of Wisdom's wizard skill ;

Time, Earth, and Fire—the Ocean and the Wind,  
And all their shapes—and man's imperial will ;

And other scrolls whose writings did unbind  
The inmost lore of Love—let the prophane  
Tremble to ask what secrets they contain.

## XX

And wondrous works of substances unknown,  
 To which the enchantment of her father's power  
 Had changed those ragged blocks of savage stone,  
 Were heaped in the recesses of her bower ;  
 Carved lamps and chalices, and vials which shone  
 In their own golden beams—each like a flower,  
 Out of whose depth a fire-fly shakes his light  
 Under a cypress in a starless night.

## XXI

At first she lived alone in this wild home,  
 And her own thoughts were each a minister,  
 Clothing themselves, or with the ocean foam,  
 Or with the wind, or with the speed of fire,  
 To work whatever purposes might come  
 Into her mind ; such power her mighty Sire  
 Had girt them with, whether to fly or run  
 Through all the regions which he shines upon.

## XXII

The Ocean-nymphs and Hamadryades,  
 Oreads and Naiads, with long weedy locks,  
 Offered to do her bidding through the seas,  
 Under the earth, and in the hollow rocks,  
 And far beneath the matted roots of trees,  
 And in the gnarlèd heart of stubborn oaks  
 So they might live for ever in the light  
 Of her sweet presence—each a satellite.

## XXIII

“ This may not be,” the wizard maid replied ;  
 “ The fountains where the Naiades bedew  
 Their shining hair, at length are drained and dried ;  
 The solid oaks forget their strength, and strew  
 Their latest leaf upon the mountains wide ;  
 The boundless ocean like a drop of dew  
 Will be consumed—the stubborn centre must  
 Be scattered, like a cloud of summer dust.

## XXIV

“ And ye with them will perish, one by one ;—  
 If I must sigh to think that this shall be,  
 If I must weep when the surviving Sun  
 Shall smile on your decay—oh, ask not me  
 To love you till your little race is run ;  
 I cannot die as ye must—over me  
 Your leaves shall glance—the streams in which ye dwell  
 Shall be my paths henceforth, and so—farewell ! ”—

## XXV

She spoke and wept :—the dark and azure well  
 Sparkled beneath the shower of her bright tears,

And every little circlet where they fell  
 Flung to the cavern-roof inconstant spheres  
 And intertangled lines of light :—a knell  
 Of sobbing voices came upon her ears  
 From those departing Forms, o'er the serene  
 Of the white streams and of the forest green.

## XXVI

All day the wizard lady sate aloof,  
 Spelling out scrolls of dread antiquity,  
 Under the cavern's fountain-lighted roof ;  
 Or broidering the pictured poesy  
 Of some high tale upon her growing woof,  
 Which the sweet splendour of her smiles could dye  
 In hues outshining heaven—and ever she  
 Added some grace to the wrought poesy.

## XXVII

While on her hearth lay blazing many a piece  
 Of sandal wood, rare gums, and cinnamon ;  
 Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is—  
 Each flame of it is as a precious stone  
 Dissolved in ever-moving light, and this  
 Belongs to each and all who gaze upon.  
 The Witch beheld it not, for in her hand  
 She held a woof that dimmed the burning brand.

## XXVIII

This lady never slept, but lay in trance  
 All night within the fountain—as in sleep.  
 Its emerald crags glowed in her beauty's glance ;  
 Through the green splendour of the water deep  
 She saw the constellations reel and dance  
 Like fire-flies—and withal did ever keep  
 The tenour of her contemplations calm,  
 With open eyes, closed feet, and folded palm.

## XXIX

And when the whirlwinds and the clouds descended  
 From the white pinnacles of that cold hill,  
 She passed at dewfall to a space extended,  
 Where in a lawn of flowering asphodel  
 Amid a wood of pines and cedars blended,  
 There yawned an inextinguishable well  
 Of crimson fire—full even to the brim,  
 And overflowing all the margin trim.

## XXX

Within the which she lay when the fierce war  
 Of wintry winds shook that innocuous liquor  
 In many a mimic moon and bearded star  
 O'er woods and lawns ;—the serpent heard it flicker  
 In sleep, and dreaming still, he crept afar—  
 And when the windless snow descended thicker

Than autumn leaves, she watched it as it came  
Melt on the surface of the level flame.

## XXXI

She had a boat, which some say Vulcan wrought  
For Venus, as the chariot of her star ;  
But it was found too feeble to be fraught  
With all the ardours in that sphere which are,  
And so she sold it, and Apollo bought  
And gave it to this daughter : from a car  
Changed to the fairest and the lightest boat  
Which ever upon mortal stream did float.

## XXXII

And others say, that, but when three hours old,  
The first-born Love out of his cradle leapt,  
And clove dun Chaos with his wings of gold,  
And like an horticultural adept,  
Stole a strange seed, and wrapped it up in mould,  
And sowed it in his mother's star, and kept  
Watering it all the summer with sweet dew,  
And with his wings fanning it as it grew.

## XXXIII

The plant grew strong and green, the snowy flower  
Fell, and the long and gourd-like fruit began  
To turn the light and dew by inward power  
To its own substance ; woven tracery ran  
Of light firm texture, ribbed and branching, o'er  
The solid rind, like a leaf's veinèd fan—  
Of which Love scooped this boat—and with soft motion  
Piloted it round the circumfluous ocean.

## XXXIV

This boat she moored upon her fount, and lit  
A living spirit within all its frame,  
Breathing the soul of swiftness into it.  
Couched on the fountain like a panther tame,  
One of the twain at Evan's feet that sit—  
Or as on Vesta's sceptre a swift flame—  
Or on blind Homer's heart a wingèd thought,—  
In joyous expectation lay the boat.

## XXXV

Then by strange art she kneaded fire and snow  
Together, tempering the repugnant mass  
With liquid love—all things together grow  
Through which the harmony of love can pass ;  
And a fair Shape out of her hands did flow—  
A living Image, which did far surpass  
In beauty that bright shape of vital stone  
Which drew the heart out of Pygmalion.

## XXXVI

A sexless thing it was, and in its growth  
 It seemed to have developed no defect  
 Of either sex, yet all the grace of both,—  
 In gentleness and strength its limbs were decked ;  
 The bosom swelled lightly with its full youth,  
 The countenance was such as might select  
 Some artist that his skill should never die,  
 Imaging forth such perfect purity.

## XXXVII

From its smooth shoulders hung two rapid wings,  
 Fit to have borne it to the seventh sphere  
 Tipped with the speed of liquid lightnings,  
 Dyed in the ardours of the atmosphere :  
 She led her creature to the boiling springs  
 Where the light boat was moored, and said : " Sit here ! "  
 And pointed to the prow, and took her seat  
 Beside the rudder, with opposing feet.

## XXXVIII

And down the streams which clove those mountains vast,  
 Around their inland islets, and amid  
 The panther-peopled forests, whose shade cast  
 Darkness and odours, and a pleasure hid  
 In melancholy gloom, the pinnacle passed ;  
 By many a star-surrounded pyramid  
 Of icy crag cleaving the purple sky,  
 And caverns yawning round unfathomably.

## XXXIX

The silver noon into that winding dell,  
 With slanted gleam athwart the forest tops,  
 Tempered like golden evening, feebly fell ;  
 A green and glowing light, like that which drops  
 From folded lilies in which glow-worms dwell,  
 When Earth over her face Night's mantle wraps ;  
 Between the severed mountains lay on high,  
 Over the stream, a narrow rift of sky.

## XL

And ever as she went, the Image lay  
 With folded wings and unawakened eyes ;  
 And o'er its gentle countenance did play  
 The busy dreams, as thick as summer flies,  
 Chasing the rapid smiles that would not stay,  
 And drinking the warm tears, and the sweet sighs  
 Inhaling, which, with busy murmur vain,  
 They had aroused from that full heart and brain.

## XLI

And ever down the prone vale, like a cloud  
 Upon a stream of wind, the pinnacle went :

Now lingering on the pools, in which abode  
 The calm and darkness of the deep content  
 In which they paused ; now o'er the shallow road  
 Of white and dancing waters, all besprent  
 With sand and polished pebbles :—mortal boat  
 In such a shallow rapid could not float.

## XLII

And down the earthquaking cataracts which shiver  
 Their snow-like waters into golden air,  
 Or under chasms unfathomable ever  
 Sepulchre them, till in their rage they tear  
 A subterranean portal for the river  
 It fled—the circling sunbows did upbear  
 Its fall down the hoar precipice of spray,  
 Lighting if far upon its lampless way.

## XLIII

And when the wizard lady would ascend  
 The labyrinths of some many-winding vale,  
 Which to the inmost mountain upward tend—  
 She called “ Hermaphroditus ! ”—and the pale  
 And heavy hue which slumber could extend  
 Over its lips and eyes, as on the gale  
 A rapid shadow from a slope of grass,  
 Into the darkness of the stream did pass.

## XLIV

And it unfurled its heaven-coloured pinions,  
 With stars of fire spotting the stream below,  
 And from above into the Sun's dominions  
 Flinging a glory,—like the golden glow  
 In which Spring clothes her emerald-wingèd minions,  
 All interwoven with fine feathery snow,  
 And moonlight splendour of intensest rime,  
 With which frost paints the pines in winter time.

## XLV

And then it winnowed the Elysian air  
 Which ever hung about that lady bright,  
 With its aethereal vans—and speeding there,  
 Like a star up the torrent of the night,  
 Or a swift eagle in the morning glare  
 Breasting the whirlwind with impetuous flight,  
 The pinnacle, oared by those enchanted wings,  
 Clove the fierce streams towards their upper springs.

## XLVI

The water flashed, like sunlight by the prow  
 Of a noon-wandering meteor flung to Heaven ;  
 The still air seemed as if its waves did flow  
 In tempest down the mountains ; loosely driven  
 The lady's radiant hair streamed to and fro :  
 Beneath, the billows having vainly striven

Indignant and impetuous, roared to feel  
The swift and steady motion of the keel.

## XLVII

Or, when the weary moon was in the wane,  
Or in the noon of interlunar night,  
The lady-witch in visions could not chain  
Her spirit ; but sailed forth under the light  
Of shooting stars, and bade extend amain  
Its storm-outspeeding wings, the Hermaphrodite ;  
She to the Austral waters took her way,  
Beyond the fabulous Thamondocana,—

## XLVIII

Where, like a meadow which no scythe has shaven,  
Which rain could never bend, or whirl-blast shake,  
With the Antarctic constellations paven,  
Canopus and his crew, lay the Austral lake—  
There she would build herself a windless haven  
Out of the clouds whose moving turrets make  
The bastions of the storm, when through the sky  
The spirits of the tempest thundered by :

## XLIX

A haven beneath whose translucent floor  
The tremulous stars sparkled unfathomably,  
And around which the solid vapours hoar,  
Based on the level waters, to the sky  
Lifted their dreadful crags, and like a shore  
Of wintry mountains, inaccessibly  
Hemmed in with rifts and precipices gray,  
And hanging crags, many a cove and bay.

## L

And whilst the outer lake beneath the lash  
Of the winds' scourge, foamed like a wounded thing,  
And the incessant hail with stony clash  
Ploughed up the waters, and the flagging wing  
Of the roused cormorant in the lightning flash  
Looked like the wreck of some wind-wandering  
Fragment of inky thunder-smoke—this haven  
Was as a gem to copy Heaven engraven,—

## LI

On which that lady played her many pranks,  
Circling the image of a shooting star,  
Even as a tiger on Hydaspes' banks  
Outspeeds the antelopes which speediest are,  
In her light boat ; and many quips and cranks  
She played upon the water, till the car  
Of the late moon, like a sick matron wan,  
To journey from the misty east began.

## LII

And then she called out of the hollow turrets  
 Of those high clouds, white, golden and vermilion,  
 The armies of her ministering spirits—  
 In mighty legions, million after million,  
 They came, each troop emblazoning its merits  
 On meteor flags ; and many a proud pavilion  
 Of the intertexture of the atmosphere  
 They pitched upon the plain of the calm mere.

## LIII

They framed the imperial tent of their great Queen  
 Of woven exhalations, underlaid  
 With lambent lightning-fire, as may be seen  
 A dome of thin and open ivory inlaid  
 With crimson silk—cressets from the serene  
 Hung there, and on the water for her tread  
 A tapestry of fleece-like mist was strewn,  
 Dyed in the beams of the ascending moon.

## LIV

And on a throne o'erlaid with starlight, caught  
 Upon those wandering isles of aery dew,  
 Which highest shoals of mountain shipwreck not,  
 She sate, and heard all that had happened new  
 Between the earth and moon, since they had brought  
 The last intelligence—and now she grew  
 Pale as that moon, lost in the watery night—  
 And now she wept, and now she laughed outright.

## LV

These were tame pleasures ; she would often climb  
 The steepest ladder of the crudded rack  
 Up to some beakèd cape of cloud sublime,  
 And like Arion on the dolphin's back  
 Ride singing through the shoreless air ;—oft-time  
 Following the serpent lightning's winding track,  
 She ran upon the platforms of the wind,  
 And laughed to hear the fire-balls roar behind.

## LVI

And sometimes to those streams of upper air  
 Which whirl the earth in its diurnal round,  
 She would ascend, and win the spirits there  
 To let her join their chorus. Mortals found  
 That on those days the sky was calm and fair,  
 And mystic snatches of harmonious sound  
 Wandered upon the earth where'er she passed,  
 And happy thoughts of hope, too sweet to last.

## LVII

But her choice sport was, in the hours of sleep,  
 To glide adown old Nilus, when he threads

Egypt and Aethiopia, from the steep  
 Of utmost Axume, until he spreads,  
 Like a calm flock of silver-fleecèd sheep,  
 His waters on the plain : and crested heads  
 Of cities and proud temples gleam amid,  
 And many a vapour-belted pyramid.

## LVIII

By Moeris and the Mareotid lakes,  
 Strewn with faint blooms like bridal chamber floors,  
 Where naked boys bridling tame water-snakes,  
 Or charioteering ghastly alligators,  
 Had left on the sweet waters mighty wakes  
 Of those huge forms—within the brazen doors  
 Of the great Labyrinth slept both boy and beast,  
 Tired with the pomp of their Osirian feast.

## LIX

And where within the surface of the river  
 The shadows of the massy temples lie,  
 And never are erased—but tremble ever  
 Like things which every cloud can doom to die,  
 Through lotus-pav'n canals, and wheresoever  
 The works of man pierced that serenest sky  
 With tombs, and towers, and fanes, 'twas her delight  
 To wander in the shadow of the night.

## LX

With motion like the spirit of that wind  
 Whose soft step deepens slumber, her light feet  
 Passed through the peopled haunts of human kind,  
 Scattering sweet visions from her presence sweet,  
 Through fane, and palace-court, and labyrinth mined  
 With many a dark and subterranean street  
 Under the Nile, through chambers high and deep  
 She passed, observing mortals in their sleep.

## LXI

A pleasure sweet doubtless it was to see  
 Mortals subdued in all the shapes of sleep.  
 Here lay two sister twins in infancy ;  
 There, a lone youth who in his dreams did weep ;  
 Within, two lovers linkèd innocently,  
 In their loose locks which over both did creep  
 Like ivy from one stem ;—and there lay calm  
 Old age with snow-bright hair and folded palm.

## LXII

But other troubled forms of sleep she saw,  
 Not to be mirrored in a holy song—  
 Distortions foul of supernatural awe,  
 And pale imaginings of visioned wrong ;  
 And all the code of Custom's lawless law  
 Written upon the brows of old and young :

“ This,” said the wizard maiden, “ is the strife  
Which stirs the liquid surface of man’s life.”

## LXIII

And little did the sight disturb her soul.—

We, the weak mariners of that wide lake  
Where’er its shores extend or billows roll,

Our course unpiloted and starless make  
O’er its wild surface to an unknown goal :—

But she in the calm depths her way could take,  
Where in bright bowers immortal forms abide  
Beneath the weltering of the restless tide.

## LXIV

And she saw princes couched under the glow

Of sunlike gems ; and round each temple-court  
In dormitories ranged, row after row,

She saw the priests asleep—all of one sort—  
For all were educated to be so.—

The peasants in their huts, and in the port  
The sailors she saw cradled on the waves,  
And the dead lulled within their dreamless graves.

## LXV

And all the forms in which those spirits lay

Were to her sight like the diaphanous  
Veils, in which those sweet ladies oft array

Their delicate limbs, who would conceal from us  
Only their scorn of all concealment : they

Move in the light of their own beauty thus.  
But these and all now lay with sleep upon them,  
And little thought a Witch was looking on them.

## LXVI

She, all those human figures breathing there,

Beheld as living spirits—to her eyes  
The naked beauty of the soul lay bare,

And often through a rude and worn disguise  
She saw the inner form most bright and fair—

And then she had a charm of strange device,  
Which, murmured on mute lips the tender tone,  
Could make that spirit mingle with her own.

## LXVII

Alas ! Aurora, what wouldst thou have given  
For such a charm when Tithon became gray ?

Or how much, Venus, of thy silver Heaven  
Wouldst thou have yielded, ere Proserpina

Had half (oh ! why not all ?) the debt forgiven  
Which dear Adonis had been doomed to pay,

To any witch who would have taught you it ?  
The Heliad doth not know its value yet.

## LXVIII

'Tis said in after times her spirit free  
 Knew what love was, and felt itself alone—  
 But holy Dian could not chaster be  
 Before she stooped to kiss Endymion,  
 Than now this lady—like a sexless bee  
 Tasting all blossoms, and confined to none,  
 Among those mortal forms, the wizard-maiden  
 Passed with an eye serene and heart unladen.

## LXIX

To those she saw most beautiful, she gave  
 Strange panacea in a crystal bowl :—  
 They drank in their deep sleep of that sweet wave,  
 And lived thenceforward as if some control,  
 Mightier than life, were in them ; and the grave  
 Of such, when death oppressed the weary soul,  
 Was as a green and overarching bower  
 Lit by the gems of many a starry flower.

## LXX

For on the night that they were buried, she  
 Restored the embalmers' ruining, and shook  
 The light out of the funeral lamps, to be  
 A mimic day within that deathly nook ;  
 And she unwound the woven imagery  
 Of second childhood's swaddling bands, and took  
 The coffin, its last cradle, from its niche,  
 And threw it with contempt into a ditch.

## LXXI

And there the body lay, age after age,  
 Mute, breathing, beating, warm, and undecaying,  
 Like one asleep in a green hermitage,  
 With gentle smiles about its eyelids playing,  
 And living in its dreams beyond the rage  
 Of death or life ; while they were still arraying  
 In liveries ever new, the rapid, blind  
 And fleeting generations of mankind.

## LXXII

And she would write strange dreams upon the brain  
 Of those who were less beautiful, and make  
 All harsh and crooked purposes more vain  
 Than in the desert is the serpent's wake  
 Which the sand covers—all his evil gain  
 The miser in such dreams would rise and shake  
 Into a beggar's lap ;—the lying scribe  
 Would his own lies betray without a bribe.

## LXXIII

The priests would write an explanation full,  
 Translating hieroglyphics into Greek,

How the God Apis really was a bull,  
 And nothing more ; and bid the herald stick  
 The same against the temple doors, and pull  
 The old cant down ; they licensed all to speak  
 Whate'er they thought of hawks, and cats, and geese,  
 By pastoral letters to each diocese.

## LXXIV

The king would dress an ape up in his crown  
 And robes, and seat him on his glorious seat,  
 And on the right hand of the sunlike throne  
 Would place a gaudy mock-bird to repeat  
 The chatterings of the monkey.—Every one  
 Of the prone courtiers crawled to kiss the feet  
 Of their great Emperor, when the morning came,  
 And kissed—alas, how many kiss the same !

## LXXV

The soldiers dreamed that they were blacksmiths, and  
 Walked out of quarters in somnambulism ;  
 Round the red anvils you might see them stand  
 Like Cyclopes in Vulcan's sooty abysm,  
 Beating their swords to ploughshares ;—in a band  
 The gaolers sent those of the liberal schism  
 Free through the streets of Memphis, much, I wis,  
 To the annoyance of king Amasis.

## LXXVI

And timid lovers who had been so coy,  
 They hardly knew whether they loved or not,  
 Would rise out of their rest, and take sweet joy,  
 To the fulfilment of their inmost thought ;  
 And when next day the maiden and the boy  
 Met one another, both, like sinners caught,  
 Blushed at the thing which each believed was done  
 Only in fancy—till the tenth moon shone ;

## LXXVII

And then the Witch would let them take no ill :  
 Of many thousand schemes which lovers find,  
 The Witch found one,—and so they took their fill  
 Of happiness in marriage warm and kind.  
 Friends who, by practice of some envious skill,  
 Were torn apart—a wide wound, mind from mind !—  
 She did unite again with visions clear  
 Of deep affection and of truth sincere.

## LXXVIII

These were the pranks she played among the cities  
 Of mortal men, and what she did to Sprites  
 And Gods, entangling them in her sweet ditties  
 To do her will, and show their subtle sleights,  
 I will declare another time ; for it is  
 A tale more fit for the weird winter nights  
 Than for these garish summer days, when we  
 Scarcely believe much more than we can see.

## ODE TO NAPLES

[Comp. August 17-25, 1820. Publ. 1824.]

EPODE I *a*

I STOOD within the city disinterred ; \*  
 And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls  
 Of spirits passing through the streets ; and heard  
 The Mountain's slumberous voice at intervals  
 Thrill through those roofless halls ;  
 The oracular thunder penetrating shook  
 The listening soul in my suspended blood ;  
 I felt that Earth out of her deep heart spoke—  
 I felt, but heard not :—through white columns glowed  
 The isle-sustaining ocean-flood,  
 A plane of light between two heavens of azure !  
 Around me gleamed many a bright sepulchre  
 Of whose pure beauty, Time, as if his pleasure  
 Were to spare Death, had never made erasure ;  
 But every living lineament was clear  
 As in the sculptor's thought ; and there  
 The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy, and pine,  
 Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow,  
 Seemed only not to move and grow  
 Because the crystal silence of the air  
 Weighed on their life ; even as the Power divine  
 Which then lulled all things, brooded upon mine.

EPODE II *a*

Then gentle winds arose  
 With many a mingled close  
 Of wild Aeolian sound, and mountain-odours keen ;  
 And where the Baian ocean  
 Welters with airlike motion,  
 Within, above, around its bowers of starry green,  
 Moving the sea-flowers in those purple caves,  
 Even as the ever stormless atmosphere  
 Floats o'er the Elysian realm,  
 It bore me, like an Angel, o'er the waves  
 Of sunlight, whose swift pinnacle of dewy air  
 No storm can overwhelm.  
 I sailed, where ever flows  
 Under the calm Serene  
 A spirit of deep emotion

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\* The Author has connected many recollections of his visit to Pompeii and Baiae with the enthusiasm excited by the intelligence of the proclamation of a Constitutional Government at Naples. This has given a tinge of picturesque and descriptive imagery to the introductory Epodes which depict these scenes, and some of the majestic feelings permanently connected with the scene of this animating event.

From the unknown graves  
 Of the dead Kings of Melody.\*  
 Shadowy Aornos darkened o'er the helm  
 The horizontal aether ; Heaven stripped bare  
 Its depth over Elysium, where the prow  
 Made the invisible water white as snow ;  
 From that Typhaean mount, Inarime,  
 There streamed a sunbright vapour, like the standard  
 Of some aethereal host ;  
 Whilst from all the coast,  
 Louder and louder, gathering round, there wandered  
 Over the oracular woods and divine sea  
 Propesyings which grew articulate—  
 They seize me—I must speak them !—be they fate !

## STROPHE I

Naples ! thou Heart of men which ever pantest  
 Naked, beneath the lidless eye of Heaven !  
 Elysian City, which to calm enchantest  
 The mutinous air and sea ! they round thee, even  
 As sleep round Love, are driven !  
 Metropolis of a ruined Paradise  
 Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained !  
 Bright Altar of the bloodless sacrifice,  
 Which armèd Victory offers up unstained  
 To Love, the flower-enchained !  
 Thou which wert once, and then didst cease to be,  
 Now art, and henceforth ever shalt be, free,  
 If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail,—  
 Hail, hail, all hail !

## STROPHE II

Thou youngest giant birth  
 Which from the groaning earth  
 Leap'st, clothed in armour of impenetrable scale !  
 Last of the Intercessors !  
 Who 'gainst the Crowned Transgressors  
 Pleadest before God's love ! Arrayed in Wisdom's mail,  
 Wave thy lightning lance in mirth  
 Nor let thy high heart fail,  
 Though from their hundred gates the leagued Oppressors  
 With hurried legions move !  
 Hail, hail, all hail !

## ANTISTROPHE I a

What though Cimmerian Anarchs dare blaspheme  
 Freedom and thee ? thy shield is as a mirror  
 To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce gleam  
 To turn his hungry sword upon the wearer ;  
 A new Actaeon's error  
 Shall theirs have been—devoured by their own hounds !  
 Be thou like the imperial Basilisk

\* Homer and Virgil.

Killing thy foe with unapparent wounds !  
 Gaze on Oppression, till at that dread risk  
 Aghast she pass from the Earth's disk :  
 Fear not, but gaze—for freemen mightier grow,  
 And slaves more feeble, gazing on their foe :—  
 If Hope, and Truth, and Justice may avail,  
 Thou shalt be great—All hail !

ANTISTROPHE II  $\alpha$ 

From Freedom's form divine,  
 From Nature's inmost shrine,  
 Strip every impious gawd, rend Error veil by veil ;  
 O'er Ruin desolate,  
 O'er Falsehood's fallen state,  
 Sit thou sublime, unawed ; be the Destroyer pale !  
 And equal laws be thine,  
 And wingèd words let sail,  
 Freightèd with truth even from the throne of God :  
 That wealth, surviving fate,  
 Be thine.—All hail !

ANTISTROPHE I  $\beta$ 

Didst thou not start to hear Spain's thrilling paean  
 From land to land re-echoed solemnly,  
 Till silence became music ? From the Aeaean \*  
 To the cold Alps, eternal Italy  
 Starts to hear thine ! The Sea  
 Which paves the desert streets of Venice laughs  
 In light and music ; widowed Genoa wan  
 By moonlight spells ancestral epitaphs,  
 Murmuring, " Where is Doria ? " fair Milan,  
 Within whose veins long ran  
 The viper's † palsyng venom, lifts her heel  
 To bruise his head. The signal and the seal  
 (If Hope and Truth and Justice can avail)  
 Art thou of all these hopes.—O hail !

ANTISTROPHE II  $\beta$ 

Florence ! beneath the sun,  
 Of cities fairest one,  
 Blushes within her bower for Freedom's expectation :  
 From eyes of quenchless hope  
 Rome tears the priestly cope,  
 As ruling once by power, so now by admiration,—  
 An athlete stripped to run  
 From a remoter station  
 For the high prize lost on Philippi's shore —  
 As then Hope, Truth, and Justice did avail,  
 So now may Fraud and Wrong ! O hail !

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\* Aeaëa, the island of Circe.

† The viper was the armorial device of the Visconti, tyrants of Milan.

EPODE I  $\beta$ 

Hear ye the march as of the Earth-born Forms  
 Arrayed against the ever-living Gods ?  
 The crash and darkness of a thousand storms  
 Bursting their inaccessible abodes  
 Of crags and thunder-clouds ?  
 See ye the banners blazoned to the day,  
 Inwrought with emblems of barbaric pride ?  
 Dissonant threats kill Silence far away,  
 The serene Heaven which wraps our Eden wide  
 With iron light is dyed ;  
 The Anarchs of the North lead forth their legions  
 Like Chaos o'er creation, uncreating ;  
 An hundred tribes nourished on strange religions  
 And lawless slaveries,—down the aerial regions  
 Of the white Alps, desolating,  
 Famished wolves that bide no waiting,  
 Blotting the glowing footsteps of old glory,  
 Trampling our columned cities into dust,  
 Their dull and savage lust  
 On Beauty's corse to sickness satiating—  
 They come ! The fields they tread look black and hoary  
 With fire—from their red feet the streams run gory !

EPODE II  $\beta$ 

Great Spirit, deepest Love !  
 Which rulest and dost move  
 All things which live and are, within the Italian shore ;  
 Who spreadest Heaven around it,  
 Whose woods, rocks, waves, surround it ;  
 Who sittest in thy star, o'er Ocean's western floor ;  
 Spirit of beauty ! at whose soft command  
 The sunbeams and the showers distil its foison  
 From the Earth's bosom chill ;  
 Oh, bid those beams be each a blinding brand  
 Of lightning ! bid those showers be-dews of poison !  
 Bid the Earth's plenty kill !  
 Bid thy bright Heaven above,  
 Whilst light and darkness bound it,  
 Be their tomb who planned  
 To make it ours and thine !  
 Or, with thine harmonizing ardours fill  
 And raise thy sons, as o'er the prone horizon  
 Thy lamp feeds every twilight wave with fire—  
 Be man's high hope and unextinct desire  
 The instrument to work thy will divine !  
 Then clouds from sunbeams, antelopes from leopards,  
 And frowns and fears from thee,  
 Would not more swiftly flee  
 Than Celtic wolves from the Ausonian shepherds.—  
 Whatever, Spirit, from thy starry shrine  
 Thou yieldest or withholdest, oh, let be  
 This city of thy worship ever free !

## AUTUMN : A DIRGE

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,  
 The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,  
 And the Year  
 On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,  
 Is lying.  
 Come, Months, come away,  
 From November to May,  
 In your saddest array ;  
 Follow the bier  
 Of the dead cold Year,  
 And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

## II

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,  
 The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling  
 For the Year ;  
 The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone  
 To his dwelling ;  
 Come, Months, come away ;  
 Put on white, black, and gray ;  
 Let your light sisters play—  
 Ye, follow the bier  
 Of the dead cold Year,  
 And make her grave green with tear on tear.

## THE WANING MOON

[Publ. 1824.]

AND like a dying lady, lean and pale,  
 Who totters forth, wrapped in a gauzy veil,  
 Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
 And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,  
 The moon arose up in the murky East,  
 A white and shapeless mass—

## DEATH

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

DEATH is here and death is there,  
 Death is busy everywhere,  
 All around, within, beneath,  
 Above is death—and we are death.

## II

Death has set his mark and seal  
 On all we are and all we feel  
 On all we know and all we fear,  
 . . . . .

## III

First our pleasures die—and then  
 Our hopes, and then our fears—and when  
 These are dead, the debt is due,  
 Dust claims dust—and we die too.

## IV

All things that we love and cherish,  
 Like ourselves must fade and perish ;  
 Such is our rude mortal lot—  
 Love itself would, did they not.

## LIBERTY

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

THE fiery mountains answer each other ;  
 Their thunderings are echoed from zone to zone ;  
 The tempestuous oceans awake one another,  
 And the ice-rocks are shaken round Winter's throne,  
 When the clarion of the Typhoon is blown.

## II

From a single cloud the lightning flashes,  
 Whilst a thousand isles are illumined around,  
 Earthquake is trampling one city to ashes,  
 An hundred are shuddering and tottering ; the sound  
 Is bellowing underground.

## III

But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,  
 And swifter thy step than the earthquake's tramp ;  
 Thou deafenest the rage of the ocean ; thy stare  
 Makes blind the volcanoes ; the sun's bright lamp  
 To thine is a fen-fire damp.

## IV

From billow and mountain and exhalation  
 The sunlight is darted through vapour and blast ;  
 From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,  
 From city to hamlet thy dawning is cast,—  
 And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night  
 In the van of the morning light.

## SUMMER AND WINTER

[Publ. 1829.]

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,  
 Towards the end of the sunny month of June,  
 When the north wind congregates in crowds  
 The floating mountains of the silver clouds  
 From the horizon—and the stainless sky  
 Opens beyond them like eternity.  
 All things rejoiced beneath the sun ; the weeds,  
 The river, and the cornfields, and the reeds ;  
 The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,  
 And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

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 ; and when,  
 Among their children, comfortable men  
 Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold :  
 Alas, then, for the homeless beggar old !

## THE TOWER OF FAMINE

[Publ. 1829.]

AMID the desolation of a city,  
 Which was the cradle, and is now the grave  
 Of an extinguished people,—so that Pity

Weeps o'er the shipwrecks of Oblivion's wave,  
 There stands the Tower of Famine. It is built  
 Upon some prison-homes, whose dwellers rave

For bread, and gold, and blood : Pain, linked to Guilt,  
 Agitates the light flame of their hours,  
 Until its vital oil is spent or spilt.

There stands the pile, a tower amid the towers  
 And sacred domes ; each marble-ribbed roof,  
 The brazen-gated temples, and the bowers

Of solitary wealth,—the tempest-proof  
 Pavilions of the dark Italian air,—  
 Are by its presence dimmed—they stand aloof,

And are withdrawn—so that the world is bare ;  
 As if a spectre wrapped in shapeless terror  
 Amid a company of ladies fair

Should glide and glow, till it became a mirror  
 Of all their beauty, and their hair and hue,  
 The life of their sweet eyes, with all its error,  
 Should be absorbed, till they to marble grew.

## AN ALLEGORY

[Publ. 1824.]

### I

A PORTAL as of shadowy adamant  
 Stands yawning on the highway of the life  
 Which we all tread, a cavern huge and gaunt ;  
 Around it rages on unceasing strife  
 Of shadows, like the restless clouds that haunt  
 The gap of some cleft mountain, lifted high  
 Into the whirlwinds of the upper sky.

### II

And many pass it by with careless tread,  
 Not knowing that a shadowy . . .  
 Tracks every traveller even to where the dead  
 Wait peacefully for their companion new ;  
 But others, by more curious humour led,  
 Pause to examine ;—these are very few,  
 And they learn little there, except to know  
 That shadows follow them where'er they go.

## THE WORLD'S WANDERERS

[Publ. 1824.]

### I

TELL me, thou Star, whose wings of light  
 Speed thee in thy fiery flight,  
 In what cavern of the night  
 Will thy pinions close now ?

### II

Tell me, Moon, thou pale and gray  
 Pilgrim of Heaven's homeless way  
 In what depth of night or day  
 Seekest thou repose now ?

### III

Weary Wind, who wanderest  
 Like the world's rejected guest,  
 Hast thou still some secret nest  
 On the tree or billow ?

## SONNET

[Publ. 1823.]

YE hasten to the dead ! What seek ye there,  
 Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes  
 Of the idle brain, which the world's livery wear ?  
 O thou quick heart, which pantest to possess  
 All that pale Expectation feigneth fair !  
 Thou vainly curious mind which wouldest guess  
 Whence thou didst come, and whither thou must go,  
 And all that never yet was known would know—  
 Oh, whither hasten ye, that thus ye press,  
 With such swift feet life's green and pleasant path,  
 Seeking alike from happiness and woe  
 A refuge in the cavern of gray death ?  
 O heart, and mind, and thoughts ! what thing do you  
 Hope to inherit in the grave below ?

## ORPHEUS

[Last days of 1820 ? Publ. 1862.]

A. Not far from hence. From yonder pointed hill,  
 Crowned with a ring of oaks, you may behold  
 A dark and barren field, through which there flows,  
 Sluggish and black, a deep but narrow stream,  
 Which the wind ripples not, and the fair moon  
 Gazes in vain, and finds no mirror there.  
 Follows the herbless banks of that strange brook  
 Until you pause beside a darksome pond,  
 The fountain of this rivulet, whose gush  
 Cannot be seen, hid by a rayless night  
 That lives beneath the overhanging rock  
 That shades the pool—an endless spring of gloom,  
 Upon whose edge hovers the tender light,  
 Trembling to mingle with its paramour,—  
 But, as Syrinx fled Pan, so night flies day,

On one side of this jagged and shapeless hill  
 There is a cave, from which there eddies up  
 A pale mist, like aëreal gossamer,  
 Whose breath destroys all life—awhile it veils  
 The rock—then, scattered by the wind, it flies  
 Along the stream, or lingers on the clefts,

Upon the beetling edge of that dark rock  
 There stands a group of cypresses ; not such  
 As, with a graceful spire and stirring life,  
 Pierce the pure heaven of your native vale,  
 Whose branches the air plays among, but not  
 Disturbs, fearing to spoil their solemn grace ;

But blasted and all wearily they stand,  
 One to another clinging ; their weak boughs  
 Sigh as the wind buffets them, and they shake  
 Beneath its blasts—a weather-beaten crew !

*Chorus.* What wondrous sound is that, mournful and faint,  
 But more melodious than the murmuring wind  
 Which through the columns of a temple glides ?

*A.* It is the wandering voice of Orpheus' lyre,  
 Borne by the winds, who sigh that their rude king  
 Hurries them fast from these air-feeding notes ;  
 But in their speed they bear along with them  
 The waning sound, scattering it like dew  
 Upon the startled sense.

*Chorus.* Does he still sing ?  
 Methought he rashly cast away his harp  
 When he had lost Eurydice.

*A.* Alas !  
 In times long past, when fair Eurydice  
 With her bright eyes sat listening by his side,  
 He gently sang of high and heavenly themes.  
 As in a brook, fretted with little waves  
 By the light airs of spring—each riplet makes  
 A many-sided mirror for the sun.  
 While it flows musically through green banks,  
 Ceaseless and pauseless, ever clear and fresh,  
 So flowed his song, reflecting the deep joy  
 And tender love that fed those sweetest notes,  
 But that is past. Returning from drear Hell,  
 He chose a lonely seat of unhewn stone.  
 Blackened with lichens, on a herbless plain.  
 Then from the deep and overflowing spring  
 Of his eternal ever-moving grief,  
 There rose to Heaven a sound of angry song.  
 'Tis as a mighty cataract that parts  
 Two sister rocks with waters swift and strong,  
 And casts itself with horrid roar and din  
 Adown a steep ; from a perennial source  
 It ever flows and falls, and breaks the air  
 With loud and fierce, but most harmonious roar,  
 And as it falls casts up a vaporous spray  
 Which the sun clothes in hues of Iris light.  
 Thus the tempestuous torrent of his grief  
 Is clothed in sweetest sounds and varying words  
 Of poesy. Unlike all human works,  
 It never slackens, and through every change  
 Wisdom and beauty and the power divine  
 Of mighty poesy together dwell,  
 Mingling in sweet accord. As I have seen  
 A fierce south blast tear through the darkened sky,  
 Driving along a rack of wingèd clouds,  
 Which may not pause, but ever hurry on,  
 As their wild shepherd wills them, while the stars,  
 Twinkling and dim, peep from between the plumes.  
 Anon the sky is cleared, and the high dome  
 Of serene Heaven, starred with fiery flowers,

Shuts in the shaken earth ; or the still moon  
 Swiftly, yet gracefully, begins her walk,  
 Rising all bright behind the eastern hills.  
 I talk of moon, and wind, and stars, and not  
 Of song ; but, would I echo his high song,  
 Nature must lend me words ne'er used before,  
 Or I must borrow from her perfect works,  
 To picture forth his perfect attributes.  
 He does no longer sit upon his throne  
 Of rock upon a desert herbless plain,  
 For the evergreen and knotted ilexes,  
 And cypresses that seldom wave their boughs,  
 And sea-green olives with their grateful fruit,  
 And elms dragging along the twisted vines,  
 Which drop their berries as they follow fast,  
 And blackthorn bushes with their infant race  
 Of blushing rose-blooms ; beeches, to lovers dear,  
 And weeping willow trees ; all swift or slow,  
 As their huge boughs or lighter dress permit  
 Have circled in his throne, and Earth herself  
 Has sent from her maternal breast a growth  
 Of starlike flowers and herbs of odour sweet,  
 To pave the temple that his poesy  
 Has framed, while near his feet grim lions couch,  
 And kids, fearless from love, creep near his lair,  
 Even the blind worms seem to feel the sound.  
 The birds are silent, hanging down their heads,  
 Perched on the lowest branches of the trees ;  
 Not even the nightingale intrudes a note  
 In rivalry, but all entranced she listens.

### FIORDISPINA

[Late 1820. Publ. 1824 and 1862.]

THE season was the childhood of sweet June,  
 Whose sunny hours from morning until noon  
 Went creeping through the day with silent feet,  
 Each with its load of pleasure ; slow yet sweet ;  
 Like the long years of blest Eternity  
 Never to be developed. Joy to thee,  
 Fiordispina and thy Cosimo,  
 For thou the wonders of the depth canst know  
 Of this unfathomable flood of hours,  
 Sparkling beneath the heaven which embowers

They were two cousins, almost like to twins,  
 Except that from the catalogue of sins  
 Nature had rased their love—which could not be  
 But by dissevering their nativity.  
 And so they grew together like two flowers  
 Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers

Lull or awaken in their purple prime,  
 Which the same hand will gather—the same clime  
 Shake with decay. This fair day smiles to see  
 All those who love—and who e'er loved like thee,  
 Fiordispina? Scarcely Cosimo,  
 Within whose bosom and whose brain now glow  
 The ardours of a vision which obscure  
 The very idol of its portraiture.  
 He faints, dissolved into a sea of love;  
 But thou art as a planet sphered above;  
 But thou art Love itself—ruling the motion  
 Of his subjected spirit: such emotion  
 Must end in sin and sorrow, if sweet May  
 Had not brought forth this morn—your wedding-day.

“Lie there; sleep awhile in your own dew,  
 Ye faint-eyed children of the Hours,”  
 Fiordispina said, and threw the flowers  
 Which she had from the breathing

A table near of polished porphyry.  
 They seemed to wear a beauty from the eye  
 That looked on them—a fragrance from the touch  
 Whose warmth checked their life; a light such  
 As sleepers wear, lulled by the voice they love,  
 which did reprove  
 The childish pity that she felt for them,  
 And a remorse that from their stem  
 She had divided such fair shapes made  
 A feeling in the which was a shade  
 Of gentle beauty on the flowers: there lay  
 All gems that make the earth's dark bosom gay.  
 rods of myrtle-buds and lemon-blooms,  
 And that leaf tinted lightly which assumes  
 The livery of unremembered snow—  
 Violets whose eyes have drunk

Fiordispina and her nurse are now  
 Upon the steps of the high portico;  
 Under the withered arm of Media  
 She flings her glowing arm

step by step and stair by stair,  
 That withered woman, gray and white and brown—  
 More like a trunk by lichens overgrown  
 Than anything which once could have been human.  
 And ever as she goes the palsied woman

“How slow and painfully you seem to walk,  
 Poor Media! you tire yourself with talk.”

“And well it may,  
 Fiordispina, dearest—well-a-day!  
 You are hastening to a marriage-bed;  
 I to the grave!”—“And if my love were dead,  
 Unless my heart deceives me, I would lie

Beside him in my shroud as willingly  
 As now in the gay night-dress Lilla wrought."  
 "Fie, child! Let that unseasonable thought  
 Not be remembered till it snows in June;  
 Such fancies are a music out of tune  
 With the sweet dance your heart must keep to-night.  
 What! would you take all beauty and delight  
 Back to the Paradise from which you sprung,  
 And leave to grosser mortals  
 And say, sweet lamb, would you not learn the sweet  
 And subtle mystery by which spirits meet?  
 Who knows whether the loving game is played,  
 When, once of mortal [vesture] disarrayed,  
 The naked soul goes wandering here and there  
 Through the wide deserts of Elysian air?  
 The violet dies not till it——"

### GOOD-NIGHT

[Also in Italian, for Emilia Viviani? late 1820? Publ. 1822.]

#### I

GOOD-NIGHT? ah! no; the hour is ill  
 Which severs those it should unite;  
 Let us remain together still,  
 Then it will be *good* night.

#### II

How can I call the lone night good,  
 Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?  
 Be it not said, thought, understood—  
 Then it will be—*good* night.

#### III

To hearts which near each other move  
 From evening close to morning light,  
 The night is good; because, my love,  
 They never *say* good-night.

# VI. Unrest and Gloom

1821-1822

## DIRGE FOR THE YEAR

[Jan. 1, 1821. Publ. 1824.]

I

ORPHAN Hours, the Year is dead,  
Come and sigh, come and weep !  
Merry Hours, smile instead,  
For the Year is but asleep.  
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,  
Mocking your untimely weeping.

II

As an earthquake rocks a corpse  
In its coffin in the clay,  
So White Winter, that rough nurse,  
Rocks the death-cold Year to-day ;  
Solemn Hours ! wail aloud  
For your mother in her shroud.

III

As the wild air stirs and sways  
The tree-swung cradle of a child,  
So the breath of these rude days  
Rocks the Year :—be calm and mild,  
Trembling Hours, she will arise  
With new love within her eyes.

IV

January gray is here,  
Like a sexton by her grave ;  
February bears the bier,  
March with grief doth howl and rave,  
And April weeps—but, O ye Hours !  
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

## TO NIGHT

[Pub. 1824.]

I

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,  
Spirit of Night !  
Out of the misty eastern cave,  
Where, all the long and lone daylight,

Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,  
Which make thee terrible and dear,—  
Swift be thy flight !

## II

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,  
Star-inwrought !  
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day ;  
Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,  
Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
Come, long-sought !

## III

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
I sighed for thee ;  
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
And the weary Day turned to his rest,  
Lingering like an unloved guest,  
I sighed for thee.

## IV

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
Wouldst thou me ?  
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
Murmured like a noontide bee,  
Shall I nestle near thy side ?  
Wouldst thou me ?—And I replied,  
No, not thee !

## V

Death will come when thou art dead,  
Soon, too soon—  
Sleep will come when thou art fled ;  
Of neither would I ask the boon  
I ask of thee, belovèd Night—  
Swift be thine approaching flight,  
Come soon, soon !

## TIME

[Publ. 1824.]

UNFATHOMABLE Sea ! whose waves are years,  
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe  
Are brackish with the salt of human tears !  
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow  
Claspest the limits of mortality,  
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,  
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore ;  
Traucherous in calm, and terrible in storm,  
Who shall put forth on thee,  
Unfathomable Sea ?

## LINES

[Publ. 1829.]

## I

FAR, far away, O ye  
 Halcyons of Memory,  
 Seek some far calmer nest  
 Than this abandoned breast !  
 No news of your false spring  
 To my heart's winter bring,  
 Once having gone, in vain  
     Ye come again.

## II

Vultures, who build your bowers  
 High in the Future's towers,  
 Withered hopes on hopes are spread !  
 Dying joys, choked by the dead,  
 Will serve your beaks for prey  
     Many a day.

## FROM THE ARABIC: AN IMITATION

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

My faint spirit was sitting in the light  
     Of thy looks, my love ;  
 It panted for thee like the hind at noon  
     For the brooks, my love.  
 Thy barb whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight  
     Bore thee far from me ;  
 My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,  
     Did companion thee.

## II

Ah ! fleetest far than fleetest storm or steed,  
     Or the death they bear,  
 The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove  
     With the wings of care ;  
 In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,  
     Shall mine cling to thee,  
 Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,  
     It may bring to thee.

## EPIPSYCHIDION

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE NOBLE AND UNFORTUNATE  
LADY EMILIA V——

NOW IMPRISONED IN THE CONVENT OF ——

L'anima amante si slancia fuori del creato, e si crea nell'  
infinito un Mondo tutto per essa, diverso assai da questo oscuro  
e pauroso baratro. HER OWN WORDS.

(*Epipsychidion* was composed at Pisa, Jan., Feb., 1821, and published without the author's name, in the following summer).

## ADVERTISEMENT

The Writer of the following lines died at Florence, as he was preparing for a voyage to one of the wildest of the Sporades, which he had bought, and where he had fitted up the ruins of an old building, and where it was his hope to have realised a scheme of life, suited perhaps to that happier and better world of which he is now an inhabitant, but hardly practicable in this. His life was singular; less on account of the romantic vicissitudes which diversified it, than the ideal tinge which it received from his own character and feelings. The present Poem, like the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, is sufficiently intelligible to a certain class of readers without a matter-of-fact history of the circumstances to which it relates; and to a certain other class it must ever remain incomprehensible, from a defect of a common organ of perception for the ideas of which it treats. Not but that *gran vergogna sarebbe a colui, che rimasse cosa sotto veste di figura, o di colore rettorico: e domandato non sapesse denudare le sue parole da cotal veste, in guisa che avessero verace intendimento.*

The present poem appears to have been intended by the Writer as the dedication to some longer one. The stanza following is almost a literal translation from Dante's famous Canzone

*Voi, ch' intendendo, il terzo ciel movete, etc.*

The presumptuous application of the concluding lines to his own composition will raise a smile at the expense of my unfortunate friend: be it a smile not of contempt, but pity. S.

My song, I fear that thou wilt find but few  
Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning,  
Of such hard matter dost thou entertain;  
Whence, if by misadventure, chance should bring  
Thee to base company (as chance may do),  
Quite unaware of what thou dost contain,  
I prithee, comfort thy sweet self again,  
My last delight! tell them that they are dull,  
And bid them own that thou art beautiful.

## EPIPSYCHIDION

SWEET Spirit ! Sister of that orphan one,  
 Whose empire is the name thou weepst on,  
 In my heart's temple I suspend to thee  
 These votive wreaths of withered memory.

Poor captive bird ! who, from thy narrow cage,  
 Pourest such music, that it might assuage  
 The rugged hearts of those who prisoned thee,  
 Were they not deaf to all sweet melody ;  
 This song shall be thy rose : its petals pale  
 Are dead, indeed, my adored Nightingale !  
 But soft and fragrant is the faded blossom,  
 And it has no thorn left to wound thy bosom.

High, spirit-wingèd Heart ! who dost for ever  
 Beat thine unfeeling bars with vain endeavour,  
 Till those bright plumes of thought, in which arrayed  
 It over-soared this low and worldly shade,  
 Lie shattered ; and thy panting, wounded breast  
 Stains with dear blood its unmaternal nest !  
 I weep vain tears : blood would less bitter be,  
 Yet poured forth gladlier, could it profit thee.

Seraph of Heaven ! too gentle to be human,  
 Vailing beneath that radiant form of Woman  
 All that is insupportable in thee  
 Of light, and love, and immortality !  
 Sweet Benediction in the eternal Curse !  
 Veiled Glory of this lampless Universe !  
 Thou Moon beyond the clouds ! Thou living Form  
 Among the Dead ! Thou Star above the Storm !  
 Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror !  
 Thou Harmony of Nature's art ! Thou Mirror  
 In whom, as in the splendour of the Sun,  
 All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on !  
 Ay, even the dim words which obscure thee now  
 Flash, lightning-like, with unaccustomed glow ;  
 I pray thee that thou blot from this sad song  
 All of its much mortality and wrong,  
 With those clear drops, which start like sacred dew  
 From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens through,  
 Weeping, till sorrow becomes ecstasy :  
 Then smile on it, so that it may not die.

I never thought before my death to see  
 Youth's vision thus made perfect. Emily,  
 I love thee ; though the world by no thin name  
 Will hide that love from its unvalued shame.  
 Would we two had been twins of the same mother !  
 Or, that the name my heart lent to another  
 Could be a sister's bond for her and thee,  
 Blending two beams of one eternity !  
 Yet were one lawful and the other true,  
 These names, though dear, could paint not, as is due,  
 How beyond refuge I am thine. Ah me !  
 I am not thine : I am a part of *thee*.

Sweet Lamp ! my moth-like Muse has burned its wings  
 Or, like a dying swan who soars and sings,  
 Young Love should teach Time, in his own gray style,  
 All that thou art. Art thou not void of guile,  
 A lovely soul formed to be blessed and bless ?  
 A well of sealed and secret happiness,  
 Whose waters like blithe light and music are,  
 Vanquishing dissonance and gloom ? A Star  
 Which moves not in the moving heavens, alone ?  
 A Smile amid dark frowns ? a gentle tone  
 Amid rude voices ? a beloved light ?  
 A Solitude, a Refuge, a Delight ?  
 A Lute, which those whom Love has taught to play  
 Make music on, to soothe the roughest day  
 And lull fond Grief asleep ? a buried treasure ?  
 A cradle of young thoughts of wingless pleasure ?  
 A violet-shrouded grave of Woe ?—I measure  
 The world of fancies, seeking one like thee,  
 And find—alas ! mine own infirmity.

She met me, Stranger, upon life's rough way,  
 And lured me towards sweet Death ; as Night by Day,  
 Winter by Spring, or Sorrow by swift Hope,  
 Led into light, life, peace. An antelope,  
 In the suspended impulse of its lightness,  
 Were less aethereally light : the brightness  
 Of her divinest presence trembles through  
 Her limbs, as underneath a cloud of dew  
 Embodied in the windless heaven of June  
 Amid the splendour-wingèd stars, the Moon  
 Burns, inextinguishably beautiful :

And from her lips, as from a hyacinth full  
 Of honey-dew, a liquid murmur drops,  
 Killing the sense with passion ; sweet as stops  
 Of planetary music heard in trance.  
 In her mild lights the starry spirits dance,  
 The sunbeams of those wells which ever leap  
 Under the lightnings of the soul—too deep  
 For the brief fathom-line of thought or sense.  
 The glory of her being, issuing thence,  
 Stains the dead, blank, cold air with a warm shade  
 Of unentangled intermixture, made  
 By Love, of light and motion : one intense  
 Diffusion, one serene Omnipresence,  
 Whose flowing outlines mingle in their flowing  
 Around her cheeks and utmost fingers glowing  
 With the unintermitted blood, which there  
 Quivers, (as in a fleece of snow-like air  
 The crimson pulse of living morning quiver,)  
 Continuously prolonged, and ending never,  
 Till they are lost, and in that Beauty furled  
 Which penetrates and clasps and fills the world ;  
 Scarce visible from extreme loveliness.  
 Warm fragrance seems to fall from her light dress  
 And her loose hair ; and where some heavy tress  
 The air of her own speed has disentwined,  
 The sweetness seems to satiate the faint wind ;  
 And in the soul a wild odour is felt,  
 Beyond the sense, like fiery dews that melt  
 Into the bosom of a frozen bud.—  
 See where she stands ! a mortal shape indued  
 With love and life and light and deity,  
 And motion which may change but cannot die ;  
 An image of some bright Eternity ;  
 A shadow of some golden dream ; a Splendour  
 Leaving the third sphere pilotless ; a tender  
 Reflection of the eternal Moon of Love  
 Under whose motions life's dull billows move ;  
 A Metaphor of Spring and Youth and Morning ;  
 A Vision like incarnate April, warning,  
 With smiles and tears, Frost the Anatomy  
 Into his summer grave.

Ah, woe is me !

What have I dared ? where am I lifted ? how  
 Shall I descend, and perish not ? I know

That Love makes all things equal : I have heard  
By mine own heart this joyous truth averred :  
The spirit of the worm beneath the sod  
In love and worship, blends itself with God.

Spouse ! Sister ! Angel ! Pilot of the Fate  
Whose course has been so starless ! O too late  
Belovèd ! O too soon adored, by me !  
For in the fields of Immortality  
My spirit should at first have worshipped thine,  
A divine presence in a place divine ;  
Or should have moved beside it on this earth,  
A shadow of that substance, from its birth ;  
But not as now :—I love thee ; yes, I feel  
That on the fountain of my heart a seal  
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright  
For thee, since in those *tears* thou hast delight.  
We—are we not formed, as notes of music are,  
For one another, though dissimilar ;  
Such difference without discord, as can make  
Those sweetest sounds, in which all spirits shake  
As trembling leaves in a continuous air ?

Thy wisdom speaks in me, and bids me dare  
Beacon the rocks on which high hearts are wrecked.  
I never was attached to that great sect,  
Whose doctrine is, that each one should select  
Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,  
And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend  
To cold oblivion, though it is in the code  
Of modern morals, and the beaten road  
Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread,  
Who travel to their home among the dead  
By the broad highway of the world, and so  
With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,  
The dreariest and the longest journey go.

True Love in this differs from gold and clay,  
That to divide is not to take away.  
Love is like understanding, that grows bright,  
Gazing on many truths ; 'tis like thy light,  
Imagination ! which from earth and sky.  
And from the depths of human fantasy,  
As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills

The Universe with glorious beams, and kills  
 Error, the worm, with many a sun-like arrow  
 Of its reverberated lightning. Narrow  
 The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,  
 The life that wears, the spirit that creates  
 One object, and one form, and builds thereby  
 A sepulchre for its eternity.

Mind from its object differs most in this :  
 Evil from good ; misery from happiness ;  
 The baser from the nobler ; the impure  
 And frail, from what is clear and must endure.  
 If you divide suffering and dross, you may  
 Diminish till it is consumed away ;  
 If you divide pleasure and love and thought,  
 Each part exceeds the whole ; and we know not  
 How much, while any yet remains unshared,  
 Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared :  
 This truth is that deep well, whence sages draw  
 The unenvied light of hope ; the eternal law  
 By which those live, to whom this world of life  
 Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife  
 Tills for the promise of a later birth  
 The wilderness of this Elysian earth.

There was a Being whom my spirit oft  
 Met on its visioned wanderings, far aloft,  
 In the clear golden prime of my youth's dawn,  
 Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn,  
 Amid the enchanted mountains, and the caves  
 Of divine sleep, and on the air-like waves  
 Of wonder-level dream, whose tremulous floor  
 Paved her light steps ;—on an imagined shore,  
 Under the gray beak of some promontory  
 She met me, robed in such exceeding glory,  
 That I beheld her not. In solitudes  
 Her voice came to me through the whispering woods,  
 And from the fountains, and the odours deep  
 Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring in their sleep  
 Of the sweet kisses which had lulled them there,  
 Breathed but of *her* to the enamoured air ;  
 And from the breezes whether low or loud,  
 And from the rain of every passing cloud,  
 And from the singing of the summer-birds,

And from all sounds, all silence ; in the words  
Of antique verse and high romance,—in form,  
Sound, colour—in whatever checks that storm  
Which with the shattered present chokes the past ;  
And in that best philosophy, whose taste  
Makes this cold common hell, our life, a doom  
As glorious as a fiery martyrdom ;  
Her Spirit was the harmony of truth.—

Then, from the caverns of my dreamy youth  
I sprang, as one sandalled with plumes of fire,  
And towards the lodestar of my one desire,  
I flitted, like a dizzy moth, whose flight  
Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light,  
When it would seek in Hesper's setting sphere  
A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre,  
As if it were a lamp of earthly flame.—  
But She, whom prayers or tears then could not tame,  
Passed, like a God throned on a wingèd planet,  
Whose burning plumes to tenfold swiftness fan it,  
Into the dreary cone of our life's shade ;  
And as a man with mighty loss dismayed,  
I would have followed, though the grave between  
Yawned like a gulf whose spectres are unseen :  
When a voice said :—"O thou of hearts the weakest,  
The phantom is beside thee whom thou seekest."  
Then I—"Where?"—the world's echo answered "where?"  
And in that silence, and in my despair,  
I questioned every tongueless wind that flew  
Over my tower of mourning, if it knew  
Whither 'twas fled, this soul out of my soul ;  
And murmured names and spells which have control  
Over the sightless tyrants of our fate ;  
But neither prayer nor verse could dissipate  
The night which closed on her ; nor uncreate  
That world within this Chaos, mine and me,  
Of which she was the veiled Divinity,  
The world I say of thoughts that worshipped her :  
And therefore I went forth, with hope and fear  
And every gentle passion sick to death,  
Feeding my course with expectation's breath,  
Into the wintry forest of our life ;  
And struggling through its error with vain strife,  
And stumbling in my weakness and my haste,

And half bewildered by new forms, I passed,  
 Seeking among those untaught foresters  
 If I could find one form resembling hers,  
 In which she might have masked herself from me.  
 There,—One, whose voice was venom'd melody  
 Sate by a well, under blue nightshade bowers ;  
 The breath of her false mouth was like faint flowers,  
 Her touch was as electric poison,—flame  
 Out of her looks into my vitals came,  
 And from her living cheeks and bosom flew  
 A killing air, which pierced like honey-dew  
 Into the core of my green heart, and lay  
 Upon its leaves ; until, as hair grown gray  
 O'er a young brow, they hid its unblown prime  
 With ruins of unseasonable time.

In many mortal forms I rashly sought  
 The shadow of that idol of my thought.  
 And some were fair—but beauty dies away :  
 Others were wise—but honeyed words betray :  
 And One was true—oh ! why not true to me ?  
 Then, as a hunted deer that could not flee,  
 I turned upon my thoughts, and stood at bay,  
 Wounded and weak and panting ; the cold day  
 Trembled, for pity of my strife and pain.  
 When, like a noonday dawn, there shone again  
 Deliverance. One stood on my path who seemed  
 As like the glorious shape which I had dreamed  
 As is the Moon, whose changes ever run  
 Into themselves, to the eternal Sun ;  
 The cold chaste Moon, the Queen of Heaven's bright isles,  
 Who makes all beautiful on which she smiles,  
 That wandering shrine of soft yet icy flame  
 Which ever is transformed, yet still the same,  
 And warms not but illumines. Young and fair  
 As the descended Spirit of that sphere,  
 She hid me, as the Moon may hide the night  
 From its own darkness, until all was bright  
 Between the Heaven and Earth of my calm mind,  
 And, as a cloud charioted by the wind,  
 She led me to a cave in that wild place,  
 And sate beside me, with her downward face  
 Illumining my slumbers, like the Moon  
 Waxing and waning o'er Endymion.

And I was laid asleep, spirit and limb,  
And all my being became bright or dim  
As the Moon's image in a summer sea,  
According as she smiled or frowned on me ;  
And there I lay, within a chaste cold bed :  
Alas, I then was nor alive nor dead :—  
For at her silver voice came Death and Life,  
Unmindful each of their accustomed strife,  
Masked like twin babes, a sister and a brother,  
The wandering hopes of one abandoned mother,  
And through the cavern without wings they flew,  
And cried " Away, he is not of our crew."  
I wept, and though it be a dream, I weep.

What storms then shook the ocean of my sleep,  
Blotting that Moon, whose pale and waning lips  
Then shrank as in the sickness of eclipse ;—  
And how my soul was as a lampless sea,  
And who was then its Tempest ; and when She,  
The Planet of that hour, was quenched, what frost  
Crept o'er those waters, till from coast to coast  
The moving billows of my being fell  
Into a death of ice, immovable ;—  
And then—what earthquakes made it gape and split,  
The white Moon smiling all the while on it,  
These words conceal :—If not, each word would be  
The key of staunchless tears. Weep not for me !

At length, into the obscure Forest came  
The Vision I had sought through grief and shame.  
Athwart that wintry wilderness of thorns  
Flashed from her motion splendour like the Morn's,  
And from her presence life was radiated  
Through the gray earth and branches bare and dead ;  
So that her way was paved, and roofed above  
With flowers as soft as thoughts of budding love ;  
And music from her respiration spread  
Like light,—all other sounds were penetrated  
By the small, still, sweet spirit of that sound,  
So that the savage winds hung mute around ;  
And odours warm and fresh fell from her hair  
Dissolving the dull cold in the frore air :  
Soft as an Incarnation of the Sun,  
When light is changed to love, this glorious One  
Floated into the cavern where I lay,

And called my Spirit, and the dreaming clay  
Was lifted by the thing that dreamed below  
As smoke by fire, and in her beauty's glow  
I stood, and felt the dawn of my long night  
Was penetrating me with living light :  
I knew it was the Vision veiled from me  
So many years—that it was Emily.

Twin Spheres of light who rule this passive Earth,  
This world of love, this *me* ; and into birth  
Awaken all its fruits and flowers, and dart  
Magnetic might into its central heart ;  
And lift its billows and its mists, and guide  
By everlasting laws, each wind and tide  
To its fit cloud, and its appointed cave ;  
And lull its storms, each in the craggy grave  
Which was its cradle, luring to faint bowers  
The armies of the rainbow-wingèd showers ;  
And, as those married lights, which from the towers  
Of Heaven look forth and fold the wandering globe  
In liquid sleep and splendour, as a robe ;  
And all their many-mingled influence blend,  
If equal, yet unlike, to one sweet end ;—  
So ye, bright regents, with alternate sway  
Govern my sphere of being, night and day !  
Thou, not disdainng even a borrowed might ;  
Thou, not eclipsing a remoter light ;  
And, through the shadow of the seasons three,  
From Spring to Autumn's sere maturity,  
Light it into the Winter of the tomb,  
Where it may ripen to a brighter bloom.  
Thou too, O Comet beautiful and fierce,  
Who drew the heart of this frail Universe  
Towards thine own ; till, wrecked in that convulsion,  
Alternating attraction and repulsion,  
Thine went astray and that was rent in twain ;  
Oh, float into our azure heaven again !  
Be there Love's folding-star at thy return ;  
The living Sun will feed thee from its urn  
Of golden fire ; the Moon will veil her horn  
In thy last smiles ; adoring Even and Morn  
Will worship thee with incense of calm breath  
And lights and shadows ; as the star of Death  
And Birth is worshipped by those sisters wild

Called Hope and Fear—upon the heart are piled  
 Their offerings,—of this sacrifice divine  
 A World shall be the altar.

Lady mine,  
 Scorn not these flowers of thought, the fading birth  
 Which from its heart of hearts that plant puts forth  
 Whose fruit, made perfect by thy sunny eyes,  
 Will be as of the trees of Paradise.

The day is come, and thou wilt fly with me.  
 To whatsoever of dull mortality  
 Is mine, remain a vestal sister still ;  
 To the intense, the deep, the imperishable,  
 Not mine but me, henceforth be thou united  
 Even as a bride, delighting and delighted,  
 The hour is come :—the destined Star has risen  
 Which shall descend upon a vacant prison.  
 The walls are high, the gates are strong, thick set  
 The sentinels—but true Love never yet  
 Was thus constrained : it overleaps all fence :  
 Like lightning, with invisible violence  
 Piercing its continents ; like Heaven's free breath,  
 Which he who grasps can hold not : liker Death,  
 Who rides upon a thought, and makes his way  
 Through temple, tower, and palace, and the array  
 Of arms : more strength has Love than he or they ;  
 For it can burst his charnel, and make free  
 The limbs in chains, the heart in agony,  
 The soul in dust and chaos.

Emily,  
 A ship is floating in the harbour now,  
 A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow ;  
 There is a path on the sea's azure floor,  
 No keel has ever ploughed that path before ;  
 The halcyons brood around the foamless isles ;  
 The treacherous Ocean has forsworn its wiles ;  
 The merry mariners are bold and free :  
 Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail with me ?  
 Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest  
 Is a far Eden of the purple East ;  
 And we between her wings will sit, while Night,  
 And Day, and Storm, and Calm, pursue their flight,  
 Our ministers, along the boundless Sea,  
 Treading each other's heels, unheededly.

It is an isle under Ionian skies,  
 Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,  
 And,—for the harbours are not safe and good,—  
 This land would have remained a solitude  
 But for some pastoral people native there,  
 Who from the Elysian, clear, and golden air  
 Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,  
 Simple and spirited ; innocent and bold.  
 The blue Aegean girds this chosen home,  
 With ever-changing sound and light and foam,  
 Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar ;  
 And all the winds wandering along the shore  
 Undulate with the undulating tide :  
 There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide ;  
 And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,  
 As clear as elemental diamond,  
 Or serene morning air ; and far beyond,  
 The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer  
 (Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year)  
 Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls  
 Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls  
 Illumining, with sound that never fails  
 Accompany the noonday nightingales ;  
 And all the place it peopled with sweet airs ;  
 The light clear element which the isle wears  
 Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,  
 Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,  
 And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep ;  
 And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,  
 And dart their arrowy odour through the brain  
 Till you might faint with that delicious pain.  
 And every motion, odour, beam, and tone,  
 With that deep music is in unison :  
 Which is a soul within the soul—they seem  
 Like echoes of an antenatal dream.—  
 It is an isle 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth, and Sea,  
 Cradled, and hung in clear tranquillity ;  
 Bright as that wandering Eden Lucifer,  
 Washed by the soft blue Oceans of young air.  
 It is a favoured place. Famine or Blight,  
 Pestilence, War and Earthquake, never light  
 Upon its mountain-peaks ; blind vultures, they  
 Sail onward far upon their fatal way :  
 The wingèd storms, chanting their thunder-psalm

To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm  
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,  
From which its fields and woods ever renew  
Their green and golden immortality.  
And from the sea there rise, and from the sky  
There fall, clear exhalations, soft and bright,  
Veil after veil, each hiding some delight,  
Which Sun or Moon or zephyr draw aside,  
Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride  
Glowing at once with love and loveliness,  
Blushes and trembles at its own excess :  
Yet, like a buried lamp, a Soul no less  
Burns in the heart of this delicious isle,  
An atom of th' Eternal, whose own smile  
Unfolds itself, and may be felt, not seen  
O'er the gray rocks, blue waves, and forests green,  
Filling their bare and void interstices.  
But the chief marvel of the wilderness  
Is a lone dwelling, built by whom or how  
None of the rustic island-people know :  
'Tis not a tower of strength, though with its height  
It overtops the woods ; but, for delight,  
Some wise and tender Ocean-King, ere crime  
Had been invented, in the world's young prime,  
Reared it, a wonder of that simple time,  
An envy of the isles, a pleasure-house  
Made sacred to his sister and his spouse.  
It scarce seems now a wreck of human art,  
But, as it were Titanic ; in the heart  
Of Earth having assumed its form, then grown  
Out of the mountains, from the living stone,  
Lifting itself in caverns light and high :  
For all the antique and learnèd imagery  
Has been erased, and in the place of it  
The ivy and the wild-vine interknit  
The volumes of their many-twining stems ;  
Parasite flowers illumine with dewy gems  
The lampless halls, and when they fade, the sky  
Peeps through their winter-woof of tracery  
With moonlight patches, or star atoms keen,  
Or fragments of the day's intense serene ;—  
Working mosaic on their Parian floors.  
And, day and night, aloof, from the high towers  
And terraces, the Earth and Ocean seem

To sleep in one another's arms, and dream  
Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all that we  
Read in their smiles, and call reality.

This isle and house are mine, and I have vowed  
Thee to be lady of the solitude.—  
And I have fitted up some chambers there  
Looking towards the golden Eastern air,  
And level with the living winds, which flow  
Like waves above the living waves below.—  
I have sent books and music there, and all  
Those instruments with which high Spirits call  
The future from its cradle, and the past  
Out of its grave, and make the present last  
In thoughts and joys which sleep, but cannot die,  
Folded within their own eternity.  
Our simple life wants little, and true taste  
Hires not the pale drudge Luxury, to waste  
The scene it would adorn, and therefore still,  
Nature with all her children haunts the hill.  
The ring-dove, in the embowering ivy, yet  
Keeps up her love-lament, and the owls flit  
Round the evening tower, and the young stars glance  
Between the quick bats in their twilight dance ;  
The spotted deer bask in the fresh moonlight  
Before our gate, and the slow, silent night  
Is measured by the pants of their calm sleep.  
Be this our home in life, and when years heap  
Their withered hours, like leaves, on our decay,  
Let us become the overhanging day,  
The living soul of this Elysian isle,  
Conscious, inseparable, one. Meanwhile  
We two will rise, and sit, and walk together,  
Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,  
And wander in the meadows, or ascend  
The mossy mountains, where the blue heavens bend  
With lightest winds, to touch their paramour ;  
Or linger, where the pebble-paven shore,  
Under the quick, faint kisses of the sea  
Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy,—  
Possessing and possessed by all that is  
Within that calm circumference of bliss,  
And by each other, till to love and live  
Be one :—or, at the noontide hour, arrive

Where some old cavern hoar seems yet to keep  
The moonlight of the expired night asleep,  
Through which the awakened day can never peep ;  
A veil for our seclusion, close as night's,  
Where secure sleep may kill thine innocent lights ;  
Sleep, the fresh dew of languid love, the rain  
Whose drops quench kisses till they burn again.  
And we will talk, until thought's melody  
Become too sweet for utterance, and it die  
In words, to live again in looks, which dart  
With thrilling tone into the voiceless heart,  
Harmonizing silence without a sound.  
Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,  
And our veins beat together ; and our lips  
With other eloquence than words, eclipse  
The soul that burns between them, and the wells  
Which boil under our being's inmost cells,  
The fountains of our deepest life, shall be  
Confused in Passion's golden purity,  
As mountain-springs under the morning sun.  
We shall become the same, we shall be one  
Spirit within two frames, oh ! wherefore two ?  
One passion in twin-hearts, which grows and grew,  
Till like two meteors of expanding flame,  
Those spheres instinct with it become the same,  
Touch, mingle, are transfigured ; ever still  
Burning, yet ever inconsumable :  
In one another's substance finding food,  
Like flames too pure and light and unimbued  
To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,  
Which point to Heaven and cannot pass away :  
One hope within two wills, one will beneath  
Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,  
One Heaven, one Hell, one immortality,  
And one annihilation. Woe is me !  
The wingèd words on which my soul would pierce  
Into the height of Love's rare Universe,  
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire—  
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire !

Weak Verses, go, kneel at your Sovereign's feet,  
And say :—“ We are the masters of thy slave ;  
What wouldest thou with us and ours and thine ? ”  
Then call your sisters from Oblivion's cave,

All singing loud : " Love's very pain is sweet,  
 But its reward is in the world divine  
 Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave."  
 So shall ye live when I am there. Then haste  
 Over the hearts of men, until ye meet  
 Marina, Vanna, Primus, and the rest,  
 And bid them love each other and be blessed :  
 And leave the troop which errs, and which reproves,  
 And come and be my guest,—for I am Love's.

FRAGMENTS CONNECTED WITH  
 EPIPSYCHIDION

[Publ. 1839, 2nd ed.]

HERE, my dear friend, is a new book for you ;  
 I have already dedicated two  
 To other friends, one female and one male,—  
 What you are, is a thing that I must veil ;  
 What can this be to those who praise or rail ?  
 I never was attached to that great sect  
 Whose doctrine is that each one should select  
 Out of the world a mistress or a friend,  
 And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend  
 To cold oblivion—though 'tis in the code  
 Of modern morals, and the beaten road  
 Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread  
 Who travel to their home among the dead  
 By the broad highway of the world—and so  
 With one sad friend, and many a jealous foe,  
 The dreariest and the longest journey go.

Free love has this, different from gold and clay,  
 That to divide is not to take away.  
 Like ocean, which the general north wind breaks  
 Into ten thousand waves, and each one makes  
 A mirror of the moon—like some great glass,  
 Which did distort whatever form might pass,  
 Dashed into fragments by a playful child,  
 Which then reflects its eyes and forehead mild ;  
 Giving for one, which it could ne'er express,  
 A thousand images of loveliness.

If I were one whom the loud world held wise,  
 I should disdain to quote authorities  
 In commendation of this kind of love :—  
 Why, there is first the God in heaven above,  
 Who wrote a book called Nature, 'tis to be  
 Reviewed, I hear, in the next Quarterly ;  
 And Socrates, the Jesus Christ of Greece,  
 And Jesus Christ Himself, did never cease  
 To urge all living things to love each other,

And to forgive their mutual faults, and smother  
The Devil of disunion in their souls.

[Publ. 1903.]

Thy beauty hangs around thee like  
Splendour around the moon—  
Thy voice as silver bells that strike  
Upon . . .

[Publ. 1862.]

I love you !—Listen, O embodied Ray  
Of the great Brightness ; I must pass away  
While you remain, and these light words must be  
Tokens by which you may remember me.  
Start not—the thing you are is unbetrayed,  
If you are human, and if but the shade  
Of some sublimer spirit . . . .

And as to friend or mistress, 'tis a form ;  
Perhaps I wish you were one. Some declare  
You a familiar spirit, as you are ;  
Others with a more inhuman  
Hint that, though not my wife, you are a woman ;  
What is the colour of your eyes and hair ?  
Why, if you were a lady, it were fair  
The world should know—but, as I am afraid,  
The Quarterly would bait you if betrayed ;  
And as it will be sport to see them stumble  
Over all sorts of scandals, hear them mumble  
Their litany of curses—some guess right,  
And others swear you're a Hermaphrodite ;  
Like that sweet marble monster of both sexes,  
Which looks so sweet and gentle that it vexes  
The very soul that the soul is gone  
Which lifted from her limbs the veil of stone.

[Publ. 1839, 2nd ed.]

It is a sweet thing, friendship, a dear balm,  
A happy and auspicious bird of calm,  
Which rides o'er life's ever tumultuous Ocean ;  
A God that broods o'er chaos in commotion ;  
A flower which fresh as Lapland roses are,  
Lifts its bold head into the world's frore air,  
And blooms most radiantly when others die,  
Health, hope, and youth, and brief prosperity ;  
And with the light and odour of its bloom,  
Shining within the dungeon and the tomb ;  
Whose coming is as light and music are  
'Mid dissonance and gloom—a star  
Which moves not 'mid the moving heavens alone—  
A smile among dark frowns—a gentle tone  
Among rude voices, a beloved light,

A solitude, a refuge, a delight.  
 If I had but a friend ! Why, I have three  
 Even by my own confession ; there may be  
 Some more, for what I know, for 'tis my mind  
 To call my friends all who are wise and kind,—  
 And these, Heaven knows, at best are very few ;  
 But none can ever be more dear than you.  
 Why should they be ? My muse has lost her wings,  
 Or like a dying swan who soars and sings,  
 I should describe you in heroic style,  
 But as it is, are you not void of guile ?  
 A lovely soul, formed to be blessed and bless :  
 A well of sealed and secret happiness ;  
 A lute which those whom Love has taught to play  
 Make music on to cheer the roughest day,  
 And enchant sadness till it sleeps ? . . . .

[Publ. 1862.]

To the oblivion whither I and thou,  
 All loving and all lovely, hasten now  
 With steps, ah, too unequal ! may we meet  
 In one Elysium or one winding-sheet !

If any should be curious to discover  
 Whether to you I am a friend or lover,  
 Let them read Shakespeare's sonnets, taking thence  
 A whetstone for their dull intelligence  
 That tears and will not cut, or let them guess  
 How Diotima, the wise prophetess,  
 Instructed the instructor, and why he  
 Rebuked the infant spirit of melody  
 On Agathon's sweet lips, which as he spoke  
 Was as the lovely star when morn has broke  
 The roof of darkness, in the golden dawn,  
 Half-hidden, and yet beautiful.

I'll pawn  
 My hopes of Heaven—you know what they are worth—  
 That the presumptuous pedagogues of Earth,  
 If they could tell the riddle offered here  
 Would scorn to be, or being to appear  
 What now they seem and are—but let them chide,  
 They have few pleasures in the world beside ;  
 Perhaps we should be dull were we not chidden,  
 Paradise fruits are sweetest when forbidden.  
 Folly can season Wisdom, Hatred Love.

Farewell, if it can be to say farewell  
 To those who

I will not, as most dedicators do,  
 Assure myself and all the world and you,  
 That you are faultless—would to God they were  
 Who taunt me with your love ! I then should wear  
 These heavy chains of life with a light spirit,

And would to God I were, or even as near it  
 As you, dear heart. Alas! what are we? Clouds  
 Driven by the wind in warring multitudes,  
 Which rain into the bosom of the earth,  
 And rise again, and in our death and birth,  
 And through our restless life, take as from heaven  
 Hues which are not our own, but which are given,  
 And then withdrawn, and with inconstant glance  
 Flash from the spirit to the countenance.  
 There is a Power, a Love, a Joy, a God  
 Which makes in mortal hearts its brief abode,  
 A Pythian exhalation, which inspires  
 Love, only love—a wind which o'er the wires  
 Of the soul's giant harp  
 There is a mood which language faints beneath;  
 You feel it striding, as Almighty Death  
 His bloodless steed . . . .

And what is that most brief and bright delight  
 Which rushes through the touch and through the sight,  
 And stands before the spirit's inmost throne,  
 A naked Seraph? None hath ever known.  
 Its birth is darkness, and its growth desire;  
 Untameable and fleet and fierce as fire,  
 Not to be touched but to be felt alone,  
 It fills the world with glory—and is gone.

It floats with rainbow pinions o'er the stream  
 Of life, which flows, like a dream  
 Into the light of morning, to the grave  
 As to an ocean . . . .

What is that joy which serene infancy  
 Perceives not, as the hours content them by,  
 Each in a chain of blossom, yet enjoys  
 The shapes of this new world, in giant toys  
 Wrought by the busy ever new?  
 Remembrance borrows Fancy's glass, to show  
 These forms more sincere  
 Than now they are, than then, perhaps, they were.  
 When everything familiar seemed to be  
 Wonderful, and the immortality  
 Of this great world, which all things must inherit,  
 Was felt as one with the awakening spirit,  
 Unconscious of itself, and of the strange  
 Distinctions which in its proceeding change  
 It feels and knows, and mourns as if each were  
 A desolation . . . .

Were it not a sweet refuge, Emily,  
 For all those exiles from the dull insane  
 Who vex this pleasant world with pride and pain,  
 For all that band of sister-spirits known  
 To one another by a voiceless tone . . . .

[Publ. 1903.]

If day should part us night will mend division  
 And if sleep parts us—we will meet in vision  
 And if life parts us—we will mix in death  
 Yielding our [mite ?] of unreluctant breath.  
 Death cannot part us—we must meet again  
 In all, in nothing, in delight, in pain :  
 How, why, or when, or where—it matters not  
 So that we share an undivided lot . . .

And we will move possessing and possessed  
 Wherever beauty on the earth's [bare ?] breast  
 Lies like the shadow of thy soul—till we  
 Become one being with the world we see . . .

## TO EMILIA VIVIANI

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

MADONNA, wherefore hast thou sent to me  
 Sweet-basil and mignonette ?  
 Embleming love and health, which never yet  
 In the same wreath might be.  
 Alas, and they are wet !  
 Is it with thy kisses or thy tears ?  
 For never rain or dew  
 Such fragrance drew  
 From plant or flower—the very doubt endears  
 My sadness ever new,  
 The sighs I breathe, the tears I shed for thee.

## II

Send the stars light, but send not love to me,  
 In whom love ever made  
 Health like a heap of embers soon to fade—

## THE FUGITIVES

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

THE waters are flashing,  
 The white hail is dashing,  
 The lightnings are glancing,  
 The hoar-spray is dancing—  
 Away !

The whirlwind is rolling,  
 The thunder is tolling,  
 The forest is swinging,  
 The minster bells ringing—  
 Come away !

The Earth is like Ocean,  
 Wreck-strewn and in motion :  
 Bird, beast, man and worm  
 Have crept out of the storm—  
     Come away !

## II

“ Our boat has one sail,  
 And the helmsman is pale ;—  
 A bold pilot I trow,  
 Who should follow us now,”—  
     Shouted he—

And she cried : “ Ply the oar !  
 Put off gaily from shore ! ”—  
 As she spoke, bolts of death  
 Mixed with hail, specked their path  
     O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower and rock,  
 The blue beacon-cloud broke,  
 And though dumb in the blast,  
 The red cannon flashed fast  
     From the lee.

## III

And “ Fear'st thou ? ” and “ Fear'st thou ? ”  
 And “ Seest thou ? ” and “ Hear'st thou ? ”  
 And “ Drive we not free  
 O'er the terrible sea,  
     I and thou ? ”

One boat-cloak did cover  
 The loved and the lover—  
 Their blood beats one measure,  
 They murmur proud pleasure  
     Soft and low ;—

While around the lashed Ocean,  
 Like mountains in motion,  
 Is withdrawn and uplifted,  
 Sunk, shattered and shifted  
     To and fro.

## IV

In the court of the fortress  
 Beside the pale portress,  
 Like a bloodhound well beaten  
 The bridegroom stands, eaten  
     By shame ;

On the topmost watch-turret,  
 As a death-boding spirit,  
 Stands the gray tyrant father,  
 To his voice the mad weather  
     Seems tame ;

And with curses as wild  
 As e'er cling to child,  
 He devotes to the blast,  
 The best, loveliest and last  
 Of his name !

## FRAGMENT

[Publ. 1903.]

The death knell is ringing  
 The raven is singing  
 The earth worm is creeping  
 The mourners are weeping  
 Ding, dong, bell. . . .

## TO ———

[Publ. 1824.]

MUSIC, when soft voices die,  
 Vibrates in the memory—  
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
 Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
 Are heaped for the belovèd's bed ;  
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
 Love itself shall slumber on.

## SONG

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,  
 Spirit of Delight !  
 Wherefore hast thou left me now  
 Many a day and night ?  
 Many a weary night and day  
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

## II

How shall ever one like me  
 Win thee back again ?  
 With the joyous and the free  
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.  
 Spirit false ! thou hast forgot  
 All but those who need thee not.

## III

As a lizard with the shade  
 Of a trembling leaf,  
 Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;  
 Even the sighs of grief

Reproach thee, that thou art not near,  
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

## IV

Let me set my mournful ditty  
To a merry measure ;  
Thou wilt never come for pity,  
Thou wilt come for pleasure ;  
Pity then will cut away  
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

## V

I love all that thou lovest,  
Spirit of Delight !  
The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed,  
And the starry night ;  
Autumn evening, and the morn  
When the golden mists are born.

## VI

I love snow, and all the forms  
Of the radiant frost ;  
I love waves, and winds, and storms,  
Everything almost  
Which is Nature's, and may be  
Untainted by man's misery.

## VII

I love tranquil solitude,  
And such society  
As is quiet, wise, and good ;  
Between thee and me  
What difference ? but thou dost possess  
The things I seek, not love them less.

## VIII

I love Love—though he has wings,  
And like light can flee,  
But above all other things,  
Spirit, I love thee—  
Thou art love and life ! Oh, come,  
Make once more my heart thy home.

## MUTABILITY

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

THE flower that smiles to-day  
To-morrow dies ;  
All that we wish to stay  
Tempt and then flies

What is this world's delight ?  
 Lightning that mocks the night  
     Brief even as bright.

## II

Virtue, how frail it is !  
     Friendship how rare !  
 Love, how it sells poor bliss  
     For proud despair !  
 But we, though soon they fall,  
 Survive their joy, and all  
     Which ours we call.

## III

Whilst skies are blue and bright,  
     Whilst flowers are gay,  
 Whilst eyes that change ere night  
     Make glad the day ;  
 Whilst yet the calm hours creep,  
 Dream thou—and from thy sleep  
     Then wake to weep.

LINES WRITTEN ON HEARING THE NEWS OF  
 THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON

[Publ. 1821.]

WHAT ! alive and so bold, O Earth ?  
 Art thou not overbold ?  
 What ! leapest thou forth as of old  
 In the light of thy morning mirth,  
 The last of the flock of the starry fold ?  
 Ha ! leapest thou forth as of old ?  
 Are not the limbs still when the ghost is fled,  
 And canst thou move, Napoleon being dead ?

How ! is not thy quick heart cold ?  
 What spark is alive on thy hearth ?  
 How ! is not *his* death-knell knolled ?  
 And livest *thou* still, Mother Earth ?  
 Thou wert warming thy fingers old  
 O'er the embers covered and cold  
 Of that most fiery spirit, when it fled—  
 What, Mother, do you laugh now he is dead ?

“ Who has known me of old,” replied Earth,  
 “ Or who has my story told ?

It is thou who art overbold."  
 And the lightning of scorn laughed forth  
 As she sung "To my bosom I fold  
 All my sons when their knell is knolled,  
 And so with living motion all are fed,  
 And the quick spring like weeds out of the dead.

"Still alive and still bold," shouted Earth,  
 "I grow bolder and still more bold.  
 The dead fill me ten thousandfold  
 Fuller of speed, and splendour, and mirth.  
 I was cloudy, and sullen, and cold,  
 Like a frozen chaos uprolled,  
 Till by the spirit of the mighty dead  
 My heart grew warm. I feed on whom I fed.

"Ay, alive and still bold," muttered Earth,  
 "Napoleon's fierce spirit rolled,  
 In terror and blood and gold,  
 A torrent of ruin to death from his birth.  
 Leave the millions who follow to mould  
 The metal before it be cold ;  
 And weave into his shame, which like the dead  
 Shrouds me, the hopes that from his glory fled."

### SONNET: POLITICAL GREATNESS

[Publ. 1824.]

Nor happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,  
 Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,  
 Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame ;  
 Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts,  
 History is but the shadow of their shame,  
 Art veils her glass, of from the pageant starts  
 As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,  
 Staining that Heaven with obscene imagery  
 Of their own likeness. What are numbers knit  
 By force or custom ? Man who man would be,  
 Must rule the empire of himself ; in it  
 Must be supreme, establishing his throne  
 On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy  
 Of hopes and fears. being himself alone.

## THE AZIOLA

[Publ. 1829.]

## I

"Do you not hear the Aziola cry?  
 Methinks she must be nigh,"  
 Said Mary, as we sate  
 In dusk, ere stars were lit, or candles brought;  
 And I, who thought  
 This Aziola was some tedious woman,  
 Asked, "Who is Aziola?" How elate  
 I felt to know that it was nothing human,  
 No mockery of myself to fear or hate:  
 And Mary saw my soul,  
 And laughed, and said, "Disquiet yourself not;  
 'Tis nothing but a little downy owl."

## II

Sad Aziola! many an eventide  
 Thy music I had heard  
 By wood and stream, meadow and mountain-side,  
 And fields and marshes wide,—  
 Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird,  
 The soul ever stirred;  
 Unlike and far sweeter than them all.  
 Sad Aziola! from that moment I  
 Loved thee and thy sad cry.

## A LAMENT

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

O WORLD! O life! O time!  
 On whose last steps I climb,  
 Trembling at that where I had stood before;  
 When will return the glory of your prime?  
 No more—Oh, never more!

## II

Out of the day and night  
 A joy has taken flight;  
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,  
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight  
 No more—Oh, never more!

## A LAMENT

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

SWIFTER far than summer's flight—  
 Swifter far than youth's delight—  
 Swifter far than happy night,  
 Art thou come and gone—  
 As the earth when leaves are dead,  
 As the night when sleep is sped,  
 As the heart when joy is fled,  
 I am left lone, alone.

## II

The swallow summer comes again—  
 The owlet night resumes her reign—  
 But the wild-swan youth is fain  
 To fly with thee, false as thou.—  
 My heart each day desires the morrow ;  
 Sleep itself is turned to sorrow ;  
 Vainly would my winter borrow  
 Sunny leaves from any bough.

## III

Lilies for a bridal bed—  
 Roses for a matron's head—  
 Violets for a maiden dead—  
 Pansies let *my* flowers be :  
 On the living grave I bear  
 Scatter them without a tear—  
 Let no friend, however dear,  
 Waste one hope, one fear for me.

## TO EDWARD WILLIAMS

[Publ. 1834.]

## I

THE serpent is shut out from Paradise.  
 The wounded deer must seek the herb no more  
 In which its heart-cure lies :  
 The widowed dove must cease to haunt a bower  
 Like that from which its mate with feignèd sighs  
 Fled in the April hour.  
 I too must seldom seek again  
 Near happy friends a mitigated pain.

## II

Of hatred I am proud,—with scorn content ;  
 Indifference, that once hurt me, now is grown  
 Itself indifferent ;  
 But, not to speak of love, pity alone

Can break a spirit already more than bent.  
 The miserable one  
 Turns the mind's poison into food,—  
 Its medicine is tears,—its evil good.

## III

Therefore, if now I see you seldomer,  
 Dear friends, dear *friend*! know that I only fly  
 Your looks, because they stir  
 Griefs that should sleep, and hopes that cannot die ;  
 The very comfort that they minister  
 I scarce can bear, yet I,  
 So deeply is the arrow gone,  
 Should quickly perish if it were withdrawn.

## IV

When I return to my cold home, you ask  
 Why I am not as I have ever been.  
 You spoil me for the task  
 Of acting a forced part on life's dull scene,—  
 Of wearing on my brow the idle mask  
 Of author, great or mean,  
 In the world's carnival. I sought  
 Peace thus, and but in you I found it not.

## V

Full half an hour, to-day, I tried my lot  
 With various flowers, and every one still said,  
 "She loves me—loves me not."  
 And if this meant a vision long since fled—  
 If it meant fortune, fame, or peace of thought—  
 If it meant,—but I dread  
 To speak what you may know too well :  
 Still there was truth in the sad oracle.

## VI

The crane o'er seas and forests seeks her home ;  
 No bird so wild but has its quiet nest,  
 Whence it no more would roam ;  
 The sleepless billows on the ocean's breast  
 Break like a bursting heart, and die in foam,  
 And thus at length find rest :  
 Doubtless there is a place of peace  
 Where *my* weak heart and all its throbs shall cease.

## VII

I asked her, yesterday, if she believed  
 That I had resolution. One who *had*  
 Would ne'er have thus relieved  
 His heart with words,—but what his judgement bade  
 Would do, and leave the scorner unreprieved.  
 These verses are too sad  
 To send to you, but that I know,  
 Happy yourself, you feel another's woe.

TO ———

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

ONE word is too often profaned  
 For me to profane it,  
 One feeling too falsely disdained  
 For thee to disdain it ;  
 One hope is too like despair  
 For prudence to smother,  
 And pity from thee more dear  
 Than that from another.

## II

I can give not what men call love,  
 But wilt thou accept not  
 The worship the heart lifts above  
 And the Heavens reject not,—  
 The desire of the moth for the star,  
 Of the night for the morrow,  
 The devotion to something afar  
 From the sphere of our sorrow ?

TO ———

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

WHEN passion's trance is overpast,  
 If tenderness and truth could last,  
 Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep  
 Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,  
 I should not weep, I should not weep !

## II

It were enough to feel, to see,  
 Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,  
 And dream the rest—and burn and be  
 The secret food of fires unseen,  
 Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

## III

After the slumber of the year  
 The woodland violets reappear ;  
 All things revive in field or grove,  
 And sky and sea, but two, which move  
 And form all others, life and love.

## FRAGMENTS

[Publ. 1839, 1st ed.]

WHEN soft winds and sunny skies  
 With the green earth harmonize  
 And the young and dewy dawn,  
 Bold as an unhunted fawn,  
 Up the windless heaven is gone,—  
 Laugh: for ambushed in the day,  
 Clouds and whirlwinds watch their prey. . .

[Publ. 1903.]

WHEN May is painting with her colours gay  
 The landscape sketched by April her sweet twin. . . .

## LOVE, HOPE, DESIRE, AND FEAR

[Publ. 1862.]

AND many there were hurt by that strong boy,  
 His name, they said, was Pleasure,  
 And near him stood, glorious beyond measure,  
 Four Ladies who possess all empery  
 In earth and air and sea,  
 Nothing that lives from their award is free.  
 Their names will I declare to thee,  
 Love, Hope, Desire, and Fear,  
 And they the regents are  
 Of the four elements that frame the heart,  
 And each diversely exercised her art  
 By force or circumstance or sleight  
 To prove her dreadful might  
 Upon that poor domain.  
 Desire presented her [false] glass, and then  
 The spirit dwelling there  
 Was spellbound to embrace what seemed so fair  
 Within that magic mirror,  
 And dazed by that bright error,  
 It would have scorned the [shafts] of the avenger,  
 And death, and penitence, and danger,  
 Had not then silent Fear  
 Touched with her palsyng spear,  
 So that as if a frozen torrent  
 The blood was curdled in its current;  
 It dared not speak, even in look or motion,  
 But chained within itself its proud devotion.  
 Between Desire and Fear thou wert  
 A wretched thing, poor heart!  
 Sad was his life who bore thee in his breast,  
 Wild bird for that weak nest.

Till Love even from fierce Desire it bought,  
 And from the very wound of tender thought  
 Drew solace, and the pity of sweet eyes  
 Gave strength to bear those gentle agonies,  
 Surmount the loss, the terror, and the sorrow.

Then Hope approached, she who can borrow  
 From poor to-day, from rich to-morrow,  
 And Fear withdrew, as night when day  
 Descends upon the orient ray,  
 And after long and vain endurance  
 The poor heart woke to her assurance.  
 —At one birth these four were born  
 With the world's forgotten morn,  
 And from Pleasure still they hold  
 All it circles, as of old,  
 When, as summer lures the swallow,  
 Pleasure lures the heart to follow—  
 O weak heart of little wit!  
 The fair hand that wounded it,  
 Seeking, like a panting hare,  
 Refuge in the lynx's lair,  
 Love, Desire, Hope, and Fear,  
 Ever will be near.

## FRAGMENT: "I WOULD NOT BE A KING"

[Publ. 1839, 2nd ed.]

I WOULD not be a king—enough  
 Of woe it is to love ;  
 The path to power is steep and rough,  
 And tempests reign above.  
 I would not climb the imperial throne ;  
 'Tis built on ice which fortune's sun  
 Thaws in the height of noon.  
 Then farewell, king, yet were I one,  
 Care would not come so soon.  
 Would he and I were far away  
 Keeping flocks on Himalay !

## GINEVRA

[Comp. April 1821, Pisa. Publ. 1824.]

WILD, pale, and wonder-stricken, even as one  
 Who staggers forth into the air and sun  
 From the dark chamber of a mortal fever,  
 Bewildered, and incapable, and ever  
 Fancying strange comments in her dizzy brain  
 Of usual shapes, till the familiar train  
 Of objects and of persons passed like things  
 Strange as a dreamer's mad imaginings,

Ginevra from the nuptial altar went ;  
 The vows to which her lips had sworn assent  
 Rung in her brain still with a jarring din,  
 Deafening the lost intelligence within.

And so she moved under the bridal veil,  
 Which made the paleness of her cheek more pale,  
 And deepened the faint crimson of her mouth,  
 And darkened her dark locks, as moonlight doth,—  
 And of the gold and jewels glittering there  
 She scarce felt conscious,—but the weary glare  
 Lay like a chaos of unwelcome light,  
 Vexing the sense with gorgeous undelight.  
 A moonbeam in the shadow of a cloud  
 Was less heavenly fair—her face was bowed,  
 And as she passed, the diamonds in her hair  
 Were mirrored in the polished marble stair  
 Which led from the cathedral to the street ;  
 And ever as she went her light fair feet  
 Erased these images.

The bride-maidens who round her thronging came,  
 Some with a sense of self-rebuke and shame,  
 Envyng the unenviable ; and others  
 Making the joy which should have been another's  
 Their own by gentle sympathy ; and some  
 Sighing to think of an unhappy home :  
 Some few admiring what can ever lure  
 Maidens to leave the heaven serene and pure  
 Of parents' smiles for life's great cheat ; a thing  
 Bitter to taste, sweet in imagining.

But they are all dispersed—and, lo ! she stands  
 Looking in idle grief on her white hands,  
 Alone within the garden now her own ;  
 And through the sunny air, with jangling tone,  
 The music of the merry marriage-bells,  
 Killing the azure silence, sinks and swells ;—  
 Absorbed like one within a dream who dreams  
 That he is dreaming, until slumber seems  
 A mockery of itself—when suddenly  
 Antonio stood before her, pale as she.  
 With agony, with sorrow, and with pride,  
 He lifted his wan eyes upon the bride,  
 And said—“ Is this thy faith ? ” and then as one  
 Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun  
 With light like a harsh voice, which bids him rise  
 And look upon his day of life with eyes  
 Which weep in vain that they can dream no more,  
 Ginevra saw her lover, and forbore  
 To shriek or faint, and checked the stifling blood  
 Rushing upon her heart, and unsubdued  
 Said—“ Friend, if earthly violence or ill,  
 Suspicion, doubt, or the tyrannic will  
 Of parents, chance or custom, time or change,

Or circumstance, or terror, or revenge,  
 Or wildered looks, or words, or evil speech,  
 With all their stings and venom can impeach  
 Our love,—we love not :—if the grave which hides  
 The victim from the tyrant, and divides  
 The cheek that whitens from the eyes that dart  
 Imperious inquisition to the heart  
 Than is another's, could dissever ours,  
 We love not."—"What! do not the silent hours  
 Beckon thee to Gherardi's bridal bed?  
 Is not that ring"—a pledge, he would have said,  
 Of broken vows, but she with patient look  
 The golden circle from her finger took,  
 And said—"Accept this token of my faith,  
 The pledge of vows to be absolved by death;  
 And I am dead or shall be soon—my knell  
 Will mix its music with that merry bell,  
 Does it not sound as if they sweetly said  
 'We toll a corpse out of the marriage-bed?'  
 The flowers upon my bridal chamber strewn  
 Will serve unfaded for my bier—so soon  
 That even the dying violet will not die  
 Before Ginevra." The strong fantasy  
 Had made her accents weaker and more weak,  
 And quenched the crimson life upon her cheek,  
 And glazed her eyes, and spread an atmosphere  
 Round her, which chilled the burning noon with fear.  
 Making her but an image of the thought  
 Which, like a prophet or a shadow, brought  
 News of the terrors of the coming time.  
 Like an accuser branded with the crime  
 He would have cast on a beloved friend,  
 Whose dying eyes reproach not to the end  
 The pale betrayer—he then with vain repentance  
 Would share, he cannot now avert, the sentence—  
 Antonio stood and would have spoken, when  
 The compound voice of women and of men  
 Was heard approaching; he retired, while she  
 Was led amid the admiring company  
 Back to the palace,—and her maidens soon  
 Changed her attire for the afternoon,  
 And left her at her own request to keep  
 An hour of quiet and rest :—like one asleep  
 With open eyes and folded hands she lay,  
 Pale in the light of the declining day.

Meanwhile the day sinks fast, the sun is set,  
 And in the lighted hall the guests are met;  
 The beautiful looked lovelier in the light  
 Of love, and admiration, and delight  
 Reflected from a thousand hearts and eyes,  
 Kindling a momentary Paradise.  
 This crowd is safer than the silent wood,  
 Where love's own doubts disturb the solitude;  
 On frozen hearts the fiery rain of wine

Falls, and the dew of music more divine  
 Tempers the deep emotions of the time  
 To spirits cradled in a sunny clime :—  
 How many meet, who never yet have met,  
 To part too soon, but never to forget.  
 How many saw the beauty, power and wit  
 Of looks and words which ne'er enchanted yet ;  
 But life's familiar veil was now withdrawn,  
 As the world leaps before an earthquake's dawn,  
 And unprophetic of the coming hours,  
 The matin winds from the expanded flowers  
 Scatter their hoarded incense, and awaken  
 The earth, until the dewy sleep is shaken  
 From every living heart which it possesses,  
 Through seas and winds, cities and wildernesses,  
 As if the future and the past were all  
 Treasured i' the instant ;—so Gherardi's hall  
 Laughed in the mirth of its lord's festival,  
 Till some one asked—" Where is the Bride ? "   And then  
 A bridesmaid went,—and ere she came again  
 A silence fell upon the guests—a pause  
 Of expectation, as when beauty awes  
 All hearts with its approach, though unbeheld ;  
 Then wonder, and then fear that wonder quelled ;—  
 For whispers passed from mouth to ear which drew  
 The colour from the hearer's cheeks, and flew  
 Louder and swifter round the company ;  
 And then Gherardi entered with an eye  
 Of ostentatious trouble, and a crowd  
 Surrounded him, and some were weeping loud.

They found Ginevra dead ! if it be death  
 To lie without motion, or pulse, or breath,  
 With waxen cheeks, and limbs cold, stiff, and white,  
 And open eyes, whose fixed and glassy light  
 Mocked at the speculation they had owned.  
 If it be death, when there is felt around  
 A smell of clay, a pale and icy glare,  
 And silence, and a sense that lifts the hair  
 From the scalp to the ankles, as it were  
 Corruption from the spirit passing forth,  
 And giving all it shrouded to the earth,  
 And leaving as swift lightning in its flight  
 Ashes, and smoke, and darkness : in our night  
 Of thought we know thus much of death,—no more  
 Than the unborn dream of our life before  
 Their barks are wrecked on its inhospitable shore.  
 The marriage feast and its solemnity  
 Was turned to funeral pomp—the company,  
 With heavy hearts and looks, broke up ; nor they  
 Who loved the dead went weeping on their way  
 Alone, but sorrow mixed with sad surprise  
 Loosened the springs of pity in all eyes,  
 On which that form, whose fate they weep in vain,  
 Will never, thought they, kindle smiles again.

The lamps which, half extinguished in their haste,  
 Gleamed few and faint o'er the abandoned feast,  
 Showed as it were within the vaulted room  
 A cloud of sorrow hanging, as if gloom  
 Had passed out of men's minds into the air.  
 Some few yet stood around Gherardi there,  
 Friends and relations of the dead,—and he,  
 A loveless man, accepted torpidly  
 The consolation that he wanted not ;  
 Awe in the place of grief within him wrought.  
 Their whispers made the solemn silence seem  
 More still—some wept, . . .  
 Some melted into tears without a sob,  
 And some with hearts that might be heard to throb  
 Leaned on the table, and at intervals  
 Shuddered to hear through the deserted halls  
 And corridors the thrilling shrieks which came  
 Upon the breeze of night, that shook the flame  
 Of every torch and taper as it swept  
 From out the chamber where the women kept ;—  
 Their tears fell on the dear companion cold  
 Of pleasures now departed ; then was knolled  
 The bell of death, and soon the priests arrived,  
 And finding Death their penitent had shrived,  
 Returned like ravens from a corpse whereon  
 A vulture has just feasted to the bone.  
 And then the mourning women came.—

## THE DIRGE.

Old winter was gone  
 In his weakness back to the mountains hoar,  
 And the spring came down  
 From the planet that hovers upon the shore  
 Where the sea of sunlight encroaches  
 On the limits of wintry night ;—  
 If the land, and the air, and the sea,  
 Rejoice not when spring approaches,  
 We did not rejoice in thee,  
 Ginevra !

She is still, she is cold  
 On the bridal couch,  
 One step to the white deathbed,  
 And one to the bier,  
 And one to the charnel—and one, oh where ?  
 The dark arrow fled  
 In the noon.

Ere the sun through heaven once more has rolled,  
 The rats in her heart  
 Will have made their nest,  
 And the worms be alive in her golden hair,  
 While the Spirit that guides the sun,  
 Sits throned in his flaming chair,  
 She shall sleep.

## EVENING: PONTE AL MARE, PISA

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

THE sun is set ; the swallows are asleep ;  
 The bats are flitting fast in the gray air ;  
 The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,  
 And evening's breath, wandering here and there  
 Over the quivering surface of the stream,  
 Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

## II

There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,  
 Nor damp within the shadow of the trees ;  
 The wind is intermitting, dry, and light ;  
 And in the inconstant motion of the breeze  
 The dust and straws are driven up and down,  
 And whirled about the pavement of the town.

## III

Within the surface of the fleeting river  
 The wrinkled image of the city lay,  
 Immovably unquiet, and forever  
 It trembles, but it never fades away ;  
 Go to the . . .  
 You, being changed, will find it then as now.

## IV

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut  
 By darkest barriers of cinereous cloud,  
 Like mountain over mountain huddled—but  
 Growing and moving upwards in a crowd,  
 And over it a space of watery blue,  
 Which the keen evening star is shining through.

## THE BOAT ON THE SERCHIO

[" July 1821." Publ. 1824.]

OUR boat is asleep on Serchio's stream,  
 Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream,  
 The helm sways idly, hither and thither ;  
 Dominic, the boatman, has brought the mast,  
 And the oars, and the sails ; but 'tis sleeping fast,  
 Like a beast, unconscious of its tether.

The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,  
 And the thin white moon lay withering there ;  
 To tower, and cavern, and rift, and tree,  
 The owl and the bat fled drowsily.  
 Day had kindled the dewy woods,

And the rocks above and the stream below,  
 And the vapours in their multitudes,  
 And the Apennine's shroud of summer snow,  
 And clothed with light of aery gold  
 The mists in their eastern caves uprolled.

Day had awakened all things that be,  
 The lark and the thrush and the swallow free,  
 And the milkmaid's song and the mower's scythe,  
 And the matin-bell and the mountain bee.  
 Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,  
 Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,  
 Like lamps which a student forgets to trim :  
 The beetle forgot to wind his horn,  
 The crickets were still in the meadow and hill :  
 Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun  
 Night's dreams and terrors, every one,  
 Fled from the brains which are their prey  
 From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

All rose to do the task He set to each,  
 Who shaped us to His ends and not our own ;  
 The million rose to learn, and one to teach  
 What none yet ever knew or can be known.  
 And many rose  
 Whose woe was such that fear became desire ;—  
 Melchior and Lionel were not among those ;  
 They from the throng of men had stepped aside,  
 And made their home under the green hill-side.  
 It was that hill, whose intervening brow  
 Screens Lucca from the Pisan's envious eye,  
 Which the circumfluous plain waving below,  
 Like a wide lake of green fertility,  
 With streams and fields and marshes bare,  
 Divides from the far Apennines—which lie  
 Islanded in the immeasurable air.

“ What think you, as she lies in her green cove,  
 Our little sleeping boat is dreaming of ? ”  
 “ If morning dreams are true, why, I should guess  
 That she was dreaming of our idleness,  
 And of the miles of watery way  
 We should have led her by this time of day.”—

“ Never mind,” said Lionel,  
 “ Give care to the winds, they can bear it well  
 About yon poplar-tops ; and see  
 The white clouds are driving merrily,  
 And the stars we miss this morn will light  
 More willingly our return to-night.—  
 How it scatters Dominic's long black hair !  
 List, my dear fellow ; the breeze blows fair ;  
 Singing of us and of our lazy motions,  
 If I can guess a boat's emotions.”

The chain is loosed, the sails are spread,  
 The living breath is fresh behind,  
 As, with dews and sunrise fed,  
 Comes the laughing morning wind ;—  
 The sails are full, the boat makes head  
 Against the Serchio's torrent fierce,  
 Then flags with intermitting course,  
 And hangs upon the wave,  
 Which fervid from its mountain source  
 Shallow, smooth and strong doth come,—  
 Swift as fire, tempestuously  
 It sweeps into the affrighted sea ;  
 In morning's smile its eddies coil,  
 Its billows sparkle, toss and boil,  
 Torturing all its quiet light  
 Into columns fierce and bright.

The Serchio, twisting forth  
 Between the marble barriers which it clove  
 At Ripafretta, leads through the dread chasm  
 The wave that died the death which lovers love,  
 Living in what it sought ; as if this spasm  
 Had not yet passed, the toppling mountains cling,  
 But the clear stream in full enthusiasm  
 Pours itself on the plain, then wandering  
 Down one clear path of effluence crystalline  
 Sends its superfluous waves, that they may fling  
 At Arno's feet tribute of corn and wine ;  
 Then, through the pestilential deserts wild  
 Of tangled marsh and woods of stunted pine,  
 It rushes to the Ocean.

## MUSIC

[Publ. 1824.]

### I

I PANT for the music which is divine,  
 My heart in its thirst is a dying flower ;  
 Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,  
 Loosen the notes in a silver shower ;  
 Like a herbless plain, for the gentle rain,  
 I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

### II

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,  
 More, oh more,—I am thirsting yet ;  
 It loosens the serpent which care has bound  
 Upon my heart to stifle it ;  
 The dissolving strain, through every vein,  
 Passes into my heart and brain.

## III

As the scent of a violet withered up,  
 Which grew by the brink of a silver lake,  
 When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,  
 And mist there was none its thirst to slake—  
 And the violet lay dead while the odour flew  
 On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue—

## IV

As one who drinks from a charmèd cup  
 Of foaming, and sparkling, and murmuring wine,  
 Whom, a mighty Enchantress filling up,  
 Invites to love with her kiss divine . . .

## SONNET TO BYRON

[Publ. 1832, 1847.]

If I esteemed thee less, Envy would kill  
 Pleasure, and leave to Wonder and Despair  
 The ministration of the thoughts that fill  
 My soul which, as a worm may haply share  
 A portion of the unapproachable,  
 Marks thy creations rise as fast and fair  
 As perfect worlds at the Creator's will.  
 But not the blessings of thy happier lot,  
 Nor thy well-won prosperity, and fame,  
 Move one regret for his unhonoured name  
 Who dares these words :—the worm beneath the sod  
 May lift itself in homage of the God.

## FRAGMENT ON KEATS

WHO DESIRED THAT ON HIS TOMB SHOULD BE INSCRIBED—

[Publ. 1839. 1st ed.]

“ HERE lieth One whose name was writ on water.”  
 But, ere the breath that could erase it blew,  
 Death, in remorse for that fell slaughter,  
 Death, the immortalizing winter, flew  
 Athwart the stream,—and time's printless torrent grew  
 A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name  
 Of Adonais !

## ADONAIS

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS, AUTHOR OF  
ENDYMION, HYPERION, ETC.

'Αστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν Ἐῶος  
νῦν δὲ θανῶν λάμπεις" Ἐσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.—PLATO.

[Comp. at Pisa during the early days of June, 1821, and printed, with the author's name, at Pisa, "with the types of Didot," by July 13, 1821.]

## PREFACE

Φάρμακον ἦλθε, Βίων, ποτὶ σὸν στόμα, φάρμακον εἶδες.  
πῶς τευ τοῖς χεῖλεσσι ποτέδραμε, κοῦκ ἐγλυκάνθη;  
τίς δέ βροτὸς τοσσοῦτων ἀνάμερος, ἢ κεράσαι τοι,  
ἢ δοῦναι λαλέοντι τὸ φάρμακον; ἐκφυγεν ᾧδάν.

—MOSCHUS, EPITAPH. BION.

IT is my intention to subjoin to the London edition of this poem a criticism upon the claims of its lamented object to be classed among the writers of the highest genius who have adorned our age. My known repugnance to the narrow principles of taste on which several of his earlier compositions were modelled prove at least that I am an impartial judge. I consider the fragment of *Hyperion* as second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years.

John Keats died at Rome of a consumption, in his twenty-fourth year, on the — of — 1821; and was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.

The genius of the lamented person to whose memory I have dedicated these unworthy verses was not less delicate and fragile than it was beautiful; and where cankerworms abound, what wonder if its young flower was blighted in the bud? The savage criticism on his *Endymion*, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, produced the most

violent effect on his susceptible mind; the agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued, and the succeeding acknowledgments from more candid critics of the true greatness of his powers were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted.

It may be well said that these wretched men know not what they do. They scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether the poisoned shaft lights on a heart made callous by many blows or one like Keats's composed of more penetrable stuff. One of their associates is, to my knowledge, a most base and unprincipled calumniator. As to *Endymion*, was it a poem, whatever might be its defects, to be treated contemptuously by those who had celebrated, with various degrees of complacency and panegyric, *Paris*, and *Woman*, and a *Syrian Tale*, and Mrs. Lefanu, and Mr. Barrett, and Mr. Howard Payne, and a long list of the illustrious obscure? Are these the men who in their venal good nature presumed to draw a parallel between the Rev. Mr. Milman and Lord Byron? What gnat did they strain at here, after having swallowed all those camels? Against what woman taken in adultery dares the foremost of these literary prostitutes to cast his opprobrious stone? Miserable man! you, one of the meanest, have wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God. Nor shall it be your excuse, that, murderer as you are, you have spoken daggers, but used none.

The circumstances of the closing scene of poor Keats's life were not made known to me until the *Elegy* was ready for the press. I am given to understand that the wound which his sensitive spirit had received from the criticism of *Endymion* was exasperated by the bitter sense of unrequited benefits; the poor fellow seems to have been hooted from the stage of life, no less by those on whom he had wasted the promise of his genius, than those on whom he had lavished his fortune and his care. He was accompanied to Rome, and attended in his last illness by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, "almost risked his own life, and sacrificed every prospect to unwearied attendance upon his dying friend." Had I known these circumstances before the completion of my poem, I should have been tempted to add my feeble tribute of applause to the more solid recompense which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives.

Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from "such stuff as dreams are made of." His conduct is a golden augury of the success of his future career—may the unextinguished Spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead against Oblivion for his name!

## ADONAIS

## I

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead!  
 Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears  
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!  
 And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years  
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,  
 And teach them thine own sorrow, say: "With me  
 Died Adonais; till the Future dares  
 Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be  
 An echo and a light unto eternity!"

## II

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,  
 When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies  
 In darkness? where was lorn Urania  
 When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,  
 'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise  
 She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,  
 Rekindled all the fading melodies,  
 With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,  
 He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of Death.

## III

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!  
 Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!  
 Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed  
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,  
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;  
 For he is gone, where all things wise and fair  
 Descend;—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep  
 Will yet restore him to the vital air;  
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

## IV.

Most musical of mourners, weep again !  
 Lament anew, Urania !—he died,  
 Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,  
 Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,  
 The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,  
 Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite  
 Of lust and blood ; he went, unterrified,  
 Into the gulf of death ; but his clear Sprite  
 Yet reigns o'er earth ; the third among the sons of light.

## V

Most musical of mourners, weep anew !  
 Not all to that bright station dared to climb ;  
 And happier they their happiness who knew,  
 Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time  
 In which suns perished ; others more sublime,  
 Struck by the envious wrath of man or god,  
 Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime ;  
 And some yet live, treading the thorny road,  
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

## VI

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perished—  
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,  
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,  
 And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew ;  
 Most musical of mourners, weep anew !  
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,  
 The bloom, whose petals nipped before they blew  
 Died, on the promise of the fruit, is waste ;  
 The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

## VII

To that high Capital, where kingly Death  
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,  
 He came ; and bought, with price of purest breath,  
 A grave among the eternal.—Come away !  
 Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day  
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof ! while still  
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay ;  
 Awake him not ! surely he takes his fill  
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

## VIII

He will awake no more, oh, never more !—  
 Within the twilight chamber spreads apace  
 The shadow of white Death, and at the door  
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace  
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place ;  
 The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe  
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface  
 So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law  
 Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

## IX

Oh, weep for Adonais !—The quick Dreams,  
 The passion-wingèd Ministers of thought,  
 Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams  
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught  
 The love which was its music, wander not,—  
 Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,  
 But droop there, whence they sprung ; and mourn their lot  
 Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,  
 They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

## X

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,  
 And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries ;  
 “ Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead ;  
 See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,  
 Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies  
 A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain.”  
 Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise !  
 She knew not 'twas her own ; as with no stain  
 She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

## XI

One from a lucid urn of starry dew  
 Washed his light limbs as if embalming them ;  
 Another clipped her profuse locks, and threw  
 The wreath upon him, like an anadem,  
 Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem ;  
 Another in her wilful grief would break  
 Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem  
 A greater loss with one which was more weak ;  
 And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.

## XII

Another Splendour on his mouth alit,  
 That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath  
 Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,  
 And pass into the panting heart beneath  
 With lightning and with music : the damp death  
 Quenched its caress upon his icy lips ;  
 And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath  
 Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,  
 It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

## XIII

And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,  
 Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,  
 Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations  
 Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies ;  
 And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,  
 And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam  
 Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,  
 Came in slow pomp ;—the moving pomp might seem  
 Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

## XIV

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,  
 From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,  
 Lamented Adonais. Morning sought  
 Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,  
 Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,  
 Dimmed the aëreal eyes that kindle day ;  
 Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,  
 Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,  
 And the wild Winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

## XV

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,  
 And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,  
 And will no more reply to winds or fountains,  
 Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,  
 Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day ;  
 Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear  
 Than those for whose disdain she pined away  
 Into a shadow of all sounds :—a drear  
 Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear

## XVI

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down  
 Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,  
 Or they dead leaves ; since her delight is flown,  
 For whom should she have waked the sullen year ?  
 To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear  
 Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both  
 Thou, Adonais : wan they stand and sere  
 Amid the faint companions of their youth,  
 With dew all turned to tears ; odour, to sighing ruth.

## XVII

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale  
 Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain ;  
 Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale  
 Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain  
 Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,  
 Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,  
 As Albion wails for thee : the curse of Cain  
 Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,  
 And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest !

## XVIII

Ah, woe is me ! Winter is come and gone,  
 But grief returns with the revolving year ;  
 The airs and streams renew their joyous tone ;  
 The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear ;  
 Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Season's bier ;  
 The amorous birds now pair in every brake,  
 And build their mossy homes in field and brere ;  
 And the green lizard, and the golden snake,  
 Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

## XIX

Through wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean  
 A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst  
 As it has ever done, with change and motion,  
 From the great morning of the world when first  
 God dawned on Chaos ; in its stream immersed,  
 The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light ;  
 All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst ;  
 Diffuse themselves ; and spend in love's delight.  
 The beauty and the joy of their renewèd might.

## XX

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit tender,  
 Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath ;  
 Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour  
 Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death  
 And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath ;  
 Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows  
 Be as a sword consumed before the sheath  
 By sightless lightning?—the intense atom glows  
 A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

## XXI

Alas ! that all we loved of him should be,  
 But for our grief, as if it had not been,  
 And grief itself be mortal ! Woe is me !  
 Whence are we, and why are we ? of what scene  
 The actors or spectators ? Great and mean  
 Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.  
 As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,  
 Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,  
 Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to  
 sorrow.

## XXII

*He* will awake no more, oh, never more !  
 "Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother, rise  
 Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core  
 A wound more fierce than his, with tears and sighs."  
 And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,  
 And all the Echoes whom their sister's song  
 Had held in holy silence, cried : "Arise !"  
 Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung  
 From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

## XXIII

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs  
 Out of the East, and follows wild and drear  
 The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,  
 Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,  
 Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear  
 So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania ;  
 So saddened round her like an atmosphere  
 Of stormy mist ; so swept her on her way  
 Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

## XXIV

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,  
 Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,  
 And human hearts, which to her aery tread  
 Yielding not, wounded the invisible  
 Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell :  
 And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,  
 Rent the soft Form they never could repel,  
 Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,  
 Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

## XXV

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,  
 Shamed by the presence of that living Might,  
 Blushed to annihilation, and the breath  
 Revisited those lips, and Life's pale light  
 Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.  
 "Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,  
 As silent lightning leaves the starless night !  
 Leave me not !" cried Urania : her distress  
 Roused Death : Death rose and smiled, and met her vain  
 caress.

## XXVI

"Stay yet awhile ! speak to me once again ;  
 Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live ;  
 And in my heartless breast and burning brain  
 That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive.  
 With food of saddest memory kept alive,  
 Now thou art dead, as if it were a part  
 Of thee, my Adonais ! I would give  
 All that I am to be as thou now art !  
 But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart !

## XXVII

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,  
 Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men  
 Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart  
 Dare the unpastured dragon in his den ?  
 Defenceless as thou wert, oh, where was then  
 Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear ?  
 Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when  
 Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,  
 The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

## XXVIII

“The herded wolves, bold only to pursue ;  
 The obscene ravens, clamorous o’er the dead ;  
 The vultures to the conqueror’s banner true  
 Who feed where Desolation first has fed,  
 And whose wings rain contagion ;—how they fled,  
 When, like Apollo, from his golden bow  
 The Pythian of the age one arrow sped  
 And smiled !—The spoilers tempt no second blow,  
 They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

## XXIX

“The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn ;  
 He sets, and each ephemeral insect then  
 Is gathered into death without a dawn,  
 And the immortal stars awake again ;  
 So is it in the world of living men :  
 A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight  
 Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when  
 It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light  
 Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit’s awful night.”

## XXX

Thus ceased she : and the mountain shepherds came,  
 Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent ;  
 The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame  
 Over his living head like Heaven is bent,  
 An early but enduring monument,  
 Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song  
 In sorrow ; from her wilds Ierne sent  
 The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,  
 And Love taught Grief to fall like music from his tongue.

## XXXI

Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,  
 A phantom among men ; companionless  
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm  
 Whose thunder is its knell ; he, as I guess,  
 Had gazed on Nature’s naked loveliness,  
 Actaeon-like, and now he fled astray  
 With feeble steps o’er the world’s wilderness,  
 And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,  
 Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

## XXXII

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift—  
 A Love in desolation masked ;—a Power  
 Girt round with weakness ;—it can scarce uplift  
 The weight of the superincumbent hour ;  
 It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,  
 A breaking billow ;—even whilst we speak  
 Is it not broken? On the withering flower  
 The killing sun smiles brightly : on a cheek  
 The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

## XXXIII

His head was bound with pansies overblown,  
 And faded violets, white, and pied and blue ;  
 And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,  
 Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew  
 Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,  
 Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart  
 Shook the weak hand that grasped it ; of that crew  
 He came the last, neglected and apart ;  
 A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

## XXXIV

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan  
 Smiled through their tears ; well knew that gentle band  
 Who in another's fate now wept his own,  
 As in the accents of an unknown land  
 He sung new sorrow ; sad Urania scanned  
 The Stranger's mien, and murmured : " Who art thou ?"  
 He answered not, but with a sudden hand  
 Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,  
 Which was like Cain's or Christ's—oh ! that it should be so !

## XXXV

What softer voice is hushed over the dead ?  
 Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown ?  
 What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,  
 In mockery of monumental stone,  
 The heavy heart heaving without a moan ?  
 If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,  
 Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed one,  
 Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,  
 The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

## XXXVI

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh !  
 What deaf and viperous murderer could crown  
 Life's early cup with such a draught of woe !  
 The nameless worm would now itself disown :  
 It felt, yet could escape, the magic tone  
 Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,  
 But what was howling in one breast alone,  
 Silent with expectation of the song,  
 Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

## XXXVII

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame !  
 Live ! fear no heavier chastisement from me,  
 Thou noteless blot on a remembered name !  
 But be thyself, and know thyself to be !  
 And ever at thy season be thou free  
 To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow :  
 Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee ;  
 Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,  
 And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

## XXXVIII

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled  
 Far from these carrion kites that scream below ;  
 He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead ;  
 Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.—  
 Dust to the dust ! but the pure spirit shall flow  
 Back to the burning fountain whence it came,  
 A portion of the Eternal, which must glow  
 Through time and change, unquenchably the same,  
 Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

## XXXIX

Peace, peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—  
 He hath awakened from the dream of life—  
 'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep  
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,  
 And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife  
 Invulnerable nothings.— *We* decay  
 Like corpses in a charnel ; fear and grief  
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,  
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

## XL

He has outsoared the shadow of our night ;  
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,  
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
 Can touch him not and torture not again ;  
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
 He is secure, and now can never mourn  
 A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain ;  
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

## XLI

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he ;  
 Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,  
 Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee  
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone ;  
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan !  
 Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,  
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown  
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare  
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair !

## XLII

He is made one with Nature : there is heard  
 His voice in all her music, from the moan  
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird ;  
 He is a presence to be felt and known  
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,  
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move  
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;  
 Which wields the world with never-wearied love,  
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

## XLIII

He is a portion of the loveliness  
 Which once he made more lovely : he doth bear  
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress  
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there,  
 All new successions to the forms they wear ;  
 Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight  
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear ;  
 And bursting in its beauty and its might  
 From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

## XLIV

The splendours of the firmament of time  
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;  
 Like stars to their appointed height they climb,  
 And death is a low mist which cannot blot  
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought  
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
 And love and life contend in it, for what  
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there  
 And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

## XLV

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown  
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,  
 Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton  
 Rose pale,—his solemn agony had not  
 Yet faded from him ; Sidney, as he fought  
 And as he fell and as he lived and loved  
 Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,  
 Arose ; and Lucan, by his death approved :  
 Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reprovèd.

## XLVI

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,  
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot die  
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,  
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.  
 "Thou art become as one of us," they cry,  
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long  
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,  
 Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song.  
 Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng !"

## XLVII

Who mourns far Adonais? Oh, come forth,  
 Fond wretch ! and know thyself and him aright.  
 Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth ;  
 As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light  
 Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might  
 Satiates the void circumference : then shrink  
 Even to a point within our day and night ;  
 And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink  
 When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

## XLVIII

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,  
 Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought  
 That ages, empires, and religions there  
 Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;  
 For such as he can lend,—they borrow not  
 Glory from those who made the world their prey:  
 And he is gathered to the kings of thought  
 Who waged contention with their time's decay,  
 And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

## XLIX

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,  
 The grave, the city, and the wilderness;  
 And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,  
 And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress  
 The bones of Desolation's nakedness  
 Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead  
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green access  
 Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead  
 A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread;

## L

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time  
 Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;  
 And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,  
 Pavilioning the dust of him who planned  
 This refuge for his memory, doth stand  
 Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,  
 A field is spread, on which a newer band  
 Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,  
 Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

## LI

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet  
 To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned  
 Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,  
 Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,  
 Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find  
 Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,  
 Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind  
 Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.  
 What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

## LII

The One remains, the many change and pass ;  
 Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;  
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,  
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !  
 Follow where all is fled !—Rome's azure sky,  
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak  
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

## LIII

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart ?  
 Thy hopes are gone before : from all things here  
 They have departed ; thou shouldst now depart !  
 A light is passed from the revolving year,  
 And man, and woman ; and what still is dear  
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.  
 The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near :  
 'Tis Adonais calls ! oh, hasten thither,  
 No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

## LIV

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,  
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,  
 That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse  
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love  
 Which through the web of being blindly wove  
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,  
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of  
 The fire for which all thirst ; now beams on me,  
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

## LV

The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
 Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven,  
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng  
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given ;  
 The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven !  
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar ;  
 Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,  
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

## FRAGMENTS

[Publ. 1839, 2nd ed.]

O THOU immortal Deity  
 Whose throne is in the depth of human thought,  
 I do adjure thy power and thee  
 By all that man may be, by all that he is not,  
 By all that he has been and yet must be!

[Publ. 1903.]

I STOOD upon a heaven-cleaving turret  
 Which overlooked a wide Metropolis—  
 And in the temple of my heart my Spirit  
 Lay prostrate and with parted lips did kiss  
 The dust of Desolation's altar  
 And with a voice too faint to falter  
 It shook that trembling fane with its weak prayer  
 'Twas noon,—the sleeping skies were blue  
 The city . . .

[Publ. 1839, 1st ed.]

AND that I walk thus proudly crowned withal  
 Is that 'tis my distinction; if I fall,  
 I shall not weep out of the vital day,  
 To-morrow dust, nor wear a dull decay.

[Publ. 1839, 1st ed.]

“WHAT art thou, Presumptuous who profanest  
 The wreath to mighty poets only due,  
 Even whilst like a forgotten moon thou wanest;

Touch not those leaves which for the eternal few  
 Who wander o'er the Paradise of fame,  
 In sacred dedication ever grew:

One of the crowd thou art without a name.”  
 “Ah, friend, 'tis the false laurel that I wear;  
 Bright tho' it seem, 'tis not the same

As that which bound Milton's immortal hair;  
 Its dew is poison; and the hopes that quicken  
 Under its chilling shade, though seeming fair,

Are flowers which die almost before they sicken.”

[Publ. 1824.]

WHERE art thou, beloved To-morrow ?  
 When young and old, and strong and weak,  
 Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,  
 Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—  
 In thy place, ah ! well-a-day !  
 We find the thing we fled : To-day . . .

[Publ. 1839, 1st ed.]

HE wanders, like a day-appearing dream,  
 Through the dim wildernesses of the mind ;  
 Through desert woods and tracts, which seem  
 Like ocean, homeless, boundless, unconfined.

[Publ. 1839, 2nd ed.]

THE babe is at peace within the womb ;  
 The corpse is at rest within the tomb :  
 We begin in what we end.

[Publ. 1839, 1st ed.]

THE rude wind is singing  
 The dirge of the music dead ;  
 The cold worms are clinging  
 Where kisses were lately fed.

[Publ. 1824.]

ROUGH wind, that moanest loud  
 Grief too sad for song ;  
 Wild wind, when sullen cloud  
 Knells all the night long ;  
 Sad storm, whose tears are vain,  
 Bare woods, whose branches strain,  
 Deep caves and dreary main,—  
 Wail, for the world's wrong !

## THE ZUCCA

[Comp. January, 1822. Publ. 1824.]

I

SUMMER was dead and Autumn was expiring,  
 And infant Winter laughed upon the land  
 All cloudlessly and cold ;—when I, desiring  
 More in this world than any understand,  
 Wept o'er the beauty, which, like sea retiring,  
 Had left the earth bare as the wave-worn sand  
 Of my poor heart, and o'er the grass and flowers  
 Pale for the falsehood of the flattering Hours.

## II

Summer was dead, but I yet lived to weep  
 The instability of all but weeping ;  
 And on the Earth lulled in her winter sleep  
 I woke, and envied her as she was sleeping.  
 Too happy Earth ! over thy face shall creep  
 The wakening vernal airs, until thou, leaping  
 From unremembered dreams, shalt see  
 No death divide thy immortality.

## III

I loved—oh, no, I mean not one of ye,  
 Or any earthly one, though ye are dear  
 As human heart to human heart may be ;—  
 I loved, I know not what—but this low sphere  
 And all that it contains, contains not thee.  
 Thou, whom, seen nowhere, I feel everywhere.  
 From Heaven and Earth, and all that in them are,  
 Veiled art thou, like a star.

## IV

By Heaven and Earth, from all whose shapes thou flowest,  
 Neither to be contained, delayed, nor hidden ;  
 Making divine the loftiest and the lowest,  
 When for a moment thou art not forbidden  
 To live within the life which thou bestowest ;  
 And leaving noblest things vacant and chidden,  
 Cold as a corpse after the spirit's flight,  
 Blank as the sun after the birth of night.

## V

In winds, and trees, and streams, and all things common,  
 In music and the sweet unconscious tone  
 Of animals, and voices which are human,  
 Meant to express some feelings of their own ;  
 In the soft motions and rare smile of woman,  
 In flowers and leaves, and in the grass fresh-shown,  
 Or dying in the autumn, I the most  
 Adore thee present or lament thee lost.

## VI

And thus I went lamenting, when I saw  
 A plant upon the river's margin lie,  
 Like one who loved beyond his nature's law,  
 And in despair had cast him down to die ;  
 Its leaves, which had outlived the frost, the thaw  
 Had blighted ; as a heart which hatred's eye  
 Can blast not, but which pity kills ; the dew  
 Lay on its spotted leaves like tears too true.

## VII

The Heavens had wept upon it, but the Earth  
 Had crushed it on her unmaternal breast

## VIII

I bore it to my chamber, and I planted  
 It in a vase full of the lightest mould ;  
 The winter beams which out of Heaven slanted  
 Fell through the window-panes, disrobed of cold,  
 Upon its leaves and flowers ; the stars which panted  
 In evening for the Day, whose car has rolled  
 Over the horizon's wave, with looks of light  
 Smiled on it from the threshold of the night.

## IX

The mitigated influences of air  
 And light revived the plant, and from it grew  
 Strong leaves and tendrils, and its flowers fair,  
 Full as a cup with the vine's burning dew,  
 O'erflowed with golden colours ; an atmosphere  
 Of vital warmth enfolded it anew  
 And every impulse sent to every part  
 The unbeheld pulsations of its heart.

## X

Well might the plant grow beautiful and strong,  
 Even if the sun and air had smiled not on it ;  
 For one wept o'er it all the winter long  
 Tears pure as Heaven's rain, which fell upon it  
 Hour after hour ; for sounds of softest song  
 Mixed with the stringèd melodies that won it  
 To leave the gentle lips on which it slept,  
 Had loosed the heart of him who sat and wept—

## XI

Had loosed his heart, and shook the leaves and flowers  
 On which he wept, the while the savage storm  
 Waked by the darkest of December's hours  
 Was raving round the chamber hushed and warm ;  
 The birds were shivering in their leafless bowers,  
 The fish were frozen in the pools, the form  
 Of every summer plant was dead . . .  
 Whilst this . . .

## THE MAGNETIC LADY TO HER PATIENT

[Publ. 1832.]

## I

" SLEEP, sleep on ! forget thy pain ;  
 My hand is on thy brow,  
 My spirit on thy brain ;  
 My pity on thy heart, poor friend ;  
 And from my fingers flow

The powers of life, and like a sign,  
 Seal thee from thine hour of woe ;  
 And brood on thee, but may not blend  
 With thine.

## II

“ Sleep, sleep on ! I love thee not ;  
 But when I think that he  
 Who made and makes my lot  
 As full of flowers as thine of weeds,  
 Might have been lost like thee ;  
 And that a hand which was not mine  
 Might then have charmed his agony  
 As I another’s—my heart bleeds  
 For thine.

## III

“ Sleep, sleep, and with the slumber of  
 The dead and the unborn  
 Forget thy life and love ;  
 Forget that thou must wake forever ;  
 Forget the world’s dull scorn ;  
 Forget lost health, and the divine  
 Feelings which died in youth’s brief morn ;  
 And forget me, for I can never  
 Be thine.

## IV

“ Like a cloud big with a May shower,  
 My soul weeps healing rain  
 On thee, thou withered flower !  
 It breathes mute music on thy sleep ;  
 Its odour calms thy brain ;  
 Its light within thy gloomy breast  
 Spreads like a second youth again.  
 By mine thy being is to its deep  
 Possessed.

## V

“ The spell is done. How feel you now ? ”  
 “ Better—Quite well,” replied  
 The sleeper.—“ What would do  
 You good when suffering and awake ?  
 What cure your head and side ?—”  
 “ What would cure, that would kill me, Jane :  
 And as I must on earth abide  
 Awhile, yet tempt me not to break  
 My chain.”

## LINES: "WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED"

[Publ. 1824.]

## I

WHEN the lamp is shattered  
 The light in the dust lies dead—  
 When the cloud is scattered  
 The rainbow's glory is shed.  
 When the lute is broken,  
 Sweet tones are remembered not ;  
 When the lips have spoken,  
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

## II

As music and splendour  
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
 The heart's echoes render  
 No song when the spirit is mute :—  
 No song but sad dirges,  
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,  
 Or the mournful surges  
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

## III

When hearts have once mingled  
 Love first leaves the well-built nest ;  
 The weak one is singled  
 To endure what it once possessed.  
 O Love ! who bewailest  
 The frailty of all things here,  
 Why choose you the frailest  
 For your cradle, your home, and your bier ?

## IV

Its passions will rock thee  
 As the storms rock the ravens on high ;  
 Bright reason will mock thee,  
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
 From thy nest every rafter  
 Will rot, and thine eagle home  
 Leave thee naked to laughter,  
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.

## TO JANE: THE INVITATION

[Comp. early in 1822. Publ. 1839, 2nd ed. ; in a shorter form 1824.]

BEST and brightest, come away !  
 Fairer far than this fair Day,  
 Which, like thee to those in sorrow,  
 Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow

To the rough Year just awake  
 In its cradle on the brake.  
 The brightest hour of unborn Spring,  
 Through the winter wandering,  
 Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn  
 To hoar February born.  
 Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,  
 It kissed the forehead of the Earth,  
 And smiled upon the silent sea,  
 And bade the frozen streams be free,  
 And waked to music all their fountains,  
 And breathed upon the frozen mountains,  
 And like a prophetess of May  
 Strewed flowers upon the barren way,  
 Making the wintry world appear  
 Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,  
 To the wild wood and the downs—  
 To the silent wilderness  
 Where the soul need not repress  
 Its music, lest it should not find  
 An echo in another's mind,  
 While the touch of Nature's art  
 Harmonizes heart to heart.  
 I leave this notice on my door  
 For each accustomed visitor :—  
 " I am gone into the fields  
 To take what this sweet hour yields ;—  
 Reflection, you may come to-morrow,  
 Sit by the fireside with Sorrow.—  
 You with the unpaid bill, Despair,—  
 You, tiresome verse-reciter, Care,—  
 I will pay you in the grave,—  
 Death will listen to your stave.  
 Expectation too, be off !  
 To-day is for itself enough ;  
 Hope, in pity mock not Woe  
 With smiles, nor follow where I go ;  
 Long having lived on thy sweet food,  
 At length I find one moment's good  
 After long pain—with all your love,  
 This you never told me of."

Radiant Sister of the Day,  
 Awake ! arise ! and come away !  
 To the wild woods and the plains,  
 To the pools where winter rains  
 Image all their roof of leaves,  
 Where the pine its garland weaves  
 Of sapless green and ivy dun  
 Round stems that never kiss the sun ;  
 Where the lawns and pastures be,  
 And the sandhills of the sea ;—  
 Where the melting hoar-frost wets

The daisy-star that never sets,  
 And wind-flowers, and violets,  
 Which yet join not scent to hue,  
 Crown the pale year weak and new ;  
 When the night is left behind  
 In the deep east, dun and blind,  
 And the blue noon is over us,  
 And the multitudinous  
 Billows murmur at our feet,  
 Where the earth and ocean meet,  
 And all things seem only one  
 In the universal sun.

### TO JANE : THE RECOLLECTION

[Publ. by Mrs Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed. Also 1824, with the preceding.]

Now the last day of many days,  
 All beautiful and bright as thou,  
 The loveliest and the last, is dead,  
 Rise, Memory, and write its praise !  
 Up,—to thy wonted work ! come, trace  
 The epitaph of glory fled,—  
 For now the Earth has changed its face,  
 A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

We wandered to the Pine Forest  
 That skirts the Ocean's foam.  
 The lightest wind was in its nest,  
 The tempest in its home.  
 The whispering waves were half asleep,  
 The clouds were gone to play,  
 And on the bosom of the deep  
 The smile of Heaven lay ;  
 It seemed as if the hour were one  
 Sent from beyond the skies,  
 Which scattered from above the sun  
 A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood  
 The giants of the waste,  
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude  
 As serpents interlaced,  
 And soothed by every azure breath,  
 That under Heaven is blown,  
 To harmonies and hues beneath,  
 As tender as its own ;  
 Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,  
 Like green waves on the sea,  
 As still as in the silent deep  
 The ocean woods may be.

How calm it was !—the silence there  
 By such a chain was bound

That even the busy woodpecker  
 Made stiller by her sound  
 The inviolable quietness ;  
 The breath of peace we drew  
 With its soft motion made not less  
 The calm that round us grew.  
 There seemed from the remotest seat  
 Of the white mountain waste,  
 To the soft flower beneath our feet,  
 A magic circle traced,—  
 A spirit interfused around,  
 A thrilling, silent life,—  
 To momentary peace it bound  
 Our mortal nature's strife ;  
 And still I felt the centre of  
 The magic circle there  
 Was one fair form that filled with love  
 The lifeless atmosphere.

We paused beside the pools that lie  
 Under the forest bough,—  
 Each seemed as 'twere a little sky  
 Gulfed in a world below ;  
 A firmament of purple light  
 Which in the dark earth lay,  
 More boundless than the depth of night,  
 And purer than the day—  
 In which the lovely forests grew,  
 As in the upper air,  
 More perfect both in shape and hue  
 Than any spreading there.  
 There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,  
 And through the dark green wood  
 The white sun twinkling like the dawn  
 Out of a speckled cloud.  
 Sweet views which in our world above  
 Can never well be seen,  
 Were imaged by the water's love  
 Of that fair forest green.  
 And all was interfused beneath  
 With an Elysian glow,  
 An atmosphere without a breath,  
 A softer day below.  
 Like one beloved, the scene had lent  
 To the dark water's breast,  
 Its every leaf and lineament  
 With more than truth expressed ;  
 Until an envious wind crept by,  
 Like an unwelcome thought,  
 Which from the mind's too faithful eye  
 Blots one dear image out.  
 Though thou art ever fair and kind,  
 The forests ever green,  
 Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind,  
 Than calm in waters, seen.

## WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE

[Publ. 1832.]

ARIEL to Miranda :—Take  
This slave of Music, for the sake  
Of him who is the slave of thee,  
And teach it all the harmony  
In which thou canst, and only thou,  
Make the delighted spirit glow,  
Till joy denies itself again,  
And, too intense, is turned to pain ;  
For by permission and command  
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,  
Poor Ariel sends this silent token  
Of more than ever can be spoken ;  
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,  
From life to life, must still pursue  
Your happiness ;—for thus alone  
Can Ariel ever find his own.  
From Prospero's enchanted cell,  
As the mighty verses tell,  
To the throne of Naples, he  
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,  
Flitting on, your prow before,  
Like a living meteor.  
When you die, the silent Moon,  
In her interlunar swoon,  
Is not sadder in her cell  
Than deserted Ariel.  
When you live again on earth,  
Like an unseen star of birth,  
Ariel guides you o'er the sea  
Of life from your nativity.  
Many changes have been run  
Since Ferdinand and you begun  
Your course of love, and Ariel still  
Has tracked your steps, and served your will ;  
Now, in humbler, happier lot,  
This is all remembered not ;  
And now, alas ! the poor sprite is  
Imprisoned, for some fault of his,  
In a body like a grave ;—  
From you he only dares to crave,  
For his service and his sorrow,  
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought,  
To echo all harmonious thought,  
Felled a tree, while on the steep  
The woods were in their winter sleep,  
Rocked in that repose divine  
On the wind-swept Apennine ;

And dreaming, some of Autumn past,  
 And some of Spring approaching fast,  
 And some of April buds and showers,  
 And some of songs in July bowers,  
 And all of love ; and so this tree,—  
 O that such our death may be !—  
 Died in sleep, and felt no pain,  
 To live in happier form again :  
 From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,  
 The artist wrought that loved Guitar,  
 And taught it justly to reply,  
 To all who question skilfully,  
 In language gentle as thine own ;  
 Whispering in enamoured tone  
 Sweet oracles of woods and dells,  
 And summer winds in sylvan cells ;  
 For it had learned all harmonies  
 Of the plains and of the skies,  
 Of the forests and the mountains,  
 And the many-voicèd fountains ;  
 The clearest echoes of the hills,  
 The softest notes of falling rills,  
 The melodies of birds and bees,  
 The murmuring of summer seas,  
 And pattering rain, and breathing dew,  
 And airs of evening ; and it knew  
 That seldom-heard mysterious sound,  
 Which, driven on its diurnal round,  
 As it floats through boundless day,  
 Our world enkindles in its way.—  
 All this it knows, but will not tell  
 To those who cannot question well  
 The Spirit that inhabits it ;  
 It talks according to the wit  
 Of its companions ; and no more  
 Is heard than has been felt before,  
 By those who tempt it to betray  
 These secrets of an elder day :  
 But, sweetly as its answers will  
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,  
 It keeps its highest, holiest tone  
 For our beloved Jane alone.

TO JANE : " THE KEEN STARS WERE  
 TWINKLING."

[First publ. in full, 1839, 2nd ed.]

I

THE keen stars were twinkling,  
 And the fair moon was rising among them,  
     Dear Jane !  
 The guitar was tinkling,  
 But the notes were not sweet till you sung them  
     Again.

## II

As the moon's soft splendour  
 O'er the faint cold starlight of Heaven  
     Is thrown,  
 So your voice most tender  
 To the strings without soul had then given  
     Its own.

## III

The stars will awaken,  
 Though the moon sleep a full hour later,  
     To-night ;  
 No leaf will be shaken  
 Whilst the dews of your melody scatter  
     Delight.

## IV

Though the sound overpowers,  
 Sing again, with your dear voice revealing  
     A tone  
 Of some world far from ours,  
 Where music and moonlight and feeling  
     Are one.

## LINES WRITTEN IN THE BAY OF LERICI

[Publ. 1862.]

SHE left me at the silent time  
 When the moon had ceased to climb  
 The azure path of Heaven's steep,  
 And like an albatross asleep,  
 Balanced on her wings of light,  
 Hovered in the purple night,  
 Ere she sought her ocean nest  
 In the chambers of the West,  
 She left me, and I stayed alone  
 Thinking over every tone  
 Which, though silent to the ear,  
 The enchanted heart could hear,  
 Like notes which die when born, but still  
 Haunt the echoes of the hill ;  
 And feeling ever—oh, too much !—  
 The soft vibration of her touch,  
 As if her gentle hand, even now,  
 Lightly trembled on my brow ;  
 And thus, although she absent were,  
 Memory gave me all of her  
 That even Fancy dares to claim :—  
 Her presence had made weak and tame  
 All passions, and I lived alone  
 In the time which is our own ;

The past and future were forgot,  
 As they had been, and would be, not.  
 But soon, the guardian angel gone,  
 The daemon reassumed his throne  
 In my faint heart. I dare not speak  
 My thoughts, but thus disturbed and weak  
 I sat and saw the vessels glide,  
 Over the ocean bright and wide,  
 Like spirit-wingèd chariots sent  
 O'er some serenest element  
 For ministrations strange and far :  
 As if to some Elysian star  
 Sailed for drink to medicine  
 Such sweet and bitter pain as mine.  
 And the wind that winged their flight  
 From the land came fresh and light,  
 And the scent of wingèd flowers,  
 And the coolness of the hours  
 Of dew, and sweet warmth left by day,  
 Were scattered o'er the twinkling bay,  
 And the fisher with his lamp  
 And spear about the low rocks damp  
 Crept, and struck the fish which came  
 To worship the delusive flame.  
 Too happy they, whose pleasure sought  
 Extinguishes all sense and thought  
 Of the regret that pleasure leaves,  
 Destroying life alone, not peace !

LINES : " WE MEET NOT AS WE PARTED "

[Publ. 1862.]

I

WE meet not as we parted,  
 We feel more than all may see ;  
 My bosom is heavy-hearted,  
 And thine full of doubt for me :—  
 One moment has bound the free.

II

That moment is gone for ever,  
 Like lightning that flashed and died—  
 Like a snowflake upon the river—  
 Like a sunbeam upon the tide,  
 Which the dark shadows hide.

III

That moment from time was singled  
 As the first of a life of pain ;  
 The cup of its joy was mingled  
 —Delusion too sweet though vain !  
 Too sweet to be mine again.

## IV

Sweet lips, could my heart have hidden  
 That its life was crushed by you,  
 Ye would not have then forbidden  
 The death which a heart so true  
 Sought in your briny dew.

## V

· · · · ·  
 · · · · ·  
 · · · · ·  
 Methinks too little cost  
 For a moment so found, so lost !

## THE ISLE

[Publ. 1824.]

THERE was a little lawny islet  
 By anemone and violet,  
     Like mosaic, paven  
 And its roof was flowers and leaves  
 Which the summer's breath enweaves,  
 Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze  
 Pierce the pines and tallest trees,  
     Each a gem engraven ;—  
 Girt by many an azure wave  
 With which the clouds and mountains pave  
     A lake's blue chasm.

## FRAGMENT: TO THE MOON

[Publ. 1862.]

BBRIGHT wanderer, fair coquette of Heaven,  
 To whom alone it has been given  
 To change and be adored for ever,  
 Envy not this dim world, for never  
 But once within its shadow grew  
 One fair as—

## EPITAPH

[Publ. 1824.]

THESE are two friends whose lives were undivided ;  
 So let their memory be, now they have glided  
 Under the grave ; let not their bones be parted,  
 For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.

## THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE

[The poem on which Shelley was engaged at the time of his death. Publ. 1824.]

SWIFT as a spirit hastening to his task  
Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth  
Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask

Of darkness fell from the awakened Earth—  
The smokeless altars of the mountain snows  
Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth

Of light, the Ocean's orison arose,  
To which the birds tempered their matin lay.  
All flowers in field or forest which unclose

Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day,  
Swinging their censers in the element,  
With orient incense lit by the new ray

Burned slow and inconsumably, and sent  
Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air ;  
And, in succession due, did continent,

Isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear  
The form and character of mortal mould,  
Rise as the Sun their father rose, to bear

Their portion of the toil, which he of old  
Took as his own, and then imposed on them :  
But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold

Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem  
The cone of night, now they were laid asleep  
Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem

Which an old chestnut flung athwart the steep  
Of a green Apennine : before me fled  
The night ; behind me rose the day ; the deep

Was at my feet, and Heaven above my head,—  
When a strange trance over my fancy grew  
Which was not slumber, for the shade it spread

Was so transparent, that the scene came through  
As clear as, when a veil of light is drawn  
O'er evening hills, they glimmer ; and I knew

That I had felt the freshness of that dawn  
Bathe in the same cold dew my brow and hair,  
And sate as thus upon that slope of lawn

Under the self-same bough, and heard as there  
The birds, the fountains and the ocean hold  
Sweet talk in music through the enamoured air,  
And then a vision on my brain was rolled.

---

As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay,  
This was the tenour of my waking dream :—  
Methought I sate beside a public way

Thick strewn with summer dust, and a great stream  
Of people there was hurrying to and fro,  
Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,

All hastening onward, yet none seemed to know  
Whither he went, or whence he came, or why  
He made one of the multitude, and so

Was borne amid the crowd, as through the sky  
One of the million leaves of summer's bier ;  
Old age and youth, manhood and infancy,

Mixed in one mighty torrent did appear,  
Some flying from the thing they feared, and some  
Seeking the object of another's fear ;

And others, as with steps towards the tomb,  
Pored on the trodden worms that crawled beneath,  
And others mournfully within the gloom

Of their own shadow walked, and called it death ;  
And some fled from it as it were a ghost,  
Half fainting in the affliction of vain breath :

But more, with motions which each other crossed.  
Pursued or shunned the shadows the clouds threw,  
Or birds within the noonday aether lost,

Upon that path where flowers never grew,—  
And, weary with vain toil and faint for thirst,  
Heard not the fountains, whose melodious dew

Out of their mossy cells forever burst ;  
Nor felt the breeze which from the forest told  
Of grassy paths and wood-lawns interspersed

With overarching elms and caverns cold,  
And violet banks where sweet dreams brood, but they  
Pursued their serious folly as of old.

And as I gazed, methought that in the way  
The throng grew wilder, as the woods of June  
When the south wind shakes the extinguished day,



The chariot rolled, a captive multitude  
Was driven ;—all those who had grown old in power  
Or misery,—all who had their age subdued

By action or by suffering, and whose hour  
Was drained to its last sand in weal or woe,  
So that the trunk survived both fruit and flower ;—

All those whose fame or infamy must grow  
Till the great winter lay the form and name  
Of this green earth with them for ever low ;—

All but the sacred few who could not tame  
Their spirits to the conquerors, but as soon  
As they had touched the world with living flame,

Fled back like eagles to their native noon ;  
Or those who put aside the diadem  
Of earthly thrones or gems . . .

Were there, of Athens or Jerusalem,  
Were neither mid the mighty captives seen,  
Nor mid the ribald crowd that followed them,

Nor those who went before fierce and obscene.  
The wild dance maddens in the van, and those  
Who lead it—fleet as shadows on the green,—

Outspeed the chariot, and without repose  
Mix with each other in tempestuous measure  
To savage music, wilder as it grows ;

They, tortured by their agonizing pleasure,  
Convulsed and on the rapid whirlwinds spun  
Of that fierce Spirit, whose unholy leisure

Was soothed by mischief since the world begun,  
Throw back their heads and loose their streaming hair ;  
And in their dance round her who dims the sun,

Maidens and youths fling their wild arms in air  
As their feet twinkle ; they recede, and now  
Bending within each other's atmosphere,

Kindle invisibly—and as they glow,  
Like moths by light attracted and repelled,  
Oft to their bright destruction come and go,

Till like two clouds into one vale impelled,  
That shake the mountains when their lightnings mingle  
And die in rain—the fiery band which held

Their natures, snaps—while the shock still may tingle ;  
One falls and then another in the path  
Senseless—nor is the desolation single,

Yet ere I can say *where*—the chariot hath  
Passed over them—nor other trace I find  
But as of foam after the ocean's wrath

Is spent upon the desert shore ;—behind,  
Old men and women foully disarrayed,  
Shake their gray hairs in the insulting wind,

And follow in the dance, with limbs decayed,  
Seeking to reach the light which leaves them still  
Farther behind and deeper in the shade.

But not the less with impotence of will  
They wheel,—though ghastly shadows interpose  
Round them and round each other,—and fulfil

Their work, and in the dust from whence they rose  
Sink, and corruption veils them as they lie,  
And past in these performs what            in those.

Struck to the heart by this sad pageantry,  
Half to myself I said—“ And what is this ?  
Whose shape is that within the car ? And why—”

I would have added—“ is all here amiss ?—”  
But a voice answered—“ Life ! ”—I turned, and knew  
(O Heaven, have mercy on such wretchedness !)

That what I thought was an old root which grew  
To strange distortion out of the hill side,  
Was indeed one of those deluded crew,

And that the grass, which methought hung so wide  
And white, was but his thin discoloured hair,  
And that the holes he vainly sought to hide,

Were or had been eyes :—“ If thou canst, forbear  
To join the dance, which I had well forborne ! ”  
Said the grim Feature (of my thought aware).

“ I will unfold that which to this deep scorn  
Led me and my companions, and relate  
The progress of the pageant since the morn ;

“ If thirst of knowledge shall not then abate,  
Follow it thou even to the night, but I  
Am weary.”—Then like one who with the weight

Of his own words is staggered, wearily  
He paused ; and ere he could resume, I cried :  
“ First, who art thou ? ”—“ Before thy memory,

“ I feared, loved, hated, suffered, did and died,  
And if the spark by which Heaven lit my spirit  
Had been with purer nutriment supplied,

' Corruption would not now thus much inherit  
Of what was once Rousseau,—nor this disguise  
Stain that which ought to have disdained to wear it ;

" If I have been extinguished, yet there rise  
A thousand beacons from the spark I bore "—  
" And who are those chained to the car ? "—" The wise,

" The great, the unforgotten,—they who wore  
Mitres and helms and crowns, or wreaths of light,  
Signs of thought's empire over thought—their lore

" Taught them not this, to know themselves ; their might  
Could not repress the mystery within,  
And for the morn of truth they feigned, deep night

" Caught them ere evening."—" Who is he with chin  
Upon his breast, and hands crossed on his chain ? "—  
" The child of a fierce hour ; he sought to win

" The world, and lost all that it did contain  
Of greatness, in its hope destroyed ; and more  
Of fame and peace than virtue's self can gain

" Without the opportunity which bore  
Him on its eagle pinions to the peak  
From which a thousand climbers have before

" Fallen, as Napoleon fell."—I felt my cheek  
Alter, to see the shadow pass away,  
Whose grasp had left the giant world so weak

That every pigmy kicked it as it lay ;  
And much I grieved to think how power and will  
In opposition rule our mortal day,

And why God made irreconcilable  
Good and the means of good ; and for despair  
I half disdained mine eyes' desire to fill

With the spent vision of the times that were  
And scarce have ceased to be.—" Dost thou behold,"  
Said [then] my guide, " those spoilers spoiled, Voltaire,

" Frederick, and Paul, Catherine, and Leopold,  
And hoary anarchists, demagogues, and sage—  
names which the world think always old,

" For in the battle Life and they did wage,  
She remained conqueror. I was overcome  
By my own heart alone, which neither age,

" Nor tears, nor infamy, nor now the tomb  
Could temper to its object."—" Let them pass,"  
I cried, " the world and its mysterious doom

" Is not so much more glorious than it was,  
That I desire to worship those who drew  
New figures on its false and fragile glass

" As the old faded,"—" Figures ever new  
Rise on the bubble, paint them as you may ;  
We have but thrown, as those before us threw,

" Our shadows on it as it passed away.  
But mark now chained to the triumphal chair  
The mighty phantoms of an elder day ;

" All that is mortal of great Plato there  
Expiates the joy and woe his master knew not ;  
The star that ruled his doom was far too fair,

" And life, where long that flower of Heaven grew not,  
Conquered that heart by love, which gold, or pain,  
Or age, or sloth, or slavery could subdue not.

" And near him walk the twain,  
The tutor and his pupil, whom Dominion  
Followed as tame as vulture in a chain.

" The world was darkened beneath either pinion  
Of him whom from the flock of conquerors  
Fame singled out for her thunder-bearing minion ;

" The other long outlived both woes and wars,  
Throned in the thoughts of men, and still had kept  
The jealous key of Truth's eternal doors,

" If Bacon's eagle spirit had not leapt  
Like lightning out of darkness—he compelled  
The Proteus shape of Nature, as it slept,

" To wake, and lead him to the caves that held  
The treasure of the secrets of its reign.  
See the great bards of elder time, who quelled

" The passions which they sung, as by their strain  
May well be known : their living melody  
Tempers its own contagion to the vein

" Of those who are infected with it—I  
Have suffered what I wrote, or viler pain !  
And so my words have seeds of misery—

" Even as the deeds of others, not as theirs."  
And then he pointed to a company,

'Midst whom I quickly recognized the heirs  
Of Caesar's crime, from him to Constantine ;  
The anarch chiefs, whose force and murderous snares

Had founded many a sceptre-bearing line,  
And spread the plague of gold and blood abroad :  
And Gregory and John, and men divine,

Who rose like shadows between man and God ;  
Till that eclipse, still hanging over heaven,  
Was worshipped by the world o'er which they strode,

For the true sun it quenched—" Their power was given  
But to destroy," replied the leader :—" I  
Am one of those who have created, even

" If it be but a world of agony."—  
" Whence comest thou ? and whither goest thou ?  
How did thy course begin ? " I said, " and why ?

" Mine eyes are sick of this perpetual flow  
Of people, and my heart sick of one sad thought—  
Speak ! "—" Whence I am, I partly seem to know,

" And how and by what paths I have been brought  
To this dread pass, methinks even thou mayst guess ;—  
Why this should be, my mind can compass not ;

" Whither the conqueror hurries me, still less ;—  
But follow thou, and from spectator turn  
Actor or victim in this wretchedness,

" And what thou wouldst be taught I then may learn  
From thee. Now listen :—In the April prime,  
When all the forest-tips began to burn

" With kindling green, touched by the azure clime  
Of the young year's dawn, I was laid asleep  
Under a mountain, which from unknown time

" Had yawned into a cavern, high and deep ;  
And from it came a gentle rivulet,  
Whose water, like clear air, in its calm sweep

" Bent the soft grass, and kept for ever wet  
The stems of the sweet flowers, and filled the grove  
With sounds, which whoso hears must needs forget

" All pleasure and all pain, all hate and love,  
Which they had known before that hour of rest ;  
A sleeping mother then would dream not of

" Her only child who died upon the breast  
At eventide—a king would mourn no more  
The crown of which his brows were dispossessed

" When the sun lingered o'er his ocean floor  
To gild his rival's new prosperity.  
Thou wouldst forget thus vainly to deplore

“ Ills, which if ills can find no cure from thee,  
The thought of which no other sleep will quell,  
Nor other music blot from memory,

“ So sweet and deep is the oblivious spell ;  
And whether life had been before that sleep  
The Heaven which I imagine, or a Hell

“ Like this harsh world in which I wake to weep,  
I know not. I arose, and for a space  
The scene of woods and waters seemed to keep,

“ Though it was now broad day, a gentle trace  
Of light diviner than the common sun  
Sheds on the common earth, and all the place

“ Was filled with magic sounds woven into one  
Olivious melody, confusing sense  
Amid the gliding waves and shadows dun ;

“ And, as I looked, the bright omnipresence  
Of morning through the orient cavern flowed,  
And the sun's image radiantly intense

“ Burned on the waters of the well that glowed  
Like gold, and threaded all the forest's maze  
With winding paths of emerald fire ; there stood

“ Amid the sun, as he amid the blaze  
Of his own glory, on the vibrating  
Floor of the fountain, paved with flashing rays,

“ A Shape all light, which with one hand did fling  
Dew on the earth, as if she were the dawn,  
And the invisible rain did ever sing

“ A silver music on the mossy lawn ;  
And still before me on the dusky grass,  
Iris her many-coloured scarf had drawn :

“ In her right hand she bore a crystal glass,  
Mantling with bright Nepenthe ; the fierce splendour  
Fell from her, as she moved under the mass

“ Of the deep cavern, and, with palms so tender  
Their tread broke not the mirror of its billow,  
Glided along the river, and did bend her

“ Head under the dark boughs, till like a willow  
Her fair hair swept the bosom of the stream  
That whispered with delight to be its pillow.

“ As one enamoured is upborne in dream  
O'er lily-paven lakes, mid silver mist,  
To wondrous music, so this shape might seem

“ Partly to tread the waves with feet which kissed  
The dancing foam ; partly to glide along  
The air which roughened the moist amethyst,

“ Or the faint morning beams that fell among  
The trees, or the soft shadows of the trees ;  
And her feet, ever to the ceaseless song

“ Of leaves, and winds, and waves, and birds, and bees,  
And falling drops, moved to a measure new  
Yet sweet, as on the summer evening breeze,

“ Up from the lake a shape of golden dew  
Between two rocks, athwart the rising moon,  
Dances i' the wind, where never eagle flew ;

“ And still her feet, no less than the sweet tune  
To which they moved, seemed as they moved to blot  
The thoughts of him who gazed on them ; and soon

“ All that was, seemed as if it had been not ;  
And all the gazer's mind was strewn beneath  
Her feet like embers ; and she, thought by thought,

“ Trampled its sparks into the dust of death ;  
As day upon the threshold of the east  
Treads out the lamps of night, until the breath

“ Of darkness re-illumine even the least  
Of heaven's living eyes—like day she came,  
Making the night a dream ; and ere she ceased

“ To move, as one between desire and shame  
Suspended, I said—‘ If, as it doth seem,  
Thou comest from the realm without a name

“ ‘ Into this valley of perpetual dream,  
Show whence I came, and where I am, and why—  
Pass not away upon the passing stream.’—

“ ‘ Arise and quench thy thirst,’ was her reply.  
And as a shut lily stricken by the wand  
Of dewy morning's vital alchemy,

“ I rose ; and, bending at her sweet command,  
Touched with faint lips the cup she raised,  
And suddenly my brain became as sand

“ Where the first wave had more than half erased  
The track of deer on desert Labrador,  
Whilst the wolf, from which they fled amazed,

“ Leaves his stamp visibly upon the shore,—  
Until the second bursts ; so on my sight  
Burst a new vision, never seen before,

“ And the fair shape waned in the coming light,  
As veil by veil the silent splendour drops  
From Lucifer, amid the chrysolite

“ Of sunrise, ere it tinge the mountain-tops ;  
And as the presence of that fairest planet,  
Although unseen, is felt by one who hopes

“ That his day's path may end as he began it,  
In that star's smile, whose light is like the scent  
Of a jonquil when evening breezes fan it,

“ Or the soft note in which his dear lament  
The Brescian \* shepherd breathes, or the caress  
That turned his weary slumber to content ;

“ So knew I in that light's severe excess  
The presence of that Shape which on the stream  
Moved, as I moved along the wilderness,

“ More dimly than a day-appearing dream,  
The ghost of a forgotten form of sleep ;  
A light of heaven, whose half-extinguished beam

“ Through the sick day in which we wake to weep  
Glimmers, for ever sought, for ever lost ;  
So did that shape its obscure tenour keep

“ Beside my path, as silent as a ghost ;  
But the new Vision, and the cold bright car,  
With solemn speed and stunning music, crossed

“ The forest, and as if from some dread war  
Triumphantly returning, the loud million  
Fiercely extolled the fortune of her star.

“ A moving arch of victory, the vermilion  
And green and azure plumes of Iris had  
Built high over her wind-wingèd pavilion,

“ And underneath aethereal glory clad  
The wilderness, and far before her flew  
The tempest of the splendour, which forbade

“ Shadow to fall from leaf and stone ; the crew  
Seemed in that light, like atomies to dance  
Within a sunbeam ;—some upon the new

“ Embroidery of flowers, that did enhance  
The grassy vesture of the desert, played,  
Forgetful of the chariot's swift advance ;

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\* The favourite song, *Stanco di pascolar le pecorelle*, is a Brescian national air.—[MRS SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

“ Others stood gazing, till within the shade  
Of the great mountain its light left them dim ;  
Others outspeded it ; and others made

“ Circles around it, like the clouds that swim  
Round the high moon in a bright sea of air ;  
And more did follow, with exulting hymn,

“ The chariot and the captives fettered there :—  
But all like bubbles on an eddying flood  
Fell into the same track at last, and were

“ Borne onward.—I among the multitude  
Was swept—me, sweetest flowers delayed not long ;  
Me, not the shadow nor the solitude ;

“ Me, not that falling stream’s Lethean song ;  
Me, not the phantom of that early Form  
Which moved upon its motion—but among

“ The thickest billows of that living storm  
I plunged, and bared my bosom to the clime  
Of that cold light, whose airs too soon deform.

“ Before the chariot had begun to climb  
The opposing steep of that mysterious dell,  
Behold a wonder worthy of the rhyme

“ Of him who from the lowest depths of hell,  
Through every paradise and through all glory,  
Love led serene, and who returned to tell

“ The words of hate and awe, the wondrous story  
How all things are transfigured except Love ;—  
For deaf as is a sea, which wrath makes hoary,

“ The world can hear not the sweet notes that move  
The sphere whose light is melody to lovers—  
A wonder worthy of his rhyme. The grove

“ Grew dense with shadows to its inmost covers,  
The earth was gray with phantoms, and the air  
Was peopled with dim forms, as when there hovers

“ A flock of vampire-bats before the glare  
Of the tropic sun, bringing, ere evening,  
Strange night upon some Indian vale ;—thus were

“ Phantoms diffused around ; and some did fling  
Shadows of shadows, yet unlike themselves,  
Behind them ; some like eaglets on the wing

“ Were lost in the white day ; others like elves  
Danced in a thousand unimagined shapes  
Upon the sunny streams and grassy shelves ;

“ And others sate chattering like restless apes  
On vulgar [hands ?] . . .  
Some made a cradle of the ermined capes

“ Of kingly mantles ; some across the tiar  
Of pontiffs sate like vultures ; others played  
Under the crown which girt with empire

“ A baby's or an idiot's brow, and made  
Their nests in it. The old anatomies  
Sate hatching their bare broods under the shade

“ Of daemon wings, and laughed from their dead eyes  
To reassume the delegated power,  
Arrayed in which those worms did monarchize,

“ Who made this earth their charnel. Others more  
Humble, like falcons, sate upon the fist  
Of common men, and round their heads did soar ;

“ Or like small gnats and flies, as thick as mist  
On evening marshes, thronged about the brow  
Of lawyers, statesmen, priest and theorist ;—

“ And others, like discoloured flakes of snow  
On fairest bosoms and the sunniest hair,  
Fell, and were melted by the youthful glow

“ Which they extinguished ; and, like tears, they were  
A veil to those from whose faint lids they rained  
In drops of sorrow. I became aware

“ Of whence those forms proceeded which thus stained  
The track in which we moved. After brief space,  
From every form the beauty slowly waned ;

“ From every firmest limb and fairest face  
The strength and freshness fell like dust, and left  
The action and the shape without the grace

“ Of life. The marble brow of youth was cleft  
With care ; and in those eyes where once hope shone,  
Desire, like a lioness bereft

“ Of her last cub, glared ere it died ; each one  
Of that great crowd sent forth incessantly  
These shadows, numerous as the dead leaves blown

“ In autumn evening from a poplar tree,  
Each like himself and like each other were  
At first ; but some distorted seemed to be

“ Obscure clouds, moulded by the casual air ;  
And of this stuff the car's creative ray  
Wrought all the busy phantoms that were there,

“ As the sun shapes the clouds ; thus on the way  
Mask after mask fell from the countenance  
And form of all ; and long before the day

“ Was old. the joy which waked like heaven’s glance  
The sleepers in the oblivious valley, died ;  
And some grew weary of the ghastly dance,

“ And fell, as I have fallen, by the wayside ;—  
Those soonest from whose forms most shadows passed.  
And least of strength and beauty did abide.

“ Then, what is life ? I cried.”—



# EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

By ERNEST RHYS

VICTOR HUGO said a Library was "an act of faith," and some unknown essayist spoke of one so beautiful, so perfect, so harmonious in all its parts, that he who made it was smitten with a passion. In that faith the promoters of Everyman's Library planned it out originally on a large scale; and their idea in so doing was to make it conform as far as possible to a perfect scheme. However, perfection is a thing to be aimed at and not to be achieved in this difficult world; and since the first volumes appeared, now several years ago, there have been many interruptions. A great war has come and gone; and even the City of Books has felt something like a world commotion. Only in recent years is the series getting back into its old stride and looking forward to complete its original scheme of a Thousand Volumes. One of the practical expedients in that original plan was to divide the volumes into sections, as Biography, Fiction, History, Belles Lettres, Poetry, Romance, and so forth; with a compartment for young people, and last, and not least, one of Reference Books. Beside the dictionaries and encyclopædias to be expected in that section, there was a special set of literary and historical atlases. One of these atlases dealing with Europe, we may recall, was directly affected by the disturbance of frontiers during the war; and the maps had to be completely revised in consequence, so as to chart

the New Europe which we hope will now preserve its peace under the auspices of the League of Nations set up at Geneva.

That is only one small item, however, in a library list which runs already to the final centuries of the Thousand. The largest slice of this huge provision is, as a matter of course, given to the tyrannous demands of fiction. But in carrying out the scheme, publishers and editors contrived to keep in mind that books, like men and women, have their elective affinities. The present volume, for instance, will be found to have its companion books, both in the same section and even more significantly in other sections. With that idea too, novels like Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe* and *Fortunes of Nigel*, Lytton's *Harold* and Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, have been used as pioneers of history and treated as a sort of holiday history books. For in our day history is tending to grow more documentary and less literary; and "the historian who is a stylist," as one of our contributors, the late Thomas Seccombe, said, "will soon be regarded as a kind of Phoenix." But in this special department of Everyman's Library we have been eclectic enough to choose our history men from every school in turn. We have Grote, Gibbon, Finlay, Macaulay, Motley, Prescott. We have among earlier books the Venerable Bede and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, have completed a Livy in an admirable new translation by Canon Roberts, while Cæsar, Tacitus, Thucydides and Herodotus are not forgotten.

"You only, O Books," said Richard de Bury, "are liberal and independent; you give to all who ask." The delightful variety, the wisdom and the wit which are at the disposal of Everyman in his own library may well, at times, seem to him a little embarrassing. He may turn to Dick Steele in *The Spectator* and learn how Cleomira dances, when the elegance of her motion is unimaginable and "her eyes are chastised with the simplicity and innocence of her thoughts." He may turn to Plato's Phædrus

and read how every soul is divided into three parts (like Cæsar's Gaul). He may turn to the finest critic of Victorian times, Matthew Arnold, and find in his essay on Maurice de Guerin the perfect key to what is there called the "magical power of poetry." It is Shakespeare, with his

"daffodils  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty;"

it is Wordsworth, with his

"voice . . . heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides;"

or Keats, with his

". . . . moving waters at their priest-like task  
Of cold ablution round Earth's human shores."

William Hazlitt's "Table Talk," among the volumes of *Essays*, may help to show the relationship of one author to another, which is another form of the Friendship of Books. His incomparable essay in that volume, "On Going a Journey," forms a capital prelude to Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" and to his and Wordsworth's poems. In the same way one may turn to the review of Moore's *Life of Byron* in Macaulay's *Essays* as a prelude to the three volumes of Byron's own poems, remembering that the poet whom Europe loved more than England did was as Macaulay said: "the beginning, the middle and the end of all his own poetry." This brings us to the provoking reflection that it is the obvious authors and the books most easy to reprint which have been the signal successes out of the many hundreds in the series, for Everyman is distinctly proverbial in his tastes. He likes best of all an old author who has worn well or

a comparatively new author who has gained something like newspaper notoriety. In attempting to lead him on from the good books that are known to those that are less known, the publishers may have at times been too adventurous. The late *Chief* himself was much more than an ordinary book-producer in this critical enterprise. He threw himself into it with the zeal of a book-lover and indeed of one who, like Milton, thought that books might be as alive and productive as dragons' teeth, which, being "sown up and down the land, might chance to spring up armed men."

Mr. Pepys in his *Diary* writes about some of his books, "which are come home gilt on the backs, very handsome to the eye." The pleasure he took in them is that which Everyman may take in the gilt backs of his favourite books in his own Library, which after all he has helped to make good and lasting.

# EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

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