

Shelley, who was so soon to join this "gentle band," and find with Kents "a grave among the eternal," has expressed the world's sorrow in his noble elegy. I quote in conclusion his less well-known fragment:

"Here lieth one whose name was writ on water."

But, ere the breath that could erase it blew,
Death, in remorse for that fell slaughter,
Death, the immortalizing winter, flew
Athwart the stream,—and time's printless torrent grew
A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name
Of Adonais. . . .