

RELIQS OF SHELLEY

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649178391

Relics of Shelley by Richard Garnett

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

RICHARD GARNETT

**RELIQS
OF SHELLEY**

RELICS OF SHELLEY.

Shelley. Relics of the

RELICS OF SHELLEY.

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT.

“ Sing again, with your dear voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.”

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON & CO., DOVER STREET.

1862.

LONDON :
ROADBROOK AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFELARS.

PREFACE.

IN her preface to Shelley's Posthumous Poems (1824), Mrs. Shelley observes :—

“I do not know whether the critics will reprehend the insertion of some of the most imperfect among these; but I frankly own, that I have been more actuated by the fear lest any monument of his genius should escape me, than the wish of presenting nothing but what was complete to the fastidious reader. I feel secure that the lovers of Shelley's Poetry (who know how more than any other poet of the present day, every line and word he wrote is instinct with peculiar beauty) will pardon and thank me. I consecrate this Volume to them.”

No one, assuredly, ever reprehended the publi-

cation of any portion of the Posthumous Poems ; but an apology which, prefixed to these, must appear the excess of modesty, may not be out of place when indulgence is solicited for far more incomplete remains of a writer who certainly never contemplated, and probably would not have sanctioned, their publication. It can only be pleaded that the imperfection of these fragments, compared with those given to the world in 1824, is more than counterbalanced by the corresponding advance of the author's fame, and the augmented interest felt in his history and writings. There are thousands to whom hardly any unpublished production of Shelley's could be unacceptable, and the gratification of a liberal and affectionate curiosity might have excused the publication even of a more imperfect work. If, however, these pages add nothing to the list of Shelley's masterpieces, they will at all events contain nothing in any way disadvantageous to his reputation, and, at least with readers who bring the capacity for enjoyment with them, will even be found to extend it in several respects.

The sublimity of some parts of the "Prologue to Hellas;" the exquisite fancifulness of "Una Favola;" and "The Magic Plant;" the sweetness of the "Lines in the Bay of Lerici;" the vividness of some of the briefer expressions of feeling, require no expositor, and no panegyrist. The value of the rest is perhaps chiefly psychological; they extend our knowledge and intensify our conception of the writer's character. We seem to attain to a more intimate acquaintance with a great spirit when listening to its first unstudied utterances, than by receiving these elaborated for the press—or, perhaps, something in their place which the author wishes *had* been his first thought. Such is, indeed, rarely the case with Shelley, whose sincerity is above all suspicion, and whose ceaseless revision, while it introduced the most extensive modifications into the form of his writings, rarely affected the substance, or effaced the delicate bloom of the original conception. The shortcomings of the pieces now made public, afford, indeed, the best testimony of the diligence with which he elaborated his

works, for there is hardly one of his most admired productions of which the original draft is not equally imperfect; and nothing but corresponding labour was wanting to have advanced almost any of these to corresponding excellence. The unity of spirit which pervades these equally with his more finished works, must speak for his sincerity, and the sentiments to which they give expression will prove how exclusively his lonely musings were devoted to exalted or pathetic themes. Few have borne so severe a scrutiny. Almost every verse he ever pencilled down, has now become the property of the public,* and any reader, with the reservation before made, may say in his own words:—

“I am as a spirit who has dwelt
Within his heart of hearts, and I have felt
His feelings, and have thought his thoughts, and known
The inmost converse of his soul.”

* The principal exception consists in the numerous MS. additions to “Charles L.” and “Mazenghi,” the publication of which would have involved the reproduction of much that had already been printed.