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NOTE BOOKS
OF
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

PART I





NOTE BOOKS
OF
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

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DECIPHERED, TRANSCRIBED, AND EDITED,
WITH A FULL COMMENTARY BY

H. BUXTON FORMAN, C.B.

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PREFATORY REMARKS

IT is not essential that one be a devout Shelleyan in order to appreciate the importance of the work here presented.

It would unquestionably be a spectacle of great intrinsic interest if we could take a peep into the workshop of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, or any of our leading poets, and see, in its original and undisturbed state, the great mass of unfinished structural material, models and methods used in the construction of the monumental works that have immortalized their names. Such a view into Shelley's workshop is afforded by these Note Books, and in the absence of Shelley himself to explain the whys and wherefores of things, we have in Mr. H. Buxton Forman a guide capable of pointing out matters of interest better perhaps than Shelley himself would have done. It is doubtful if Shelley knew his own works as well as Mr. Forman knows them; it is certain that if he saw in them one half the beauty and merit ascribed to

them by posterity he must have lamented the lack of erudition, and the morbid drowsiness of his contemporaries in failing adequately to appreciate his work until after he had gone. These Note Books show how thoughtfully he labored, and with what scrupulous care every word and sentence was tested and fitted before being finally woven into the fabric of his work. Herein is the record of his inceptive thoughts—sometimes imperfectly recorded by single words or broken sentences—before being finally rounded out into the symmetrical lines in their finished state. Words and passages are written and re-written again and again before reaching the stage of perfection necessary to meet the poet's exacting requirements.

It will be observed that the lack of contemporary adulation did not for a moment lessen Shelley's vigilance in seeking and attaining the loftiest ideals in literature. He strove for the highest in mental conception and verbal expression, content to let recognition come when it would. It is creditable to the good taste and scholarship of the present generation that the excellence of Shelley's works is now more universally appreciated than ever before.

The casual reader in following the graceful lines and thought of a finished poem has no idea of

the travail of the author in finding and connecting the words necessary to give rhythmic expression to his thoughts. The lines of the completed work appear to have fallen from the poet's pen as naturally as water issues from a fountain, though such is not the case. The late Mr. Hurd once told me that the poet Whittier gave him a MS. of one of his poems which he had changed and re-written twenty times before sending it to the printer.

The plan of reproducing in facsimile the entire contents of the Note Books was first considered; but such a reproduction of the original MSS. would be no more interesting or intelligible to the average reader or student than a Greek dictionary would be to one who could not read the Greek alphabet. The task of deciphering the contents of these Note Books seemed impossible; it could be accomplished only by one thoroughly familiar with Shelley's handwriting, and with an intimate acquaintance with practically his entire works, as well as a knowledge of his habits and characteristics, and the methods he employed in constructing his work. Shelley adopted no systematic order of paging in these books—sometimes he would write in the front, then in the back, then with the book bottom side up, and frequently he wrote up and

down the pages lengthwise after having written across them—and never any too plainly. Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish and English are all mixed up together, and lines in one language often appear written directly or diagonally across other lines written in another language. In the work of transcription it was therefore impossible to proceed in an orderly manner from the beginning to the end of the books. Fragments of poems here and there all through the books had to be puzzled out and transcribed, and then fitted together with their related parts, wherever they might be found. To do this intelligently required a familiarity with Shelley's works almost equal to that of the ordinary individual with the English alphabet. Imagine one coming across a disconnected passage and, after disentangling it from a confused mass of crisscross lines, being able to identify it as the five hundred and ninety-first line of *Prometheus Unbound!*

Mr. Forman has labored long and patiently upon this work, which has been with him largely a labor of love, and the results of his efforts are little short of miraculous. He has rounded out a work of vital interest to the literary world, and almost indispensable to the many students and collectors of

Shelley's works. Much new and unpublished matter has been discovered, and many questions upon which authorities have long disagreed have been settled for all time, and Shelley's methods and work have been elucidated in a manner never before attempted. Mr. Forman is veritably saturated, body and soul, with Shelley, and the great service he has performed in deciphering and rendering intelligible the contents of these Note Books, and showing the importance of their bearing upon the published works, will stand as an enduring monument to his knowledge of and profound admiration for the immortal bard.

The facsimile pages inserted herein will suffice to show the reader some of the difficulties encountered in transcribing. The absence of commas, apostrophes and other seemingly necessary punctuation marks in the printed lines is explained by the fact that the editor desired to make as early as possible a literal reproduction of the entire contents of the Note Books precisely as Shelley wrote them. The reader may therefore supply the necessary mental punctuations and charge the deficiency to Shelley's neglect. It is not surprising that an author deeply engrossed in thought should occasionally misspell a word or omit a punctuation

mark in preliminary composition not intended for the public eye.

It is needless to dwell upon the value of the contents of these Note Books as a contribution to classic literature; the character of the work bespeaks its own praiseworthiness. They constitute a veritable treasure-house of literary gems, many of which are now printed for the first time completely and accurately, and the members of The Bibliophile Society may well congratulate themselves, and feel deeply grateful both to Mr. Bixby and Mr. Forman for having made it possible to add this highly important literary item to our Bibliophile series.

H. H. H.

SHELLEY NOTE BOOKS

PART I



PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

THE position which *Prometheus Unbound* occupies in English literature is so exalted that every step in its composition as revealed by Shelley's Note Books has its value and interest for the student. The many pages in this Note Book I devoted to the Fourth Act of the masterpiece cannot, in justice to the reader or the writer, be set out page for page as they occur in so disjointed a collection of drafts and revisions, but should obviously be given in the order in which they are to be found in the finished poem—they or their analogues. This being the case in regard to arranging the contents of the one Note Book, we need not mind the slight departure from the scheme of literality respecting the three. In Note Book III, indeed, there is nothing belonging to or relating to *Prometheus Unbound*; but in Note Book II are to be found the draft of a great part of the Preface and a few pages devoted to the poem. These, both prose and verse, it is clearly convenient to introduce in their proper order, and, for that purpose, to transfer them from the Second to the First. Simi-

larly, as the rearrangement of the portions of *Prometheus* is incompatible with a complete adherence to the order of the Note Book, and the rearranged passages form by far the most important single item to be dealt with, it seems well to place them first in our volume, and then proceed with the other compositions as nearly as possible in the order in which they occur.

Prometheus Unbound as a lyrical drama in three acts was written in Italy in the Autumn of 1818 and Spring of 1819. It was not till the Autumn of 1819 that the Fourth Act was composed as an afterthought, at Florence. Mr. Bixby's Note Books show no trace of the First Act; but Note Book I, besides the mass of work for the Fourth Act, has a certain amount belonging to the Second Act, or of such a character as to be taken most appropriately in connexion with it; while Note Book II has, scattered through its pages,¹ the draft of the Song of Spirits in the Second Act,—“To the deep, to the deep.”

Of such a notable piece of work in prose as the Preface to *Prometheus Unbound*, it is a pity that the whole is not to be found in draft in these books. The first four paragraphs were no doubt written elsewhere; so that, virtually, the disjointed draft starts with the paragraph which, in the published work, begins thus: “One word is due in candour to

¹ Eight pages in all, namely II 3 v., 4 v., 5 v., 6 r., 6 v., 24 v., 25 r.; and II * 36 v.

the degree in which the study of contemporary writings may have tinged my composition, for such has been a topic of censure with regard to poems far more popular, and indeed more deservedly popular, than mine." How admirably the poet's prose sets forth his views on this question of originality and imitation will be seen from the following rough draft, which should be carefully compared with the published Preface. The scattered portions have been gathered from no fewer than eighteen pages of Note Book II,¹ and arranged in the order in which they were probably meant to be at the time of their composition; but much re-writing and rearranging was done afterwards. Although, as indicated above, the draft now printed virtually begins with the words, "One word in candour on the manner" etc., there are a few words belonging to a previous sentence—more than half the leaf concerned having been torn off roughly. The remnant shows the words "the great . . . or from the impulses of that universal nature the book from which poetry is only beautiful inasmuch as it is a transcript." This, even, was not the first form of the phrase; it was originally written down as follows: "universal nature, which is the book from which poetry is a transcript." As this sentence is

¹ The pages in question are from both series; for Note Book II, like the others, is written in as if both ends were the beginning; and the two paginations have to be distinguished by the signs II and II*. The pages drawn on for the Preface are, in the order of the passages as given here, II 26 v., 28 r., 27 r., 27 v., 28 r.,

not begun here, so the true start is not finished here, the words in brackets being, as the reader will see, supplied from the published Preface.

DRAFT PREFACE

One word in candour on the manner in which the study of contemporary Writing may have modified [my composition]. I am intimately persuaded¹ that the² peculiar style of intense & comprehensive imagery in poetry which distinguishes modern writers,³ has not been, as a general power, the product of the imitation of any particular one. It is impossible that any one⁴ contemporary with such writers⁵ as stand in the front ranks of literature of the present day can conscientiously assure themselves or others that their language & tone of thought may not have been modified by the study of the productions⁶ of these extraordinary intellects. ⁷It is true that, not the spirit of their genius but the forms in which it has manifested itself are due less to the peculiarity of their own minds than

28 v., 30 r., 29 v., 28 v., 29 r., 32 r., 31 v., and 29 r.; and II* 46 v., 47 r., 25 r., and 24 v. The cancelled passage for the Scotch Philosopher paragraph from II* 47 r. is itself on II 31 r.

¹ Cancelled reading, *convinced*.

² *And that a peculiar style has not been in En[gland]*, cancelled.

³ *England* is struck out in favour of *modern writers*.

⁴ Between *one* and *contemporary* both *person* and *writer* are struck out.

⁵ Here *L. B. Words[worth]* and *Coleridge* were specified at first; but the mention of names was abandoned.

⁶ Cancelled reading, *writings*.

⁷ Here there are two rejected readings, *It is true that their* and *that not their genius but the form in which . . . is due*.

to the peculiarity of the moral & intellectual condition¹ of the minds among which they were produced. Thus a number of writers have the form, whilst they want the spirit of those whom it is alledged [*sic*] they are supposed² to imitate; because³ the former is the endowment of the age in which they live, and the latter must be the uncommunicated lightning of their own mind—how⁴ many second rate writers of the age of Queen Elizabeth possess a style & a form which is in every way admirable, who had they lived in the age of George the 2^d might probably have deserved to figure among the heroes of the Dunciad

Still men

It is with us, as with our ancestors of the age of Shakespeare,⁵ we have writers, some more or less powerful, but all modelled on the spirit of on[e].⁶ They [*sic* for *There*] is a similarity between Homer & Hesiod, between Æschylus & Euripides, between Dante & Petrarch, between Shakespeare & Fletcher,⁷ all great writers of a contemporary epoch.

⁸ As to imitation, Poetry is a mimetic art; it

¹ Cancelled reading, *education*.

² The words *it is alledged* were an afterthought, and were meant to supersede *are supposed to*, which, however, is left standing.

³ Cancelled reading, *and it is not because*.

⁴ This sentence originally began with *In*, and was meant to read, instead of *possess* etc., *do we find a style and a form*.

⁵ Here Shelley began to write *Elizabethan age*, but only got as far as *Elizabeth*—to whom he properly preferred Shakespeare.

⁶ Cancelled reading, *on one spirit*.

⁷ Here he was going further, but gave it up after he had finished his sentence rather badly with *between Lucan* (cancelled without a pair) and *all great writers of the same age*. As to *Lucan* I am not positive. The name may be *Lucian*—it is very blotty.

⁸ *A Poet* is here cancelled.

creates, but it creates by combination & representation; poetical abstractions¹ are beautiful & new, not because the portions of them have no previous existence in the mind of man or in nature; but because the whole has an intelligible analogy with those sources of emotion and thought it abstracts from all that has been imagined, or is the object of sensation that which² is most beautiful—

Who w^d call Virgil an imitator of Homer? the conceptions³ had been new modelled within his mind, they had been born again—One real Poet⁴ is to another a piece of Nature, which he studies & imitates. ⁵The mass of capability is probably at every period the same, the circumstances which awaken it⁶ to action perpetually change. ⁷We owe the great writers of the Elizabethan age to the fervid awakening of the public mind which shook⁸ the most oppressive form of the Christian Religion to the dust, we owe Milton to the progress & development⁹ of the same spirit.¹⁰ The great writers

¹ Rejected reading, *its abstractions*.

² Here *what* is cancelled in favour of *that which*.

³ Rejected reading, *ideal conceptions*.

⁴ This sentence originally began with *One Poets* (probably possessive).

⁵ Here he first wrote *The mass of genius*. Then, after substituting *capability* he added *writers*; and he may have meant to alter *capability* to *capable*.

⁶ Here he wrote and struck out, "Ours in England is proved by the same vigour and fervid spirit of language having prevailed in Germany."

⁷ Rejected opening, "We owe probably to the Reformation the great writers of the age of Elizabeth."

⁸ Cancelled reading, *overthrew the hierarchy of Religion*.

⁹ Rejected reading, *development and progress*.

¹⁰ Here the following sentence is struck out: "Chaucer was contemporary with Wickliff."

of our own age are, ¹ we have reason to suppose the forerunners of some unimagined change in our Social conditions, and in the *opinions which cement it*. If England were divided into forty republics each equal in extent & population to Athens, there is no reason to suppose, but that each with ² institutions similar to those of Athens, would produce philosophers & poets equal to those which have never, if we may except Shakespeare, been surpassed. So much experience warrants; & theory may surmise & imagine more.

A poet³ is the joint product of such internal powers as modify the natures of others, & of external influences⁴ which excite & sustain these powers; every man's mind is in this respect modified by⁵ all the objects of nature & of art, by every word & sentence⁶ which he ever admitted to act upon his consciousness. It is the mirror upon which many outward forms are reflected, & in which they compose one form.

⁷ Originality does not consist in words & names, or stories or combination of metre & language different from those which have gone before, it does not consist only in avoiding a resemblance.

⁸ Let me take this opportunity of acknowledging

¹ Here he meant to say, *let us believe*, but changed his mind, as a somewhat perfunctory cancellation shows.

² Rejected reading, *similar institutions*.

³ Cancelled reading, *man*.

⁴ Cancelled reading, *ones*.

⁵ Between *by* and *all*, *every word* is struck out.

⁶ The word *tone* is struck out in favour of *sentence*.

⁷ Here the words *in words & names, or stories* are struck out, while the rest, down to *resemblance*, is left intact.

⁸ Cancelled opening, *I am twitted with*.

that I have what a Scotch Philosopher¹ characteristically calls a "Passion for reforming the World." What passion incited him to write his book he does not explain. My comfort is, that I shall be damned in good company Plato, Lord Bacon, Milton, Rousseau.² But it is a mistake to suppose that I dedicate my poetical compositions solely to the direct enforcement of that reform, or that I consider them in any degree a reasoned system or theory [of the] forms of human life.³

They are the productions indeed of a person who verily believes himself to possess some thing like a reasoned system⁴ (& what spirit is so torpid as to have formed to itself no decision⁵) on the great question of⁶ the conduct of men toward each other in human life[—

They are attempts to familiarize the imagination

¹ Rossetti has located the phrase in Forsyth's *Principles of Moral Science*.

² These four names are struck out.

³ The following was clearly written as an opening for this paragraph, though very distant from it in the Note Book, and all cancelled:—

"I have heard one mistake expressed concerning my Writing. It has been alledge[d] that my writings are consecrated by me to the working of a gre"—

This rejected opening has itself a rejected opening,—*There is one mistake*. No doubt a *d* was made in imagination at the end of *alledge*, written right up to the edge of the leaf. The word *destined* is separately rejected for *consecrated*. The letters *gre* foreshadow *great reform*.

⁴ After *system*, on the *great ques* is crossed through.

⁵ Of this parenthesis there is a rejected reading—"and what spirit is devoid of such a faith."

⁶ At this point there was a little hesitation,—*morality* and some disconnected words, *of of it is* and what looks like *& the*, being crossed through.

of poetical readers with¹ beautiful idealisms of moral excellence.²

Didactic Poetry is my abhorrence. Nothing can equally well be expressed in prose,³ but is tedious & supererogatory in verse.

Until the mind⁴ can love & admire & trust & hope, & endure to what end would you propose principles of moral conduct?⁵ They are seeds thrown upon the highway of life, & the hungry passenger tramples them to dust.⁶

[End of Draft Preface.]

The earliest point in the poem for which I find, or even think I find, anything in Note Book I is the second scene of Act II. The following exquisite, though fragmentary, lines are carefully written in ink on a leaf by themselves, and at the top of a page,—I 6 r.—

And who are they,
Bathed in deep luxury of each others looks

¹ Here *the* is cancelled.

² The words *Of course if I designed I* were written here and cancelled. They adumbrate that paragraph in the published Preface where Shelley warns the "advocates of injustice and superstition" against supposing that if he lived to accomplish the purpose of producing a history of the elements of society, he would take Æschylus rather than Plato as his model.

³ Cancelled reading, *ought to be expressed in verse.*

⁴ Here *a heart* is struck out in favour of *the mind.*

⁵ Here the opening *When* is cancelled.

⁶ The words *passenger tramples them to dust* are cancelled, but not *hungry*, which was written afterwards, below.

Which flows forth like the inmost light of being
Making the noon obscure? & unforeseeing
Of [—

I find it difficult to hold that this language should be assigned to anything less exalted than *Prometheus Unbound*. The passage might well have been among the lovely thoughts entertained and abandoned when the poet was occupied with the supremely beautiful Second Act. It is true that the last complete line (of which, however, the reading is not perfectly clear) might justify a suspicion that the couple are the cousins "like to twins" in *Fiordispina*; but to me it seems far more likely that that charming inquisitive Faun, so anxious to learn all about the spirits of the wood into which Asia and Panthea passed at the opening of Scene ii, may also have wanted to know who "that lovely twain" were, and that Shelley finally felt that he might have too great a wealth of beauty for the chaste Virgilian tone of that dialogue. He had, as his Fauns had, the fear of "thwart Silenus" before his eyes. The only revisions which he made, pen in hand, in this case are the substitution of *deep* for *sweet* in line 2, and of *noon* for *day* in line 4.

The following fine fragment of blank verse, again, does not seem to consort well with anything less ambitious than *Prometheus Unbound*. It might be a rejected passage from Act II, Scene iii, somewhere in the neighbourhood of lines 20 to 40. Whatever the lines may have been meant for, they

occupy a leaf in Note Book I (5 r.) and are by no means unelaborated.—

I hear

The sudden whirlwind of her rising form ✓
Gathering before her destined path that like ✓
✓ Tempestuous tumult of a thousand streams ✓
✓ Splintering the mountainous fanes, & rocky towers ✓
✓ Till their heaven cleaving wedges, & split domes ✓
✓ Desolate & shattered jagged & top[p]ling, pierce ✓
The thin realms of the uninhabited air
And earthquakes cracking from the centre up
And splitting the great globe like brittle ice.

For the initial *I hear* there are abandoned readings, *I heard* and *ye hear*. In the first complete line *dread uprise* is cancelled in favour of *rising form*. In line 2 he wrote *Gathering before her path*, struck out *path* and wrote *destined path most like*, and then substituted *that* for *most*. *The* stands cancelled at the beginning of line 3, and the word given above as *streams* might be *storms*, but was written too close to the edge of the paper to be finished otherwise than in the air. Line 4 was at first—

Splintering the mountainous palaces and towers [,

and, before the text as above was reached, *mountainous temples of* had been tried and rejected, and a new line begun with *And temples* (also struck out). Line 5 originally started almost impossibly with *Until*: the substitution of *Till* lifted it into a

noble redundancy. There are two false starts for line 6, namely *Stand* and *Pierce*, which last ultimately found itself at the end of the line with a small *p*—*shattered* being needlessly, and I think accidentally, struck out. Line 9 was at first written without the word *brittle*, which is supplied below *globe* and *like*, and might possibly be meant to make the reading—

And splitting the great globe, brittle like ice.

If this remarkable fragment had yielded us nothing but the one majestic line—

The thin realms of the uninhabited air

it would still have been a thing of price that we had recovered from the inedited jottings of Shelley. These are the lines described in the auction catalogue under No. 5 in the little group of items of unpublished matter in Note Book I, "10 lines headed, 'I pray ye hear.'" When Rossetti compiled that part of the catalogue he regarded, not very unnaturally, the straight stroke of the *d* in the cancelled word *heard* as the tail of a *y* belonging to the word written above, which is unquestionably *hear* when examined narrowly, though not for Shelley by any means a symbol that would fail to pass muster for *pray* on a cursory inspection. The scene in *Prometheus* with which I associate the lines closes with what Rossetti describes as "the

'down, down' lyric," which, though not among the most fascinating of the *Prometheus* lyrics, is more or less of a marvel. It happens to come next in order under our present scheme.

THE "DOWN, DOWN" LYRIC

- I] To the deep to the deep
Down, Down!
Through the shade of sleep
Thro the cloudy strife
Of death & of life
Thro the veil, within the bar
Of things which seem & are
Even to the portals of the Eternal throne
Down Down
- II] While the sound, whirls around
Down Down!
As the stag draws the hound
As lightning a vapour
As a weak moth the taper
Death despair, Love sorrow
Time both, today tomorrow
As steel obeys the spirit of the stone
Down, Down!
- III] Thro the grey void Abyss
Down Down
Where the air is no prism
And the moon & stars are not
And the cavern crags wear not

The radiance of Heaven
Nor the gloom to Earth given . .
Where there is One pervading, One alone
Down, Down

iv] In the depth of the deep
Down Down
Like the lightning asleep
Like that spark nursed in embers
The last look love remembers
Like a snake coiled in dreams
Over sepulchred wealth,
A spell is muffled [but for thee alone.]
Down Down

v] We have bound thee we guide thee
Down, Down
With the bright form beside thee
Resist not the weakness—
Such strength is in meekness
That the Eternal thé Immortal
The Key of Death's portal
Will loose the Serpent coiled under his throne
Through that alone.

This draft of the Song of Spirits closing the third Scene in Act II of *Prometheus Unbound* occurs, as already stated, in Note Book II,—not in the proper order of the stanzas, but interspersed among other compositions. Stanza I is written without much revision; and lines 1 to 5 correspond with the pub-

lished version; which, however, has a different line 6,—
Through the veil and the bar,

and a different line 8,—

Even to the steps of the remotest throne.

The variations shown by the draft itself are, in line 3, *shadow* (altered to *shade*); in line 5, a reading, probably a mere accident—

Of death of life—

in line 7, *Of the things* (*the* struck out); and in line 8, *step* for *portals*, both of which are written above a word rendered almost unrecognizable by blotty strokes. It seems to have been a monosyllable beginning with *ch*—perhaps *chair*—in which case the line shaping itself in the poet's mind may have been—

Even to the chair of the Eternal One.

Below Stanza I is a false start for Stanza II—

Track the, sound which—

and it seems probable that it was for a different Stanza II that another rejected opening presented itself to the poet's consciousness. Beneath the fragment headed *Friendship* (on page II 3 v.) is the opening—

When these depths are unvisited

Down Down

[17]

and above and below it false starts are struck out—
These and *When*.

The Stanza II decided on has a page to itself with two false starts near the top,—*I am* and *As the*, both cancelled. Line I was first written—

While the sound, eddies round [,

which is rejected for the line 1 of our text. Of line 3 there are three readings written one upon another in practically the same space; but only that given above as our text is fully legible; and that is the true progenitor of the line in the established text—the far more beautiful line

As the fawn draws the hound [.

One of the nearly obliterated versions looks not unlike

As the pack the stag [—

which would naturally have to go, as somewhat topsy-turvily expressed. The other reading, which has suffered permanent eclipse, may be merely a collection of false starts, *As*, *And*, &c. For line 4 the established reading—

As the lightning the vapour

was actually written down; but the first *the* is struck out and *a* is written big over the second *the*. The punctuation of our lines 6 and 7, as far as it goes, is better than that of the published versions, because metre and sense both gain by the omission

of all pauses between *Death* and *despair*, *Love* and *sorrow*, *Time* and *both*. In our line 8 the word unquestionably meant for the *steel* of the established text would, if it stood alone, be taken for *still*, with a characteristically dotless *i*. It is only worth recording this for a caution, because it is possible to make sense of the line—though not a very good sense—with *still*. For the end of the line we are left to choose between *the stone* and *a stone*. The established reading, *the stone* (the lode-stone), is of course the better.

In regard to the first line of Stanza III, Shelley's "singing spirits" hesitated between the use of the word *Abyss* and the word *Abysm*. Apart from the bulk of the draftings there is a page bearing nothing but the words—

Thro the void of the Abyss
Down Down!

The page occupied by the draft of the whole stanza has a rejected opening at the top—

Deep thro the grey Abysm
Down Down [,

and when the spirits had elected *Abysm* on account of its rhyming possibilities, Shelley adopted a contumacious attitude by writing it with the long *f*-like *s* which he habitually used in connexion with a short *s* for all words having a double *s* and for no

other purpose. He was not very happy about his scientific or quasi-scientific rhyme in line 3, which he first wrote—

Then the air is no prism [,

altering *Then* to the *Where* of the established text, and leaving after all a very forced line. Line 4 was at first—

The moon and stars are not [—

the *And* being an afterthought. For line 5 there is a false start, *And when*; and for line 7 another—

Nor the darkness is [—

which the spirits probably meant to end with *riven*.

It was of course the noble line, in which our draft corresponds with the established text,—

Where there is One pervading, One alone,

that led me to the surmise under Stanza I about the “chair of the Eternal One.”

Shelley's dealings with the subject of Stanza IV, so far as our Note Book is concerned, are confined to one very full page, and are inconclusive; but they yield the text set out above with the exception of the four words given in brackets from the published text. That text stands thus:—

In the depth of the deep
Down, down!
Like veiled lightning asleep,

Like the spark nursed in embers,
 The last look Love remembers,
 Like a diamond, which shines
 On the dark wealth of mines,
 A spell is treasured but for thee alone.
 Down, Down!

In our involved page of the Note Book there is a thinner, less relevant, but delightfully Turner-esque draft of the whole stanza:—

In the depth of the deep
 Down Down
 Like { the dew mist } asleep
 { a death mist }
 Which the winds might embolden
 To climb bright and golden
 Up the } vault of the dawn
 The pale }
 Till the sun ride thereon
 On the brink, your limbs sink
 Down Down [.

By the time Shelley's spirits had shaken him loose from these delicate irrelevancies and braced him up to face boldly what Asia and Panthea were going down for in the metrically imperfect Stanza IV of our text, he had got the true conception of the established text to burn clearly (for his mind was "like a refiner's fire"); and the way must have been short enough from the Note Book version to that of the 1820 text. But there are still some

crumbs of variation in our page of Note Book I, and at least one that I fear the poet has buried too thoroughly for me to dig it out. I find without difficulty—

Like a spark in embers
altered to—

Like a spark in ashes,
and then, when the Spirits insisted on love and the memory of love coming in here, *ashes* rejected in turn and the couplet framed thus:—

Like a spark nursed in embers
Like the word love remembers [;

and lastly when it was settled that the Love simile should absorb the spark in embers simile and use it for a metaphor, the emphatic *that* was substituted for *a*. This *that*, by the way, has a claim to be considered for insertion in the established text in place of *the*. Then I find the coiled snake did not dream at first—Shelley was always a little extra fastidious in dealing with snakes—but was merely *coiled in slumber*. Further, the—

diamond, which shines
On the dark wealth of mines,

is adumbrated by an unfinished and rejected line—

Like a clear lamp that [—

and this leads me to suspect that the word Shelley meant to prevent me and the likes of me from read-

ing may be *diamond*. Like the *clear lamp* line, this is an unfinished one, which, if *diamond* is the word, would read—

Like a diamond which [—

and *shines* would fit either the one or the other uncompleted line.

Stanza V, drafted on the lower portion of two pages facing each other in the Note Book, with the mass of *The Mask of Anarchy* between it and Stanza IV, has two or three rejected openings.—

It seizes it bears ye
Down, Down
It has bound thee, it { bears } thee
 { guides }
Down, Down [.

When the readings given above as our text were adopted Shelley forgot to strike out the *s* in *guides*, and, having by anticipation of sound written *thy bright form beside thee*, he omitted to alter *thy* to *the*; but both points were amended for the established text. Line 5 was originally—

For strength is in meekness [,

and there is a rejected and imperfect version of the final four lines—

Through the graves rocky portal
The Eternal the [Immortal]
The serpent spell coiled for thy alone
Down, Down.

Besides abandoning this, Shelley wrote on the opposite page, and cancelled, the line

Thro the graves crag portal

following—

That the Eternal thé Immortal

and ended with

Will wake the serpent coiled under his throne
For that alone

before adopting the version of our text, on his road to the established version—

Must unloose through life's portal
The snake-like doom coiled underneath his throne
By that alone.

The accented *é* in the line

That the Eternal thé Immortal

is something of a curiosity; but I have no doubt as to what Shelley meant by it. The intention was to indicate the elision of the *e* and make *the Immortal* scan as three syllables instead of four; and in the fury of revision he put, or meant to put, an accent for an apostrophe and omitted to delete the *e*. I think the Note Books yield more than one instance of this slip, for mere slip it certainly is, the mysteries of accents and apostrophes having been perfectly well known to Shelley.

By the time when the Fourth Act of *Prometheus*

was completed Shelley had read some twelve of the secular plays of Calderon and had formed an enthusiastically high opinion of the Spanish poet. He wrote to Peacock in September, 1819, that some of those plays "certainly deserve to be ranked among the grandest and most perfect productions of the human mind," and he adds that Calderon "exceeds all modern dramatists, with the exception of Shakespeare, whom he resembles, however, in the depth of thought and subtlety of imagination of his writings." We all know from his own published avowal in the Preface to *The Cenci*, the work which had engaged him in the summer of 1819, that "Beatrice's description of the chasm appointed for her father's murder" contains some lines "suggested by a most sublime passage in *El Purgatorio de San Patricio*, of Calderon"; and it should not surprise us to find the great Spaniard figuring among those who influenced other trains of thought, whether in *Prometheus* or elsewhere. In Note Book I are several scraps of Spanish Poetry transcribed or written from memory by Shelley—usually with a degree of inaccuracy natural to a man learning a language by means of a book and a dictionary and his own intuitions. In the next contribution to our knowledge of the shaping of *Prometheus Unbound* we find ourselves on a small plot of ground which may rightly be called enchanted ground if ever a couple of pages in a poet's pocket scribbling book deserved that appellation.

The two pages alluded to are those whose official titles are I * 25 v. and I * 26 r. At the top of I * 26 r. (of course a right-hand page), Shelley wrote nicely in ink—or rather meant to write—the charming verses—

Viento en popa nuestro amor
Navegaba hermosos mares
De rayos y de matizes—
Quieto el golfo y manso el aire.

He wrote, to record the literal fact, *in* for *en* in line 1, *Navegava* for *Navegaba* in line 2, and *ayre* for *aire* in line 4; and, as his mind was too full of the glamour of the lines to give us a transfusion of them into his own poetic speech, he imposed on me the duty of endeavouring to set down for our present purpose some sort of English version:—

Wind astern, our good ship "Love"
Sailed along through beauteous waters—
Beauteous both in light and colour—
Calm the bay and soft the zephyr.

Immediately below the Spaniard's magic, begins, in pencil, Shelley's own more potent magic in an approach to the renowned stanza "We have past Age's icy caves"; and on the opposite page (25 v.) is that same stanza finished, and in ink. At the foot of 26 r. are two lines for *Prometheus* of which the second is—

This true fair world of things, a Sea reflecting Love—

concerning which see *post* (p. 63). This itself is a precious enough outcome of the Spanish; but the transfiguration of ideas evidenced in the stanza whereof the following is a new version is a miracle to be grateful for:—

We have past Ages icy caves
And manhood's dark & tossing waves
And youth's false waters smiling to betray
Beyond the gleaming isles we flee
Of shadow-peopled infancy
Through death & birth to a serener day.

This gem for the closing stanza of Asia's exquisite song—

My soul is an enchanted boat,

with which the Second Act of *Prometheus Unbound* ends, has never yet fully come to its own. It is right among the disjointed portions of the draft of the Fourth Act forming so important a section of Note Book I. As I have said, Shelley began to draft it with a pencil, producing the first couplet just as given above, save that the *r* is left out of *dark* in the second line. The third line was pencilled thus:—

And youths delusive Sea which smiles but to betray [.

It was fortunate that metrical considerations alone sufficed to secure for us in place of this Alexandrine the much more lovely line of five feet, which, how-

ever, did not soar at once into the region of absolute magic. The line had an intermediate transformation:—

And youths false sea which smiles but to betray [;

which forms the first version of the third line in the pen and ink draft on the page facing the incomplete pencil draft. That had proceeded, and ended, with two gappy lines:—

Beyond the sunny we flee
Of busy Infancy [,

where we note the rejection of *Into* for *Beyond*; and this couplet also fell short of its final glory when transferred with pen and ink and partly filled up on the opposite page, where it first stood thus:—

Beyond the sunny isles we flee
Of mist infancy [.

Then the poet struck out *mist* and put in *shadow-peopled*, substituting (I think at the same time) *gleaming* for *sunny*. For the sixth line there are three false starts, *Beyond*, *And beyond*, and *And through*; and, after the line was written, there were three false starts for the complement of the stanza, *And*, *The lightnin*[g], and again *And*; but these were all cancelled. The point of strong interest in the pencil draft is that the imagery for infancy and its dreams had not been settled—sunny what? By the time the lines were set down in ink *isles* had

been decided on, and *sunny isles*; but the expression *sunny isles* is, for Shelley, bordering on the commonplace. Whether we assume or not that the doubt, at that point, had been between land and water to figure the region of infancy, the fact remains that at some time or other the decision was in favour of water; for in the established text we have *the glassy gulphs*. Now *sunny gulphs* would have been remoter from the commonplace than *sunny isles*, whereas *glassy gulphs* seems to strain a point a little mechanically to get away from the commonplace: *gleaming gulphs* would have been fine but not nearly so fine as *gleaming isles*; and, with due deference to all the glass-blowers in the United Kingdom and the United States of America, I am quite unprepared to believe that Shelley's infallible sense of beauty and fitness would ever have condescended deliberately to alter from *gleaming isles*, *gleaming gulphs*, or even *sunny gulphs*, to *glassy gulphs*. But in these six lines the established text shows no fewer than three variations from our text, namely *youth's smooth ocean*, the aforesaid *glassy gulphs*, and *a diviner day*; and all three are distinctly inferior to the epithets of our text. Here then is a problem. Shelley never changed to spoil; and these three textual changes, as deliberate revisions, are inconceivable, or almost inconceivable.

It seems likely that when the poet disposed of the end of the Second Act he did not happen to have

at hand this Note Book in which so much of the Fourth Act was ultimately written, and that the steps by which the established version of these six lines was reached may be shown in some other draft. I fail to realize the particular Shelley (for he was legion) who, having worked these lines through the stages here recorded to such an absolutely perfect result, worked away from that result again, and descended to the established text—

We have past Age's icy caves,
And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
And Youth's *smooth ocean*, smiling to betray:
Beyond the *glassy gulphs* we flee
Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
Through Death and Birth, to a *diviner* day;

but I am bold to affirm that, if all Shelley's works were supposed to have perished off the face of the earth by some catastrophe and these six lines were found after all in an anthology with an unfamiliar name attached to them—say, not Chœrilus the Samian, but Shelleius the Horshamian—the first competent critic who noted them would say—“there perished a man who, whatever else he could or could not do, had the gift of authentic song as perfectly as any being God ever created.”

When I used the words “almost inconceivable” just now, it was in order to except a possible case for *diviner*. Having sung of a *serener day*—infinitely more poetic than a *diviner day*, Shelley

may have looked up and seen,—seventeen lines higher in his manuscript,—

In music's most serene dominions [.

I do not think he would have altered the reading even on that account, especially as he could have used *divine dominions* with propriety and admirable effect for the dominions of music. But he may conceivably, in his extreme fastidiousness, have taken a different view.

Much cause as we have for gratitude to those who have carefully preserved and handed down the records of Shelley's creative throes, of which these books are full, we may be permitted to regret that the Third Act of *Prometheus Unbound* is not represented at all in the present Note Books, and that the earliest trace of the Fourth Act with its "superb antiphonal music," as Swinburne finely called it, is the piece of blank verse next ensuing—which corresponds with the nine lines of the printed poem (185-193) beginning with

New notes arise. What is that awful sound?

The written lines stand isolated from their context, which is not in the Note Books at all. Moreover, the scrap of dialogue, which of course is between Ione and Panthea, is written on a page with nothing else upon it but the draftings of lines 500 to 502 of the Fourth Act, the sequence of which

is here broken by the written dialogue. These lines 500 to 502 are, in their final outcome,—

The caverns of my pride's deep universe
Charming the tiger joy, whose trappings fierce
Make wounds which need thy balm.

Opposite the page on which both these lines and the scrap of dialogue are laboriously sketched, stands at the present time a page chiefly occupied by portions of the Assize of Demogorgon at the conclusion of the Poem; but wedged in between those portions are the four lines—

Drinking from thy sense & sight
Beauty majesty & might
As a lover or cameleon
Grows like what he gazes on [;

of which, of course, more anon. Just now, however, it is legitimate to be curious why these two strange intermixtures were made. Seeing that between the two pages a leaf has been torn out, one naturally suspects that the recto would have explained the one and the verso the other, by showing in what context the isolated passages were composed. Whether the numerals 1 and 2 used as substitutes for *Ione* and *Panthea* in preference to *I* and *P* are there because the poet did not at the moment know how the whole dialogue was to be distributed, who shall say?

1

Hark to the awful sweetness of that sound

2

Tis the deep music of the rolling world
Kindling within the strings of the waved air
AEolian modulations—

1

Listen too

How every pause is filled with under notes
Clear silver, icy; keen awakening tones
Which pierce the sense, & live within the soul
As the sharp stars pierce winters chrystal sky
And gaze upon themselves within the sea.

I suspect that this piece of dialogue, like that of the same interlocutors that begins *I rise as from a bath* (see *post*, p. 95), alone occupied the page at first, that the verso of the missing leaf bore the drafting of the passage immediately preceding the lines just quoted, and that when Shelley had filled that verso, he used up the top and bottom of the Ione and Panthea page facing it. The best evidence of this is that the first figure 1 is liberally high up over the first line and partly against the capital P of *Pride's*, as it need not have been had *Pride's* been there when "1" was inserted.

That first line of Ione's was originally begun thus—

Hark to that awf [—

and then *that* was altered to *the*, *awf* struck through, and *awful sweetness* &c. written above. Panthea's first line was written down thus:—

It is the music of the rolling world [,

which is altered to the memorable line of our text (the established line) ; but below the altered opening is written the word *Fathomless*, which is left uncanceled as if for consideration of the reading—

Fathomless music of the rolling world.

We need not regret that this reading, fine as it is, was not allowed to supersede the printed version of Panthea's first line. Of her second line, the Note Book shows two cancelled openings,—so thoroughly cancelled as to leave a doubt whether they are *Mark* and *Living* or *Mock* and *Stir[r]ing*; but, whatever they may have been meant for, they also were well abandoned in favour of the line in our text. Where Ione takes up her parable with *Listen too*, her name is struck out and "I" substituted, as if Shelley was not quite certain who was to say what, at the time of jotting down the passage. Ione's first complete line was originally—

How every pause is broken into notes [.

Her next line but one is somewhat confusedly written, revised, and realtered; but I make out the following successive readings:—

Such as
And pierce into the spirit,
Which pierce the sense & live within
Which pierce the sense even to the inmost soul [,

and I have no doubt that the intended final outcome was the line shown above as our text, which is also the established reading. The next line, which was left differing only in the final word from the established text, namely—

As the sharp stars pierce winter's crystal air,

has a distinct textual value; for *sky*, being deliberately substituted for *air*, might reasonably be adopted unless better evidence against it than the printed text affords is forthcoming. The line was built thus:—

As the clear starbeams pierce the wintry air [;

then *sharp* was substituted for *clear* and *beams* struck out, though of course the *s* was meant to be left in, and finally *winter's chrystal sky* was substituted for *the wintry air*.

Let it not be supposed that Shelley was ignorant of the Greek derivation of *crystal*—how the original began with a *kappa*, not a *chi*—for this is merely a frequent *lapsus calami* similar to his *thier* for *their*, which he would of course not have admitted wittingly to the printed page.

At a neighbouring point in the poem the presence

of the Spaniard is again to be suspected, though the evidence is to be found in another part of the Note Book. On page I * 10 r., among some pencil notes, Shelley has jotted down the lines—

En este lobrego sitio
Mil caducas ruinas yazen
De edificios y de hombres [—

which we may translate literally, in prose, “In this doleful place a thousand decadent ruins lie, of edifices and of men.” Shelley, however, wrote on the same page a version with the true poetic touch:—

And in that deathlike cave
A thousand fading ruins lie
Of men & of the works of men [—

in which, it must be recorded, the last word of line 1 was left blank and Shelley's pet word *cave*, a considerable way off *sitio*, is appropriately placed, not in the blank, but away out in the margin. It is this Calderonic generality, I think, which inspired, or rather suggested the description beginning at line 287 of this Fourth Act,—

The beams flash on
And make appear the melancholy ruins
Of cancelled cycles;

which ruins, Panthea proceeds to mention with much circumstance.

Of the subterranean splendours, which are the

topic of conversation between Ione and Panthea in the whole passage of a hundred and fifteen lines, our Note Books show no trace; but it must be surmised that much laborious drafting preceded the attainment of all that seeming ease and fluency. These lines form a sort of quasi-scientific, quasi-mythic prologue to the great colloquy between the Earth and the Moon, and give us a somewhat vague and only half humanized conception of the two personalities which must be supposed to be behind that wonderful colloquy. Then the semi-personalized Earth bursts into the "vast and inextinguishable" song destined to last—

"till this cosmic order everywhere
Shatter'd into one earthquake in one day
Cracks all to pieces . . .
Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void
Into the unseen for ever,—"

and I only regret that these Note Books do not impose on me the duty of deciphering the whole poem in the earlier stages of its growth instead of the disjointed passages which precede and follow the opening of the colloquy:—

The joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness!
The boundless, overflowing, bursting gladness,
The vaporous exultation, not to be confined!

From this point, though much is missing from the Moon's side of the colloquy, there is but little want-

ing from the Earth's. The opening of it, in its final state so far as the drafting is concerned, stands thus:—

The joy the triumph the delight the madness
The boundless overflowing bursting gladness
The fire of bursting joy not to be confined
Ha! ha! the animation of delight
Which wraps me like an atmosphere of light
And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own wind [.

The confusion in which the drafted stanzas and parts of stanzas in this Fourth Act are left is well exemplified by this particular passage which occurs on page I * 18 v. The end of the colloquy of which this is the opening is on I * 17 r.; and we have already dissected from it a part of the precedent dialogue of Ione and Panthea. Turning the leaf after that operation, we encounter on I * 17 v. an exquisite jotting for the opening of the colloquy—in a metre unknown, I believe, to the classics of antiquity, but describable, properly enough, as trochaic pentameter acatalectic. It is a metre of such high poetic possibilities that, apart from its innate beauty, I rejoice to rescue this example of it from what Shelley would have regarded as his scrap-heap. Its words are but four; but seize them, friends of The Bibliophile Society, just as they stand there, and never let them go—they are—

Boundless overflowing bursting gladness.

By prefixing the word *The* when using this memorandum for the opening couplet, now so familiar to us all, the trochaic character of the metre was eliminated; and, if Shelley ever had in truth the impulse to make the couplets of these glorious stanzas of the Earth move and sing in rhymed trochaic pentameter acatalectic, he probably abandoned it almost at once; for it is on the next page but one that we have the draft in which these very words are converted into almost orthodox English iambic verse with a dissyllabic rhyming terminal. Below our trochaic treasure-trove the poet was occupied, not with the first utterance of the Moon, but with her final utterance in the colloquy, with which we shall have to deal in its due order; and yet it seems quite clear that he was working at various parts on one occasion, and that on this occasion his eye glanced up at the top of page 17 v., caught sight of the coruscating splendour of those four words

Boundless overflowing bursting gladness

and communicated with his brain on the subject. "Yes," said his brain, with a touch of phlegm unusual for Shelley, "I suppose it must be iambic"; and forthwith the hand with the pen, having just written the words *like a maid* for a very different context, jotted down the two words *The boundless* with a big *T* and a little *b*. When he turned over that leaf he found in our I * 18 v. a clear blank

Which penetrates my frozen frame,
And passes with the warmth of flame,
With love, and odour, and deep melody
Through me, through me!

All that Note Book I contains to represent this stanza is on page I * 26 v., and is as follows:—

Green & azure wanderer
Happy globe of land & air
A spirit is [. . .

This page is the verso of the leaf of which the recto furnishes the pencil draft of—

We have past Age's icy caves.

There are two alternatives for the incomplete line *A Spirit is*, namely, *I a Spirit* and *Glide*, both written in the margin and cancelled.

In the holograph copy of *The Mask of Anarchy* possessed by Mr. Thomas J. Wise, there happens to be a draft of this very stanza for *Prometheus*, opening in the first instance identically with the scrap in Note Book I—

Green & azure Wanderer
Happy globe of land & air [,

but continued thus:—

Who latest born of all the
Though youngest
What is this awakens

[41]

- II] They cry aloud as I do—Sceptred Curse
Who all our green & azure Universe
Threatenedst to muffle round with black destruction
 sending
 A solid cloud to rain hot thunder stones
 And splinter & knead down my children's bones
All I bring forth in one dark mass battering and
 blending
- III] Until each craglike tower & storied column
 Palace & obelisk & temple solemn—
My imperial mountains crowned with cloud & snow
 & fire
 My sealike forests . . . every blade & blossom
 That finds a grave & cradle on my bosom
Were stamped by thy strong wrath into a lifeless
 mire
- IV] How art thou sunk, withdrawn, covered, drunk up
 By thirsty Nothing, as the brackish cup
Drained by one desert tribe a little drop for all
 And from beneath within around above
 Filling thy void annihilation, Love
Burst in like light on caves cloven by the thunderball

In literal truth the first completed line on the page where this speech begins is that which stands second in the stanza I, as set out above for our text; and as far as calligraphy is concerned it looks like a starting line. None the less, I do not believe Shelley ever meant to start with it, more especially in view of an uncompleted and rejected line immediately following the orthodox first line. He seems

to me to have begun thus, rather low down on the page—

Ha ha the caverns of my hollow mountains
The breathless mouth of my volcanoes,
Laugh with an inextinguishable laughter [—

then to have struck out *breathless* and substituted *fire hills* for *volcanoes*; and, meaning to reject the line and having filled up the space for a long line below which he meant to maintain almost intact, he wrote the substituted line 2 over line 1, where there was plenty of room, thus:—

My mouthed , sound-exulting fountains [.

Above the blank space he afterwards inserted *thunder*, which he proceeded to cancel for *fire-hills*. Above that again he supplied the established reading *My cloven fire-crags*, and over that, in pencil, *My cloud of wrath*. As all these readings are left standing, it is not certain that he had then decided on the grand phrase *cloven fire-crags*.

Seeing that his third draft line was not an Alexandrine, he supplied the missing foot by the substitution of *a loud &* for *an*; but this reading he presently rejected for the established, *a vast &*. Immediately after the magnificent line thus evolved he set down the following:—

My caverns
My oceans
Splintering & Kneading down my
The wildernesses of [—

all of which are crossed through. It thus seems that, while he was actually composing the second half of this stanza, the next was going on in his head,—else why this *Splintering & Kneading*? This second half seems to have come almost at once as the full-blown reading of the established text, though there is a word (rejected in favour of *Answer*) which I have not been able to decipher. Similarly in the confused and laboured opening of the next stanza, Stanza II, at the foot of this same page, the word I unwillingly give as *mutter* I cannot at present interpret better; the readings came thus:—

What didst thou do
Ha ha
Through drea
I mutter, hear, thou sceptre bearing curse
Where is he now the sceptre bearing curse
Who oer this green & azure Universe [.

Here, after a perfunctory deletion of a few of these readings, and the substitution of *all our* for *oer this*, Shelley invited our attention, or rather his own, to a pleasant little tree sketched on the opposite page, having under its footings and roots a further attempt to clear up the first line of this stanza. Once more he makes the Earth begin asking questions, as thus:—

Where art thou [struck out]
They cry aloud where art thou—

where art thou being again struck out and the words as I do—*Sceptred* being placed above it. Here he did not write *curse* again, but trusted to his own ingenuity to find it where he had left it uncanceled among “a whole floor-ful” of other words. When found he put a top to the *c* in *curse* and made a capital of it, and thus completed the line given above as our text, which is probably what will remain for ever—a very noble product of our beloved *mons parturiens* and by no means a *ridiculus mus*. Having accomplished this important travail, he soared over his little tree to the top margin of the page and wrote there the remaining four lines of the stanza—for it will be remembered he had already done the green and azure Universe in a satisfactory manner on the other page. Line 3, the first line on the top margin, began with the word *Threatenedst*, uncanceled, and *to cut off the with* cancelled; and when he had substituted for the deleted words those of the text, *to muffle round with black destruction*, he found he had no room for *sending*, and so wrote it at the top of the opposite page. The fourth and fifth lines he wrote down thus:—

A solid cloud raining hot thunder stones
 To splinter & knead down my children's bones [—

in which he merely altered *raining* to *to rain* and *To* to *And*. For the opening of the Alexandrine he wrote down and forthwith cancelled—

Battering into one black [—

and then wrote at once the line of our text all but one word, *to* for *in*: that word, however, he altered to *in*, and thus, to some extent, the Note Book discredits the *to* of the established text, where the line stands thus:—

All I bring forth, to one void mass battering and
blending.

Two pages earlier he had written down with a curious incident of error—

A solid cloud raining hot thunder stones
And [—

the word *solid* so faintly that he resorted to a fresh dip of ink; but what he sought to clarify by re-touching he obscured by writing *in* over the faint syllable *id* and producing *solin*.

Here again the poet turned over and began on page I * 21 r. his drafting of the next stanza, Stanza III, the sense of which is complementary to that of the stanza just dealt with—and left the top half of the verso page facing it blank. The first opening set down for this complementary stanza, though not finally adopted, is a memorable one.—

Until each mountainous tower, & spirelike column
And sculptured [;

and I think that between this and the first line as ultimately settled there was an intermediate reading,—

Until each craglike tower, & spirelike column [;

this being the second pen and ink state of the line, and the final epithet, *storied*, being supplied in pencil—no doubt because Shelley's fastidiousness, on re-reading, took umbrage at the repetition of *like* in composition with a noun to form an adjective. Line 2 came fluently as above when the false start *And sculptured* had been struck out; and then pinnacles and pyramids seem to have occurred to the poet as suitably decorative; for there are two more false starts, *With* and *My pin*, and then the line—

And old heaven-cleaving fane, each pyramid [,

which was altered by the substitution of *each* for *old* and *dome* for *fane* before being abandoned. The Alexandrine was at length written thus:—

My monarch mountains crowed with light & snow & stilness [—

wherein *crowed* of course means *crowned*, and *light* and *stilness* were meant to be cancelled; the established reading, *cloud & snow & fire*, being supplied in that otherwise blank top half of the page opposite. Completing the orthodox version, *Imperial* was substituted for *monarch*, in pencil.

Lines 4 and 5 were first written thus, each line a foot short:—

My mighty forests . . . every blossom
Of life that feeds from my fond bosom.

Of this strange couplet the first line was rendered normal by the substitution in ink of *every blade and blossom* for *every blossom*, and finally brought up to the established reading by pencilling in *sealike* for *mighty*. Of line 5, composed thus, in the established version,—

Which finds a grave or cradle in my bosom,

what Shelley wrote here when he had rejected his Hudibrastic couplet was—

That finds a grave & cradle on my bosom [—

a line which gives us a better sense than we had before. The question of *That* or *Which* matters little; but in the direction in which Shelley's mind was working—away from the maternal idea of the short couplet—*on* is some shades better than *in*; and *grave and cradle* gives us a fuller truth than *grave or cradle*. There is a false start, *Should*, cancelled between this line and line 6. This Alexandrine was twice abortively drafted—

Were stamped into a mire of { lifeless
 { blank & lifeless [,

and then the line of our text was substituted, varying only in the word *wrath* for *hate* from the established reading. This line is followed by a couple of crosses—

× ×°

one of which has a nought combined with it—why I do not know—the sense of this stanza and the next, begun on the same page, being continuous.

This next stanza, Stanza IV, is written partly in ink over some rubbed-out pencilling and partly in pencil continued on the lower half of the opposite page. The first visible draft of line 1 is—

How art thou sunk, covered—drunken up [;

then, *covered* being struck out, *withdrawn* appears above it and the blank space, and we read, abnormally, but quite poetically,—

How art thou sunk, withdrawn—drunken up [;

but *covered* is restored and the *en* of *drunken* faintly but sufficiently cancelled, so as to give us the line of our text—the established text. Line 2 first appears as—

By thirsty Nothing, as the half-drained cup.

There was no hesitation about *Nothing* with its important big N which does not occur in Shelley's printed edition; but *thirsty* he struck out, to admit of the substitution of *unreplenished* for *half drained*, which he then cancelled in favour of

brackish and underlined the cancelled word *thirsty*—meaning *stet*, no doubt. The third line, the Alexandrine of which the established version is—

Drained by a desert troop, a little drop for all,
was at first opened with *A little drop*, or *One little drop*—it is not quite clear which, the deletion being rather thorough. Then we have *Drained by a thirsty*; of which *thirsty*, being already hypothecated to *Nothing*, is emphatically struck out; and what comes out of the mêlé is the Alexandrine—

Drained by one desert tribe a little drop for all.

Below this is written, in pencil—

Drained by a desert wandering Band [—

(*a* seems to have been written over *the*); and the next two lines of our text, also in pencil, are written very low down on the opposite verso page and followed by the false start, *Like sunlight fills* (cancelled), after which comes an Alexandrine, rejected but uncanceled, written in pencil right across the bottoms of the two pages—

As sunlight on a prison which sudden earthquake rends.

Above the four lines of pencilling on this verso page Shelley next wrote, still with the pencil,—

As lightning fills a cavern cloven by the thunderball [,
and altered *cavern* to *prison* in ink, seemingly before discovering that he had not said, save by a parti-

cial side-wind, what it was that Love did like all that; so he impetuously wrote *Fills it, as light*, but at once discovered that that would not square with his participle, and substituted (in ink) —

Burst in, like light on prisons cloven [—

struck out *prisons for caves*, and, having *cloven by the thunderball* already there in pencil, left us the line of our text, with *Burst* as in the printed edition —though *Bursts* would be more correct, if less euphonious.

The second utterance of the Moon must be set down here simply in the established text, as this book of poetry in the making shows no trace whatever of the fourteen lines (356 to 369) :—

The snow upon my lifeless mountains
Is loosened into living fountains,
My solid oceans flow, and sing, and shine:
A spirit from my heart bursts forth,
It clothes with unexpected birth
My cold bare bosom: Oh! it must be thine
On mine, on mine!

Gazing on thee I feel, I know
Green stalks burst forth, and bright flowers grow,
And living shapes upon my bosom move:
Music is in the sea and air,
Winged clouds soar here and there,
Dark with the rain new buds are dreaming of:
'Tis love, all love!

This key to the opening of the Earth's next utterance is too immediately essential to be left for the reader to turn up in his copy of Shelley's poems in order to know beforehand what the Earth is talking about to his satellite. Moreover, I hope it will not be thought fantastic if I call attention to what has been said before (page 26) about the influence of the delightful—

Viento in popa nuestro amor [,

which here again seems to have mingled subtly with the atmosphere of Shelley's poetry. I believe he would have been the first to admit it, he who at a later period had written to his friend Maria Gisborne how he had been "bathing" himself "in the light and odour of the flowery and starry *Autos*" of Calderon, and who was ultimately induced to translate the splendid scene of Justina's temptation in *El Magico Prodigioso*, with its refrain of "Love! O Love!" and "Love! Love! Love!" Being fully certified at the start what it was that interpenetrated the granite mass of the Earth in the next astonishing song of our planet in this colloquy—the great chaunt of the emancipation of Man through the operation of the spirit of love—let us now read it and see it in the making. It consists of nine stanzas in the same metre as the earth's two previous utterances. In the whole 54 lines of iambic verse the amount of

variation from the 54 lines of the established text is by no means inconsiderable, though not of the first importance; but the display of lofty thought and unflagging assiduity of exquisite craftsmanship is very remarkable when we examine the details of the drafting. The nine stanzas in the final state shown by the Note Book are as follows:—

- I] It interpenetrates my granite mass
Through tangled roots & trodden clay doth
pass
Into the utmost leaves & delicatest flowers
Upon the winds among the clouds 'tis spread
It gives a life to the forgotten dead
It breathes a spirit up from their obscurest
bowers
- II] Which like a storm bursting its cloudy prison
With thunder & with whirlwind has arisen
Out of the lampless caves of mans imagined
being
With earthquake shock and swiftness making
quiver
Thoughts stagnant chaos unremoved forever
Till ignorance & hate, like shades from sunrise
fleeing
- III] Leaves man, who was a manysided mirror
Which imaged many a monstrous shape of
error
As a calm sea the sky, reflecting Love, bright love

Which like a cloud melodious winds embolden
To scale steep Dawn with wings shadowy &
golden¹

Darting from starry depths radiance & life, doth
move

iv] Leaves man, even as [a] leprous child is left
Who follows a sick beast, to some warm cleft
Of rocks, through which the might of healing
springs is poured

Then, when it wanders home with rosy smile
Unconscious, & its mother fears awhile
It is a spirit,—then weeps on her child restored

v] Man, oh, not men, a chain of linked thought
Of love & might to be divided not,
Compelling the elements with adamant stress
As the sun rules even with a tyrant's gaze
The unquiet Republic of the maze
Of worlds struggling to seek Heaven[s] keepless
wilderness`

vi] Man one harmonious soul of many a soul
Whose order is its own law & controul
And all things flow to all as Rivers to the Sea
Familiar acts are beautiful thro love
Labour & Pain, & Grief thro life's green grove
Walk like tame beasts—none knew how gentle
they could be

¹ Here there are two readings; the other is:—

Which over all his kind, a[s] the Sun's Heaven
Oer ocean slides with pace serene & even.

- vii] His will, with all mean passions, bad delights
 And selfish cares, its trembling satellites
 A spirit ill to rule but mighty to obey
 Is as a tempest winged ship whose helm
 Love guides, thro waves which dare not
 overwhelm
 Forcing remotest Shores to own its sovereign's
 sway
- viii] All things confess his strength, from the cold
 mass
 Of marble & of colour, his dreams pass
 Whence mothers gazing weave the robes their
 children wear
 Language is as perpetual Orphic song
 Ruling with mighty harmony, the throng
 Of thoughts of forms, which else senseless &
 shapeless were
- ix] The lightning is his slave, Heavens utmost
 deep
 Gives up her stars, & like a flock of sheep
 They pass before his eye, are numbered & roll on
 The tempest is his steed—he strides the air
 And the Abyss shouts from her depth laid bare
 What are thy secrets? man unveils me, I have
 none [.

The draft (in pencil) of Stanza I in this Earth-
 chaunt, on page I * 19 r., corresponds in its final
 state with the established text, save in line 5, which
 reads in our text, *It gives a life to*, but in the printed

book, *It wakes a life in*. The Note Book shows a rejected reading of line 2,—

And through hard roots & lifeless clay doth pass [;

but both of these variants are distinctly inferior to their successors. The second stanza is drafted on three different pages, namely I * 18 r., I * 19 r., and I * 25 r. Of the first five lines of it there is an earlier and a later draft. In the earlier, the sixth line is not strictly speaking included, though there is what is probably a reference to it. In the later draft of the stanza the five lines are brought a stage further and the sixth (the second Alexandrine) begun. The first draft shares a page with that of four lines for the Moon, the “enamoured maiden” lines (see *post*, page 84), and came out as follows, on that page:—

And like a storm bursting its cloudy prison
With lightning and with whirlwind, it has risen
Out of the secret caves of man’s imagined being
With earthquake shock & swiftness making shiver
Thoughts stagnant chaos unremoved for ever
Till, like [—

The words *Till, like*, at the foot, might conceivably be meant as a correction for line 1, *Till, like* to be substituted for *And like*; but I think they are really an inaccurate reference to page I * 25 r., where we find in the top margin the Alexandrine we require—
Till Ignorance & hate, like shades from sunrise fleeing [.

In this first draft line 1 originally opened thus:—

And like a whirlwind [—

but, as the rest of the line shaped itself in Shelley's mind, he found he wanted a monosyllable for *whirlwind* unless he was to change the structure of the line radically; so he struck out *whirlwind* and put *storm*, finishing the line thus:—

And like a storm bursting its craggy prison.

Then, *storm* being but a weak substitute for *whirlwind*, *And* was deleted and *swift* written before *storm*, yielding—

Like a swift storm bursting its craggy prison.

At what point *craggy* gave place to *cloudy*, it is not evident,—presumably whenever it occurred to Shelley that a “craggy prison” in which to keep storms, whirlwinds, &c., was too much like a reminiscence of the cave of Æolus in the First Book of the Æneid.

For the second line there is a false start,—

Under the [—

which being struck out, he wrote—

With earthquake & with whirlwind, it has risen [;

but *earthquake* was speedily rejected and both *lightning* and *thunder* written above the line. The

third line, the Alexandrine, was first written as a plain five-foot iambic, thus:—

Out of the caverns of the [depths] of thought [—

the word given as *depths* being so faint and over-described that I am indisposed to stake my existence on it. At the beginning of line 4, *It* was written and cancelled; and of line 5 there are the following rejected attempts:—

The base

Thoughts stagnant base

The worlds deep base, immovable for ever [.

When the poet, with pen still in hand, transferred this somewhat obscure draft to the upper half of page I * 19 r., he wrote the first couplet with a metrical inexactness in line 1, and *thunder* in line 2, thus:—

Like a storm bursting its cloudy prison

With thunder & with whirlwind, it has risen [—

putting *quiver* for *shiver* at the end of line 4; furthermore he began the Alexandrine (line 6) thus:—

And its

& Ignorance like [—

with another *like* written above *Ignorance*; and then, having altered *secret* to *lampless* without abandoning his pen, and not being able to realize at the moment what Ignorance was like, he inked a rather thorny-looking little bush where the line

should have been finished, and closed the office for the time being. When he reopened and came back to that page, to write in the lower half of it the first stanza of this chaunt,—

It interpenetrates my granite mass &c.—

he seems to have had no better weapon than a lead pencil, with which he again tackled Stanza II. This time he supplied *Which* at the beginning of the first line, altered *it has risen* to *has arisen* in the second, *mans imagined* to *unimagined* in the third, and substituted *Dull Hate* for *And its* in the gappy and thorn-bushy Alexandrine. When he had got hold of a pen and ink again he cancelled *Dull*; and it could not have given him much trouble to find the Alexandrine at the top of page I * 25 r. whenever he wanted it. If I remember rightly, the Alexandrine of his fair copy in the Bodleian Library supports the printed text, and was therefore not copied directly from this Note Book, where in its final form, as given above, it reads—

Till Ignorance & hate, like shades from sunrise fleeing,
which is in some respects finer, though the sense is less full, than the established—

Till Hate and Fear and Pain, light-vanquished shadows,
fleeing,

where there is a perceptible sense of constraint in the compound adjective *light-vanquished*. The

Note Book supplies a very striking rejected variant,—

Till Ignorance & hate, from the morning planets
fleeing [—

which, however, cannot compete seriously with either of the others.

The drafting of the third stanza was considerably laboured in the lower part of two pages facing each other (I * 24 v. and 25 r.)—the upper portions being devoted to Stanza IV and Stanza V of the same emancipation song. The final, the established, text of Stanza III differs widely from the ultimate text of our draft. Thus the printed book:—

Leave Man, who was a many sided mirror,
Which could distort to many a shape of error,
This true fair world of things, a sea reflecting love;
Which over all his kind as the sun's heaven
Gliding o'er ocean, smooth, serene, and even
Darting from starry depths radiance and light, doth
move.

The reading *light* in the last line is of course wrong, and has stood corrected to *life*, from the manuscript now at the Bodleian Library, ever since 1877. The various readings in our draft, over and above that of lines 4 and 5 set out beneath our text, are as follows: in line 2, *Reflecting* stands cancelled for *Which imaged*; in line 3 *Like* for *As*, *the* for *a*, *lake* for *sea*, *Heavens* for *sky*, and (astonishing as it may seem) *thee great Titan* for *Love, bright*

love; so that the line actually made its *début* thus:—

As the calm lake the Heavens, reflecting thee great
Titan.

The passing thought here must have been that man was left reflecting Prometheus instead of many a shape of error; but, apart from the faulty construction involved, it is difficult to conceive what sort of a rhyme would have been found for *Titan*. In line 4 *And* is rejected for *Which* as the first word, and in line 5 *To scale the steep* for *To scale steep Dawn*; while the line ends with a pretty good assortment of colours for the wings of that cloud, as *purple & golden, azure & white & golden, obscure purple & golden, and shadowy & golden*. In the variant of this couplet there is a rejected reading of the first line, *like the great Heaven*, and in the second line *Over the sea, of e*. For the final Alexandrine there are three rejected openings—

Radiance & light & life
Shooting
Darting from its lamy dept[h].

I am glad to record that this group, including *Radiance & light*, is crossed through in a most emphatic and decisive manner.

On the neighbouring page where the pencil draft of a few lines of the Song of Asia at the end of the Second Act occurs (see *ante*, page 27), lines 2

and 3 of this many-sided mirror stanza are drafted thus:—

Which did distort to many a shape of error
This true & lovely world of things, a Sea reflecting Love.

The word *could* is substituted for *did*, and *fair* for *& lovely*; and the established text of the two lines is thus supplied.

In regard to the fourth stanza it is to be said that Shelley was not very lucky in the drafting (on page I * 25 r.) of this poor pretty little piece of work about the sick child. First he left out altogether *a* in line 1. Then in the second line he wrote *Who gather*, as if the simile was to be that of a herb cure; and he struck *gather* out for *follows* when he bethought him of healing springs. Then he wrote *follows some sick child*, and altered it to *a sick beast*. The Alexandrine, in itself very beautiful, came quite freely; but the next line was a hesitant utterance; there are three false starts, at least,—first a scribble which may be a mangled little word of one syllable belonging (or not) to the cancelled words *hear it*, which come next, then *She went*, and then the full line—

And when it returns home with rosy smile [—

which the poet would be prompt to recognize as of the nature of prose, and as prompt to transfigure to verse by altering *And* to *Then*, (with a valuable

comma) and *returns* to *wanders*. The fifth line was at first written thus:—

Unconsciously, its mother fears awhile [.

The sole difference between our text and the established text of the stanza is in the first word, which became *Leave*, as in duty bound. And after all, the fear of being almost prosy in line 4 eclipsed for the time being that keen perception which could not have failed to condemn the duplication of *then* in this final sentence, if that “perfidious bark” had not whelmed the poet beyond reach of those glorious works which he would assuredly have touched up on republication.

The opening stanzas of this great song were for the most part drafted many pages away from this, though one of their Alexandrines was dealt with in the top margin of this very page. Between that Alexandrine and the leprous child simile is the interesting couplet—

Leave man my latest born my most beloved
The image of the Power by which is moved [,

which is written small with a fine pen, and partly struck out,—no doubt rejected as too familiarly biblical for this place. Between the lines, *my gar* is written and cancelled. Was Shelley going to write *garment* or *gardener*, or was he jeering at himself in the words of Dr. Caius of the *Merry Wives*—

My gar! 'tis no the fashion of France—

“My gar,” or “By gar”—what matter which?

Of Stanza V, the first line had a comparatively humble origin:—

Leaves man, not men, an union of linked thought [.

Besides altering this to the line of our text—which is that of the established version—he wrote and cancelled in the top margin *not thought*, of which I can but guess the application. It may be that, not liking *an union of linked thought* as a phrase, he recorded a verdict against *thought* for future guidance, and that when the future arrived, he found it was *an union* that was to blame, and having abolished that by writing *a chain of of*, he cancelled his former verdict. Between lines 2 and 3 are cancelled—

Which this is this—

By which the rebellious shapes of this;

and in line 3 itself the first and last words have been changed, *Compelling* put for *Binding*, and *stress* for *sway*. The line then becomes that of the established text: so are the next two, written as above without alteration; but not so the Alexandrine, which, after becoming with difficulty what it appears above, finally became, in the published poem,—

Of planets, struggling fierce towards Heaven's free
wilderness.

The steps in building this line were very curious. The words look as if they had been set down in some such manner as the following—

 worlds
Of wan* wandering*
 Strug* Planets*, struggling keepless wilderness
 whilst worl* Heaven
 struggling to seek

those words and syllables marked with asterisks on the right-hand side being crossed through. I could wish for a little more security of footing here, a little less of a Dartmoor quagmire, Devonian as I am, especially in respect of the word which I read as *keepless*. This would mean, for Shelley, *prisonless*, and would not be an unnatural equivalent for *free, without restraint*.

Into this conclusion of the stanza has been absorbed a carefully inscribed note in metre, written, it seems to me, with the same pen and ink as a certain isolated stanza of *The Mask of Anarchy*, and on the same page (* 21 r.) in Note Book II, the book being turned upside down and the Prome-thean jotting made in the bottom margin, thus:—

Yon sun, who rules as with a tyrant's frown
The unquiet republic of the spheres
Of ever wandering Planets

comets are his
ministers [.

Between *Planets* and *comets* is a space of about an inch—sufficient to imply “please, posterity, do not think this is Shelley’s idea of an Alexandrine, though it would make a bad one if the word *ever* were struck out.” The word *frown* is left uncanceled; but *gaze* is written very minutely above it. On their way to this stanza the three lines paused and were transfigured on page I * 24 v. of Note Book I, thus:—

As the Sun rules, even with a tyrants gaze
The unquiet republic of the maze
Of even wandering Planets, round revolving in their
spheres.

I think all after *Planets* was meant to be struck out—most of the words *are*—and that two separate five-foot lines were tried, not an Alexandrine at all. The word *even* is very plain; but it should have been meant for *ever*; and the two trial lines would then be—

Of ever wandering Planets round revolving
and—

Of ever wandering Planets in their spheres.

In the sixth stanza, so far as the first line is concerned, the established text was reached by the time Shelley had finished with the drafting, which was done in ink on the page (I * 27 r.) facing the “Green & Azure Wanderer” fragment; but two

false starts had been struck out (*And his own heart is* and *The Earth*) and the full line had been written thus:—

My sons are as one soul of many a soul

which stands altered to the line of the text. A second line was begun with *Subject to one*, which is cancelled, and a fresh start made with *Conscious*, also struck out before the line 2 of our text was set down with the word *thier* in place of *its*, which is a correction. Above *& control* is written *one* (uncancelled), as if the following line had been considered:—

Whose order is its law & one control [—

There is an imperfect line 3, thus:—

To which all things flow [.

Next we have—

And all the forms of life

partly struck out and followed by—

things flow to all as Rivers to the Sea [.

No exactness was observed as to what was cancelled and what left, but the line was doubtless meant to stand as in our text, which is the established text save that the first word of that is *Where*, not *And*. The initial word *Sweet* for line 4 stands cancelled; and the line was first written with *things*

in the place of *acts*,—the substitution of *acts* makes the established reading. Line 5 was begun with *And Toil & Thought*, at once cancelled in favour of—

Labour & Pain, & Grief with solemn [,

and finally *with solemn* gave place to *thro life's green grove*, and completed the line of the established text. The Alexandrine shows two openings (cancelled)—

Like beasts that once were wild [,

and—

Wander like beasts made tame [.

Indeed I am disposed to think the line was finished thus:—

Wander like beasts made tame—how gentle they could be [—

the words—

Walk like tame beasts—none knew

being finally built into the previous attempt. The way in which the words are placed is peculiar. In the established text *Sport* is substituted for *Walk* with very fine effect.

The couplet with which the seventh stanza was originally opened is as follows:—

His will, with all mean passions & delights
Low cares its terror mailed satellites [.

With stands cancelled before *Low*; and in the first line *ill* was written over the ampersand and crossed out for *bad*. Line 3 has a false start, *Is a spirit*, and shows *serve* cancelled in favour of *rule*. The next couplet was written thus:—

A tempest winged boat, a chariot speeding
With winds for steeds [—

but before this was all struck out, *ship* was substituted for *boat*. In the remainder of the stanza Shelley came fairly near to the established text; but he had cancelled here *rules* for *guides*; and ultimately, though not here, he made the Alexandrine read—

Forcing life's wildest shores to own its sovereign
sway [—

not *sovereign's sway*. Indeed if he had not died too soon, he might have been shocked at the decidedly monarchical tone of the Alexandrine of our text. He might even have shaken a grey head and wrinkled brow at the Curran portrait and said, "Bysshe, my boy, was not this metaphor of Man's will and remotest shores and a sovereign's sway something like a pure anticipated cognition of perfunctory Imperialism?"

The eighth stanza was a good deal debated at one time, when people were less familiar than now with the effects of things seen, admired, loved, or desired, by women with child. The cancelled

readings for the Alexandrine would have been helpful to those searching for enlightenment as to Shelley's precise meaning. After cancelling *And from the mass*, with which he first opened the stanza, he wrote—

And all things own his power, from the cold mass
Of white & silent marble such forms pass
At his command [—

so that the addition of painting to sculpture in this connexion was an afterthought. The substitution of a fuller sense for the needless epithets, *white & silent* is peculiarly happy—almost as happy as *his dreams pass* for *such forms pass At his command*. The Alexandrine had its vicissitudes over and above the loss of *At his command*: first there was—

And mothers gaze, the bright [—
then—

And mothers gaze & love & children [—

and at last the line of our text, of which the words are not very difficult to sort into their places. The Alexandrine of the established text is of course far finer, and the remedy found for the slip in our first line, the inapposite use of *from*, is very fortunate; indeed the whole stanza was greatly handled:—

All things confess his strength. Through the cold
mass
Of marble and of colour his dreams pass;

Bright threads whence mothers weave the robes their
children wear;
Language is a perpetual Orphic Song
Which rules with daedal harmony a throng
Of thoughts and forms, which else senseless and
shapeless were.

Before Shelley got to the point attained even in our
imperfect text he had rejected—

Language is a music strong as an Orphic
Which builds [—

and—

Of feelings & of forms [.

When he substituted *thoughts* for *feelings* he struck out *feelings &*; but I do not doubt that *feelings* and *of* were the words he meant to cancel, so that I hereby condemn my own literal intermediate reading as a mere matter of minute history. Similarly, I do not think he meant to leave *as perpetual* for *a perpetual*, though the reading is not impossible or inaccurate.

The magnificent ninth stanza, concluding the Earth's song of emancipated Man, is drafted on page I * 23 v., on the verso of the leaf that bears on its recto the dreaming nymph fragment (see *post*, page 79). The first line was originally closed with the words *Heavens blue Abyssm*, where we get an accidental compound of *Abyss* and *Abysm*, for which Shelley's haste, not his scholarship, is to

thank. The reading was rejected at once, as there is no sign of a rhyme to either *Abysm* or *Abyss*, lines 2 and 3 being written fluently just as they stand above, and also in the established text. By the way, in the top margin of this page, which is much water-stained, above the word *his*, is a faint *m* which I take as the remains of *man's*, and set there in doubt what position the stanza would ultimately occupy, though I think it was probably written immediately after the recto page facing it, bearing the two stanzas which immediately precede this one in the published book. A very noble line 4 was rejected here:—

The World within the World tears off its veil [:

this is followed by an incomplete substitute, also struck out—

The elem is laid all bare [;

and then Shelley wrote the couplet—

The tempest is his steed—he rides the air
The World within shouts from her depth laid bare [,

immediately altering *rides* to *strides* and substituting *And the Abyss* for *The World within*, and thus attaining the text as known to us ever since 1820, so far as that couplet is concerned. He had still the Alexandrine to reckon with; and so have we. Here are the elements of it in the order set down:—

To Heaven
Shouts what are now thy secrets
What are thy secrets? Heaven? I have none
man unveils me,

of which notes the second line and the word *Heaven* in the third are struck out; but it is possible to construct the following readings:—

To Heaven—shouts what are now thy secrets? I have none.

Shouts what are now thy secrets, Heaven? I have none.

But there is no doubt that, unwilling as he was to sacrifice clearness by the omission of *Heaven*, Shelley meant to do so at this stage of the composition, and to leave the reading as above, in our text. His final triumph over the difficulty, the established text, was later, and nothing could be better:—

Heaven, hast thou secrets? Man unveils me; I have none.

This idea of the numbering of the stars as among the steps in the growth of man hypnotized Shelley into one of those lovely pastoral images in which he was a past master. He must have been aware how splendidly effective two great poets had been on this topic before him, without any imagery. In the 147th Psalm, we are profoundly moved by the sheer simplicity of the words: "He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names."

In the First Georgic (137-8) Virgil captures us, as he doubtless did Shelley, by the marvellous skill and towering majesty of his verse:—

Navita tum stellis numeros et nomina fecit,
Pleiadas, Hyadas, claramque Lycaonis Arcton.

How those two wondrous lines of Virgil are ever to be rendered into our stubborn tongue so as to give even a faint reflexion of the poetry and music with which they teem has long been a puzzle to me. Certainly it must be done in a more leisurely manner than could be brought within the compass of two lines. Even Dryden the magnificent took three, and then left out some of the sense and most of the beauty, while introducing a unique poetic quality of his own:—

Then sailors quartered heaven, and found a name
For every fixed and every wandering star—
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car.

The iambic movement is in itself antagonistic to the Virgilian movement. Suppose one were to try what inspiration Shelley had breathed into that metre to which we have already recorded a marked partiality, the rhymed trochaic pentameter acatalectic which he must have conceived (though not by that name) when he wrote in a certain top margin—

Boundless overflowing bursting gladness:

it would take five lines to do it properly; and then everyone would probably find fault; but something must be risked. Let us try:—

Then by seamen while the landfolk slumbered
Heaven's shining stars were named and numbered;
Seamen called the Atlantides the Pleiads,
Called the rain-portending stars the Hyads;
Named the Bear,—Lycaon's radiant daughter.

Now let me hide my head and go back to my work. As usual, the Moon's next stanza is missing; but we can take it from the authorized version:—

The shadow of white Death has past
From my path in heaven at last,
A clinging shroud of solid frost and sleep;
And through my newly-woven bowers,
Wander happy paramours,
Less mighty, but as mild as those who keep
Thy vales more deep.

The Earth's rejoinder we have in the Note Book; it is one of those divinely ethereal things that do not occur outside Shelley's works; and its sense is breathlessly left by the Earth for the Moon to complete:—

As the dissolving light of Dawn may fold
A half unfrozen dew globe green & gold
And ch[r]ystalline till it becomes a winged mist
And wanders up the vault of the blue Day
Outlives the noon, & on the suns last ray
Hangs o'er the sea, a fleece of fire & amethyst [.

This stanza is drafted in pencil on a verso page, I * 22 v., which has nothing else on it but a neat little *Green &*, written in ink at the top, as though Shelley had meant to give some attention here to that *Green & azure* motive in trochaic dimeter. The first line of the six was originally written with a lovelier touch of mystery than it now holds:—

And as the spirit of the Dawn may fold [.

This was twice altered to the line of the established text, which corresponds with our present text save that it reads *warmth of dawn*. The fact remains that here Shelley twice struck out *warmth* and twice left *light* uncanceled. Of course *warmth* is the better reading, in which I believe the *editio princeps* has the support of the Bodleian holograph. It must have been the alertness of the poet's conscience on the quasi-scientific side that led him to do violence to the Spirit of the Dawn by the substitution of the physical effect of warmth on ice as an introduction to his tiny, delicate, Turner-esque air effect. The second line is written without change or erasure and has the debated *half unfrozen* about which I confess I have never had any doubt. The Bodleian copy also decides for *half unfrozen* as against the suggested *half infrozen*. The first Alexandrine (line 3) has three variants and two eccentricities: the variants (all rejected) are *purple*, *wandering*, and *beamy*, for *winged*, which is itself one of the eccentricities

while the other is *chystalline*. I believe *winged* means no more than that Shelley wanted the word to be two syllables,—not, through any failure on the reader's part, the monosyllable *wing'd*, and that he put the accent on the wrong vowel. The other three lines were written, seemingly, without effort or hesitation, though with two words which were altered before the line became that of our text (which here again is the established text) : the words rejected are *evenings* for *suns last* and *gold* for *fire*.

There is a leaf torn out of the Note Book here: it may or may not have borne the draft of the Moon's complement to this simile of the Earth's; but in any case it must be supplied from the authorized version, if only to support the observation that the absence of any stop whatever at *amethyst* is at all events better than the wrong stop (a full-point) of the first and other editions: probably a dash or three dots (a "one-em leader") would be right, to lead straight to the Moon's complementary—

Thou art folded, thou art lying
In the light which is undying
Of thine own joy and heaven's smile divine;
All suns and constellations shower
On thee a light, a life, a power
Which doth array thy sphere; thou pourest thine
On mine, on mine!

Here the Earth takes up the song once again, and once again the draft of the single stanza uttered is

in the Note Book (page I * 23 r.)—all but the final Alexandrine, of which there is but one word; but there is compensation and to spare for this deficiency. Here is the draft:—

I roll beneath my pyramid of night
Which points into the Heavens, dreaming delight
And murmuring in my sleep harmonious exultation
Like a nymph lulled in love dreams, faintly sighing
Under the shadow of her beauty lying
Mingling [. . . .

This unfinished draft of a stanza was abandoned, in all likelihood, the moment it occurred to Shelley that his male impersonation of the Earth, in colloquy with his “crystal paramour” the Moon, would be better suited with a youth than with a nymph to furnish his simile. Nowhere in these Note Books, however, have I come upon the traces of the youth, who appears thus in the established text—

Murmuring victorious joy in my enchanted sleep;
As a youth lulled in love dreams faintly sighing
Under the shadow of his beauty lying
Which round his rest a watch of light and warmth doth
keep.

It would indeed be interesting to learn how, in his mind, he kept his nymph image duly delicate, building from his pet verb *to mingle* up to a noun rhyming with *exultation*. The result could scarcely have been as exquisitely chaste as the treat-

ment of the youth image, where the nature of the love dreams is less specific. On the other hand, our nymph stanza would probably have been of higher poetic value, and at all events would not have ended with an Alexandrine composed of twelve monosyllables, some of which (as *warmth doth*) certainly damage it from a quantitative point of view. However, the milk is spilt; and it is useless to cry over it.

The first reading of the opening line was written in ink thus:—

I lay beneath my pyramid of light—

in which he struck out *lay* with a pencil, first substituting *spin* and then *roll* (it is *spin* in the established text). Line 2 is pencilled without change or erasure, and is the line of the printed text. The third line, on the other hand, is very fastidiously and confusedly drafted. First we have in pencil—

And murmuring in my dreams wild notes of exultation
And murmuring in my dreams wild joy & exultation [—

then to avoid the clash between *dreaming delight* and *dreams*, the pencil was commanded to put down *sleep* for *dreams*. Then Shelley cashiered the pencil and bringing his pen into service, struck through most of the line, but especially *wild*, and inked in some alternative endings, as, *the fond sweet exultation, the sweet wild exultation, melo-*

dious exultation, and *harmonious exultation*; and of all these epithets *harmonious* is the only one left uncanceled. There is a false start for a fourth line, *And*; and then comes our beautiful vision of the dreaming nymph; but at first the line began with *Even like a love*, where *love* was most likely going to be *lovesick*,—only Shelley saw a better way of putting it. Over the end of the line is written, and cancelled, *& lying*. Line 5 was first begun with *Wrapt*; but that was instantly rejected for *Under*.

We are here brought to that important point in the colloquy at which the Moon sings her longest chaunt, consisting of thirty lines of rhymed trochaic dimeter (acatalectic and catalectic mixed), coming between two stanzaic structures of which the first is like the rest of the satellite's miniature imitation of the Earth's larger six-line stanzas. Again the stanza with which the Moon replies (to the love-dream stanza of the Earth) must be quoted from the published text; for there is no trace of it in the Note Book.—

As in the soft and sweet eclipse,
When soul meets soul on lovers' lips,
High hearts are calm, and brightest eyes are dull;
So when thy shadow falls on me,
Then am I mute and still, by thee
Covered; of thy love, Orb most beautiful,
Full, oh, too full!

This brings us to line 456 of the Fourth Act; and it is immediately followed by the trochaics which open with the couplet—

Thou art speeding round the sun,
Brightest world of many a one;

and now our Note Book I becomes suddenly of so much lunar interest that we are on the tip-toe of expectation, thinking to find at length the final settlement of that vexed question whether the two lines (493 and 494)

And the weak day weeps
That it should be so

belong in truth to the Earth or to the Moon. In page I * 17 v., immediately after the trochaic treasure-trove—

Boundless overflowing bursting gladness [,

we come upon a pen and ink draft of what is ostensibly a piece of dialogue between the Earth and the Moon. It is as follows:—

Green & azure moon, which shinest
With a light which is divinest
Among all the lamps of Heaven
To whom life & light is given

THE MOON

Thou art speeding round the sun
Brightest world of many a one

I thy icy paramour
Borne beside thee by a power
Like the polar Paradise
Magnet-like in lovers eyes.

Here it is evident, both from the words *Green & azure moon* and from the indication *The Moon* as the speaker breaking in with *Thou art speeding* etc., that the conception of the moment was of the Earth calling the Moon's light *divinest*. Compare with the reading *Sister mine calm wanderer* (*ante*, page 42). Above the word *Moon* Shelley wrote in pencil *orb*; but that word was not adopted either then or ultimately; for, when the printed text appeared with these four lines transferred to the lovely trochaic speech of the Moon, the word used was *sphere*. The second line of the Moon as given above in our text is itself a revision of—

Thou green World of many a one [,

but before *Brightest* was set in the place of *Thou green*, which is spondaic rather than trochaic, *Fairest* had been tried and rejected. Then two more lines and a half were written and cancelled—

Swifter calmer in thy motion

Finless cleaver of {^{the}
an } ocean

Green & azure [.

This rejected passage is immediately followed by—

I thy chrystal paramour [;

and, although that is the reading established from 1820, *chrystal* is here struck out of Mr. Bixby's book, and *icy* substituted. Shelley had thought of some other word, but smeared it beyond trace with his finger and wrote *icy* in its wet place. The next couplet in our text is identical with the established reading since 1820, save for the preposition *in*, of which the place has been taken by *of*. But what Shelley first wrote in the Note Book was—

Like the magnet Paradise
Which there is in lovers eyes [:

afterwards he substituted *polar* for *magnet* and *magnet-like of* for *which there is in*, finally striking out *of* again and restoring *in*. There is a good deal to be said for the first reading, ingenuous as it is; for *like something magnet-like* is not strictly defensible from such a lofty stand-point as Shelley's. These trochaics of the Moon are continued on the next page of the Note Book; but between the two pages two leaves have been torn out, probably before the time of the drafting we are now considering. It is the lines corresponding with 467 to 470 which are drafted at the head of page I * 18 r.—

I as an enamoured maiden
Whose weak brain is overladen
With the pleasure of her love
Maniac like around thee moving.

These next four lines are opened somewhat confusedly. Apart from the little sketches of trees

above and below them and a brief lesson which Shelley gave himself above the first line (on the method of making semicolons), there are several attempts really to begin the passage,—not free from doubts whether it should in the main be a simile or a metaphor and finally whether it was to end with a simile within a simile or a simile within a metaphor. I incline to the belief that the first thing written on the page was *I th* and that it was intended to enlarge upon *I thy icy paramour* by adding *I thy* something or other else. However, that *I th* is struck through; and the next start was—

Like a maid [. . .

and something was added which is now obscured by the words *enamoured maiden* in the next attempt; but before he got to that he had sighted that glorious—

Boundless overflowing bursting gladness [,

and, having settled against its trochaic movement, jotted down *The boundless*, struck out *Like a maid*, took a fresh dip of ink, and wrote—

And I, an enamoured maiden [;

then he tried

I like an enamoured maiden [,

and

I as an enamoured maiden [,

but never got to the charming line of the 1820 text,—

I a most enamoured maiden [,

at least so far as this page is concerned. In the next line he left out *brain* by sheer haste and put it in over the line, also writing the cryptic word *ante* over *laden* and striking it out forthwith. The third line is plainly and fluently written; but the initial capital of the fourth is *L* and *M* combined; and, as 3 and 4 do not rhyme, and must unquestionably have rhymed in the poet's "sacred head," we have to choose between *love* and *move* and *loving* and *moving* as the rhyme-words. The *L* in our combined capital shows that he was going to write *Like* at first. Thus the couplet would have been—

With the pleasure of her loving
Like a maniac round thee moving [—

or—

With the pleasure of her love
Like a maniac round thee move [.

In the latter alternative we must fall back on the theory of mental mechanical anticipation for the *ing*, the very next word in his mind being a present participle, as shown in the published text—

Gazing, an insatiate bride,
On thy form from every side.

The next words recovered for this final speech of the Moon's are a draft of 481 to 484 of the published text, and stand thus, on page I * 16 v.—

Drinking from thy sense & sight
Beauty majesty & might
As a lover or cameleon
Grows like what he gazes on.

These four lines are written between two in the final Assize of Demogorgon,—

We hear thee,—Kingless we are blest & bless [,
and—

Ye happy dead, whom beams of brightest verse [—

and they settle a textual point on which I have had to suspend my judgment for thirty-five years. The third of these lines as printed in 1820, and in my editions is—

As a lover or a cameleon [;

but Rossetti, following Mary Shelley, omitted the second *a*. It seemed to me “very doubtful whether it should be there or not; but perhaps”, I added, “it is safer to leave it.” In this jotting for the four lines, which is deliberately written—in ink, the word *a* was included but quite distinctly deleted. If that is Shelley's final word on the subject, the future of this particular indefinite article should be spent in the foot-notes of the faithful. In the fourth line of our text, taken apart from its sur-

roundings, we have a happier reading than the established—

Grows like what it looks upon,

but it is scarcely doubtful that the established reading was adopted to avoid the repetition of *gazes*, for the next couplet is—

As a violet's gentle eye
Gazes on the azure sky [—

and the complementary line—

Until its hue grows like what it beholds

would equally have exercised the poet's fastidiousness, had he noticed the further repetition in the case of *grows like*. Indeed, with a chance of going over his great works instead of dying before he was thirty, the whole of this exquisite and much debated passage would assuredly have been the object of much revision. *Grows like what he gazes on* was not the first form of this cameleon line, even here in the weather-beaten and water-stained little treasure of a book from which by grace of Mr. Bixby I am getting such a high enjoyment: between *grows* and *what* a word which I have not yet deciphered, and the two prepositions *in* and *with*, are cancelled in favour of *like*.

Still on the tip-toe of expectation for a really important discovery we come, at page I * 27 v., upon the draft of lines 485 to 492, and the rejected

passage of 6 lines, "As a strain of sweetest sound"
&c.

As a violet's gentle eye
Gazes on the azure sky
Until its hue grows like what it beholds
As a grey & empty mist
Lies like solid amethyst
Over the western mountain it enfolds
When the sunset sleeps
Upon its snow—

As a strain of sweetest sound
Wraps itself the wind around
Til the void wind itself grow music too
As aught dark & vain [&] dull
Basking in what is beautiful
Is full of light & love.

The page of Note Book I which bears these two groups of similes has been the cause of a certain amount of misconception in regard to that controversial point in the colloquy of the Earth and Moon which we had expected to find settled here. There has been and still is no final authoritative settlement of the question whether lines 493 and 494 of the Fourth Act belong in truth to that speech of the Moon or the next speech of the Earth, as printed in Shelley's edition and, generally, elsewhere. Mary Shelley, though quite unwittingly, contributed to the controversy over thirty years before it began in earnest. In her collected edition of Shelley's Poetical Works (4 vol. 1839) she gave

among the poems of 1821, under the title of *A Fragment*, these two groups of similes, without pointing out that they were connected with *Prometheus Unbound*. Indeed, as *Prometheus* was published in 1820, and contained the first group with certain verbal variations, it would seem as if she had not identified the fragment thus misdated. She put a full stop at *snow* instead of Shelley's dash and printed a rejected reading of the third line in the second group, namely,—

Until the voiceless wind be music too—

which Shelley had deliberately altered to the reading of our text. There is ample space between and around the two groups; and Shelley could quite well have written in—

And the weak day weeps
That it should be so [,

had he desired to do this. My impression is that the second group is not an extension of the first, but that the two are alternative extensions of lines 476-483.

Brother, wheresoe'er thou soarest
I must hurry, whirl and follow
Thro' the heavens wide and hollow,
Sheltered by the warm embrace
Of thy soul from hungry space,
Drinking from thy sense and sight
Beauty, majesty, and might,

As a lover or a cameleon
Grow like what it looks upon [. . . .

To add to this comparison 14 more lines of comparisons would have been excessive; and, if choice was to be made between the two sets, there cannot be a moment's doubt that Shelley chose the right one. But alas! these Note Books do not contain the next speech of the Earth; and to make matters worse, the passage is missing from the Bodleian manuscript. We are therefore without what I had hoped to find, namely the final settlement of the main question. Mrs. Shelley, by treating the two groups of similes as one fragment and re-punctuating them, furnished the basis for the argument that Shelley had actually extended the Moon's speech by the second group of similes and then struck the group out and substituted the two lines—

And the weak day weeps
That it should be so.

In the source of her so-called fragment there is no striking out and no substitution. On the other hand, in this passage the only item of punctuation employed by Shelley is the one dash after *snow*; and that is quite a characteristic method of indicating suspension where the sense is begun by one speaker and taken up by another. (See *ante*, page 80.)

In another part of Note Book I there is a page which bears the first couplet in the first group of

similes, with but the most trifling variation; it is written thus:—

As *the* violets gentle eye
Gazes on the azure sky
Till [—

and even here there was hesitation as to the sex of the violet; for the words *Till he it* have been struck out and *Till* alone substituted. Misfortune dogs this violet; immediately after the page last mentioned a leaf is torn out; but I must admit that the letters and parts of words left on the stub do not induce me to think that the leaf would have borne on our argument.

It is to be regretted that the Earth's next stanza is represented in the Note Book solely by the following three lines on page I * 17 r.—

The caverns of my Pride's deep universe
Soothing the tyger joy, whose trampling fierce
Makes wounds which need thy balm.

The stanza of which these three lines are the close is the end of that great colloquy between the Earth and its satellite, from which Panthea rose "as from a bath of sparkling water, A bath of azure light, among dark rocks." Ah, how many readers on both sides of the Atlantic have done the same, and how their descendants shall still do so in their millions as this twentieth century and its followers roll on!

That colloquy, beginning in the published poem with the line (319) —

The joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness!

ends with lines 495 to 502, thus:—

Oh, gentle Moon, the voice of thy delight
Falls on me like the clear and tender light
Soothing the seaman, borne the summer night,
Through isles for ever calm;
Oh, gentle Moon, thy crystal accents pierce
The caverns of my pride's deep universe,
Charming the tiger joy, whose tramplings fierce
Made wounds which need thy balm.

How many versions of the last line but two (with which our text is practically identical) were rejected, the page now under consideration does not show; but one it does afford us, and that a notable one—

The solid heart of my glad Universe [—

a line which no poet less opulent than Shelley could have afforded to reject. Indeed it is by no means clear that he could, for it is a nobler line than that to which it gave place, though presumably not satisfying the poet as an expression of his meaning. In sketching the other two lines Shelley made joy an eagle instead of a tiger at first; and not having in mind how the reaction of time against the verdict of his contemporaries would raise per-

sons like myself consumed with the desire to follow the *longæ ambages* of his exquisite mental processes, he made his eagle into a tiger somewhat hastily and untidily: hence I cannot assure my adherents whether it was in fact the eagle's talons, or what, that were to make the wounds. I believe it was his talons. Here is the manner of the transformation: first we have—

Soothing the eagle joy, which [,

and after *which* is a small collection of strokes and smears which might be resolved into *of* or *doth*, cancelled, if we were clever enough with the divining rod; then beneath that collection is a similar one which in like manner might yield us *talons*; and the outcome is the passage—

Soothing the eagle joy whose talons fierce
Make wounds &c.—

for it seems to me that *Make* was first written in the plural and was altered to the singular to accommodate the tiger's *trampling*, introduced with that beast himself (spelt with a *y*) in the next revision. In that revision, the ultimate line of our text, there are two variations from the established version; and the honours are easy; for *Charming* is as superior to *Soothing* as *trampling* is to *tramlings*. I think we should be justified in regarding *tramlings* as a misprint or error of transcription; for

I rise, as from a bath of ^{Shakespeare} ~~honey~~ ^{gold}
For the deep bottom of the sunship ¹⁷⁷⁴
out of the stream of sound —
I am ^{with me!} the sweet sister

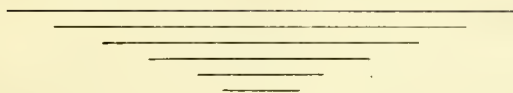
The stream of sound has ^{been} ~~been~~ ^{gone} away
and you ^{are} ~~are~~ ^{not} ~~not~~ ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{any} ~~any~~ ^{more}
Panther

How ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{like} ~~like~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{light} ~~light~~ ^{which} ~~which ^{is} ~~is~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in ^{the} ~~the ^{dark} ~~dark~~ ^{ness} ~~ness
Is rising from the earth, ^{from} ~~from~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{sky} ~~sky~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{earth} ~~earth~~
It showers like light ^{from} ~~from~~ ^{within} ~~within~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{air} ~~air~~
bursts, ^{like} ~~like~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{sun} ~~sun~~ ^{which} ~~which~~ ^{has} ~~has ^{been} ~~been~~ ^{born} ~~born ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{dark} ~~dark~~ ^{ness} ~~ness
to the light ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{dark} ~~dark~~ ^{ness} ~~ness
I learn like two ^{motors} ~~motors~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

observe how full of the letter s the whole passage is at its most unregenerate, and how much more euphonius it would be if we read—

The solid heart of my glad universe,
Charming the tyger joy, whose trampling fierce
Made wounds which need thy balm.

To conclude this excursus with an incident in favour of the line which I hanker after, I record that, when Shelley had sacrificed that line, he under-scored the middle of it with some half-dozen diminishing lines as though to indicate that he appreciated its beauty—thus:—



The rough draft of the delicious little conversation of Ione and Panthea on the cessation of the Colloquy between the Earth and the Moon is the prelude to the Assize of Demogorgon, though standing quite apart from it in Note Book I, on a page (I * 32 v.) facing the drafted conclusion of *The Sensitive Plant*. That page, of which a facsimile is here inserted, yields the following text:—

I rise, as from a bath of sparkling water
In the deep hollow of the sunless rocks
Out of the stream of sound—

IONE

Ah, me! sweet sister 3

The stream of sound has ebbed away from you
And you pretend to rise out of its wave.

PANTHEA

Peace Peace, a mighty Power which is a Darkness 6
Is rising out o' the Earth, & from the sky
Is showered like Night, & from within the air
Bursts, like eclipse [*sic*] which had been gathered up 9
Into the pores of light—and the bright visions
Gleam like two meteors [.

The letters *mi* are cancelled before *sparkling water* in line 1; and line 2 opens with *Among* struck out. The speech of Ione first began with—

Ha ha sweet sister [,

which was doubtless regarded by the poet as not of a convincing enough dignity for these authentic classical creatures of his. *Ha ha* accordingly stands altered to the *Ah, me!* of the established text. The keen sense of the difficulty of making *Ha ha* sound free from modern levity is of that delicacy in which Shelley is unapproachable. For the second line of Panthea's next speech he wrote—

Is rising from the Earth, & from the sky [,

where the two *froms* were condemned without more ado. The phrase *out o' the Earth* savoured

too much of the Elizabethan semi-barbaric to be the ultimate choice of a Shelley; and in the established text he substituted *out of earth*, and got the line right. The accidental spelling of *eclipse* with an extra *s* before the *p* is truly curious.

Although the building of the established text from this draft is a marvel of craftsmanship, I submit that the discovery of the second line, in what, by a perverted courtesy, I am calling a rough draft, is a thing to rejoice over; and I find it difficult to persuade myself that Shelley had not somehow lost or mislaid that *deep hollow of the sunless rocks* when he wrote the vivid, sparkling, Turneresque line in the established text,—

A bath of azure light, among dark rocks,

but altogether I do not feel I could face posterity as a Shelley commentator if I advised the reinstatement of our magnificent though sombre line against what at all events *seems* to be his own deliberate judgment.

The “universal sound like words” that both Ione and Panthea heard was interpreted by Shelley in the stupendous conclusion of his poem, in which the “Mighty Power”, Demogorgon, announces to the universe the fall of the despotism of Heaven, represented by Jupiter, and the new reign of Love, typified by Prometheus, now unbound. For that conclusion the Note Book contains a most interesting sketch, differing widely as far as it goes

from the ultimate version, and not including the special addresses to the Moon and to Man, or the last 25 lines. This sketch is written in ink on pages I * 15 v., 16 r., and 16 v., and may best be set down consecutively as follows:—

[DEMOGORGON]

Ye Hours, that speed or linger as ye will
Chainless as winds, bright as illumined bees
Which flee from flower to flower to seek their fill
Whose life is one long dream of [sweetest ease?]

Ye spirits who kept watch beside that keep
The human heart, until its frozen bars
Were
Who make life, with the instinct of thin sleep

Ghosts

O unimagined People of the dead
Dreams

Thou Earth calm Empire of a happy Soul
Sphere of divinest shapes & harmonies
Beautiful orb, gathering as thou dost roll
The Love which paves thy path thro the void skies

EARTH

I am a dew drop, trembling ere it dies!

[DEMOGORGON]

Ye Kings of Suns & Stars, Demons & Gods
Ætherial Dominations who possess
Elysian windless fortunate abodes
Beyond Heavens constellated wilderness

[A VOICE FROM ABOVE]

We hear [thee],—kingless we are blest & bless

[DEMOGORGON]

Ye happy dead, whom beams of brightest verse
Are clouds to hide, not colours to pourtray
Whether your nation is that Universe
Which once ye saw & suffered—or as they

VOICE

Whom we have left we change & pass away . . .

It is significant that the conclusion of *Prometheus Unbound*, which I have here called the As-size of Demogorgon, is begun upon the verso of a leaf carrying upon its recto the evidence of a certain attack of petulance which seems to me to have led up to the *Ode to the West Wind*, an episode which will be dealt with later on in the present volume. The whole page (I * 15 v.) is occupied by the rejected lines and parts of lines before the address to the Earth. These are set out above in their most practicable shape—which is not always their final shape. For instance, in the first line of what Demogorgon was to have said to the Hours, *will* is struck out and *wist* substituted. Of course Shelley meant *list*; but he rejected the whole quatrain before altering *fill* in the third line so as to make a rhyme for *list* or *wist*. For *bright as* in the second line there is a variant so well cancelled

that I am not quite certain it is not *such as*; but I believe it to be *rich as* or *thick as*. Of the fourth line, only *Whose life is* appears on this page; but at the head of that facing it (I * 16 r.) there are two cancelled scraps, belonging to it, *Whose flight* and *Is a long dreams of sw* and then the incomplete line of our text, with even the repetition of *dreams* for *dream*, but in this case corrected. Something to complete the line has been written with a hard pencil and completely rubbed out, so that the only trace is a mass of "blind" and confused scratchings on the surface of the paper, such as might be made with a stylus; of these something may possibly yet be made, though it is unlikely. In what Demogorgon was to have said to the Spirits who had been watching and awaiting liberation beside or within the human heart, there is a cancelled reading—

within the keep

Of human [. . .

but the line thus begun was left unfinished; and when *within* was rejected for *beside*, *keep* was abandoned for *prison*, and *that* was rather obscurely substituted for *the*, so as to make the sense square with the finished second line and read *that prison The human heart* or *that keep The human heart*. The complement of this line appears to have been successively *until its bars*, *until its frozen bars*, and *until its frozen gate*; both *bars* and *gate* are struck out; but *Were*, the sole record of the

third line, is left standing. The fourth line of the address to these Spirits of man's heart is written with a fine clean pen; between *make* and *life* a word which may probably be *thin* or might possibly be *thier* (Shelleyan for *their*) is struck out; by the end of the line the dip of ink was nearly used up; *thin* was very indistinctly written, and what I read for *sleep* is almost "blind." Another possible but insecure reading of this strange line is—"Who make life with the instinct of their sleep." The word *Ghosts*, the line—

O unimagined People of the dead [,

and the word *Dreams*, are ineffectually struck through—kept in reserve for a later point in the Assize.

The sketch of Demogorgon's words to the Earth and of the Earth's reply are of quite peculiar interest as indicating how the exquisite address of the published text, to what Comte would have called "the great Fetish," was built up from an inferior foundation. Line 1 shows no erasure or change; line 2 has a cancelled opening, *Of mo*, followed by another, *Home* instead of *Sphere*; line 3 originally began with *Attraction* and a blank before *gathering*; then the opening was altered to *Attractive World*, which was duly rejected for *Beautiful orb*; in line 4 it was doubtless meant to make the reading as given above, the word *along* being struck out in favour of *thro the void*; and finally the Earth's

reply is without change or erasure, as above, though Shelley's dissatisfaction with the line is shown by his having written below it with his best pen and cancelled again the fresh opening *To thy strong*. How his published reading—

I hear; I am as a drop of dew that dies [—

burns with poetic fire in comparison with this earlier reading is as obvious as the superiority of the rescued line 4 given above to the published line 4,—

The love which paves thy path along the skies,

and as the towering beauty of *Sphere* for *Home* and *Beautiful orb* for the bathetic *Attractive world*, the commonplace associations of which sufficed to condemn them in Shelley's eyes, ever awake to anything done amiss in the early stages of composition.

In this sketch of the Assize, Demogorgon passes over the Moon and goes on at once to the ruling powers beyond the constellations. For the first line, *Ye Kings &c.*, there is a false start *O G* (no doubt the beginning of *O Gods*) and a second rejected reading—

Demons & elemental Spirits.

For the second line the composition presented difficulties—three trials being successively cancelled—

Powers of those Elysian windless
Thou People of the
The World beyond [,

and of the version given above as our text, which is also the published version, the word *Ætherial* can no longer be read, though it has certainly been there. The fact is that this book has been under water; and its immersion must have taken place after this leaf and many others had been filled with writing. The page now under consideration (I * 16 r.) suffered badly; and only by much patience and waiting for peculiarly favourable light can many of the phantasms of words near the end of the page be discerned. *Ætherial* has not only been "thawed into a dew," but when the page was dry again some thick black ink marks were placed over the spot (amid the confusion) where *Ætherial* should be dimly visible. There is a rejected reading in the fourth line which may be *Beyond the hollow*. The response of the "*Ætherial Dominations*," inferior as it is to the majestic line in the published version—

Our great Republic hears we are blest and bless—

was anything but fluently composed. There are two false starts, each of a single indistinct word, obliterated,—I think *On* and *In*; then the line is written thus:—

We hear thine We we are blest & bless [, •

and, when the word *kingless* preceded by a comma and a dash was supplied below the line, a stroke was made through *thine We*; so that the *thee* of our text has a not absolutely secure dependence on the probability that *thine* was altered to *thee* before the thick cancelling stroke was drawn through the two words.

We hear,—kingless we are blest and bless,

though characteristically Shelleyan in sense, is uncharacteristic from a metrical point of view. Compare, for sense, *Prometheus*, III, iv, lines 131 *et seq.*—

And behold, thrones were kingless, and men walked
One with the other even as spirits do,
None fawned, none trampled; hate, disdain, or fear,
Self-love or self-contempt, on human brows,
No more inscribed, as o'er the gate of hell,
“All hope abandon ye who enter here;”

and so on.

The poet's dealings with the words in which Demogorgon (I * 16 v.) hails the dead are peculiarly interesting. The first line was written originally,—

Ye people of the dead, on my words [;

then *whom* was inserted over the blank and *even* in the blank; then, when it was seen that the verse was redundant, *on* was cancelled, with *even my words*, these three words being, however, restored

above the line so as to make the reading clearly, *whom even my words*, not *on whom even my words*; next the line thus evolved was rejected all but the initial *Ye*; and above it was written—

happy dead, whom brightest verse [,

and at last, above this new blank space, the words *beams of* were added: the second line was written without change or erasure. The third line was at first—

Whether your nation fills the Universe [—

in which the first change was *are* for *fills* and the second *is* for *are*; then *that* appears to have been noted as an alternative for *the*, for it is doubtful whether either the one or the other was meant to be then and there cancelled, though I think the emphatic *that* of the published text was Shelley's ultimate choice. The first version of the fourth line was—

Which living ye beheld & felt—as they [;

but before the response of the dead was added, *living ye beheld & felt* was struck out and *once ye saw & felt* written below; then *felt* was cancelled and *suffered*— written beneath that; finally above the dash and half under *as*, Shelley wrote *or*; thus completing the line as given in our text. The response is duly separated from the four lines by the

word *Voice* as shown above; and there is not the slightest doubt that the poet meant his "happy dead," echoing and completing Demogorgon's enigmatic utterance as to the ultimate destiny of the soul after death, to speak one line only. This is of high textual importance, because the published book of 1820, and all editions of *Prometheus Unbound* with which I am acquainted, close Demogorgon's words with *suffered* and give *Or as they to A Voice from beneath*, thus—

Or as they
Whom we have left, we change and pass away.

As Shelley saw no proofs of his book, complained of its inaccuracy, and prepared a long but not exhaustive list of errors, I should require the authority of a later manuscript than that under consideration, and one prepared or sanctioned by the poet, to confirm the printed version as against our new text in this one respect, though perhaps in no other, save only the rescued line 4 to the Earth—

The love which paves thy path through the void skies.

It is pleasant to record that the Spanish influence—the "flowery and starry" influence—shows once more in this address to the dead. On page I * 10 r., where Shelley had pencilled and translated the lines "En este lobrego sitio" &c. (see *ante*, page 36) he pencilled also, but did not translate,—

y voz humana
Quando a tanto se levante
Sera carbon que la borre
No matix que la retrate [—

of which I cannot quote the context; but—

the human voice
When at times it lifts itself
Will be charcoal which blots it out,
Not a tint which portrays it,

must, in any context, be the parent thought of “beams of brightest verse” considered as “clouds to hide” the dead, “not colours to portray” them.

While putting into shape this account of Shelley's dealings with *Prometheus* as shown in Mr. Bixby's Note Books, I have had much mental communion with Edward John Trelawny, a collection of whose letters I have been fitting for the press. From a letter which the staunch old friend and admirer of the poet wrote to Rossetti about that first critical edition of the Poetry, published in 1870, I have just transcribed the following passage: “The *Prometheus*, Shelley said, caused him the most labour; and, if that was a failure, he could never hope to succeed in being a poet; and, if not a poet, he was nothing.”

TO NIGHT

IN the five stanzas *To Night* we possess one of those peculiarly lovely and characteristic lyrics concerning which Shelley's editors have no great burden of reproach upon their shoulders. His widow first printed the poem in 1824 among the *Posthumous Poems*, in a form which up to the year 1889 seemed to me absolutely perfect. There was but a single verbal question, involving a metrical one; and that was in the first line, which appeared thus in 1824:—

Swiftly walk over the western wave,

and this line with its five beats of time where the metre demands but four was perpetuated by Rossetti (1870), and by myself in 1877. I should have remained happy with the magical effect, even if the line had been condemned by pedantry as abnormal; but when Professor Woodberry examined the fragmentary book of fair copies in the Harvard Library, he found a transcript of this poem in Mary Shelley's writing, in which the opening line is given with *o'er*, not *over*. She thus practically condemns her recension of 1824 and reduces the

line to the normal metre. Upon this evidence I abandoned, with some regret, the reading which satisfied me and, in my Aldine edition of 1892, gave the four-beat line with due acknowledgments to the Harvard book. I could not pretend to think that Shelley would act on two different metrical impulses at different times in writing one and the same line; and I therefore assumed that Mary Shelley had no authority for the earlier reading. The version I am now presenting to the curious reader supports her written as against her printed evidence respecting this line; and that is all it does for the text, which has for years been established in its splendour of execution. But this hitherto unknown example of the poet's drafting, taken from half a dozen pages at the first beginning of Note Book I—there is a beginning at each end—shows the world once more of what stuff Shelley was made when the question was one of perfecting his work. I have set out as the text what seems to have been the ultimate intention so far as this Note Book is concerned; and the studiously minded will no doubt compare this result with the text given in any current edition of credit. It will then remain for them to learn here the steps by which Shelley attained thus far.

1] Swiftly walk oer the Western wave—
Spirit of Night!

Out of the misty eastern cave
Where thro the long & lone daylight

Thou dreamedst dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible & dear
Swift be thy flight.

ii] Wrap thy form in a mantle grey
Star-inwrought—

Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day
Kiss her until she be wearied out
And wander oer city & sea & land
Touching all with thine opiate wand
Come long sought!

iii] When I arose & saw the dawn
I sighed for thee

When the sun rode high & the dew was gone
When noon lay bright on flower & tree
Till the weary Day turned to his rest
Lingering like an unloved guest
I sighed for thee [.

iv] Thy brother Death came, & cried
Wouldst thou me?

Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed
Murmured thus enchantingly
Let me nestle by thy side
Seekest thou me? & I replied
No . . . not thee!

v] Sleep will come when thou art fled
Far too soon,

Death will come when thou art dead
Of neither will I ask the boon
I ask of thee beloved Night
Swift as be thy flight
Come soon, soon!

could have accepted from his second-best self as the final reading:—

Where with the shadow of thy might
Thou coveredst, as with joy & fear
An how much envied hemisphere [.

The word *shadow* is itself substituted for a cancelled word which I believe to be *fountain*.

In line 3 of stanza II a clerical error is corrected: he wrote *eyes the eyes* and changed it for *hair the eyes*; and he wrote *day* and altered it to *Day*. For line 4 there were three trials—

Kiss her asleep
Kiss her to sleep
Kiss her till she be wearied out [.

Line 5 was started with *And wander like*; nor is it certain that he meant *And* to be cancelled at the time of drafting, for, though the word has a line drawn through it, there is another below which may mean *stet*.

In stanza III an initial *And* to line 4 is struck out. Line 5 was originally written thus:—

When the Day turned him to his rest [,
which was altered to—

And the weary Day turned to his rest [,

Till being finally substituted for *And*. The absolute certainty that this stanza makes *Day* a male impersonation while the *Day* of the previous stanza

is a female impersonation establishes clearly that we must abandon, at least for the present, that tempting emendation of my friend Rossetti's, *her* for *his* in this fifth line. It was a highly probable supposition in the absence of Shelley's own manuscript that his word *her* had been mistaken for *his*—indeed the two words in his hastiest script are quite indistinguishable; but here we have in the drafting both *his* and the cognate *him* very plainly written, and with the *i* duly dotted in each case.

With the fourth stanza Shelley took unusual pains. I am ashamed of the poverty of our tongue in affording us no more expressive word than *pains* to describe the boundless exaltation of joy that a poet has in lyric composition; but we dare not abandon the word in face of that classic definition of *genius* which makes it *a capacity for taking pains*. In the fourth stanza, then, Shelley was at pains to write line 1, not only twice over with the rest of the stanza, but in such a way as to show no fewer than four alternatives. Having elaborated the stanza in ink on page 2 r., he proceeded to pencil opposite it on page 1 v. an interpretation or disentanglement intended to give the final outcome, but not including all the stops. First we find line 1 (in the ink draft) boldly and beautifully written,—

Thy brother Death came at my door [;

next, *at my door* is carefully struck out, a comma placed after *came*, and *and he said* added; and then

cried is substituted for *said*—the reading of our text being found in the pencilled interpretation. The second line was to have begun with *And*; but that was at once struck out for—

Wantest thou me?

Then *Seekest* was substituted for *Wantest* (what an immeasurable improvement we have in the established *Wouldst!*). Line 3 was first written—

Thy sweet child Sleep, just kissed [;

before that line was finished, however, came another order of thoughts—sleep begotten of love and night—and the line became—

That sweet child Sleep whom Love & thou [;

but here came hesitancy again, and *whom Love and thou* was cancelled—only to be partially restored, for the next reading is simply *whom Love*, which in turn gave place to *the filmy-eyed*, and was followed by the complement of the thought in the abandoned line—

Whom Love to thy embraces bore [.

It is uncertain whether this was struck out before he wrote the next line—

Murmured lowly thus to me [.

By this time the stanza had become fairly difficult to read; but I think Shelley must have gone on with the pen he had in hand—thus far the draft is

wholly in ink—and written the following incompletely expounded thoughts before amending the fourth stanza:—

Come, s Come sweet Night
Some do
Others seek thee, for thou art
Deaths ghost
Others because
Some call thee because thou seemest
Deaths calm ghost—
Eve Others think the things.

All but the second, sixth, and seventh of these inchoate lines were crossed through. Here the pen was probably flung down for the moment; and, when the poet took to his wondrous song again, it was pencil in hand. Stanza IV in its confused state probably at once cried aloud for deliverance. In the lower half of the opposite page, below stanza III, is pencilled what the poet himself then made of stanza IV—namely the words here printed as the text save line 4, of which only *murmured lowly* is left of the pencilling—for india rubber seems to have been employed just there; and the line of our text was ultimately written in ink. It will be noticed that *The sweet child* has again, as of necessity on the abandonment of

Whom Love to thy embraces bore [,
become *Thy sweet child*.

When Shelley turned the page stanza V was not

the first thing he did. Pencil still in hand, he wrote at the top, after cancelling a *W* and what looks like *La*,— Charm to sleep the Argus eye

and then struck out the last two words in favour of *envious eyes*. The line was first followed by *Of this false*, which was struck out without adding *world* or anything of that kind; and another start was made with

Of all [] suns slaves

the above blank space of half an inch representing an *imbroglio* of smeared strokes which I do not think securely readable.

With stanza V, which immediately follows, the pen and ink were resumed; and lines 1 and 3 were written without erasure before the short line 2 was settled. In the space between 1 and 3 are written four words which I take to be two or perhaps three false starts, *I may*, *Slow*, and *late*. Then the *Far too soon* of this text, immeasurably less poetical than *Soon, too soon*, was squeezed in with difficulty. Line 4 has a false start, *And I of*; and if Shelley considered and condemned the commonplace comparison of swiftness to that of lightning, the only evidence the book shows to that effect is the eloquent blank space which is left above. How exquisitely he got out of this final difficulty with his

Swift be thine approaching flight
we all know and appreciate.

I believe he was in the middle of that stanza when he turned back to stanza IV to record in ink the line—rather a weak line for him—

Murmured thus enchantingly [,

for the penmanship is the same as that of lines 1 to 3 of stanza V, thick and blotty; whereas the unfinished close of the stanza is in his best writing; so is the rejected passage written below it, which I have given above as No. II.

Even these rejected passages have their cancellings and substitutions: those proper to No. I, I have already displayed in this note. No. II originally began with *As*, which was struck out; and the short line 2 was not at first the lovely *Mother of dreams*, but, successively, *Never of thee* and *Never for thee*; and line 3 had been, imperfectly,— I thought they had what I wo[uld].

What it was that Shelley would have obtained we shall perhaps never know for certain, though it might seem that he was regarding Death and Sleep as sharing with Night the custody of dreams. The rejected passage No. III is written on a page by itself, two pages further on than No. II. First it was to have begun with *Quench*; but that word is struck out and *Mother of* written beneath it. The first line of the passage has itself a cancelled start, *Nur*, as if he had thought of abandoning *Mother* for *Nurse*.

The variations between our final text and the text supported by Mary Shelley's manuscript are so important that she cannot conceivably have made her copy from this book, where we find no trace of *wovest* in stanza I, *light rode high* and *noon lay heavy* in stanza III, or above all of the exquisite simile of the *noontide bee* for Sleep in stanza IV—not to mention other details of the established text. Shelley must have made a more perfect manuscript, which will possibly come to light in time; and it may be that, when it does, it will show him to have condemned the inconsistency in the sex of Day shown by comparing stanzas II and III; and Rossetti's emendation in III may yet be authorized. Meanwhile the inconsistency does not, to me, seem to injure the beauty of the poem. I feel "equal to either fortune"; and so, I understand, does Rossetti.

Page I 3 r. bears some lines supposed to have been meant for *Julian and Maddalo*; see *post*. The next leaf is torn out. Page I 4 r. bears the following poem in three lines:—

MUSIC:

SHELLEY'S ANSWER TO SHAKESPEARE'S IF

Oh Music thou art not "the food of Love"
Unless Love feeds upon its own sweet self,
Till it becomes all music murmurs of [:

When Mary Shelley published these three lines in her first collected edition of 1839 she made the first line—

No, Music, thou art not the God of Love,

and so it remained until 1877, when I regarded the mistake as so obvious that I should have been unjustified in printing anything but the right quotation from Shakespeare. Mary Shelley appears to have misread the first line persistently; for she gave Mary Cowden Clarke a copy of the delicate morsel before she published it; and in that copy she put the words *God of Love* between inverted commas—betraying that she failed to understand the drift of the poem. These quotation marks she abandoned when she published the lines; but it was their use in the transcript that made it certain to me in 1877 that Shelley had used inverted commas, for their orthodox purpose of marking a quotation whether from Shakespeare or from some lesser luminary; and, had he written *God of Love*, these quotation marks would have had no meaning whatever. Now, in the fulness of time, we find these blessed inverted commas duly inserted by the seldom-punctuating Shelley of the Note Books, who wrote the three lines carefully in ink without change or erasure. In 1895 Dr. Garnett wrote to me that my emendation was “justified by Shelley’s own manuscript.” He might have added that there was a further mistake of Mary Shelley’s to be amended;

but *Oh* is not very plainly written. However, it is quite certain that *Oh* and not *No* is meant; and the alteration is of some moment. It makes a more dignified response to the Shakespearian "If", and leaves the three lines more round and perfect as what they truly are—a tiny poem and not a fragment. This gem, though not expressly assigned to the year 1817, was given by Mary in a note to the poems of that year, in which Shelley came under the abiding influence of the greatest melodist that ever lived,—Mozart. I should myself, however, be disposed to place it a little later.

[FRAGMENT: A METROPOLIS]

a metropolis

Hemmed in with mountainous walls & craglike towers
And overlooked with mighty palaces
Whose columns [.

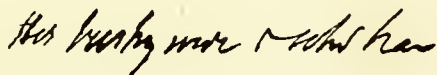
This fragment, carefully written in ink and severely castigated, shares page I 4 r. with the lovely lines to Music. In this architectural composition of less than three lines Shelley rejected *Girded* for *Hemmed in*, struck out *craglike* but put no word in its place, substituted *mighty* for *loftiest*, and, before he settled to let *columns* figure in his metropolitan picture, he tried how *battlements* or *pinnacles* would look and got so far with

his pinnacles as to make them *pinnacles whose starry . . .* but what there was starry about them the page does not betray. By the by, *with* was written twice and left standing in duplicate before *mountainous*.

Page I 4 v. has on it only a metrical fragment which may be read thus:—

His bushy wide & solid beard [;

but, equally, may be read otherwise. Rossetti and I are both uncertain about the last word. For the use of experts in deciphering obscure scripts, a facsimile is appended.



On the next two leaves are two fragments already dealt with under the head of *Prometheus Unbound* (see *ante*, pp. 11 and 13); and on page I 7 r. are the following couplets, written in ink:—

[A WINTER PICTURE]

It was a winter such as when birds die
In the deep forests & the fishes lie
Stiffened in the transparent ice which makes
Even the mud & slime of the warm lakes

A wrinkled clod as hard as brick,—and when
Among their children comfortable men
Gather about great fires & yet feel cold—...

Mary Shelley contributed to *The Keepsake* for 1829 these and other verses of her husband's, of which the late Mr. C. W. Frederickson of New York possessed her transcripts. The couplets printed above are unconnected with anything else in these Note Books, where no trace occurs of the couplets which Mary married to those here given. It seems doubtful whether there is any true relationship between the two sets to justify their treatment as a composition entitled *Summer and Winter* as in the established text, the editors of which could but follow Mary. I, for one of them, am lost in admiration of that modesty which seems to have debarred me in 1877 from calling attention to the claims of the Summer picture to rank as an alternative opening for *Fiordispina*. There are five couplets in each passage and a notable community of style, versification and motive. Here are the lines:—

FROM "SUMMER AND WINTER"

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 corn-fields, and the reeds,
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

FROM "FIORDISPINA"

The season was the childhood of sweet June,
Whose many 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—

There are suspicions which reasonably arise in regard to both fragments. I doubt the correctness of the transcription of line 3 in the first; and *developed* in line 6 of the second may easily fail of justification when the manuscript comes up for examination. In respect of the whole eighteen lines of the established *Summer and Winter*, I should feel no great shock if the evidence when complete favoured the theory that Mary made it up for the annual as best she could from two disjointed fragments, one being our present winter picture in Note Book I, and that she just added a line of her own;

Alas then for the homeless beggar old!

Shelley's winter picture in the Note Book originally began thus:—

It was a winter such as when birds fall
Short [,

but before proceeding further he struck out *fall* for *die* and, cancelling *Short*, went on—

In the deep woods & the stiff fishes lie
Transparent [.

Then he changed *woods* to *forests*, struck out *stiff* and *Transparent*, and wrote line 3 thus:—

Stiff & transparent in the ice which makes [. . .

He finally altered *Stiff* to *Stiffened* and made the *ice* instead of the fish transparent—not translucent as in Mary's version. In line 5 there is a rejected reading, *wrinkled earth*. In line 7 the fourth word is more like *pires* than *fires*; but it is probably meant to serve for *fires*; and Mary printed it so. Shelley left a choice between *cold* and *chill* for the last word, but cancelled both. Mary chose *cold*, as was natural, seeing that she had somehow got hold of that line to add—

Alas then for the homeless beggar old!—

of which our holograph shows no trace: *per contrâ*, it has the rejected opening of an eighth line, *Yet social*, for which the single word *And* is substituted. I hope I may never find that line containing

the homeless beggar old in another manuscript of this fine picture, which calls up the feeling one has about two great passages in the Third Georgic of Virgil, marvellously elaborated—the Scythian winter and the casting-up of the fish that died in the great plague.

The little snatch

As the violets gentle eye

topsy-turvily written on page I 7 v. has been dealt with under the head of *Prometheus Unbound*. (See *ante*, page 89.) Next to that page, as will presently be seen, a leaf has been torn out, the stub of which has an interest; and then we reach the fascinating *Shadowy Portal* written in pencil on pages I 8 r. and I 8 v.

[THE SHADOWY PORTAL:

A FRAGMENT OF AN ALLEGORY.]

- I] A Portal as of shadowy adamant
Stands yawning on the highway of this life
Which we all tread, a cavern huge & gaunt
Around it rages an unceasing strife
Of shadows, like the restless clouds which haunt
The gap of some cleft mountain, lifted high
Into the whirlwinds of the upper sky.
- II] And many pass it by wth 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 [.

III] It often too occurs to those who enter
This mystic cave to come forth quite subdued
By the result of their obscure adventure
Yet more than others they are mild & good
Like men who have dived down to the earths
centre
They tell of things not to be understood
Except [—

IV] Around this cavern [.

Under the title *An Allegory*, and not among the fragments, Shelley's widow included the first and second stanzas of this piece in the *Posthumous Poems* of 1824. It is only too true that, in the Note Book from which this extended version is now given, Shelley had omitted to complete his first octave stanza by the insertion of a line which he may or may not have composed, between lines 5 and 6. It is equally true that line 2 of the second stanza was not finished in this pencilled draft,—probably because Shelley had not hit upon quite what his fastidiousness demanded as the remedy for a defect which his electrical brain seems to

have discovered before writing down what it seems as good as certain he meant to write—

Not knowing that a shadowy crew.

So consummate a master of *ottava rima*, with the right mood prevalent as in this fragment, would doubtless have passed on with the intention of returning to give the line the right grace as well as the right length, rather than put the rhyme-word in and leave the short line a good chance of eluding discovery. However that may be, here is the space after *shadowy* indicated by Mary's empty brackets; and here it is to be feared it must remain. Not so the misreading of *this life* as *the life* in the second line of the fragment: Shelley had written *the highway of the world*; but he altered *world* to *life*; *the* to *this* he did not alter well; but he did it; and *this* it must of need be in the interests of the relative clause, *Which we all tread*, relating to *highway*, not to *life*. Was he thinking of Dante's stately opening?—

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita?¹

The beautiful phrase *the whirlwinds of the upper sky* had narrowly escaped being strangled in its birth: he wrote *rain*, and struck it out before

¹ In midway of the journey of our life

W. M. Rossetti, 1865.

Midway upon the journey of our life

Longfellow, 1867.

How would Shelley have rendered it?

it grew to *rainy sky*. In the opening line of stanza II Mary Shelley printed *passed it by*. Rossetti altered *passed* to *pass* in 1870,—an emendation so secure as to leave the rest of us nothing to do but follow it; and here it is in the book without any room for *ed* between *pass* and *it*.

Mary's loyal devotion to the work of her husband is indisputably as clear as crystal. In 1824 she might well have hesitated to expose his memory to the jeers of critics by giving the rest of the fragment with a set of rhymes literally "good, bad, and indifferent." One might perhaps defend *subdued* and *good*; but *adventure* and *centre*—no! Nevertheless the individual lines are beautifully lissome; and the piece as we now have it shows that Shelley had not tried to harness the most exquisite of light flowing measures to the work of writing a little allegory in two staves, but had a program of a wider scope. Before the program was abandoned—on a day when his writing implements were pen and ink—he opened Note Book I at the second page of this piece and wrote down, below *Except*, at a respectful distance, as if he were at work upon an episode in, say, *The Witch of Atlas*—

Around this cavern [. . .

Even here, when making his memorandum that he had some folk to put round the cavern, he began with *It*, but his eye travelled to the top of the page and saw that the uncompleted stanza in pencil

began with *It*. So he struck the little word out and varied his form as the text shows.

The leaf before that occupied by this pencil draft has been somewhat impetuously torn out; and the stub, though consequently irregular, is wide enough to show that the same fragment had been written on both sides of the leaf in ink. On the recto of the stub there are traces of the openings of lines 3, 5, 6 and 7 of Stanza I and lines 1 to 7 of Stanza II. Line 8 of that stanza seems to have been written at the top of the verso page, there being on the verso of the stub the remains of *they: go* was doubtless written below the line, not so near the back fold as *they*, and so got completely torn off. Of the six lines of Stanza III, three were "turned" in this way; and the only variation from the pencil draft here indicated is that line 4 ended with *yet good*, not *& good* as in the pencil draft. It is fairly clear that Shelley did not take that opportunity of adding a line 6 in the proper place in Stanza I, of completing Stanza III, or of going on with the line 1 of Stanza IV to tell us a little of what happened *Around this cavern*.

Having passed the Portal as of Shadowy Adamant we come to a blank half-leaf, the other half of which has been torn out; and on the next leaf (recto) the address of some one at Pomarancie is written, not by Shelley, while the verso bears a portion of an abortive dirge which falls to be dealt with in the course of the other pagination of Note

Book I. Then, on page I 10 r., we have three characteristic trochaic lines, to which I venture to give the title of

EVENING IN THE EUGANEAN HILLS

Now the day has died away
And the clouds are cold & grey
And their shapes grow undefined [.

These three lines seem to me to be a choice little addition to the beautiful series of Turner-esque word-paintings in the *Lines Written among the Euganean Hills* in the autumn of 1818. In that unique poem Shelley traces out his day from sunrise to moon-rise in this very metre and manner:—

Lo, the sun floats up the sky
Like thought-wingéd 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.
Noon descends around me now:
'Tis the noon of Autumn's glow
When a soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolvéd 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-wingéd 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;

* * * * *

I could almost wish he had seen fit to include his beautiful bit of grey work; but, if he had done so, we might have missed the glory of the moon-rise and the profoundly touching contrast between what Shelley was depicting and the poignant suffering he was enduring.

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 dream of the morn,
(Which like wingéd winds have borne
To that silent isle, which lies
'Mid remembered agonies,
The frail bark of this lone being),
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its antient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Alas, that the agony of a poet's soul and body should be needed for the furnishing forth of such a feast of beauty as Shelley spread for us among those *Euganean Hills!*

Before writing the first of our three grey lines, which are in ink, he had jotted down and struck out another beginning, *Glorious hues*; and between lines 2 and 3 is the rejected opening *All things*, followed by an unfinished word which may represent either *look* or *leave*.

Externally there is nothing in this Note Book to connect the three lines with the poem quoted from, save that they are written, as will be seen anon, very near to the jottings for *Julian and Maddalo*, a poem of the same period and personal to Shelley and Byron. Speaking for myself, I can but say that the moment my eye took in these delightful lines, so subtly expressive of the feeling that all things are drawing to a close with the departure of the "glorious hues" from the evening sky, I felt

that I was among the Euganean Hills. I had been borne thither by some agency as indescribable as irresistible; and it was only when the miracle of the little grey pageant was no longer stirring me up, that my phlegmatic critical temperament (I have of course acquired several temperaments at my time of life) apprehended the technical part of the explanation. These lines, if we are to describe them in classic terms, are composed in that rhymed trochaic dimeter catalectic which is the prevalent measure of the lovely poem wherein the decay of Venice and that of Padua are elegized and Byron is labelled for eternity as

a tempest-cleaving swan
Of the songs of Albion.

Eternity is perhaps a rash word; for, although the phrase quoted is in the *editio princeps*, supported by the poet's autograph manuscript of the interpolated lines on Byron which were sent to the printer after the rest of the poem had gone to press, and although I have seen with my own eyes and carefully collated with the text every word of that manuscript, formerly in a copy of *Rosalind and Helen* &c. in the Locker-Lampson collection, I have a rooted conviction that Shelley meant to call Byron a tempest-cleaving swan of the *sons* of Albion, and wrote *songs* by mistake. This belief I entertained as long ago as 1876, and duly expressed in my Library Edition of Shelley; nor have I

yet developed in this tenth year of the twentieth century either the intelligence to abandon it in deference to the opinion of other critics and commentators, or the nerve to act on it by inserting *sons* in the text until I find the manuscript or other direct support for which I am still seeking.

On the same page I 10 r. with the rejected picture of the grey clouds at the end of day in the *Lines written among the Euganean Hills* are three other less precious and less characteristic lines:—

Why should you overlive your life again [?
Ever press onward onward in the train
Of the great Conqueror—till ye climb.

These lines also are written in ink; and they are practically uncorrected,—unless it be counted a correction that Shelley put a *g* at the beginning of the last word in line 2 and then made his *t* grow out of the head of it and chopped its tail off with three strokes of the pen. He may have written the whole word *grain* for *train*; but if he did he was merely undergoing a mental anticipation of *great* in line 3, and meant *train* all the time. At present nothing occurs to me to suggest a connexion of the lines with anything else of Shelley's. They look rather like an independent copy-book maxim in "the grand manner": at all events they have a full stop at the end—a most unusual occurrence in this Note Book. This use of the word *overlive* may be commended to lexicographer Murray. I do not

recall it elsewhere in Shelley, although the verb occurs in line 331 of *Julian and Maddalo* in the sense of *outlive*:—

if love and tenderness and truth
Had overlived hope's momentary youth.

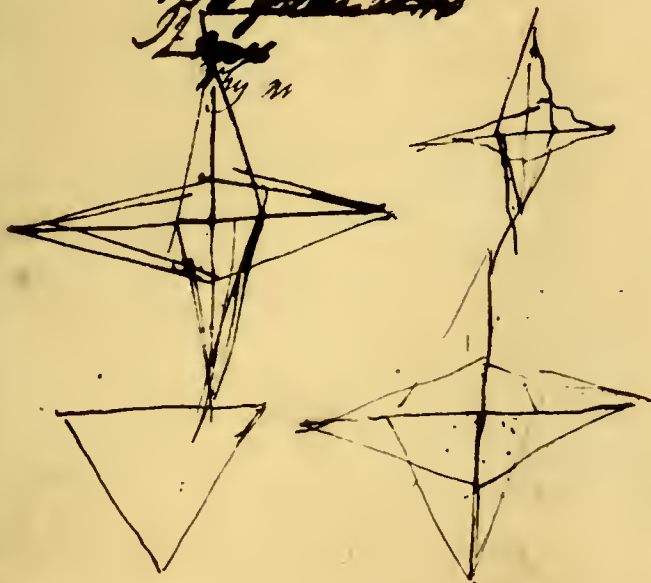
In the lower half of the page is a little linear scribble, representing I know not what. It looks like a cross between an aëroplane and a string figure in the ancient game of cat's cradle. He was in a particularly graphic mood just here. Page I 10 v. has a very poor pen and ink sketch of some person unknown (half-length) and a bad equilateral triangle: leaf I 11, which is but half a leaf, has a delicately pencilled little tree on the recto and a geometric scribble in ink on the verso; and I 12 r. gives us a strange morsel of song curiously decorated—as will now be related.

AN ABANDONED SONG

Sweet my little love
Our stolen embraces
The loving, living grove
Even interlaces,
Bought like
A green recess [?]
It may [?]
Why no [. . .

[135]

Holy ^{spirit} ^{gentle}
~~Lead me by the hand~~
~~And shall I be~~
 The living, living one
 Seen on the face,
~~Prayerful~~
~~Prayerful~~
 Prayerful



even the loving, living grove mingles with them," or (2) "My sweet little love, even the loving, living grove interlaces [with] our stolen embraces." If he had some continuation of the sentence in mind, it would probably have been one in which *interlaces* was used in a more orthodox manner; but this is by no means certain, seeing that Shelley did, at least on one occasion, use this verb in a transitive sense, without a preposition. That occasion was one of the speeches of Justina in Scene III of the translations from Calderon's drama *El Magico Prodigioso* (lines 56 to 58):—

And voluptuous Vine, O thou
Who seekest most when least pursuing,—
To the trunk thou interlacest.

Above the word *Sweet* in the first line of the abandoned song, *Holy* stands uncanceled; above *little* stands *gentle*, cancelled; and above that, *sweet*. There is an unobliterated *Our* between the first two lines; and, close above *Bought*, what looks like *Leaves* is written and rather too thoroughly struck out to be pronounced on with certainty. Some of the cancelling is so thorough that the readings given are a little speculative. These small matters with three rude geometrical designs like that indicating the four chief points in a mariner's compass, and one equilateral triangle, are the contents of page I 12 r., which must have been held upside down when the lines were being written,

whatever may have been the case in regard to the rough designs. As I have no belief in the actuality of the "little love," whether sweet, gentle, or holy, it would be mere ribaldry to suggest that a mariner's compass was running in the poet's head on account of the difficulty of keeping an appointment in the "loving, living grove." But by a strange coincidence the centre of the verso of this leaf is occupied by some faint little foliage pencillings which would do almost equally well for a lone wood walk, a wild brier dingle in a wild wood, or a "loving, living grove." At the top of the page (I 12 v.), not topsy-turvy this time, but right way up, are the Spanish lines of verse—

diselo a mis ojos
aparte
Porque si son mudas lenguas
Del alma, no callaran
A Carlos nada que sepan.

Which, for want of a better translation, I venture to render this:—

say it to my eyes
(*aside*)
For, if there be silent voices
Of the soul, they will not hide
From Carlos anything they know.

The next lines to be presented are

[138]

What think you the dead are.

What's to be? Why dost thou say

3 See the last scene

Look on the West how beautiful it is
Danted with burning vapours. The
Of that unutterable light ^{deep bliss} has made
The edges of a world

Into a ^{single} ~~single~~ ^{horror} ~~horror~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{which} ~~which~~ ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{has} ~~has ^{made} ~~made
Was ting it off on that which it had
Gilt it ~~it~~ ^{on} ~~on~~ ^{that} ~~that ^{which} ~~which~~ ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{had} ~~had~~~~~~~~

The light hues of the ^{simple} ~~simple~~ ^{between} ~~between ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{dark} ~~dark~~ ^{of} ~~of ^{our} ~~our
And infinite tranquillity of ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{eyes} ~~eyes~~~~~~~~

Age beautiful but when our
Age beautiful but ~~when our~~

JOTTINGS :

PROBABLY FOR "JULIAN AND MADDALO."

- I] I love. What me? aye child I love thee too
But I have not been thinking of thee now [.
- II] Perhaps the only comfort that remains
Is the unheeded clanking of my chains
The which I make & call it Italy [.
- III] To lay my weary head upon thy lap
And let thee w[. . .
- IV] 1
What think you the dead are.
- 2
- Why dust & clay
- What should they be?
- 3
- Tis the last hour of day
Look on the West how beautiful it is
Vaulted with radiant vapours, the deep bliss
Of that unutterable light has made
The edges of cloud fade
Into a hue like some harmonious thought
Wasting itself on that which it had wrought
Till it dies low & between
The light hues of the tender, far, serene,
And infinite tranquillity of heaven—
Aye beautiful! but when our [. . .

Fragments I and III are written in ink and II in pencil. They occupy the recto page (I 3 r.) following the draft of the lyric *To Night*. On the verso is the third of the "rejected passages" for that poem. Garnett, who published the pencilled lines in *Relics of Shelley*, substituted *which* for *that* in line 1 and misread the last word for *melody*. It is absolutely certain that it is *Italy*—a word of much subtler import in this context. Even in such a trifle as the first of these jottings we come on evidence of Shelley's care about form. Line 2 begins with *But wa*, which shows that the thought came with the words *But was not thinking of thee*. Similarly a false start for the third jotting, a duplicate *To lay my*, was cancelled for no better reason than that the word *my* was written with too many strokes and did not look clear. The fourth word in the next line would presumably have been *wipe*.

The text of No. IV as given above represents its final state in the Note Book. The Arabic figures are Shelley's. There were several changes and rejections in the course of composition. Garnett, when he printed it in the *Relics*, edited it in a manner perfectly orthodox in 1862, dealing with the punctuation &c. much as if it had been his own rough copy he was transcribing fair for press. Beyond that he did not take many liberties. The first of the incomplete lines he did not attempt to finish; but he inserted the word *that* before *cloud* so as to make the metre right. Shelley did not; but

very likely he meant to. *Per contrâ* the poet struck out *Tis the last hour of day* and probably did not mean to: Garnett printed it. The reading *burning vapours* is left standing as an alternative to *radiant vapours*: *radiant* is of course the better reading; and Garnett adopted it. There is a pretty rejected reading of the line ending with *thought*:

Into a purple which is like sweet thought.

I am inclined to think *which is* was the first thing condemned, and that the intermediate reading was—

Into a purple like harmonious thought [,

and that *hue* and *some* were the last of the substitutions. The word *is* was of course meant to go; but it is still uncanceled: it is quite usual in these books to find Shelley only half doing his cancellations. The word given above as *low* may be the first syllable of an uncompleted word—say *lingeringly*; but it was struck out by Shelley with *Till it dies*, which, however, Garnett gave without the doubtful word. The last word but one in the next line is certainly *far*, not *pure* as given by Garnett; and there is a cancelled reading, *delicate* for *tender*, *far*. In the following line *air* stands cancelled for *heaven*; and in the final line *but words are* is struck out in favour of *but when our*. The printer of my library edition put *not* for *our*; and other editors,

as Dowden and Hutchinson, in their overweening confidence in me, perpetuated the error. This is flattering; but I wish they had found printer Bowden out, and saved me from letting the error go on in later editions.

Just as it has been necessary to transplant certain passages from Note Book II to Note Book I in order to get together all belonging to *Prometheus Unbound*, so, for a like purpose, is it desirable to transfer from the second beginning of Note Book II (the opening of the starred pagination) matter belonging to *Julian and Maddalo*. That matter, though not quite in accordance with the entry in the Auctioneer's Catalogue, where it is described as "Part of the Preface" to *Julian and Maddalo*, is in fact a part of a letter to Leigh Hunt about the poem, which, it will be remembered, Shelley sent to his friend to be given to Ollier for publication. The letter, dated August 15th, 1819, and written at Leghorn, was published by Mary Shelley in the *Essays* etc. (1840). It is notable that the poet put himself to the pains of drafting a part of it. Only one leaf of Note Book II (II * 1) was devoted to this purpose; and of that, unfortunately, about a third has been torn off at the foot. From the published letter I have supplied between hooks the missing lines of this drafted passage; and where a figure within a parenthesis is inserted in the text a rejected word or words will be found with the same figure at the foot of the page.

THE DRAFT

A certain familiar style of language has been (1) occasionally employed on this much of this little piece—(2) in those parts of it (3) which I designed thus to represent the actual way in which people talked with each other whom education & refinement of sentiment had placed above the use of vulgar idioms. (4)

I use the word vulgar in its most extensive sense the vulgarity of rank & fashion (5) as gross in its way as that of poverty & its cant [terms equally] expressive of base [conceptions & therefore equally unfit for poetry. Not that the familiar style is to be admitted in the treatment of a subject] wholly ideal, or (6) in that part of any subject which (7) relates to common life (8) where the same passion exceeding a certain limit touches the boundaries of that which is ideal. Strong passion expresses itself in metaphor, either borrowed from remote objects, (9) or casts over immediate ones the shadow of its own greatness and the language must correspond with [. . .

The passage in Shelley's letter to Leigh Hunt varies somewhat from this draft. It stands as follows:—

“I have employed a certain familiar style of language to express the actual way in which people talk with each other, whom education and a certain

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| (1) employed | (6) any |
| (2) designing to represent | (7) is |
| (3) and was—it was | (8) which touches the bounds like |
| (4) For | (9) or if suggested by these |
| (5) as much as that of po[verty] | |

refinement of sentiment have placed above the use of vulgar idioms. I use the word *vulgar* in its most extensive sense. The vulgarity of rank and fashion is as gross in its way as that of poverty, and its cant terms equally expressive of base conceptions, and, therefore, equally unfit for poetry. Not that the familiar style is to be admitted in the treatment of a subject wholly ideal, or in that part of any subject which relates to common life, where the passion, exceeding a certain limit, touches the boundaries of that which is ideal. Strong passion expresses itself in metaphor, borrowed from objects alike remote or near, and casts over all the shadow of its own greatness."

It is interesting to observe that the closing phrase recurs in that fine passage in the Preface to *The Cenci* dealing with the interpenetration of imagery and passion. See Part II of this work.

To return to Note Book I,—page I 13 v. is blank; and pages I 14 r. (v. blank) to 16 r. contain all that these Note Books show of the *Satire upon Satire*.

A SATIRE UPON SATIRE

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 5
While the meek blest sit smiling; if Despair
And Hate, the rabid 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; 10
 And not the sophisms of revenge and fear
 Bloodier than is revenge
 Then send the priests to every hearth and home
 To preach of burning wrath which is to come,
 In words like flakes of sulphur, such as thaw 15
 The frozen tears [. . . .
 If Satire could awake the slumbering hounds
 Of Conscience, or erase with deeper wounds
 The leprous scars of callous infamy—
 If it could make the present not to be 20
 Or charm the dark past never to have been
 Or turn regret to hope, who that has seen
 What Southey is & was, would not exclaim
 . . . Lash on, & be the keen verse dipped in flame
 Follow his flight on winged words, & urge 25
 The strokes of the inexorable scourge
 Till it be broken on his flinty soul
 And from the mirror of the enchanted shield
 From which his Parthian arrow
 Flash on his sight the spectres of the dead 30
 Let scorn like fur[ies] yawn below
 And rain on him like flakes of fiery snow
 Spare not—the armoury of shame & fear
 This cannot be—it ought not . . . evil still
 Suffering makes suffering—ill must follow ill 35
 Harsh words beget hard thoughts, & beside
 Men take a stupid & a sullen pride
 In being all they hug to their shame
 By a perverse antipathy of fame
 'Tis not worth while to prove as I could, how 40
 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 truths with friendship's gentle tone 45
 How incorrect his public conduct is
 And what men think of it—twere not amiss;
 Far better than to make innocent ink
 With stagnant truisms of trite Satire stink [.

* * * *

Or had the gentle, everlasting, fair,
 And world surrounding [*sic*] element of air
 Soft, liquid, plastic emblem of the love
 Whence it was wrought, with engines which men

* * * *

Disdain & anger—such as—hear me Sir.

In a letter dated the 25th of January 1822, written by Shelley to Leigh Hunt, this remarkable fragment is alluded to in connexion with the subject of Hunt's Satire on William Gifford entitled *Ultra-Crepidarius*. Shelley says—"Send me your satire when it is printed. I began once a satire upon satire, which I meant to be very severe; it was full of *small knives*, in the use of which practice would have soon made me very expert." When I reprinted that letter from Garnett's *Relics of Shelley* in my edition of Shelley's Prose Works (IV. 255-6), I recorded in a foot-note that a fragment seeming to be a portion of the Satire was in Sir Percy Shelley's possession but had not been published. This was in 1880; and many things

come about in thirty years. Thus, in 1881, Garnett gave a copy of the manuscript fragment—or what purported to be a copy—to Professor Dowden, to publish in *The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles* (Dublin and London, 1881), by way of illustrating the relations of Shelley and Southey. In the next year I included the fragment in an unannotated edition of Shelley's Poetry, and in 1892 in the Aldine edition in five volumes. Dowden, Woodberry, and others have also included it in their editions. My old friend Garnett has joined the majority; and, his books having been dispersed by auction, the Shelley Note Book containing the Satire, which was one of the three given to him by Sir Percy and Lady Shelley, has passed into Mr. Bixby's collection and now lies before me as I write. Finally I have just read in *The Athenæum* for 6 November 1909, that Mr. Roger Ingpen, in a collection of Shelley's Letters, had lately repeated my statement of 1880 on his own account and taken it for granted that the fragment had remained unpublished for the intervening 29 years! So much for Twentieth Century editorship! Now, as to Nineteenth—I grieve to say that I have serious doubts whether the copy of this fragment furnished by Garnett to Dowden was not to some extent of the nature of a *rifacimento*. Unfortunately the page in Note Book I on which the first sixteen lines of the fragment were written has disappeared from the book; and for those sixteen lines

I have simply fallen back on the obviously edited version published by Dowden, save that I have substituted *rabid* for *rapid* in line 7, feeling sure that that was what Shelley wrote or meant to write. I do not suspect that the version was as much edited by Garnett as the rest of the fragment would appear to have been if we did not assume that the verso of the missing leaf had upon it readings for the second page of the poem (I 14 r.) justifying Garnett in at least some of his departures from the "written word" of the poet. In the absence of the lost leaf I can only deal with what I see in the Book, where the poem begins with line 17. That very line, first written by Shelley as above, was altered by him so as to begin with *If Satire's scourge awake*; but he struck out *scourge*, no doubt because he saw that the word was not needed twice and came quite soon enough at the end of line 26. He also lightly crossed through the last four words of the line; but the book shows no trace of the Garnett-Dowden line,

If Satire's scourge could wake &c.

Line 18 also is lightly crossed through, but shows no trace of the disastrous *the* for *with* of Garnett's version. For line 19 we have the false start *Which*, then *The marks of con of Conscience*, thirdly *The Scars*, fourthly

The deforming scars of callous infamy

and fifthly the line of our text, for the completion of which *leprous* was supplied in very black ink eclipsing *of con* in the line above. Of line 21 there is an abortive opening, *And wipe the*; and line 22 has a rejected close, *who that had known & seen*. This being found to make the line an Alexandrine, Shelley substituted the reading of the text but forgot to strike out the ampersand. Line 23 was to have begun with *Both what he was* (rejected because Southey had not yet been named). The line as next written was

What Southey is & was, who wd spare

the word *spare* after the blank space being struck out; and then Shelley tried to supply the reading of our text and the Garnett text; but I am by no means clear that he got any nearer than the substitution of *explain* for *spare*. Of course *exclaim* is the word he was driving at. Line 24 was first written

. . Lash on, lash him like the verse is bare

where he probably left out *who* before *like* through haste. However, he struck the last seven words out and supplied the correct and complete line of our text, not the gappy line of Garnett,

Lash on! be the keen verse dipped in flame;

the ampersand is a little mixed up with the strokes of the second *lash*; and Garnett seems to have failed

to untangle it. Our lines 25 and 26 are clear and free: the inferior reading *with winged words* is only in the Garnett version. Line 27 is struck lightly through: it has alternative terminals, *soul* and *heart*; and line 28 has *enchanted shield* struck through and *shield* with a blank space substituted. I should fancy that in our text he had in mind to end line 29 with *fell when sped*, especially as the next line is left standing with the terminal *dead* substituted deliberately for *past*. As well as I can now read line 31, where a word is badly blotted after *Let*, he wrote

Let infam scorn like fur yawn below

cancelling the imperfect *infam* and *fur* as if his intention was to get a better line to express the sense of the Alexandrine thus indicated—

Let infamy & scorn like furies yawn below.

In line 32 there is an alternative reading, *showers* for *flakes*, both being cancelled, as are the words *armoury of hate & fear* in line 33. At this point we are badly in need of the missing leaf, the verso of which might to a great extent uphold the following passage in the Garnett-Dowden recension (after *scourge*):

Until the heart be naked, till his soul
See the contagious 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.

In respect of line 34 and what follows it our text and that of Garnett are presumably on a common basis, viz. page I 16 r., where line 34 was first written thus—

This cannot be—this it never ought to be [—

the *this* before *it* being badly cancelled and far from clear. Line 35 follows clearly as in our text, but after two false starts, *That foul reproach* and *Will follow*; and then comes line 36, not so clearly, but still clearly enough, written first thus—

Hard words beget ill thoughts, & beside

but altered by the substitution of *Harsh* for *Hard* and *hard* for *ill*. With the needful degree of precipitancy it would be possible to guess the squeezed in words as *Rough* and *sad* and read, as in the Garnett-Dowden text,—

Rough words beget sad thoughts [;

but there is no real ground for the misreading. Line 38 is certainly not as the transcript of Garnett gives it—

In being all they hate in others' shame—

Line 45 also makes a false start with *And* (duly cancelled). Between lines 47 and 48 Shelley wrote and crossed through three lines—

And all men should be friends & equals. So
Meanwhile to give a sort of specimen
Far better than to walk into his study [,

and then line 49 shows rather a curious story. First Shelley wrote—

With the trite truisms of trite satire stink [,

the final *nk* being an amorphous blot filling up the corner of the page. Then he struck out the first *trite*, no doubt meaning the stroke to go through *the* also, as he wrote the dissyllable *stagnant* above it, smearing rather badly both it and the initial *With*. Seeing how ghastly ill *stagnant* looked, he wrote it again on the opposite page (I 15 v.) and smeared that also, but not so badly. Next he had another try at the whole line on that verso, writing—

Stagnant with Satire's truisms till it stink [,

but drew his pen through the first four words and wrote underneath them the one word *With* followed by two strokes seeming to be meant for a pointer to the original line beginning with that word on I 16 r. Finally, at the top of I 15 v., he drafted our lines 50 to 54, which, together with the

absolutely essential line 49, the Garnett transcript ignores. For lines 50 and 51 Shelley had written thus far—

Or had the ch[r]ystal everlasting air
An emblem [. . .

when he changed his mind, struck out “chystal” and wrote *elem* above it, then struck that out and put *gentle* higher still, inserted a comma at *everlasting*, substituted *fair*, for *air*, and, cancelling *An emblem*, wrote the fifty-first line as we have it. He made a fresh emblematic start for the fifty-second, *The emblem of the love*; but he rejected that and wrote—

Soft, liquid, plastic, like eternal love [;

then drew his pen through *like eternal love*, wrote *eternal emblem of the love* above it, again cancelled *eternal*, and then for line 53 wrote—

Within a casket of abhorrence [.

He did not mean *With in* or *Within*, but *Which in*; and that *Which* he wrote above *With* before cancelling both the abortive line and its amending relative. Once again he began the line—with *Which* (struck out) and then wrote *Whence it was wrought*, and below the end of that *with engines*, finally striking out all those six words and leaving, not in their place, but pretty near it, the uncanceled

words *which men*. The intended construction is not very plain; but we can guess the general drift of the sentence which, before he abandoned the whole uncongenial essay, he was trying to give us with that delicious sense of the Earth's atmosphere and its meaning inspired by the climate of Italy. The rejected precept, "all men should be friends and equals," "trite" enough for him, the rejected comparison of the advantages of a country *solitude à deux* to an incursion into Southey's study, and the abandoned passage proposing to give "a sort of specimen" of the friend's straight talk to Southey, point to the conclusion that these few lines so elaborately worked upon are in fact the unfinished specimen of what Shelley suggests that any man may claim this privilege of a friend to say to Southey; and the drift of that part of the discourse would be that, if the Heaven-descended gift of pure air and a natural life had not been fouled and perverted by the mechanical, unnatural, filthy, and evil ways of the sons of Belial, disdain and anger such as Southey dealt in could find no place in the human economy. The final *hear me Sir*, of which there is a cancelled variant, *listen Sir*, is conclusive evidence that the theme is still Southey.

It is strange that so delightful a passage was not included in the Garnett-Dowden fragments of this abandoned satire,—strange enough also that the "stink" line was omitted. That omission may have been dictated by mere squeamishness if Garnett

happened to have made the transcript when putting together the *Relics of Shelley* and finally decided to keep that book very select. It would not be from squeamishness, however, that this lovely aerial specimen was rejected, or that the sense of lines 47 and 48 was disconnected by the substitution of a full-stop at *amiss* for the semicolon very clearly supplied by Shelley, who on this occasion did a great deal more punctuating than he usually favoured posterity by contributing to the penetrability of these Note Books.

This excursus may serve not inappropriately for the introduction of a graphic illustration. Page I 15 r. has no writing upon it; but it bears one of Shelley's slight, expressive drawings in pen and ink—the same brownish ink with which he was working at the Satire in the first instance—the “stink” line and other revisions being done with a different pen and darker ink. There is in this little drawing an indefinably English atmosphere; and why it should not be a recollection of Windermere or some other mere not a hundred miles from where Shelley met the Lake Poet to whom the circumjacent pages of Satire are devoted, I cannot see. Let those who know the Lake scenery of England better than I do judge for themselves: here is the sketch.

Before we start upon the second pagination of Note Book I, it will be well to deal with a scrap which cannot be allocated to either pagination.



On page I 15 v., between two bits of the *Satire upon Satire*, the poet wrote with pen and ink nearly four lines in short metre, ending abruptly. Now, on page I * 33 v., there is a curious oblong pencil drawing of an architectural character, which might equally well be supposed to represent a piece of the Ponte Vecchio at Florence or a front view of the Casa Magni, in that both have arches; and across this oblong drawing are written in ink what seem to me to be jottings in continuation of the lines embedded in the *Satire*. The seven lines furnished by these two pages are as follows:—

What if the suns & stars & Earth
 Which seem exempt from death & birth—
 If all things brightest, firmest, best
 Were shadows of a brighter [. . . .
 If the hues which roof the sky
 Or pave the waves with many a gem
 Ere the sun rushes under them [. . . .

For the incomplete fourth line there are two false starts, *Are but deceits* and *Were visions of*, both of which are struck out, as is also the word *brighter*. For the other three lines there are several false starts, as *If the*, *For th[e]*, *If earth be of*, *If [] isles,—*

If the hues of solid cloud [,

and

If the hues which pave the sky [;

which last, to record literally, stands altered to—

If the cloud which roofs the sky [,

while the last line but one shows the cancelled variation, *That pave the billows*, the word *billows* being rejected for *waves* before the line was finished. Our text probably represents exactly the state the lines had reached in Shelley's mind when he gave up the attempt to express by questions what is so much better set forth as a "modest creed" in the close of *The Sensitive Plant*. Indeed, I do not think it would be very rash to assume that these lines and jottings form a rejected passage of that poem.

The second beginning of Note Book I is a loose paste-down—a paste-down which has come unstuck. Like that at the other end, this leaf has a blank recto; but, unlike that, its verso bears, instead of a curiously interesting reading in a great lyric, some sums dealing with rather high figures, which relate to an amount described as 216000,000,000 pence. More than a half of page I * 1 r. is torn away; but the other half bears words pencilled obliquely from the left-hand bottom corner to the right-hand top corner. The words are very faint, and cannot be pronounced upon securely; but, by taking each word on its merits without reference to any other, one gets a fairly good fragment of sense, thus:—

"With as great an admiration of the fervid and delicate tone of the setting as you can conceive completely
"to express one's sensation"—

which may be discoverable somewhere in Shelley's published writings, though I do not recall it. On the verso of this fragment of a leaf, Shelley wrote (in figures and in words) "21600000000 / of pence / Two hundred & sixteen / Thousand millions of pence"; but what connexion that sum had with any incident of interest to the poet, I know not. The second leaf is torn out. On page I * 2 r. appears that fine fragment of rhymed iambic verse likening the rising moon to a dying lady:—

And like a dying lady lean & pale
Who totters forth wrapt in a gauzy veil
From her dim chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain
The moon arose up in the murky East
A white & shapeless light [.

Mary Shelley first gave this fragment among the *Posthumous Poems* (1824), printing *earth* for *East* both then and in 1839. Later, the mistake was discovered and another made to "amend" it: *in* was altered to *on*. Then Garnett, who had evidently seen this Note Book before he issued his *Relics of Shelley* (1862), corrected the misreading by giving the words *in the murky east*; but *shapeless mass* for *shapeless light* has stood till now. For line 3 there is an alternate reading, —

Out of her chamber, led she knows not how [,

of which the first four words have hitherto been adopted. Line 4 was first—

By the strange wanderings of her brain [;

brain was then struck out and *fancy* written under the blank space and left there; but *fading* was written below that and *brain* restored above the space. The following fragment is also on page I * 2 r., together with a few more figures:—

His limbs
His face was like a snakes wrinkled & loose
And withered, and a strange [. . .

Rossetti published (1870) from *His face to withered*, from a copy which he found in the Note Book containing fragments of *Charles the First*. In the present jotting *was* is written upon *with*. It is also on page I * 2 r. that the first trace of the rain and wind fragment occurs:—

The gentleness of rain is in the Wind
But all the earth & all the leaves are dry [.

Garnett gave Rossetti, for the edition of 1870, a copy of the single line—

The gentleness of rain was in the wind [,

which is still faintly discernible in rubbed pencil below the other two fragments. Before the single line there was to have been another; for the word

Within the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the mountain lay
Immovably unquiet; it [. . .]

This fragment of *Evening—Ponte a Mare, Pisa*, was first pencilled, and then written boldly in ink over the pencilling. The last word but one in line 2 was left out at first; and *mountain* was finally written very small in the space, in ink. Neither in pencil nor in ink is there a trace of the word *city* which has figured here till now. The thought in this passage is not unlike that in a small prose fragment which Garnett published in the *Relics* (1862), page 89:—"Why is the reflection in that canal more beautiful than the objects it reflects? The colours are more vivid, and yet blended with more harmony; the openings from within into the soft and tender colours of the distant wood, and the intersection of the mountain lines, surpass and misrepresent truth."

On page I * 3 v., above the continuation of *Una Favola* and under the cryptic heading *I—t*, Shelley wrote in ink the quotation—

Pero se dize un proverbio
La sangre sin fuego hierva
Que hara la sangre con fuego [—
[But a proverb says, Blood *without* fire boils: then
what will blood do *with* fire?]

To be literal, he wrote *si* for *se* in line 1.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

Of the first three stanzas of the Ode to the West Wind there is a draft in pencil occupying the greater part of the five pages I * 4 r. to 6 r.

- I] O wild West wind thou breath of Autumns being
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing
Yellow & black & pale & hectic red
Pestilence stricken multitudes, o thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds where they lie cold & low
Like a dead body in the grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring doth blow
Her clarion oer the dreaming earth & fill
With radiant flowers & living leaves
The atmosphere investing plain & hill
O spirit which art moving every where
Destroyer & Preserver hear O hear [!
- II] Thou upon whom in the steep skys commotion
Loose clouds like the decaying leaves are shed
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven &
Ocean
Those angels of strong lightning there are spread
On the blue surface of thine aerial surge
Like the loose locks uplifted from the Head
Of some fierce Mænad even from the verge
Of the horizon to the zeniths 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 clouds from which lightning []
Floods of black rain are poured hear O hear [!

- III] Thou who hast wakened from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean where he lay
Lulled by the silence of his chrystal streams
Beside a pumice isle in Baiaes bay
And saw in sleep old palaces & towers
[Quiver within the wave's intenser day]
All overgrown with azure moss & flowers
So sweet the sense dies but to imagine—Thou
For whose path the Atlantics level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms & far below
The sea blooms & the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the Ocean know
Thy voice & suddenly grow gray with fear
And tremble and despoil themselves—Oh hear [!

This draft is very hard to decipher, and some of it, I fear, no longer readable at all; for not only has the end of the Italian fragment *Una Favola* been written horizontally from foot to head of these pages and three following them; but the five have been more or less prepared in places for fresh use by rubbing the pencilled composition with india-rubber. What is set out above as our text of the draft, I have succeeded in reading; and I have further recovered some rejected readings which I will now give. In stanza I, line 2 originally began with *Thou which didst*; and there is quite a line

rubbed and scribbled over, which I have not yet been able to make out. For line 3 there is a false start, *Gather &*; and immediately below is cancelled the incomplete line, *Pestilence stricken nation*: then comes the orthodox line 4, as above, and line 5 is written—

Like famine-stricken multitudes, thou whom [,

which is altered to the version of the text. For line 10 there are two incomplete versions or false starts, *Her clarion oer flower* and *The Earth new dreaming*. The foot wanting to complete the metre in line 11 is not supplied in any form: happily the sense is complete. There was plenty of room on the second page of the draft for more than half of stanza II; but what Shelley wrote below the end of stanza I was the second version of the rain fragment—

The gentleness of rain is in the Wind
But all the earth & all the leaves are dry.

This reads like a meteorological observation made at the very moment when the storm foreseen by Shelley while he wrote the Ode was brewing.

The second stanza, begun at the top of the next page, is almost rubbed out in many places. The first three lines and a half, however, are plainly written over in ink; but not so as to obscure the first reading of line 1—*O thou on whom in the &c.* The fourth line ends in a fan-shaped confusion of

cancelled readings rubbed very faint; but I can distinguish, or fancy I distinguish, *further still* and *beams of* and *backward shed*. The first finished line 5 was—

On the blue depth of thine aerial stream [;

but, before that was arrived at, *deep blue* had been tried in place of *blue depth*. Then *depth* gave place to *surface* and *stream* to *billows* before *surge* was adopted. I have no doubt that in the poet's mind the use of *surface* was associated with that of *aëry* for *aerial*, and that our text was meant to have been almost identical with the established text,—

On the blue surface of thine aëry surge.

The printed book reads *airy* for *aëry*. In the sixth line *loose hair* was written first and *locks* substituted for *hair*, doubtless before line 9 had been written and appropriated the word *locks*. The *bright hair* of the established text is incomparably finer than our *loose hair* and *loose locks*. *Of some fierce Mænad even from* is written twice over—both times with the diphthong æ, which Shelley always wrote for œ—a diphthong a great deal too fidgety for him to frame, though it is absolutely certain that he meant to indicate the right diphthong and was incapable of the seeming mistake in scholarship. Line 11 was first written thus:—

Will be the dome over thy sepulchre [;

and, before the line of our text (the established line) was adopted, *signal* and *bastion* had been tried as substitutes for *dome over*—the indications, as far as they can be made out, being that the line passed through the poet's mind in these two shapes—

Will be the signal of thy sepulchre,

which is very elliptical, and—

Will be the bastion of thy sepulchre.

The noble line 12 is the first on the fourth page of the draft; it is quite freely and fluently written, and is the established line; but 13 and 14 are but a poor as well as incomplete approach to the published text—

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O, hear!

Two thirds of the fourth page of the draft are occupied by lines 1 to 7 of Stanza III, written freely, and not presenting much variation from the established text save in line 3, which became, when ready for the press,—

Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams.

In line 5 our draft has the word *Wrapt* as an opening, cancelled; and before *sleep*, what seems to be *thou* is struck out, as if he had meant to say *saw in thought*, and then thought that perhaps he had

better not make the Mediterranean think. The sixth line of the draft is almost blank. I think—but only think—I see the phantasm of *Quiver within*; but I cannot say I see “a button or feather or mark” that I could call *the wave’s intenser day*, and have therefore given between hooks what I believe was at that time in Shelley’s mind. Line 8 is far from clear, the whole fifth page of the draft, which this line begins, being in the last stage of consumption; but I have not much hesitation about the words set down as our text, which are quite a legitimate approach to the beautiful phrase of the established text,—

So sweet the sense faints picturing them [,
and a great advance on the rejected reading—

So sweet that sight guess of its odor.

Of lines 9 and 10 the following passage is rejected:—

At whose voice the Atlantics battling power[s]
Band themselves into [. . .

But again, after the line 9 of our text (and the established text) was here written, he wrote and cancelled *Band themselves into*, adding what looks like, but may or may not be, *towers*. When at last *Cleave themselves into chasms* was decided on we got, with apparently little hesitation, the remaining five lines of the printed book, save that there line 10

ends with *while far below* instead of *& far below*. In our draft there is the alternative reading *sea flowers* (for *sea blooms*) in line 11, rejected because of *flowers* at the end of line 7 in the stanza; and an accidental repetition of *Thy voice* as the beginning of line 14 is struck out. It should be recorded that immediately above the clearly written line 10 there is a rejected line which begins with an *imbroglio* of strokes composing one or two illegible words, and goes on with *themselves into chasms*, struck out, but only to be reinstated, thank goodness!

At the foot of this fifth page of the draft two more lines have been written and used so hardly by cancellation and otherwise that I attempt no account of them save that there is no reason to suspect them of being an abandoned opening of Stanza IV of the Ode. Of that and Stanza V, the glorious finale of this triumphal poem, there is no trace whatever in any page of these Note Books.

Beside the great example to artists afforded by this draft, in common with the drafts of Shelley's finest work, wherever found, there are some substantive treasures of expression which he (but who else?) could afford to discard by reason of the exigencies of his metrical scheme as well as his line of thought. I need but name, in illustration, the two lines—

Lulled by the silence of his crystal streams
and
The atmosphere investing plain and hill [,

both of which I should have rejoiced to find in the finished poem had its creator vouchsafed to find means for their embodiment in its wondrous texture. But there! we have the two lines at all events—each “a thing of beauty” and “a joy for ever.”

There is a veritable and in some respects inscrutable curiosity at the top of page I * 7 v.

↓ 'Twas the 20th of October
And the woods had all grown sober
As a man does when his hair
Looks as theirs did, grey & spare
When the dead leaves [disappear?]
As to mock the stupid fleg=
Like ghosts in [Samsaleros?]

These lines of doggerel are written in pencil across the page up which occurs the jagged end of *Una Favola*. They thus come into the series of pencillings having some connexion with the *Ode to the West Wind*. It is possible that the 20th of October was the day on which he finished the Ode: it was near that date; and the dead leaves “like ghosts” are very suggestive. I have not, however, succeeded in finding anything to elucidate the terminals of the last three lines. The word *disappear* is more or less of a guess. What *fleg=* means I cannot pretend to say, or what *Samsaleros* was or is, if indeed I have read that obscurely written word aright.

At this point it is desirable to disturb once more the hap-hazard order of the Note Book and deal with the three pages, I * 14 r. to 15 r., whereon we have a composition (in ink) which has had an eventful history:—

FRAGMENT OF TERZA RIMA

RELATED TO THE ODE TO THE WEST WIND

And what art thou presumptuous who profanest
The wreath to mighty Poets only due?
Even whilst, like a forgotten name thou wanest
Touch not those leaves which for the eternal few 4
Who wander oer the Paradise of fame
In sacred dedication ever grew—
One of the crowd thou art,—without a name
Ah friend 'tis the false laurel which I wear 8
And though it seem like it is not the same
As that which bound Milton's immortal hair
Its dew is poison, and the hopes which quicken
Under its chilling shade, though seeming fair 12
Are flowers which die almost before they sicken
And that I walk thus proudly crowned withal
Is that I know it may be thunderstricken
And this is my distinction, if I fall ¹ 16
I shall not creep out of the vital day
To common dust nor wear a common pall
But as my hopes were fire, so my decay
Shall be as ashes covering them. Oh, Earth 20

¹ Between lines 16 and 17 the following line stands cancelled:—
Not to be huddled into the wide grave.

Oh friends, if when my has ebbed away
One spark be unextinguished of that hearth
Kindled in [. . . .

There are few things among Shelley's fragments that have a more poignant personal interest than the couple of dozen or so lines of *terza rima* which we are now enabled at last to set out in their true order and intent. They immediately precede those pages in the Note Book where we find a large part of the draft of the Fourth Act of *Prometheus Unbound*. These three pages, indeed, are followed by some twenty-four consecutive pages of that draft. Few of the fragmentary compositions have, moreover, been so tragically mishandled as this fit of bitter protest. In 1839 the poet's widow gave us her first collected edition of his poems. It was a heroic task to read his manuscripts and Note Books in the confused state in which he left them; and these three pages were found peculiarly baffling. However, in her fourth volume, No. X in a group of fragments (pages 183-4) contains thirteen lines representing fairly the first thirteen set out above. Fragment No. XI (page 184) she gave as follows:—

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.
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.

In Mary Shelley's second edition these two heroic couplets closing the above extract were eliminated. I put them back among the Works for what they were worth (in 1877) as a separate fragment; and Rossetti in 1878 placed them at the end of the "What art thou" fragment, surmising that they belonged to it and raising the question whether *weep* should not be *creep*. He was right in both respects, as will presently appear. How Mary got away with those four garbled lines it is not easy to see; for lines 14 to 16 are consecutively written at the end of one page and the top of the next without any correction; and there was the rhyme *sicken* and *thunderstricken* to pull her up. The other two lines from which the second couplet was manufactured are lower down; and *creep* is quite plain in the one, while the other, distinctly written, she corrupted by ignoring *common*, misreading *pall* as *dull*, and bringing up *decay* from line 19, where it happens to be written over the line in substitution for *despair*, just as *day* in line 17 was for *air*.

The first open and apparent liberty taken in 1839

was the substitution of *What* for *And what* in the first line; next we have *moon* for *name* in line 3; then *that* for *which* in lines 8 and 11; and then the bad lines—

Bright though it seem, it is not the same
and
Is that 'tis my distinction; if I fall [,

beside the two wilfully tortured lines already exposed.

The genuine *variorum* readings of Shelley's manuscript are yet to be displayed. The opening originally stood thus—

And what art thou presumptuous boy who wearest
The bays to mighty Poets only due?
The ivy tresses of Apollo's fairest
Prophaning [. . . .

The original third line was never wholly cancelled; but the change of the female rhyme-words made it certain it was rejected: *The* and *ivy* are separately struck through, as is a second *the* before *Apollo's*; but the *tresses of Apollo's fairest* still stare us in the face in all their wanton beauty; though this was all meant to go when *Prophaning* was struck out and the line 3 of our text was inserted, first opening with *Even now* and then with *Even whilst*; but he seems to have altered *Prophaning* to the orthodox *Profaning* before he made the first line end with *profanest*. I am not quite certain about the fourth

word, now much obscured, in the line first drafted for the fourth of our text—

It is the plant which for the glorious few [,
but *glorious* was changed to *eternal*, when line 1 was altered. Line 4 then became—

These were the leaves which for the eternal few [,
and lastly *Touch not the leaves* was written over the other readings. There is a false start (struck out) for line 7, *Thou art without a*. In this composition relating to two internal voices, Voice 1 ends here, and Voice 2 begins deprecatingly with a triple-relative sentence, which cannot have failed to annoy Shelley, though his efforts to get rid of double and triple relatives, either in verse or in prose, were not by any means as assiduous as his pursuit of lyric perfection. The sentence here was first—

Ah friend 'tis the false laurel which I wear
Which though it seems, is not the same
As that which binds Miltons immortal hair.

When he returned with the thick pen and extra black ink used for the revision of lines 1, 3, and 4, he made a dreadful boggle over something he inserted, not in, but hovering over, that blank space: I think it means *like it*, and that he forgot the comma at *seems*, or used it for a *caret* as he did occasionally, or had a "soul above punctuation" as

he often had in the fire and fury of composition. The next attack on the passage was with a feebler weapon, a faint pencil, the "H.B." of drawing masters, perhaps, with which he wrote *And* over the second of his three *which's*, being no doubt shocked. I grieve, because this makes the syntax a little rickety; and still more because neither the pencil word nor the black boggle affords the slightest excuse for Mary's *Bright*. The change from *binds* to *bound* in the Milton line was accompanied by another change, suggested but not adopted: *Spenser's* was written above *Miltons* and struck out with some decision, leaving Milton very justly in possession of the "immortal hair."

An initial *Its'* in line 11 is cancelled with great punctilio; and line 12 gave more serious cause for disturbance. First he wrote *Under its mo*; but before he could get to the end of *moist* he bethought him of *damp*: both words being rejected, he wrote *chilling shade* above the line, and then below *shade* he wrote *shadow* twice and twice cancelled it. This shows that he had got the line as good as it could be made, as he did the next at one blow.

Having had the next sentence by us so long, with an uncomfortable feeling about the seemingly conjunctival use of *that*, we might be a little stubborn about what now seems to be the necessary way of construing the passage:—

"And that false laurel wherewith I walk thus proudly crowned is the laurel which I know: it

may be thunderstricken; and this is my distinction if I fall. I shall not go down into the pit of oblivion with the vulgar and careless; but my fiery hopes shall be preserved by the overlying ashes of my own decay."

And then he would have invoked the Earth as he cried to the West Wind to preserve the unextinguished sparks and make his hopes for man fructify all over the world. But the lines through which we have yet to follow him in the act of composition rise to a higher pitch of chagrin at the neglect, misrepresentation, and contempt with which his writings were treated by the world at large in his lifetime. For once, his glorious spirit frothed up in something almost like petulance. This is not like Shelley; and that is a good reason to assume for his throwing down the pen in the middle of a sentence.

Here are the cancelled and rejected readings following line 16:—

It may not be ingloriously
That I stand forth
From those
From the rest huddled into the wide grave
Not to be huddled into the wide pit
Under the
I will not crawl out of this vital air [—

which last is altered to the reading of our text. Lines 19 to the close were first drafted thus:—

[177]

But as my hopes were fire, so my despair
Shall be as ashes covering them.

Dear Friend[d]

If any spark be unextinguished there

Do

the

When I am dead

If when this mortal has ebbed away

do

One spark be unextinguished, thou

Let Spare [. . . .

All these lines are crossed through; but *Dear Friend* is individually struck out and *oh ye* written above it and struck out in its turn. It is this, taken with the *do thou* after the second *unextinguished*, that leaves it uncertain whether we should supply *d* or *ds* where Shelley has written *Dear Friend* right up to the edge of the leaf. However, when he had crossed out all this except the word *decay* standing above *despair*, he wrote on the opposite page thus—

decay

Oh, Earth

Oh friends, if when my

One spark be extinguished of that hearth¹

One spark be unextinguished of that hearth

Kindled in [. . . .

All this can only mean that the incomplete lines on the left are to be read with the struck-out lines on

¹ This line is struck out.

the right. Thus, the line ending with *decay* will still be as on the right; the line ending with *Dear Friend* will end with *Oh, Earth*; and the line beginning with *If when this mortal* will begin with *Oh friends, if when my* and end with *has ebbed away* (Shelley having omitted to observe that he had not supplied the original blank with *breath* or *soul* or *spirit* or anything else). The duplication of the last complete line arose simply from the fact that it was rather badly written the first time; but I am obliged to confess that the last word is still worse written the second time, and might by possibility be read as *heap* instead of *hearth*. To adopt that reading would be to suppose that Shelley had gone out of his way to spoil the intricate metre with which he had so manfully striven; though the reading would yield a perfectly good sense. But the strongest argument for *hearth* is to be found in the *Ode to the West Wind*:—

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!

Shelley had roused himself from the hankering after immediate recognition which this *terza rima* screed betrays: the irritation gave place to conviction; he knew the augustness of his mission; he felt that this was no talk for a poet who had an appeal to posterity—to humanity—to eternity—and he

said to himself "Bysshe, this is not worthy of a great poet, this bandying of words with one's other self and a stupid misconceiving crowd of so-called critics. No, Bysshe; nor is *terza rima* the right measure in which to deal with so odaic an appeal. Come away to that wood that skirts the Arno, while the tempestuous wind, at once mild and animating, collects his vapours for the autumnal rains—come before he brings his thunder! Come, Bysshe! And I, even I Shelley, will show you how this subject should be treated, and how this stubborn long-winded metre can be curbed and forced into a new use as the fabric of an ode. Auf, und davon!"

On page I * 8 r. is the following inscription in Italian, and that only:—

Eterno monumento in questo loco
Generosa pietà fonda a Narciso
Che vagheggiando al fonte il proprio viso
Mori consunto d' amoroso foco [.

This quatrain was written rather large with the book placed horizontally—from the top to the bottom of the outer side of the page—at first in pencil. That writing, having been almost obliterated, was gone over with a fine pen in a somewhat laboured manner, but betrays, I think, something of the character of Shelley's hand. As to the composition itself—whether Shelley's or that of some well or little known Italian poet—I have not sufficient knowledge of Italian literature to say. Rossetti

regards it as possibly but not probably Shelley's. In any case it is distinctly pretty; and there it is for what it is worth. As Garnett, who formerly owned this Note Book, supplied us in 1862 with an English version of a much more considerable Italian piece in it,—*Una Favola*,—I suppose I ought to carry on that tradition, whether our quatrain is Shelley's or someone else's. Perhaps the gentle reader may be pleased to accept the following attempt:—

Here to Narcissus generous pity places
A lasting monument of Self-desire—
Who in the fount beheld that face of faces,
Too fondly far, and died of Love's fierce fire.

On the verso of the Narcissus page is the end of a little memorandum begun on the recto of the next leaf, underneath another memorandum. Of the two memoranda, the first reads as follows:—

Rome. the goats—
the walls the towers
the Baths of Car[acalla]—
the Burying ground of Cestius [.

The second memorandum relates, seemingly, to an ambitious dramatic scheme, and is thus conceived:—

On Buonarparte—[sic]

A Drama—

That a bad weak man is he who rules over bad &
wea[k men?]

First scene the field of Battle in — one of the first in which Bonaparte was conqueror perhaps in Ægypt two wounded men hear his¹ a voice—they first mistake it for each others but it is *Jacobinism* [.

There is no need to hanker after the fulfilment of this scheme. Page I * 9 v. is blank.

On page I * 10 r., before the two Spanish quotations dealt with under the head of *Prometheus Unbound* (see *ante*, pages 36 and 107) a few words are scribbled in pencil. They may be meant for

A cavalier—Servant following him [,

and are perhaps connected with a scene in Calderon. There also seems to me to be a flavour of Calderon in the pleasing fragment written in ink and left in sole occupation of page I * 10 v.—

I more esteem
Her whom I love, than that which I desire [.

The next two pages, too, have to do with Shelley's Spanish studies. On I * 11 r., after the gracious words (in pencil) —

her dress
Antique & strange & beautiful

he wrote two Spanish snatches in ink. The first is—

que de gozos
Que de gustos, que de dichas
De esa zona un pesar solo!

¹ The word *his* is struck out.

which being interpreted is—

What delights!
What pleasures, what felicities!
In this zone but one regret!

The second piece transcribed is as follows:—

Es tal que aun de mi silencio
Vivo tal vez temeroso
Porque me han dicho, que saben
En silencio hablar los ojos [.

Here again the poet wrote *di* for *de* in line 1. The verses may be thus rendered into English:—

'Tis so great that even of silence
More or less I live in terror
Because they tell me that the eyes
Know in silence how to speak.

On page I * 11 v. there is more Spanish:—

A florear las rosas madrugaron
Y para envejecerse florecieron,
Cuna e sepulchro in un boton hallaron [.

Here Shelley wrote *sepulcho*, without any *r*; but *per contrâ* he added a translation of the three lines of Spanish poetry into English prose namely—

The roses arose early to blossom & they blossomed to grow old & they found a cradle & a sepulchre in a bud [.

Under this he wrote the words *make the reading*, by which he may be supposed to have meant

“Mem: put this into English poetry”; but he got no further here than to write, immediately beneath, *The roses*, “displayed” as for verse; and this he struck through as if rejected. The Spanish quotation, I have not succeeded in tracing to Calderon, whom he was studying with Maria Gisborne. He should have written *y sepulcro en* in the third line; but Spanish was a new language to him. It may be that he took the lines down to adapt the thought when he described so luxuriously the flowers in *The Sensitive Plant*, and that we owe to the abandonment of the idea that exquisitely luxurious stanza—

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.

On the same page I * 11 v. the following snatch of what seems to be blank verse appears:—

Bind eagle wings upon the lagging hours
Till melted by the noonday Sun of Death
They sink into a Sea without a name [.

These three lines are carefully written in ink, but upright, as if the book rested on the knee, out of doors. The first word of line 1 is struck through; but nothing is substituted.

At the head of page I * 12 r. is written in ink the fragment—

Mine eyes like two ever bleeding wounds
Watering my footsteps with their briny rain [—

in line 2 of which, *their* stands cancelled in favour of *my*. On the same page is a larger fragment (also in ink) which may belong to *Charles I*:—

Time who outruns & oversoars whatever
Is swiftest, & whose tramp is
 like a warsteeds armed heel
Whose wings are like the shadows of a cloud
Which blots the sunshine from [. . .
Time—in whose path thy name is stamped in light
Blots not thy glory with his languid plumes
Soils not with his erasing feet.

Line 2 shows a rejected reading, *tramp is armed with*, and was probably meant to have three or four syllables after *tramp is*. Similarly, ample space is left for three syllables before *like* in line 3. The sense is complete as it is; but, if the two lines are read as one, the metre is redundant. Line 4 has the cancelled reading *a swans*; and in line 5 *vital s* is struck out after *the*.

Page I * 12 v. is blank: I * 13 r. bears only the following fragment in ink:—

With weary feet chasing Unrest & Care
Who here & there
Flee terror-winged thro the wilderness [.

There can be no doubt that *here & there* is meant to be the end of line 2; but *her* is rather plainly written instead of *here*.

Page I * 13 v. consists of the following lines written in ink:—

If I walk in Autum[n] even
With the dead leaves pass
If I look on Springs soft heaven
Something is not there which was
Winters wondrous rain & snow
Summer clouds, where are they now [?

These six lines are, I believe, a second stanza to that called *To-morrow*, published by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems* of 1824. Garnett gave them to Rossetti as an independent fragment in 1870; and they stand alone in the Note Book where they were discovered. Garnett told me in 1877, when I proposed to join this stave to its fellow, that he considered there was "every probability that the two stanzas should be connected." The word *Autumn's* in line 1 is not justified by the manuscript, where we read *autumn*. Line 2 was at first—

With the dead leaves memory [,

and when *memory* was altered to *pass*, Shelley doubtless meant to put *While* for *With*; but he did not do so. In line 3 *blue* stands cancelled for *soft*. In line 5 the reading is clearly *rain & snow*, not *frost* as in the current editions; and *Summer's* in line 6 is not in the manuscript.

Pages I * 15 v. to 27 v. have already been accounted for under the head of *Prometheus Un-*

bound, save for two or three irrelevant memoranda of addresses &c. having no literary significance whatever, and a snatch of verse on page I * 22 r. written below the *Prometheus* matter—

Like an eagle hovering
In the golden light of morning
With [. . .

Here *hovering* and *hovereth* are both written; but which was meant to supersede the other is uncertain. Further, *day* stands cancelled in favour of *morning*.

On page I * 28 r. are the two couplets called *Epitaph*—here written in pencil without any heading, thus:—

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 breasts in life were single-hearted [.

This little poem is written in pencil in the upper half of the page facing “As a violets gentle eye.” One important textual correction in two heroic couplets is certainly enough to yield a “living wage” to the devoted student of Shelley; and that we have here. The Epitaph was printed as long ago as 1824 (in the *Posthumous Poems*) with a grave inaccuracy for which contributory negligence on Shelley’s part cannot possibly be alleged. There is not a single word in the poem on which

any question arises; and yet Mary gave, in the last line, a reading which can hardly be said to make sense, namely *hearts* for *breasts*; and that reading has subsisted till today. In the first line Shelley wrote *These were two friends*; but *were* is carefully altered in ink to *are*.

The lower half of page I * 28 r. is occupied by the following fragment, written in pencil:—

It is a sweet thing Friendship
A flower-nest as Lapland roses are
Lifts its bold head into lifes starving air
And blooms most where all others die
Hope Love, & Youth & brief Prosperity
If it be not the Soul of Love [. . . .

The word *starving* in line 3 is not plainly written; nor is it perfectly clear whether line 6 begins with *Of* or *If*.

LINES TO EMILIA VIVIANI

On the verso of the last fragment is a portion of the rough draft of *Lines to Emilia Viviani*. The order in which these portions were written is not quite obvious; but the pages I * 29 r., 29 v., and 30 r. are occupied by this composition; and between two of them two leaves have been torn out—perhaps mercifully. The best thing I can do in this case is

to set out at once and dignify by the name of "our text," first the final outcome as far as this Note Book is concerned, and then two rejected openings.

LINES TO EMILIA VIVIANI: THE NOTE BOOK DRAFT

Oh my beloved why have you
Sent sweet basil & mignonette?—
Why when I kiss their leaves find I them wet
With thine adored tears dearer than heavens dew?
Your eyes those wells of love & health 5
Have fed these token flowers with pity's rain
 Dearer than all lifes wealth
 The wish that would constrain
Those plants that grew
Alas & I weep too because it is [in] vain [. 10

LINES TO EMILIA VIVIANI: REJECTED
OPENING NO. I.

Why send you me my dear
 Sweet basil and mignonette
 I kiss their leaves and find them wet
With thine adored tears dearer than Heavens dew
 Because they emblem love & health
Flowers which in nature [never met?]
And you [. . .

LINES TO EMILIA VIVIANI: REJECTED
OPENING NO. II.

Love, my own Emily, is fire
 What need to send with idle care
 A fading symbol of that love

Which like a flower {cradled in April } air
 {nursed in eternal }

Exhales it[s] life in scent,

Lives

And why [. . .

Such is our text: now for our comment. Among the many small gems of which we owe our knowledge to the noble quality of Mary Shelley's devotion to her husband's memory as a poet, few surpass in beauty of treatment the eleven lines issued for the first time in 1824 among the *Posthumous Poems*, simply headed, "To E * * * V * * *" and dated "March, 1821." For the present purpose the lines must be set out in full for reference:—

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.

Garnett in the *Relics of Shelley* published an additional line as belonging to this poem—

Send the stars light, but send not love to me,

and, when I was at work upon my edition of 1876-7, he very kindly sent me two more lines dug from the Shelley family archives—

In whom love ever made
Health like a heap of embers soon to fade.

These I tacked on to Mary's eleven lines with alacrity, and not without joy; for, though the original issue bears the stamp of perfection, the case was one in which the personal note of the last line added something to the perfect, and justified that gilding of the rose which is usually to be deprecated. Shelley's rose, sent (no doubt it was sent in due course) to the Contessina Emilia Viviani in her convent prison as a response to her message bouquet of sweet basil and mignonnette, is not to be found, either gilded or ungilded, in either one of the three Note Books; but, if the poem unravelled and set out above is not the rose, it has at least *vécu près—très près d'elle*; for here are all the elements of that divine little poem and many of the expressions, but not the divinity, which may be described as something between the spirit of Dante and that of Hafiz. In this Note Book I, when he had arrived near the second finale of the book, Shelley took it into his wondrous head to turn his adorable little battered and mutilated pocket companion upside down, and write upon a few remaining blank pages now dignified by the numbers I * 28 v. to 31 v. two very small compositions, one the curious dirge with the

“na na na” &c. accompaniment, the other the Lines to Emilia Viviani that were to be the parents of the immortal—

Madonna, wherefore hast thou sent to me
Sweet basil and mignonette?

It is probable that Mrs. Shelley's date, March 1821, applies to both. Setting aside the perfect poem, the *imago*, we get here in the book, both the *larva* and the *pupa*. I should opine that the operations of the *larva*, the caterpillar, began with the rejected opening on I * 29 v., which I have thought important enough to be set out as a text, although Shelley struck through every one of its lines and only revived one of them for our complete text.

The first four lines of our *pupa*, chrysalis, or cocoon, are written rather boldly and freely in ink—the whole four pages of these approaches are in ink—on I * 30 r. It is true that in line 2 Shelley boggled over the spelling of both *basil* and *mignonette*, finding it necessary to write an *i* over the final vowel in *basil*, which he seems to have meant for an *e* at first, cancelling a very bad attempt to spell the other flower, and at last putting *mignonette*, which takes the reproach of that misspelling away from Mary. For line 3 he made a false start with *And*, which he cancelled, proceeding, for the rest of the page, with rejected readings more or less prophetic of the course of the perfect insect, the *imago*, the sad-toned Dante-Hafiz butterfly. Thus we find—

And wouldst thou emblem
 What to should
 These flowers which emblem love & health
 The
 The health & love
 And if they emblem love & health
 Why in one nosegay, are such [—

all this “trumpet of a prophecy” being to some extent silenced in favour of the allusion to Emilia’s pitying eyes in lines 5 and 6; for he turned over and took up his parable on topsy-turvy page I. * 29 r., beginning—

The token flowers of love & health
 Never before in the same nosegay met
 Nor in the wide
 Never before in the nosegay met
 And [. . .

The first two, very charming lines, did not meet his needs at that moment; so he altered *The token flowers of* to *Thine eyes those wells of*, striking out all the rest written so far on that page. But then he turned back to topsy-turvy page I * 30 r. and found that, by reason of the exigencies of rhyme, he had not yet begun to *tutoyer* the Contessina in this composition, though, as we have just seen, he called her by her Christian name here as in *Epipsy-chidion*. Hence, striking out the poetic *Thine*, he put in its place the conventional *Your*. Having recovered his gem-like *token flowers* and set them

In the pure gold of our line 6, he began to shape line 7, with *Dearer a*, which he at once struck out, and with no apparent hesitation, pronounced the rain of pity from those eyes, or rather the wish conveyed by the nosegay watered therewith,—

Dearer than all lifes wealth [.

That wish was at first somewhat colloquially described as—

The wish that they contain [,

a reading which must have been retained at least some moments while he made the false starts *Alas that love* and *The Union of*: these he struck out, and wrote *Which would entwine what*: of the last he only rejected *what* ostensibly, writing *those* above it and cancelling that in turn. But then he went back to that colloquial line 8 and substituted *would constrain* for *they contain*, next writing *Those* as the beginning of a new line between the two false starts for line 9,—just peppered in *plants that* and *grew* where he could find room for them (viz. where only the experience of years would divine that the imperfect line 9 was what he meant), and wrote *Alas & I must*: then he struck out *must*, putting a minute *too* above it, and, without cancelling that *too*, wrote very boldly below the line *weep too*, and, after a small space, *because it is vain*. It is not certain that these four words were not a mere memorandum of the sense for

which he was seeking the phrases; but I do not seriously doubt that he meant to make the line an Alexandrine like line 4, and dropped the *in* accidentally.

Such was the main trend of the search for "dædal harmony" set up by the Contessina's token-flowers, up to the point where a poem deficient of a single word—some such word as *separate*—was shaped, by no means in the poet's best lyric manner, but still a notable little piece of authentic song. But if this poem falls immeasurably short of its divine progeny—

Madonna, wherefore hast thou sent to me—

see how it "outsoars the shadow" of bathos cast upon the first rejected opening set out as a part of "our text"—an opening in a familiar phraseology compared with which the colloquial line 1 of our complete poem is almost classical! And that being the state of the case, it accords with the scheme of this comment to set forth, in addition to the last result shown on the page—topsy-turvy page I* 29 v.—the various readings. When lines 1 and 2 of Rejected Opening No. I were crossed through horizontally, the word *dearest*, which had been written above the line, was also struck out: after line 2 there were two false starts, *Their* and *Oh why send me*, both crossed through horizontally; line 3 having been written quite freely and boldly, line 4 followed thus:—

With thine adored tears, sweeter than . . .

but *sweeter than* was struck out and *dearer than Heavens dew* written below; line 5 was again freely and boldly written, as was the gappy line 6, after which a false start of a single word, *When*, was written, and, with *Flowers which*, was crossed out horizontally in favour of *And you*; and finally the whole lower part from *I kiss* was marked through with a single quasi-perpendicular line.

The second rejected opening set out as a part of our new text shows a good deal of hesitancy; but one thing is done with great determination: the name Emily is independently scribbled over apart from the general cancellation of line 1. Of line 2 the false start *And health is* is crossed through, as are not the words *Wherefore have*, written next. Before *What need*, another initial *And* was deleted, as, in turn, was *What need*. Then Shelley wrote the lines—

Oh it was idle to have sent
A fading emblem of that love [,

struck out the first of these two lines, substituted *symbol* for *emblem*, and *fire* for *love* in the second of them, and then reinstated *love*. Next, for line 4, he started with *Which thou hadst* and deleted those three words in favour of *Which everlas*, struck out the unfinished word and wrote underneath it the word *grew*, continuing the line so as to read—

Which grew, even like a spark in [. . .

Perceiving that the similes were becoming a little confused, he cancelled *grew, even* and *a spark in* and began building upwards and downwards: first (I think first) he wrote below *a spark in* the words *a flower nursed*, then above *spark* he put *nursed*, above that *flower* again, above *flower* No. 2 *a flower* [] *April air*, and above that *cradled*; all this upward building except *air* was knocked down again with horizontal strokes; but under the uncancelled downward building he wrote—

a flower nursed
in eternal

in two lines which he left uncancelled in the position shown here. The words *in eternal* may perhaps be connected with line 5, of which the words *Exhales it life in scent* are cancelled, as are the final abortive lines *Lives* and *And why* [.

All this drafting, “prolixly set forth” as it is, gives us what has been already much insisted on in these notes, the evidence, in its most indisputable form, of Shelley’s determination to take infinite pains whenever “the Muse” stirred him to sing. But these four pages of more or less difficult scrawl are more than usually instructive. It is to be noted that, up to the end of this chrysalis phase of the growth of a song, this

antenatal tomb
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,

there has been no doubt in the singer's mind about the origin of the moisture on Emilia's nosegay: it is Emilia's tears. But when he had cast aside these sketches, and taken up another pocket-book or (who knows?) a separate paper, to make a fresh start in a more poignant vein and touched with a more delicate hand, behold there was a doubt as to the origin of the moisture; and the "very doubt" that "endears" to Shelley his own sighs and tears for Emilia, endears to a worshipful posterity the sad sweet cadences of the exquisite strain. I am unable to recall any other instance in which the suggestion of a possible "wet kiss" has been exalted into the seventh heaven of song.

Here follows the Dirge already mentioned:—

Oh time, oh night, o day

O day alas, o day

O day alas the day

That thou shouldst sleep when we awake to say

O time time—o death—o day

O day, o death for life is far from thee

O thou wert never free

For death is now with thee

O death, o day for life is far from thee [.

The interest of this poor little lyric is more curious than poignant. It is written in ink on page I * 30 v.; and facing it on page I * 31 r. is the following piece of eccentricity, which looks as if

intended to record, on a system of the poet's own, some tune to which he was endeavouring to put appropriate words:—

Na na, na na na / na
Nă nă na na na—nă nă
Nă nă nă nă nă nă
Na na nă nă nă na

Na na na—nă nă—na na
Na na na na—na na na na na
Na na na na na
Na na
Na na na na na
Na na
Na na nă na nă na !

On page I * 31 v. is a variation of the first stanza, viz.

Oh time, oh night oh day
Death time night
Oh, Time
Oh time o Night oh day [. . .

Even here there is a cancelled line 2—

O day oh night, alas,

and, in the adopted line 2, *O* is struck out at the beginning and *oh* at the end: in another part of the book (I 9 v.) Shelley wrote on an otherwise blank page a combination of words and tune-notation:

Ah time, oh night, oh day
Ni nal ni na, na ni

[199]

Ni na ni na, ni na
Oh life O death, O o time
Time a di
Time, Time
Ah time, a time o—time
Time!

Of these eight inchoate lines, 2, 3, 6, and 8 are struck through. It seems likely that this attempt to hammer out a very stubborn dirge was abandoned; that, when the poet had succeeded in dismissing from his mind the requirements of whatever tune it may have been that was so clamorous for words, the attempt to conjure with the words *time, night, day, death* and *life* awoke one of those wondrous lyric moods of melancholy which visited him now and again with such supreme effect; and that he then wrote those two stanzas called *A Lament*, to be the monument over the grave of this still birth which my ruthless hands have disinterred.

I Oh, world! oh, life! oh, 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—O, 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—O, never more!

Though I have always resisted the insertion of *autumn* after *summer* in line 3 of stanza II, what I have gathered in handling these Note Books lends some colour to the suspicion that a word has dropped out of the line. I do not truly think anything of the sort has happened; but, if it has, the loss must have been that of an adjective before *summer*,—which I do not attempt to supply and would only accept on conclusive manuscript evidence.

Page I * 32 r. has a tree scribble in ink on it; and on the verso is the draft scene—

I rise as from a bath of sparkling water [,

of which a fac-simile appears in this volume under the head of *Prometheus Unbound*; while page I * 33 r. yields us the draft of three quatrains, mainly in pencil, for—

THE END OF THE SENSITIVE PLANT

It is a modest creed, & yet
Pleasant if one considers it
To say that death itself must be
Like all things else a mockery

That Garden & that Lady fair
And all sweet shapes & odors there
In truth have never past away—
Tis we tis ours are changed not they

For love & beauty & delight
 There is no death nor change—thier might
 Exceeds our organs which endure
 No light, being themselves obscure [.

Between the draft of the Panthea and Ione scene, "I rise as from a bath of sparkling water," and the draft (set out above) of the last twelve lines of *The Sensitive Plant*, four leaves have been torn out of the book. I should judge that the two inner leaves were gone before this pencil draft was made; but of those two leaves the stubs reveal nothing. Of the two outer leaves the stubs show marks of pencil drafting on all four sides. Those on the recto of stub I are not identifiable; but those on the verso show that the end of Part III of the poem had place there; for the terminal words can be discerned: those are the remnants of *c* and *k* for *back*, the whole word *wreck*, and the ends of *darnels* and *charnels*; and above these is an end which may be the remnant of the last word, *griff*, in the previous four lines. The recto of stub II looks as if it had borne at least three groups of 4 lines—the last two groups identifiable as corresponding with lines 1 to 8 of the "Conclusion" as printed, but with the opening words

<i>And</i>	<i>Or if</i>
<i>Which</i>	<i>Only</i>
<i>Felt</i> , rejected for <i>ere</i> (?) of which the	<i>Whi[ch]</i>
e (written in ink) remains.	<i>Fou[nd]</i>
<i>Felt</i> , rejected for <i>Now Felt</i> .	

The verso only shows that the lower half of the leaf had borne the group of four lines (9 to 12) immediately preceding "It is a modest creed"; and the assumption is that the Third Part and the "Conclusion" were continuous, thus—

But the mandrakes & toadstools & docks & darnels
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels
And if 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
Or if that Ladys gentle mind
Only not 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 & strife
Where nothing is but all things seem
And we the shadows of the dream [—

and then as above. In the second line of our text there is a rejected reading, *you consider*; and between the first and second groups of four lines stand the cancelled words—

Then
For love & thought there is not death
Like the [. . .

but it seems to have occurred to Shelley, in the course of composition, to reserve this philosophic deliverance for the fuller treatment of the closing

four lines. The last of the second four lines is altered in ink. It begins with the words (written and cancelled in ink) *Once being*. Something must have been there in pencil, and it must have been rubbed clean out, for the pencilled portion of the line consists simply of six monosyllables—

Tis we are changed not they

the *tis ours* being inserted in ink with a *caret*. The last group is more than half in ink: the pencilling is simply—

There is no death nor change [,

which, having got rubbed, was touched up by Shelley with the pen used for adding, first,—*we might*, then *thier might* (altered to *light*, which is finally struck out and *might* restored). The last line but one originally began with *Outlives our feelings*; and, before the reading of the text was adopted, *visions* was substituted for *feelings*.

This fragment of a draft, like the fair copy in the Harvard College manuscript book, is less mature than the printed version of 1820, published with *Prometheus Unbound*.

Page I * 33 v. has already been dealt with in connexion with I 15 v. (see *ante*). On I * 34 r. is a pencil scribble of a spade and other uninteresting objects, which may be an easel and a hunting-crop, while I * 34 v. yields only the pencilled words *i' che l'avessi*. Of the next leaf the recto is still

more barren, being in fact a blank; but on the verso (I * 35 v.) begins the Italian prose composition *Una Favola*. A great deal of this is written in pencil showing a few revisions in ink; but there are many pages entirely in ink. Most of it is written across the page in the ordinary way; but there are several pages written with the book placed horizontally. This composition fills twelve consecutive pages, taking us up to I * 41 r., and is then carried on upon pages I * 3 v. to 7 v.,—twenty-one pages in all.

Whether Shelley ever carried this delightful fantasy further than the stage reached in Note Book I, I have no present knowledge. Possibly he composed a more accurate version from which that printed by Garnett in the *Relics of Shelley* was transcribed. It may be that there is another autograph copy extant. It may be that Mary was commissioned to put the composition into correct Italian and that it exists in her writing. Or it may be that the beauty of the imagination and the force combined with sweetness in Shelley's incorrect periods induced Garnett to rewrite the fragment in accurate Italian as nearly as he could get it like what Shelley might be figured to have done, had he rewritten it himself. What we know about it is this,—that Shelley certainly wrote every page of the draft in Note Book I, and that Garnett—for he told me so himself—made the translation which accompanies the Italian version in the *Relics*. The

whole thing is difficult to set out with even-handed justice to all parties; but I think that the fairest plan will be to append the Fable itself in its most readable form, namely in Garnett's admirable English, and to add the draft of Shelley and the text of the *Relics* facing each other as nearly as possible page for page. As it has been found impracticable to preserve in every respect the haphazard order of the Note Books, I venture on a further slight departure from that order by reserving this Italian Appendix for the conclusion of the work. It will be found after the contents of Note Book III as set out in our Third Part.

ADDENDUM ON THE ODE TO THE WEST WIND

In describing (on pages 164 *et seq.*) the draft of the first three stanzas of the Ode to the West Wind, I mentioned the exceptional difficulties encountered, and how I had been reduced to supplying between hooks in stanza III the line 6 which I believed to have been in Shelley's mind at the period of the drafting—

Quiver within the wave's intenser day—

although the place for that line on page * 5 v., the fourth page of the draft, was almost blank. With the closest examination, repeated under various conditions of light, I could get no further than the belief that I discerned the phantasm of the words *Quiver within*, but found no marks that I could call *the wave's intenser day*. Following the drafted stanza to its close on the next page, * 6 r., I noted that at the foot of this, the fifth page of the draft, two more lines had been written, and used so hardly by cancellation and otherwise, that I attempted no account of them save that they yielded nothing to justify any suspicion of their being an

abandoned opening of stanza IV. Since passing the bulk of this volume for the press, a spare spring day, with a peculiarly favourable light, has led me to scrutinize afresh the foot of page * 6 r.; and I am now able to substitute a positive result for the negative result recorded in the winter (page 169). Below the last line of the stanza—

And tremble and despoil themselves—Oh hear—

I now make out what looks like the ghost of *Stet* and a pretty plain figure 2, followed by two lines, one rather thoroughly cancelled and the other altered, and rubbed, and soaked (all in pencil), yielding us three versions of the *intenser day* line which I had to supply between hooks. I have now scarcely a shadow of a doubt that here, at the bottom of the page which faces the blank line, Shelley wrote first

Steeped in the azure waves intenser day,
altered that to

Quivering within the seas diviner day,
and finally adopted

Quivering within the waves intenser day.

There may be just a shadow of a doubt as between *Quivering* and *Quiver*, but only a shadow at most: *Quivering* gives a better reading of the line than my suspected version within hooks, in that *Quivering* has the subtle descriptive property of making

the line itself quiver. That reading, moreover, is the orthodox version, published in 1820 and maintained ever since. The beautiful *azure wave* reading was of course condemned on account of the occurrence of *azure moss* in the very next line.







