

PAGE

after the catastrophe in *Hamlet*, hinting at the redemption of the tragic idea, and the exultant strains of Shelley's final act, serve alike one prime purpose, — the making of both creations more artistically credible.

Panthea and Ione here serve the function of an inter-linking and wonderingly interpretative chorus between the Spirit-songs and the duet of Earth and Moon, and again between these and the great injunctions of Demogorgon.

- 127 73-76. For the figure cf. Act I, Sc. 1, l. 456; *The Cenci*, Act I, Sc. 2, l. 14; *Adonais*, l. 297; *Hamlet*, Act III, Sc. 2, l. 250.

- 128 116. "dædal." See note on *Mont Blanc*, l. 86. Cf. Act III, Sc. 1, l. 26; Act IV, l. 416.

121, 122. Contrast *Lines Written among the Euganean Hills*, ll. 1-8; 66-69.

- 132 192. Cf. Chaucer's *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*, ll. 267-268: —

"His even twinkled in his heed aright,
As doon the sterres in the frosty night."

206-235. With this vision of the Moon cf. *The Cloud*, ll. 45-58.

213. "Regard." Are regarded as; appear.

214-217. Cf. *The Cloud*, ll. 21-24.

- 134 266-268. Cf. Shakespeare's *King Henry V*, Act II, Sc. 3, l. 16.

281. "valueless." Invaluable.

- 136 319 sq. This spiritual coming together of Earth and Moon at once indicates the new and rapid growth of each under the law of love and satisfies the prediction of Asia in Act III, Sc. 4, ll. 391-398. The speakers are surely the Spirit of the Earth and the Spirit of the Moon. This is the new Earth of Act III, Sc. 4, the freed and rejuvenated spirit of Scene 3, not the old Earth of Act I. In this final act it has become "old enough" in its new life (cf. Asia's words in Act III, Sc. 4, l. 399) for complete delight and triumph. Æsthetically, this is a valuable study in interchanged metres, and the student should carefully examine the measures as corresponding to the presences and consciousnesses of Earth and Moon. Cf. Addison's famous ode, *The Spacious Firmament on High*, as exhibiting a brief moment of similar spiritual insight.

- 138 370-423. Literature contains no hymn of humanity more inspiring than this.

378. Cf. l. 245.

- 139 406. Cf. Coleridge's *Love*, ll. 1-4:

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."