

poems (supposed to contain "obscene and immoral passages"). Baudelaire never ceased to protest against the infamy of this trial. A copy of the second edition (not nearly so well printed as the first) is before me: LES FLEURS DU MAL. || Par Charles Baudelaire. || Seconde Edition. || Augmentée de trente-cinq poèmes nouveaux || et ornée d'un portrait de l'auteur dessiné et gravé par Braecquemont. || Paris: || Poullet-Malassis et de Broise. || Editeurs. || 97, Rue de Richelieu, et Beaux-Arts, 56, || 1861. || Tout droits réservés. || Paris: Imp. Simon Racon et Comp. || Rue Erfflaire.

In comparing the text of 1857 with that of 1861 I find several revisions of certain verses, not always, I think, for the best. For instance, in the *Préface*, the first edition is as follows:

"Dans nos cervaux malsains, comme un million d'héliminthes,
Grouille, chante et ripaille un peuple de Démons."

He changes this into "verre fourmillant": "dans nos cervaux ribote." On page 22, he writes:

"Sur un froid ténébreux envelopper son âme
A l'aspect du tableau plein d'épouvantement
Des monstruosités, que voile un vêtement;
Des visages manqués et plus laids que des masques."

In the later text he puts a full stop after "épouvantement" and continues:—

"O monstruosités pleurant leur vêtement!
Orificules troncs! torses dignes des m.ques"

This reading seems to me infinitely inferior to the reading of the first version.

A GAIN, there are certain other changes, even less happy, such as "quadrature" into "nature," "divin élixir" into "comme un

Impressions and Poems

(Continued from page 84)

élixir." "Mon âme se balançait comme un ange joyeux," into "Mon cœur, comme un oiseau, voltigeant tout joyeux." Baudelaire, in sending a copy of "Les Fleurs du Mal" (1861) to Alfred de Vigny, wrote that he had marked the new poems in pencil, in the list, at the end of the book. In my copy—1857—he has marked, with infinite delicacy, in pencil, only three poems: "Lesbos," "Femmes Damnées," "Les Métamorphoses du Vampire." He underlines, in "Une Charogne," these words in the text: "charogne lubrique, cynique, ventre, d'exhalations." At one side of the prose note on "Franciscæ meae laudes" he has made, on the margin, a number of arrows.

The Cemetery and the Shooting Gallery

BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Translated by Aleister Crowley

"G RAVEYARD VIEW HOTEL! Singular announcement," said our stroller to himself, "but well calculated to produce thirst. Sure enough, the

master of this inn must appreciate Horace and the poets of the school of Epicurus; perhaps even he knows the refinement of the old Egyptians, who held no festival without a skeleton or some other emblem of the shortness of life."

In he went, drank a glass of beer opposite the tombstones, and slowly smoked a cigar. Then the fancy took him to go into the cemetery whose grass was so tall and so inviting, and where so rich a sun held sway.

In effect, the light and the heat were revelling there, and one would have said that the drunken sun was wallowing at all its length upon a carpet of magnificent flowers nourished upon destruction. An immense rustle of life filled the air; the life of things infinitely small, which was interrupted at regular intervals by the rattle of the shots of a neighboring shooting gallery, which burst forth like the explosion of champagne corks amid the murmur of a muffled symphony.

THEN, under the sun which warmed his brain and in the atmosphere of the burning perfumes of death, he heard a voice whisper beneath the tomb where he was seated, and this voice said, "Accused be your targets and your guns, ye noisy folk that are alive, who care so little for the dead and their divine rest! Accused be your ambitions, accused be your calculations, impatient mortals, who come to study the art of slaying so close to the sanctuary of death! What futile mark do you aim at, what petty result do you obtain? Is it not all vanity that prompts you to this practice? Is your effort to learn how to kill sufficiently to be rewarded by the infliction of death? If you knew how easy the prize was to gain, how easy the mark was to hit, and how all is nothing except death, you would not take so much trouble, O toilsome folk that are alive, and you would trouble less often the slumber of those who long since have hit the mark, sole true mark of detestable life."

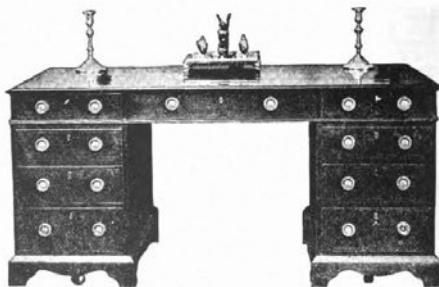


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