

**Appendix 1.3: Lines on Fuseli's *Nightmare*, from *The Universal Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure*, Vol. 71 (1782)**

An earlier version of *LOTP* III:51–78, on Henry Fuseli's painting *The Nightmare* (1782), was published in *The Universal Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure* in 1782. No author name is given. The first four lines of this version also appear, anonymously, on the widely sold print of *The Nightmare* engraved by Thomas Burke (1749–1815) (see *LOTP* II:51, editor's note).

Text copied from *The Universal Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure*, Vol. 71 (September 1782): p. 165.

The NIGHT MARE.

WHEN on his Night-Mare, thro' the evening fog,  
Flits the squab fiend o'er fen, and lake, and bog,  
Seeks some love-wilder'd maid, by sleep opprest,

Alights, and grinning, sits upon her breast.

—Such as of late amid the murky sky

Was mark'd by Fuseli's poetic eye:

Whose daring tints, with Shakespeare's happiest grace

Gave to the airy Nothing, form and place.---

Back o'er her pillow sinks her blushing head,

Her snow-white limbs hang helpless from the bed;

While with quick sighs and suffocative breath,

Her interrupted heart-pulse swims in death.

Then shrieks of captur'd towns, and widows tears,

Pale lovers stretch'd upon their blood-stain'd biers;

The headlong precipice that thwarts her flight,

The trackless desert, the cold starless night;

And stern-eyed murderer with his knife behind,

In dread succession agonise her mind,—

O'er her fair limbs convulsive tremors fleet,

Start in her hands, and struggle in her feet;

In vain to scream her quivering lips she bids,

And rolls her eye-balls in their palsy'd lids;

In vain she wills to run, fly, swim, walk, creep——

The will presides not in the bower of sleep.---

Squat on her breast the ponderous demon clings,

Mocks all her groans, and flaps his leathern wings.

Such as of late, &c.] *Alluding to Mr. Fuseli's striking picture of the Night-Mare at the last Exhibition.*

The will presides not, &c.] *The immediate cause of sleep is the abolition of all voluntary power: when there is a painful desire to exert the voluntary motions in sleep, it is termed the Night-mare, or Incubus.*