

Since first the dominion of men was asserted over the sea, as well over the earth, three Thrones have been founded upon its Sands, the thrones of Tyre, Venice, & England. Two of these <sup>of the first of these</sup> great powers have departed of us only the memory <sup>remains</sup>; of the second the Ruins - and the Third will <sup>in time</sup> have inherited their greatness: if it <sup>will not</sup> take warning from their example.

The profanation - the Sin - and the punishment of Tyre have been recorded for us, in the most touching <sup>words perhaps</sup> of all the lamentations ~~which were~~ <sup>which</sup> last uttered by the prophets of Israel for the fall of the Cities of the Stranger: - recorded I say for us for who can doubt to whom it is. But we read them as a lovely Song: profaning by their clear and terrible warning - ~~By the recitation of their~~ ~~revelation~~ ~~that~~ ~~had~~ ~~filled~~ ~~the~~ ~~sights~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~with~~ ~~violence~~: For the very depth of the <sup>fall</sup> punishment of Tyre has diminished its distinctness: and blinded us to its reality - we forget - as we watch the bleaching of the rocks between the sunshine and the <sup>waves</sup> sea. That that they were once as in Eden the Garden of God! Her Successor - like her in perfection of Beauty, <sup>and greater in endurance of storm</sup> still left from before our eyes in the final period of her decline: a Ghost <sup>of</sup> the sands of the Sea - so weak - so <sup>quiet</sup> dead - so lost in brief of all but her loveliness - that we might well doubt as we watched her faint faint reflection on the mirage of the lagoon, which was the City - & which the Shadow.

I would <sup>undoubtedly</sup> ~~would~~ to turn the lines of this Song before it be for ever lost - and to read - as far as I may, the warning which seems to me to be uttered by ~~it~~ <sup>every one of the</sup> ~~the~~ ~~gaining~~ ~~waves~~ ~~that~~ ~~beat~~ like peeping bells, against the Stones of Venice.