

R. Corbould del.^s

S. Springsguth sc.

GRAY.

*There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.*

Elegy.

Published April 2, 1804, by W. Suttaby, N^o 2, Stationers Court.

THE
POETICAL

Works
OF
Thomas Gray.



The Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his Car,
And Dropp'd his thirsty Lance, at thy command.
Pa. 46.

L O N D O N .

Publish'd by W. Suttaby, Stationers Court, &
C. Corral, Charing Cross; 1805.

6125

Ref
22-
6-10-70

L I F E
OF
THOMAS GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY was born in Cornhill, in the city of London, on the 26th of December, 1716. His father, Philip Gray, was a money-scrivener ; but being of an indolent and profuse disposition, he rather diminished than improved his paternal fortune. Our Author received his classical education at Eton school, under Mr. Antrobus, his mother's brother, a man of sound learning and refined taste, who directed his nephew to those pursuits which laid the foundation of his future literary fame.

During his continuance at Eton, he contracted a friendship with Mr. Horace Walpole, well known for his knowledge in the fine arts ; and Mr. Richard West, son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, a youth of very promising talents.

When he left Eton school, in 1734, he went to Cambridge, and entered a pensioner at Peterhouse, at the recommendation of his uncle Antrobus, who had been a fellow of that college. It is said that, from his effeminacy and fair complexion, he acquired among his fellow students, the appellation of *Miss Gray*, to which the delicacy of his manners seem not a little

to have contributed. Mr. Walpole was at that time a fellow-commoner of King's College, in the same University ; a fortunate circumstance, which afforded Gray frequent opportunities of intercourse with his honourable Friend.

Mr. West went from Eton to Christ Church, Oxford ; and in this state of separation, these two votaries of the Muses, whose dispositions were congenial, commenced an epistolary correspondence, part of which is published by Mr. Mason, a gentleman whose character stands high in the republic of letters.

Gray, having imbibed a taste for poetry, did not relish those abstruse studies which generally occupy the minds of students at college ; and therefore, as he found very little gratification from academical pursuits, he left Cambridge in 1738, and returned to London, intending to apply himself to the study of the law ; but this intention was soon laid aside, upon an invitation given him by Mr. Walpole, to accompany him in his travels abroad ; a situation highly preferable, in Gray's opinion, to the dry study of the law.

They set out together for France, and visited most of the places worthy of notice in that country : from thence they proceeded to Italy, where an unfortunate dispute taking place between them, a separation ensued upon their arrival at Florence. Mr. Walpole, afterwards, with great candour and liberality, took

upon himself the blame of the quarrel ; though, if we consider the matter coolly and impartially, we may be induced to conclude that Gray, from a conscious superiority of ability, might have claimed a deference to his opinion and judgment, which his honourable Friend was not at that time disposed to admit : the rupture, however, was very unpleasant to both parties.

Gray pursued his journey to Venice on an economic plan, suitable to the circumscribed state of his finances ; and having continued there some weeks, returned to England in September 1741. He appears, from his letters published by Mr. Mason, to have paid the minutest attention to every object worthy of notice throughout the course of his travels. His descriptions are lively and picturesque, and bear particular marks of his genius and disposition. We admire the sublimity of his ideas when he ascends the stupendous heights of the Alps, and are charmed with his display of nature, decked in all the beauties of vegetation. Indeed, abundant information, as well as entertainment, may be derived from his casual letters.

In about two months after his arrival in England, he lost his father, who, by an indiscreet profusion, had so impaired his fortune, as not to admit of his son's prosecuting the study of the law with that degree of respectability which the nature of the profession requires, without becoming burdensome to his mother and aunt. To obviate, therefore, their importunities

on the subject, he went to Cambridge, and took his bachelor's degree in civil law.

But the inconveniencies and distress attached to a scanty fortune, were not the only ills our Poet had to encounter at this time ; he had not only lost the friendship of Mr. Walpole abroad, but poor West, the partner of his heart, fell a victim to complicated maladies, brought on by family misfortunes, on the 1st of June, 1742, at Pope's, a village in Hertfordshire, where he went for the benefit of the air.

The excessive degree in which his mind was agitated for the loss of his friend, will best appear from the following beautiful little sonnet :

“ In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
“ And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire :
“ The birds in vain their am'rous descant join,
“ Or cheerful fields resume their green attire :
“ These ears, alas ! for other notes repine ;
“ A different object do these eyes require ;
“ My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
“ And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire ;
“ Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
“ And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ;
“ The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;
“ To warn their little loves the birds complain :
“ I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear ;
“ And weep the more because I weep in vain.” x

Mr. Gray now seems to have applied his mind very

sedulously to poetical composition: his *Ode to Spring* was written early in June to his friend Mr. West, before he received the melancholy news of his death: how our Poet's susceptible mind was affected by that melancholy incident, is evidently demonstrated by the lines quoted; the impression, indeed, appears to have been too deep to be soon effaced; and the tenor of the subjects which called for the exertions of his poetical talents subsequent to the production of this Ode, corroborates that observation; these were his *Prospect of Eton*, and his *Ode to Adversity*. It is also supposed, and with great probability, that he began his *Elegy in a Country Church-yard* about the same time. He passed some weeks at Stoke, near Windsor, where his mother and aunt resided, and in that pleasing retirement finished several of his most celebrated Poems.

From thence he returned to Cambridge, which from this period, was his chief residence during the remainder of his life. The conveniencies with which a college life was attended, to a person of his narrow fortune and studious turn of mind, were more than a compensation for the dislike which, for several reasons, he bore to the place; but he was perfectly reconciled to his situation, on Mr. Mason's being elected a fellow of Pembroke-Hall; a circumstance which brought him a companion, who, during life, retained for him the highest degree of friendship and esteem.

In 1742, he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor

in the Civil Law, as appears from a letter written to his particular friend Dr. Wharton, of Old Park, near Durham, formerly fellow of Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge, in which he ridicules, with much point and humour, the follies and foibles, and the dulness and formality, which prevailed in the University.

In order to enrich his mind with the ideas of others, he devoted a considerable portion of his time to the study of the best Greek authors ; so that, in the course of six years, there were hardly any writers of eminence in that language whose works he had not only read, but thoroughly digested.

His attention however to the Greek classics did not wholly engross his time ; for he found leisure to advert, in a new sarcastical manner, to the ignorance and dulness with which he was surrounded, though situated in the centre of learning. There is only a fragment remaining of what he had written on this subject, from which it may be inferred, that it was intended as an *Hymn to Ignorance*. The fragment is wholly introductory ; yet many of the lines are so pointed in signification, and harmonious in versification, that they will be admitted by the admirers of verse, to display his poetical talents with more brilliancy than appears in many of his lyric productions.

Hail, horrors, hail ! ye ever gloomy bowers,
Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers !

Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud :
Glad I revisit thy neglected reign :
Oh, take me to thy peaceful shade again.
But chiefly thee, whose influence, breath'd from high,
Augments the native darkness of the sky ;
Ah, Ignorance ! soft salutary power !
Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.
Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.
Oh, say, successful dost thou still oppose
Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes ?
Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
The massy sceptre o'er thy slumbering line ?
And dews Lethean thro' the land dispense,
To steep in slumbers each benighted sense ?
If any spark of wit's delusive ray
Break out, and flash a momentary day,
With damp cold touch forbid it to aspire,
And huddle up in fogs the dangerous fire.
Oh, say,—She hears me not, but, careless grown,
Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.
Goddess ! awake, arise : alas ! my fears !
Can powers immortal feel the force of years ?
Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,
She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world :
Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might ;
And all was ignorance, and all was night :
Oh sacred age ! Oh times for ever lost !
(The schoolman's glory, and the churchman's boast,)

For ever gone—yet still to fancy new,
Her rapid wings the transcient scene pursue,
And bring the buried ages back to view.

High on her car, behold the grandam ride,
Like old Sesostris with barbaric pride ;

***** a team of harness'd monarchs bend.

In 1744 he seems to have given up his attention to the Muses. Mr. Walpole, desirous of preserving what he had already written, as well as perpetuating the merit of their deceased friend West, endeavoured to prevail with Gray, to whom he had previously become reconciled, to publish his own Poems, together with those of West ; but Gray declined it, conceiving their productions united, would not suffice to fill even a small volume.

In 1747 Gray became acquainted with Mr. Mason, then a scholar of St. John's College, and afterwards Fellow of Pembroke-Hall. Mr. Mason, who was a man of great learning and ingenuity, had written the year before, his " Monody on the death of Pope," and his " Il Bellicoso," and " Il Pacefico ;" and Gray revised these pieces at the request of a friend. This laid the foundation of a friendship that terminated but with life : and Mr. Mason, after the death of Gray, testified his regard for him, by superintending the publication of his works.

The same year he wrote a little Ode on the Death of a favourite Cat of Mr. Walpole's, in which humour

and instruction are happily blended: but the following year he produced an effort of much more importance; the Fragment of an *Essay on the Alliance of Education and Government*. Its tendency was to demonstrate the necessary concurrence of both to form great and useful men. It opens with the two following similes. The exordium is rather uncommon; but he seems to have adopted it as a kind of clue to the subject he meant to pursue in the subsequent part of the Poem.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her gen'rous birth,
Nor genial warmth nor genial juice retains,
Their roots to feed and fill their verdant veins;
And as in climes, where Winter holds his reign,
The soil, tho' fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies;
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Uniform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought and warm the op'ning heart;
So fond instruction on the growing pow'rs
Of Nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal Justice, with unclouded face,
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, tho' frugal hand,
Light golden show'rs of plenty o'er the land:

But Tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
To check their tender hope with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.

This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds
To either pole and life's remotest bounds :
How rude soe'er th' exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all the kind, impartial Heav'n
The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n ;
With sense to feel, with mem'ry to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain ;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
Th' event presages and explores the cause ;
The soft return of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repe. the foe ;
While mutual wishes mutual woes endear,
The social smile and sympathetic tear.

Say, then, thro' ages by what fate confin'd
To different climes seem different souls assign'd ?
Here measur'd laws, and philosophic ease
Fix and improve the polish'd arts of peace ;
There Industry and Gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds and tame th' unwilling deep ;
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail,
There languid Pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war ;

And where the deluge burst with sweepy sway,
Their arms, their kings, their gods, were roll'd away :
As oft have issu'd, host impelling host,
The blue-ey'd myriads from the Baltic coast ;
The prostrate South to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields :
With grim delight the brood of Winter view
A brighter day, and heav'ns of azure hue,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
Th' encroaching tide that drown her less'ning lands,
And sees far off, with an indignant groan,
Her native plains and empires once her own ?
Can op'ner skies and sons of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame ;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day ?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war.
And where the face of Nature laughs around,
Must sick'ning Virtue fly the tainted ground ?
Unmanly thought ! what seasons can control,
What fancy'd zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By Reason's light, on Resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Lybia's deserts, and thro' Zembla's snows ?

She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends th' inferior laws that rule our clay ;
The stubborn elements confess her sway ;
Their little wants their low desires refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.

Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth ;
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain ;
For where unweary'd sinews must be found
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
To turn the torrent's swift descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder if, to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd?
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of Want and Liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the vales below.

What wonder in the sultry climes, that spread
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed,
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt, with his wat'ry wings,
If, with advent'rous oar and ready sail,
The dusky people drive before the gale,
Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide ?

* * * * *

It is much to be lamented that our Author did not finish what was so successfully begun, as the Fragment is deemed superior to every thing in the same style of writing which our language can boast.

In 1750 he put the finishing stroke to his *Elegy written in a Country Church-yard*, which was communicated first to his friend Mr. Walpole, and by him to many persons of rank and distinction. This beautiful production introduced the author to the favour of Lady Cobham, and gave occasion to a singular composition, called, *A Long Story* : in which various effusions of wit and humour are very happily interspersed.

The Elegy having found its way into the "Magazine of Magazines," the author wrote to Mr. Walpole, requesting he would put it in the hands of Mr. Dodsley, and order him to print it immediately, in order to rescue it from the disgrace it might have incurred by its appearance in a Magazine. The Elegy was the most popular of all our author's productions ; it ran through eleven editions, and was translated into latin by Anstey and Roberts ; and in the same year a version of it was published by Lloyd. Mr. Bentley, an eminent artist of that time, wishing to decorate this elegant composition with every ornament of which it is so highly deserving, drew for it a set of designs, as he also did for the rest of Gray's productions, for which the artist was liberally repaid by the Author in some beautiful stanzas ; but unfortunately

no perfect copy of them remains. The following, however, are given as a specimen.

“ In silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
“ Half pleas’d, half blushing, let the Muse admire,
“ While Bentley leads her sister art along,
“ And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

“ See, in their course, each transitory thought,
“ Fix’d by his touch, a lasting essence take ;
“ Each dream in fancy’s airy colouring wrought,
“ To local symmetry and life awake !

“ The tardy rhymes, that us’d to linger on,
“ To censure cold, and negligent of fame ;
“ In swifter measures animated run,
“ And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

“ Ah ! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
“ His quick creation, his unerring line :
“ The energy of Pope they might efface,
“ And Dryden’s harmony submit to mine.

“ But not to one in this benighted age
“ Is that diviner inspiration giv’n,
“ That burns in Shakespear’s or in Milton’s page,
“ The pomp and prodigality of heaven.

“ As when conspiring in the di’mond’s blaze,
“ The meaner gems that singly charm the sight
“ Together dart their intermingled rays,
“ And dazzle with a luxury of light.

“ Enough for me, if, to some feeling breast
“ My lines a secret sympathy impart,
“ And, as their pleasing influence flows confess’d,
“ A sigh of soft reflection heave the heart.

It appears, by a letter of Dr. Wharton, that Gray finished his Ode on the *Progress of Poetry* early in 1755. The *Bard* also was begun about the same time; and the following beautiful Fragment on the *Pleasure arising from Vicissitude*, the next year. The merit of the two former pieces was not immediately perceived, nor generally acknowledged. Garrick wrote a few lines in their praise. Lloyd and Coleman wrote, in concert, two Odes, to “Oblivion” and “Obscurity,” in which they were ridiculed with much ingenuity.

“ Now the golden morn aloft
“ Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
“ With vermil cheek, and whisper soft,
“ She wooes the tardy spring;
“ Till April starts, and calls around
“ The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
“ And lightly o’er the living scene
“ Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

“ New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
“ Frisking ply their feeble feet;
“ Forgetful of their wint’ry trance,
“ The birds his presence greet:

“ But chief the sky-lark warbles high
“ His trembling, thrilling ecstasy ;
“ And, less’ning from the dazzled sight,
“ Melts into air and liquid light.

“ Yesterday the sullen year
“ Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
“ Mute was the music of the air,
“ The herd stood drooping by :
“ The raptures now, that wildly flow,
“ No yesterday nor morrow know ;
“ ’Tis man alone that joy describes
“ With forward and reverted eyes.

“ Smiles on past misfortune’s brow
“ Soft reflection’s hand can trace,
“ And o’er the cheek of sorrow throw
“ A melancholy grace :
“ While hope prolongs our happier hour ;
“ Our deepest shades, that dimly lower,
“ And blacken round our weary way,
“ Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

“ Still where rosy pleasure leads,
“ See a kindred grief pursue,
“ Behind the steps that misery treads
“ Approaching comfort view :
“ The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
“ Chastis’d by sabler tints of woe ;
“ And blended form, with artful strife,
“ The strength and harmony of life.

" See the wretch that long has tost
" On the thorny bed of pain,
" At length repair his vigour lost,
" And breathe and walk again.
" The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
" The simplest note that swells the gale,
" The common sun, the air, the skies,
" To him are opening Paradise."

Our author's reputation as a poet, was so high, that on the death of Colley Cibber, 1757, he had the honour of refusing the office of Poet Laureat, to which he was probably induced by the disgrace brought upon it through the inability of some who had filled it.

His curiosity some time after, drew him away from Cambridge to a lodging near the British Museum, where he resided near three years, reading and transcribing.

In 1762, on the death of Mr. Turner, Professor of Modern Languages and History, at Cambridge, he was, according to his own expression, " cockered and spirited up" to apply to Lord Bute for the succession. His Lordship refused him with all the politeness of a courtier, the office having been previously promised to Mr. Bocket, the tutor of Sir James Lowther.

His health being on the decline, in 1765 he undertook a journey to Scotland, conceiving he should

derive benefit from exercise and change of situation. His account of that country, as far as it extends, is curious and elegant; for as his mind was comprehensive, it was employed in the contemplation of all the works of art, all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of past events.

During his stay in Scotland, he contracted a friendship with Dr. Beattie, in whom he found, as he himself expresses it, a poet, a philosopher, and a good man. Through the intervention of his friend the Doctor, the Marischal College at Aberdeen offered him the degree of Doctor of Laws, which he thought it decent to decline, having omitted to take it at Cambridge.

In December, 1767, Dr. Beattie still desirous that his country should leave a memento of its regard to the merit of our Poet, solicited his permission to print, at the University of Glasgow, an elegant edition of his works, Gray could not comply with his friend's request, as he had given his promise to Mr. Dodsley. However, as a compliment to them both, he presented them with a copy, containing a few notes, and the imitations of the old Norwegian poetry, intended to supplant the Long Story, which was printed at first to illustrate Mr. Bentley's designs.

In 1768 our Author obtained that office without solicitation, for which he had before applied without effect. The Professorship of Languages and History

again became vacant, and he received an offer of it from the duke of Grafton, who had succeeded Lord Bute in office. The place was valuable in itself, the salary being 400l. a year; but it was rendered peculiarly acceptable to Mr. Gray, as he obtained it without solicitation.

Soon after he succeeded to this office, the impaired state of his health rendered another journey necessary; and he visited, in 1769, the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland. His remarks on the wonderful scenery which these northern regions display, he transmitted in epistolary journals to his friend, Dr. Wharton, which abound, according to Mr. Mason's elegant diction, with all the wildness of Salvator, and the softness of Claude.

He appears to have been much affected by the anxiety he felt at holding a place without discharging the duties annexed to it. He had always designed reading lectures, but never put it in practice; and a consciousness of this neglect, contributed not a little to increase the malady under which he had long laboured; nay, the office at length became so irksome, that he seriously proposed to resign it.

Towards the close of May, 1771, he removed from Cambridge to London, after having suffered violent attacks of an hereditary gout, to which he had long been subject, notwithstanding he had observed the most rigid abstemiousness throughout the whole course of

his life. By the advice of his physicians, he removed from London to Kensington; the air of which place proved so salutary, that he was soon enabled to return to Cambridge, whence he designed to make a visit to his friend Dr. Wharton, at Old Park, near Durham; indulging a fond hope that the excursion would tend to the re-establishment of his health: but, alas! that hope proved delusive. On the 24th of July he was seized, while at dinner in the college-hall, with a sudden nausea, which obliged him to retire to his chamber. The gout had fixed on his stomach in such a degree, as to resist all the powers of medicine. On the 29th he was attacked with a strong convulsion, which returned with increased violence the ensuing day; and on the evening of the 31st of May, 1771, he departed this life, in the 55th year of his age.

From the narrative of his friend, Mr. Mason, it appears, that Gray was actuated by motives of self-improvement, and self-gratification, in his application to the Muses, rather than any view to pecuniary emolument. His pursuits were in general disinterested; and as he was free from avarice on the one hand, so was he from extravagance on the other; being one of those few characters in the annals of literature, especially in the poetical class, who are devoid of self-interest, and at the same time attentive to economy: but Mr. Mason adds, that he was induced to decline taking any advantage of his literary productions by a degree of pride, which influenced him to disdain the idea of being thought an author by profession.

It appears from the same narrative, that Gray made considerable progress in the study of architecture, particularly the Gothic. He endeavoured to trace this branch of the science, from the period of its commencement, through its various changes, till it arrived at its perfection in the time of Henry VIII. He applied himself also to the study of heraldry, of which he obtained a very competent knowledge, as appears from his *Remarks on the Saxon Churches*, in the introduction to Mr. Bentham's *History of Ely*.

But the favourite study of Gray for the last two years of his life was natural history, which he rather resumed than began, as he had acquired some knowledge of botany in early life, while he was under the tuition of his uncle Antrobus. He wrote copious marginal notes to the works of Linnæus, and other writers in the three kingdoms of nature: and Mr. Mason further observes, that, excepting pure mathematics, and the studies dependent on that science, there was hardly any part of human learning in which he had not acquired a competent skill; in most of them a consummate mastery.

Mr. Mason has declined drawing any formal character of him; but has adopted one from a letter to James Boswell, Esq. by the Rev. Mr. Temple, Rector of St. Glauvias, in Cornwall, first printed anonymously in the London Magazine, which, as we conceive authentic, from the sanction of Mr. Mason, we shall therefore transcribe:

“ Perhaps he was the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and not superficially, but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil ; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy ; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, and politics, made a principal part of his study ; voyages, and travels of all sorts, were his favourite amusements ; and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening. With such a fund of knowledge, his conversation must have been equally instructing and entertaining : but he was also a good man, a man of virtue and humanity. There is no character without some speck, some imperfection ; and I think the greatest defect in his was an affectation in delicacy, or rather effeminacy, and a visible fastidiousness, or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science. He also had, in some degree, that weakness which disgusted Voltaire so much in Mr. Congreve : though he seemed to value others chiefly according to the progress they had made in knowledge, yet he could not bear to be considered himself merely as a man of letters ; and though without birth, or fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked upon as a private independent gentleman, who read for his amusement. Perhaps it may be said, What signifies so much knowledge, when it produced so little ? Is it worth taking so much pains to leave no memorial but a few Poems ? But let it be considered that Mr. Gray was, to others, at least

innocently employed ; to himself, certainly beneficially. His time passed agreeably, he was every day making some new acquisition in science ; his mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened ; the world and mankind were shewn to him without a mask ; and he was taught to consider every thing as trifling, and unworthy of the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, in that state wherein God hath placed us."

In addition to this character, Mr. Mason has remarked, that Gray's effeminacy was affected most before those whom he did not wish to please ; and that he is unjustly charged with making knowledge his sole reason of preference, as he paid his esteem to none whom he did not likewise believe to be good.

Dr. Johnson makes the following observations:—
" What has occurred to me, from the slight inspection of his letters, in which my undertaking has engaged me, is, that his mind had made a large grasp ; that his curiosity was unlimited, and his judgment cultivated ; that he was a man likely to love much where he loved at all ; but that he was fastidious and hard to please. His contempt, however, is often employed, where I hope it will be approved, upon scepticism and infidelity. His short account of Shaftesbury I will insert.

" You say you cannot conceive how lord Shaftesbury came to be a philosopher in vogue ; I will tell

you: first, he was a lord; secondly, he was as vain as any of his readers; thirdly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; fourthly, they will believe any thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; fifthly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads no where; sixthly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seems always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons? An interval of above forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead lord ranks with commoners: vanity is no longer interested in the matter; for a new road is become an old one."

As a writer he had this peculiarity, that he did not write his pieces first rudely, and then correct them, but laboured every line as it arose in the train of composition; and he had a notion not very peculiar, that he could not write but at certain times, or at happy moments; a fantastic foppery, to which our kindness for a man of learning and of virtue, wishes him to have been superior.

As a Poet, he stands high in the estimation of the candid and judicious. His works are not numerous; but they bear the marks of intense application and careful revision. The Elegy in the Church-yard is deemed his master-piece; the subject is interesting, the sentiments simple and pathetic, and the versification charmingly melodious. This beautiful composition has been often selected by orators for the display of their rhetorical talents. But as the most finished

productions of the human mind have not escaped censure, the works of our Author have undergone illiberal comments. His Elegy has been supposed defective in want of plan. Dr. Knox, in his Essays has observed, "that it is thought by some to be no more than a confused heap of splended ideas, thrown together without order and without proportion." Some passages have been censured by Kelly in the *Babbler*; and imitations of different authors have been pointed out by other critics. But these imitations cannot be ascertained, as there are numberless instances of coincidence of ideas ; so that it is difficult to say, with precision, what is or is not a designed or accidental imitation.

Gray, in his Elegy in the Church-yard, has great merit in adverting to the most interesting passions of the human mind ; yet his genius is not marked alone by the tender sensibility so conspicuous in that elegant piece ; but there is a sublimity which gives it an equal claim to universal admiration.

His Odes on *the Progress of Poetry*, and of *the Bard*, according to Mr. Mason's account, "breathe the high spirit of lyric enthusiasm. The transitions are sudden and impetuous ; the language full of fire and force ; and the imagery carried, without impropriety, to the most daring height. They have been accused of obscurity : but the one can be obscure to those only who have not read Pindar ; and the other,

only to those who are unacquainted with the history of their own nation.”

Of his other lyric pieces, Mr. Wakefield, a learned and ingenious commentator, observes, that, though like all other human productions, they are not without their defects, yet the spirit of poetry, and exquisite charms of the verse, are more than a compensation for those defects. The Ode on *Eton College*, abounds with sentiments natural, and consonant to the feelings of humanity, exhibited with perspicuity of method, and in elegant, intelligible, and expressive language. The Sonnet on *the Death of West*, and the Epitaph on *Sir William Williams*, are as perfect compositions of the kind as any in our language.

Dr. Johnson was confessedly a man of great genius; but the partial and uncandid mode of criticism he has adopted in his remarks on the writings of Gray, has given to liberal minds great and just offence. According to Mr. Mason's account, he has subjected Gray's poetry to the most rigorous examination. Declining all consideration of the general plan and conduct of the pieces, he has confined himself solely to strictures on words and forms of expression; and Mr. Mason very pertinently adds, that *verbal* criticism is an ordeal which the most perfect composition cannot pass without injury.

He has also fallen under Mr. Wakefield's severest censure. This commentator affirms, that “ he thinks

a refutation of his strictures upon Gray, a necessary service to the public, without which they might operate with a malignant influence upon the national taste. His censure, however, is too general, and expressed with too much vehemence ; and his remarks betray, upon the whole, an unreasonable fastidiousness of taste, and an unbecoming illiberality of spirit. He appears to have turned an unwilling eye upon the beauties of Gray, because his jealousy would not suffer him to see such superlative merit in a cotemporary." These remarks of Mr. Wakefield appear to be well founded ; and it has been observed, by another writer, that Dr. Johnson, being strongly influenced by his political and religious principles, was inclined to treat, with the utmost severity, some of the productions of our best writers ; to which may be imputed that severity with which he censures the lyric performances of Gray. It is highly probable that no one poetical reader will universally subscribe to his decision, though all may admire his vast intuitive knowledge, and power of discrimination.

In the first copy of this exquisite Poem, Mr. Mason observes, the conclusion was different from that which the Author afterwards composed ; and though his after-thought was unquestionably the best, yet there is a pathetic melancholy in the four stanzas that were rejected, following, " With incense kindled at the Muses' flame," which highly claim preservation.

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe,
Than pow'r or genius e'er conspir'd to bless.

And thou, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led,
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate;

Hark ! how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease ;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room ;
But, through the cool sequester'd vale of life,
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.

In one instance, the Doctor's inconsistency, and deviation from his general character, does him honour. After having commented with the most rigid severity on the poetical works of Gray, as if conscious of the injustice done him, he seems to apologize by the following declaration, which concludes his Criticism, and shall conclude the Memoirs of our Author:

“ In the character of his Elegy (says Johnson) I rejoice and concur with the common reader ; for, by the common sense of readers, uncorrupted with literary

prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours. The *Church-yard* abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas beginning, *Yet e'en these bones*, are to me original; I have never seen the notions in any other place; yet he that reads them here, persuades himself that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

of

MR. THOMAS GRAY.

*Extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative
Court of Canterbury.*

IN the name of God. *Amen.* I Thomas Gray, of Pembroke-hall, in the University of Cambridge, being of sound mind, and in good health of body, yet ignorant how long these blessings may be indulged me, do make this my Last Will and Testament, in manner and form following. First, I do desire that my body may be deposited in the vault made by my late dear mother, in the church-yard of Stoke-Pogeis, near Slough, in Buckinghamshire, by her remains, in a coffin of seasoned oak, neither lined or covered;

and (unless it be very inconvenient) I could wish that one of my executors may see me laid in the grave, and distribute among such honest and industrious poor persons in the said parish, as he thinks fit, the sum of ten pounds in charity. Next, I give to George Williamson, Esq. my second cousin by the father's side, now of Calcutta in Bengal, the sum of five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, now standing in my name. I give to Anna Lady Goring, also my second cousin by the father's side, of the county of Sussex, five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, and a pair of large blue and white old Japan china jars. *Item*, I give to Mary Antrobus, of Cambridge, spinster, my second cousin by the mother's side, all that my freehold estate and house in the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, London, now let at the yearly rent of sixty-five pounds, and in the occupation of Mr. Norgeth, perfumer, provided that she pay out of the said rent, by half-yearly payments, to Mrs. Jane Olliffe, my aunt, of Cambridge, widow, the Sum of twenty pounds *per annum* during her natural life; and after the decease of the said Jane Olliffe, I give the said estate to the said Mary Antrobus, to have and to hold to her, her heirs and assigns for ever. Further, I bequeath to the said Mary Antrobus the sum of six hundred pounds new South-Sea annuities, now standing in the joint names of Jane Olliffe and Thomas Gray, but charged with the payment of five pounds *per annum* to Graves Stokely, of Stoke-Pogeis, in the county of Bucks; which sum of six hundred pounds, after the decease of

the said annuitant, does (by the will of Anna Rogers, my late aunt) belong solely and entirely to me, together with all overplus of interest in the meantime accruing. Further, if at the time of my decease there shall be any arrear of salary due to me from his Majesty's Treasury, I give all such arrears to the said Mary Antrobus. *Item*, I give to Mrs. Dorothy Comyns, of Cambridge, my other second cousin by the mother's side, the sums of six hundred pounds old South-Sea annuities, of three hundred pounds four *per cent*. Bank annuities consolidated, and of two hundred pounds three *per cent*. Bank annuities consolidated, all now standing in my name. I give to Richard Stonehewer, Esq. one of his Majesty's Commissioners of Excise, the sum of five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities; and I beg his acceptance of one of my diamond rings. I give to Dr. Thomas Wharton, of Old Park, in the Bishoprick of Durham, five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities; and desire him also to accept of one of my diamond rings. I give to my servant, Stephen Hemstead, the sum of fifty pounds reduced Bank annuities; and if he continues in my service to the time of my death, I also give him all my wearing apparel and linen. I give to my two cousins before mentioned, Mary Antrobus and Dorothy Comyns, all my plate, watches, rings, china-ware, bed-linen and table-linen, and the furniture of my chambers at Cambridge, not otherwise bequeathed, to be equally and amicably shared between them. I give to the Reverend Wm. Mason, Precentor of York, all my books, manuscripts,

coins, music, printed or written, and papers of all kinds, to preserve or destroy at his own discretion. And after my just debts, and the expences of my funeral are discharged, all the residue of my personal estate whatsoever, I do hereby give and bequeath to the said Reverend William Mason, and to the Reverend Mr. James Browne, President of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, to be equally divided between them ; desiring them to apply the sum of two hundred pounds to an use of charity, concerning which I have already informed them. And I do hereby constitute and appoint them, the said William Mason and James Browne, to be joint executors of this my last Will and Testament. And if any relation of mine, or other legatee, shall go about to molest or commence any suit against my said executors in the execution of their office, I do, as far as the law will permit me, hereby revoke and make void all such bequests or legacies as I had given to that person or persons, and give it to be divided between my said executors and residuary legatees, whose integrity and kindness I have so long experienced, and who can best judge of my true intention and meaning. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 2d day of July, 1770.

Thomas Gray.

CONTENTS.

L IFE of Gray	- - - - -	Page i
His last Will and Testament	- - - - -	xxix
Ode on the Spring	- - - - -	35
—on the Death of a favourite Cat	- - - - -	37
—on a distant Prospect of Eton College	- - - - -	39
—to Adversity	- - - - -	43
—The Progress of Poesy	- - - - -	45
—The Bard	- - - - -	52
—The Fatal Sisters	- - - - -	62
—The Descent of Odin	- - - - -	66
—The Triumph of Owen	- - - - -	70
—The Death of Hoel	- - - - -	72
—for Music	- - - - -	73
A long Story	- - - - -	78
Elegy written in a Country Church-yard	- - - - -	85
The Epitaph	- - - - -	90
Epitaph on Mrs. Mary Clarke	- - - - -	91
Translation from Statius	- - - - -	92
Gray on himself	- - - - -	93

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1911

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1911

1911

1911

1911

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS GRAY.

ODES.

ODE I.
ON THE SPRING.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long expecting flowers
And wake the purple year,
The attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring,
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,*

* a bank
O'er-canopy'd with luscious woodbine.

Shakesp. Midnight's Dream.

Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
 How vain the ardor of the crowd,
 How low, how little are the proud!
 How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care,
 The panting herds repose,
 Yet hark! how thro' the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows!
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honey'd spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon;*
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some shew their gaily gilded trim,
 Quick-glancing to the sun.†

To Contemplation's sober eye,‡
 Such is the race of man,
 And they that creep and they that fly
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the busy and the gay
 But flutter thro' life's little day,

* Nare per æstatem liquidam. *Virg. Georg. lib. 4.*

† —————sporting with quick glance,
 Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold.

Milton's Paradise Lost. b. 7.

‡ While insects from the threshold preach, &c.

Mr. Green in the Grotto. Dodsley's Miscellanies, vol. v. p. 161.

In Fortune's varying colours drest !
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
 Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
 The sportive kind reply,
 Poor Moralist! and what art thou?

A solitary fly !
 Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display :
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown,
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
 We frolic while 'tis May.

ODE II.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

'T'WAS on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dy'd
 The azure flow'rs that blow,
 Demurest of the tabby kind,
 The pensive Selima reclin'd,
 Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and em'rald eyes,
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd, but, 'midst the tide,
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream ;
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Thro' richest purple, to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize :
What female heart can gold despise :
What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumpt'ous maid ! with looks intent,
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between :
(Malignant Fate sat by and smil'd,)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd ;
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom or Susan heard :
A fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceiv'd,
Know one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold :
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters gold.



ODE III.

A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant Spires ! ye antique Tow'rs !
That crown the wat'ry glade
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's * holy shade ;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey ;
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers, among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way.

Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !
Ah fields belov'd in vain !
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !

* King Henry VI. founder of the College.

I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent * of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames ! for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?
The captive linnet which enthrall ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some, on earnest bus'ness bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint,
To sweeten liberty ;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

* And bees their honey redolent of spring.

Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,

Less pleasing when possest !

The tear forgot as soon as shed,

The sunshine of the breast ;

Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,

Wild wit, invention ever new,

And lively cheer of vigour born ;

The thoughtless day, the easy night,

The spirits pure, the slumbers light,

That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,

The little victims play !

No sense have they of ills to come,

Nor care beyond to-day ;

Yet see how all around 'em wait

The ministers of human fate,

And black Misfortune's baleful train !

Ah ! shew them where in ambush stand,

To seize their prey, the murd'rous band !

Ah ! tell them they are men.

These shall the fury passions tear,

The vultures of the mind,

Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,

And Shame, that skulks behind ;

Or pining Love shall waste their youth,

Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,

That inly gnaws the secret heart !

And Envy wan, and faded Care,

Grim-visag'd, comfortless Despair,

And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy :
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;
And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness * laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo ! in the vale of years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen :
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That ev'ry lab'ring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage ;
Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings ; all are men
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since Sorrow never comes too late,

* And madness laughing in his ireful mood.

Dryden's Fable of Pelemion and Arcite.

And Happiness too swiftly flies ?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

ODE IV.

TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best !
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain !
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpity'd and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind ;
Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore ;
What sorrow was thou badst her know,
And, from her own, she learnt to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
With Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.

Light they disperse ; and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe ;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in simple garb array'd,

Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,

With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend ;
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh ! gently on thy suppliant's head,

Dread Goddess ! lay thy chast'ning hand,
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,

Nor circled with thy vengeful band :
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess ! wear,

Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,

To soften, not to wound my heart :
The gen'rous spark extinct revive ;
Teach me to love and to forgive ;
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

ODE V.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY. Pindaric.

Advertisement.

When the Author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his Friends, to subjoin some few explanatory Notes, but he had too much respect for the Understanding of his Readers to take that Liberty.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre ! awake, *
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings ;
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take ;
The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign ;
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous see it pour ;
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

* Awake, my glory ! awake, lute and harp.

David's Psalms.

I. 2.

Oh ! Sov'reign * of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
 On Tracia's hills, the Lord of War
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,
 And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command :
 Perching on the sceptred hand †
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing ;
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee ‡ the voice, the dance obey,
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay !
 O'er Idalia's velvet green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day,
 With antic sports and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures :

* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent passions of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

† This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same Ode.

‡ Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet ;
To brisk notes of cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow-melting strains their queen's approach declare ;
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay :
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wings her easy way :
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young desire and purple light of love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await ! *
Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !
The fond complaint, my Song ! disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky,
Till down the eastern cliffs afar †
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

* To compensate the real or imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

† Or seen the morning's well-appointed star,
Come marching up the eastern hills afar.

Cowley.

II. 2.

In climes * beyond the Solar Road, †
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
 To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode ;
 And oft beneath the od'rous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers, wildly sweet,
 Their feather'd-cinctur'd chiefs and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame,
 Th' unconquerable mind and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep, ‡
 Isles that crown th' Ægean deep,
 Fields that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In ling'ring lab'rinth creep,

* Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and uncivilized nations ; its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it.— [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh Fragments ; the Lapland and American Songs, &c.]

† Extra anni solisque vias. *Virgil.*

Tutta loutana dal camin del sole. *Petrarch, canz. 2.*

‡ Progress of poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chancer was not unacquainted with the

How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute but to the voice of Anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around,
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound,
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains:
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Pow'r
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, Oh Albion! next thy sea encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling * laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year;

the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there: Spenser imitated the Italian writers, Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose, on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

* Shakespeare.

Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !
 This can unlock the gates of Joy,
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he * that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy,
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time : †
 The living throne, the sapphire-blaze, ‡
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw, but blasted with excess of light,
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
 Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two coursers of etherial race, §
 With necks in thunder cloth'd || and long resounding
 pace.

* Milton.

† ———flammantia moenia mundi. *Lucretius.*

‡ For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.
 And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was
 the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire
 stone. ———

This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord.
Ezekiel i. 20, 26, 28.

§ Meant to express the stately march and sounding
 energy of Dryden's rhymes.

|| Hast thou cloth'd his neck with thunder? *Job.*

III. 3.

Hark ! his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-ey'd Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn
 Thoughts that breathe and words that burn ; *
 But ah ! 'tis heard no more †—
 Oh, lyre divine ! what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now ; tho' he inherit
 Nor the pride nor ample pinion
 That the Theban eagle bear, ‡
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Thro' the azure deep of air,
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muses' ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun ;
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the good how far— but far above the great.

* Words that weep and tears that speak. *Cowley*.

† We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's Day ; for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason indeed of late days, has touched the true chords, and, with a masterly hand, in some of his chorusses—above all, in the last of Charactacus ;

Hark ! heard ye not yon footstep dread ? &c.

‡ Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight regardless of their noise.

ODE VI.

THE BARD. Pindaric.

Advertisement.

The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward I. when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

I. 1.

‘**R**UIN seize thee, ruthless King!
 ‘ Confusion on thy banners wait;
 ‘ Tho’ fann’d by conquest’s crimson wing,
 ‘ They mock the air with idle state.*
 ‘ Helm nor hauberk’s † twisted mail,
 ‘ Nor e’en thy virtues, tyrant! shall avail
 ‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears;
 ‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!’

* Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

Shakesp. King John.

† The heuberk was a texture of steel ringlets or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride *
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side †
 He wound with toilsome march his long array :
 Stout Gloster ‡ stood aghast in speechless trance :
 To arms! cry'd Mortimer, § and couch'd his quiv'ring
 lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Rob'd in the sable garb of Woe,
 With haggard eye the poet stood ;

* The crested adder's pride.

Dryden's Indian Queen.

† Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous track which the Welsh themselves call Cragianeryri : it included all the high lands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the Castle of Conway, built by King Edward I. says, *Adortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery* ; and Matthew of Westminster, [*ad an. 1283*] *Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi castrum forte.*

‡ Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

§ Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. They both were Lords Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

(Loose his beard, and hoary hair *
 Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air, †)
 And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 ' Hark how each giant oak and desert cave
 ' Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
 ' O'er thee, O King ! their hundred arms they wave,
 ' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
 ' Vocal no more, sing Cambria's fatal day,
 ' To high-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 ' That hush'd the stormy main ;
 ' Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 ' Mountains ! ye mourn in vain
 ' Modred, whose magic song
 ' Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
 ' On dreary Arvon's ‡ shore they lie,
 ' Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale ;
 ' Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail,
 ' The famish'd eagle § screams and passes by.

* The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are two of these paintings, both believed original ; one at Florence, the other at Paris.

† Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

‡ The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

§ Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to

' Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 ' Dear * as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 ' Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 ' Ye dy'd amidst your dying country's cries——
 ' No more I weep. They do not sleep;
 ' On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 ' I see them sit; they linger yet,
 ' Avengers of their native land;
 ' With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 ' And weave† with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

" Weave the warp and weave the woof,
 " The winding-sheet of Edward's race;
 " Give ample room and verge enough
 " The characters of hell to trace.
 " Mark the year, and mark the night
 " When Severn shall re-echo with affright

to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named, by the Welsh, Craigian eryri, or the Craggs of the Eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called the Eagle's Nest. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify, it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willoughby's Ornithol. published by Ray.]

* As dear to me as the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart— *Shakesp. Julius Cæsar.*

† See the Norwegian Ode that follows.

" The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,
 " Shrieks of an agonizing king ! *
 " She-wolf of France, † with unrelenting fangs
 " That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 " From thee ‡ be born who o'er thy country hangs
 " The scourge of heaven. What terrors round him
 wait !
 " Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
 " And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty victor, mighty lord,
 " Low on his fun'ral couch he lies ! §
 " No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 " A tear to grace his obsequies !
 " Is the sable warrior || fled ?
 " Thy son is gone ; he rests among the dead.
 " The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born,
 " Gone to salute the rising morn :

* Edward II. cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle.

† Isabel of France, Edward II.'s adulterous queen.

‡ Triumphs of Edward III. in France.

§ Death of that king abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

|| Edward the Black Prince died some time before his father.

“ Fair laughs the morn, * and soft the zephyr blows,
“ While proudly riding o’er the azure realm,
“ In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
“ Youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm,
“ Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s sway,
“ That hush’d in grim repose expects his ev’ning prey.

II. 3.

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl, †
“ The rich repast prepare ;
“ Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast,
“ Close by the regal chair
“ Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
“ A baleful smile upon the baffled guest.
“ Heard ye the din of battle bray, ‡
“ Lance to lance and horse to horse ?
“ Long years of havock urge their destin’d course,
“ And thro’ the kindred squadrons mow their way.

* Magnificence of Richard II.’s reign. See Froissard and other cotemporary writers.

† Richard II. (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop, and the confederate Lords, in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by St. Piers of Exon is of much later date.

‡ Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

" Ye 'Tow'rs of Julius ! * London's lasting shame !
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 " Revere his consort's † faith, his father's ‡ fame,
 " And spare the meek usurper's § holy head.
 " Above, below, the Rose of snow, ||
 " Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread ;
 " The bristled Boar ¶ in infant gore
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 " Now, brothers ! bending o'er th' accursed loom,
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof ; the thread is spun)
 " Half of thy heart ** we consecrate ;
 " (The web is wove ; the work is done.)"

* Henry VI. George Duke of Clarence, Edward V. Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

† Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

‡ Henry V.

§ Henry VI. very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

|| The white and red Roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

¶ The silver Boar was the badge of Richard III. whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.

** Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest
of

' Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
 ' Leave me unblest'd, unpity'd here to mourn.
 ' In yon bright tract, that fires the western skies,
 ' They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 ' But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height,
 ' Descending slow, their glitt'ring skirts unrol !
 ' Visions of glory ! spare my aching sight,
 ' Ye unborn ages crowd not on my soul !
 ' No more our long-lost Arthur * we bewail :
 ' All hail, ye genuine Kings, † Britannia's issue, hail ! ‡

III. 2.

' Girt with many a baron bold
 ' Sublime their starry fronts they rear,
 ' And gorgeous dames and statesmen old
 ' In bearded majesty appear ;

of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

* It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairyland, and should return again to reign over Britain.

† Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island, which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

‡ Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, " And thus

-
- ‘ In the midst a form divine,
 ‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line,
 ‘ Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 ‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.
 ‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air !
 ‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play !
 ‘ Hear from the grave, great Taliessin ! * hear !
 ‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 ‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 ‘ Waves in the eye of heav’n her many-colour’d wings.

III. 3.

- ‘ The verse adorn again
 ‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love, †
 ‘ And Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
 ‘ In buskin’d measures move ‡
 ‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 ‘ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
-

“ thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no
 “ less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than
 “ with the tartness of her princelie checkes.”

* Taliessin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth
 century. His works are still preserved, and his memory
 held in high veneration among his countrymen.

† Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

Spenser's Poem to The Fairy Queen.

‡ Shakespeare.

' A voice * as of the cherub-choir
 ' Gales from blooming Eden bear,
 ' And distant warblings † lessen on my ear,
 ' That lost in long futurity expire.
 ' Fond impious man ! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud
 ' Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day ?
 ' To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 ' And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 ' Enough with me : with joy I see
 ' The different doom our Fates assign !
 ' Be thine despair and sceptred care ;
 ' To triumph and to die are mine.'

He spoke, and, headlong from the mountain's height,
 Deep, in the roaring tide, he plung'd to endless night.

* Milton.

† The succession of Poets after Milton's time.

ODE VII.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

From the Norse Tongue.

P R E F A C E.

In the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of Sygtryg with the silken beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law, Brian, king of Dublin. The earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sygtryg was in danger of a total defeat ; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of Brian, their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle) a native of Caithness, in Scotland, saw, at a distance, a number of persons on horse-back riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures, resembling women : they were all employed about a loom ; and as they wove they sung the following dreadful song, which, when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and each taking her portion, galloped six to the north and as many to the south.

NOW the storm begins to low'r,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)

Iron-sleet of arrowy show'r*

Hurtles † in the darken'd air.

* How quick they wheel'd, and flying, behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy show'r—— *Milt. Par. Reg.*

† The noise of battle hurtled in the air. *Shak. Jul. Cæs.*

Note—The Valk vriur were female divinities, servants of Odin (or Wodin) in the Gothic mythology. Their
name

Glitt'ring lances are the loom
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soilder's doom,
Orkney's woe and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made.)
And the weights that play below
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles dipp'd in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along ;
Sword that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black, terrific maid !
Sangrida and Hilda see,
Join the wayward work to aid ;
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set
Pikes must shiver, jav'lins sing,
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,
Hauberk clash, and helmet ring.

name signifies *Chusers of the Slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands, and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valkalia, (the Hall of Odin, or Paradise of the Brave,) where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

(Weave the crimson web of war)

Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of Fate we tread,
Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula and Geir, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill and ours to spare :
Spite of danger he shall live ;
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They whom once the desert beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound :
Fate demands a nobler head ;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin * weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see ;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality !

* Ireland.

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun :
Sisters, weave the web of death :
Sisters, cease ; the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands !
Songs of joy, and triumph sing ;
Joy to the victorious bands,
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal ; thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song ;
Scotland ! thro' each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters ! hence with spurs of speed ;
Each her thund'ring falchion wield ;
Each bestride her sable steed :
Hurry, hurry, to the field.

ODE VIII.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

From the Norse Tongue.

UPROSE the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed ;
Down the yawning steep he rode
That leads to Hela's * drear abode.
Him the Dog of Darkness spy'd ;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd :
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow and fangs that grin,
And long pursues with fruitless yell
The father of the pow'rful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.
Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate,

* Nifheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle : over it presided Hela, the goddess of Death.

Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid,
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme,
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead,
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

Proph. What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

Odin. A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know:
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

Proph. Mantling in the goblet see
The pure beverage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is given;
Pain can reach the sons of heav'n!

Unwilling I my lips unclose ;
Leave me, leave me to repose.

Odin. Once again my call obey :
Prophetess ! arise and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate ?

Proph. In Hoder's hand the hero's doom ;
His brother sends him to the tomb,
Now my weary lips I close ;
Leave me, leave me to repose.

Odin. Prophetess ! my spell obey ;
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt ?

Proph. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the fun'ral pile.
Now my weary lips I close ;
Leave me, leave me to repose.

Odin. Yet awhile my call obey :
Prophetess ! awake and say,
What virgins these in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils that float in air ?

Tell me whence their sorrows rose,
Then I leave thee to repose.

Proph. Ha ! no traveller art thou ;
King of Men, I know thee now ;
Mightiest of a mighty line——

Odin. No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, no prophetess of good,
But mother of the giant-brood !

Proph. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall enquirer come
To break my iron sleep again
Till Lok * has burst his tenfold chain ;
Never till substantial Night
Has re-assum'd her ancient right,
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

* Lok is the evil being, who continues in chains till the *twilight of the gods* approaches, when he shall break his bonds ; the human-race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear, the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies ; even Odin himself, and his kindred deities, shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see *Introduction a l'Histoire de Danemarc, par Monsieur Mallat*, 1755, 4to ; or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and entitled *Northern Antiquities*, in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.

ODE IX.

THE TRIUMPH OF OWEN.

A Fragment.

Advertisement.

Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the Principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120: this battle was near forty years afterwards.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong,
Fairest flow'r of Rod'rick's stem,
Gwyneth's * shield and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours,
Lord of every regal art,
Lib'ral hand and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came ;
This the force of Eirin hiding ;
Side by side as proudly riding
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin † plows her wat'ry way ;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war ;

* North Wales.

† Denmark.

Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The Dragou son * of Mona stands ;
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest :
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din,
Talmalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Meinai rolls his flood,
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn ;
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there ;
Marking, with indignant eye,
Fear to stop, and shame to fly :
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair, and honourable Death.

* * * * *

* The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallador, which all his descendants wore on their banners.

ODE X.

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

*From the Welsh of Aneurim, styled the Monarch
of the Bards.*

He flourished about the Time of Taliessin,

A. D. 570.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage, and wild affright,
Upon Deira's squadrons hurl'd,
To rush and sweep them from the world!
Too, too secure in youthful pride,
By them my friend, my Hoel, dy'd,
Great Cian's son ; of Madoc old,
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold ;
Alone in Nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd, and had the lovely maid.

To Cattræth's vale, in glitt'ring row,
Twice two hundred warriors go :
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link :
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.

Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn,
 But none from Cattræth's vale return,
 Save Aeron brave, and Conan strong,
 (Bursting thro' the bloody throng)
 And I, the meanest of them all,
 That live to weep, and sing their fall.

ODE XI.

FOR MUSIC.

*Performed in the Senate House, Cambridge, July 1,
 1769, at the Installation of his Grace Augustus
 Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of
 the University.*

I.

“**H**ENCE, avaunt ('tis holy ground)
 “ Comus and his midnight crew,
 “ And Ignorance with looks profound,
 “ And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
 “ Mad Sedition's cry profane,
 “ Servitude that hugs her chain,
 “ Nor in these consecrated bow'rs,
 “ Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in flow'rs;
 “ Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
 “ Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
 “ While bright-ey'd Science watches round:
 “ Hence, away! 'tis holy ground.”

D

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay ;
There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few whom Genius gave to shine
Thro' ev'ry unborn age and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they,
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy,
To bless the place where on their op'ning soul
First the genuine ardor stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III.

" Ye brown o'er-arching groves !
" That Contemplation loves,
" Where willowy Camus lingers with delight,
" Oft at the blush of dawn
" I trod your level lawn,
" Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
" In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
" With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melan-
" choly."

IV.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth,
 With solemn steps and slow,
 High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
 And mitred fathers, in long order go :
 Great Edward with the lilies on his brow *
 From haughty Gallia torn,
 And sad Chatillon,† on her bridal morn,
 That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare,‡
 And Anjou's Heroine,§ and the paler Rose,||
 The rival of her crown, and of her woes,
 And either Henry ¶ there.

* Edward III. who added the *Fleur de Lys* of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

† Maria de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, Comte de St. Paul in France, of whom tradition says, that her husband, Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke-college or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

‡ Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward I. Hence the poet gives her the epithet of princely. She founded Clare-hall.

§ Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. foundress of Queen's-college. The poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in a former Ode.

|| Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward IV. (hence called the paler Rose, as being of the house of York.) She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

¶ Henry VI. and VIII. the former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity-college.

The murder'd saint and the majestic lord,
 That broke the bonds of Rome.
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
 Their human passions now no more,
 Save charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bade those awful fanes and turrets rise
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come ;
 And thus they speak in soft accord
 The liquid language of the skies :

V.

" What is grandeur, what is power ?
 " Heavier toil, superior pain.
 " What the bright reward we gain ?
 " The grateful memory of the good.
 " Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,
 " The bee's collected treasure sweet,
 " Sweet Music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
 " The still small voice of gratitude."

VI.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud,
 The venerable Marg'ret * see !
 " Welcome my noble son !" she cries aloud,
 " To this thy kindred train and me :

* Countess of Richmond and Derby, the mother of Henry VII. foundress of St. John's and Christ's colleges.

“ Pleas’d in thy lineaments we trace
“ A Tudor’s fire, a Beaufort’s grace.
“ Thy lib’ral heart, thy judging eye,
“ The flow’r unheeded shall descry,
“ And bid it round heaven’s altars shed
“ The fragrance of its blushing head ;
“ Shall raise from earth the latent gem
“ To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

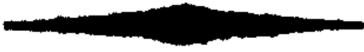
“ Lo ! Granta waits to lead her blooming band ;
“ Nor obvious, nor obtrusive, she
“ No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings,
“ Nor dares with courtly tongue refin’d
“ Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :
“ She reveres herself and thee,
“ With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
“ The laureate wreath * that Cecil wore she brings,
“ And to thy just thy gentle hand
“ Submits the fasces of her sway ;
“ While spirits blest above and men below,
“ Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor ; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

* Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.

VIII.

" Thro' the wild waves, as they roar,
 " With watchful eye, and dauntless mien,
 " Thy steady course of honour keep,
 " Nor fear the rocks nor seek the shore :
 " The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
 " And gilds the horrors of the deep."


 MISCELLANIES.

A LONG STORY.

Advertisement.

MR. GRAY's Elegy, previous to its publication, was handed about in MS. and had, amongst other admirers, the Lady Cobham, who resided in the mansion-house at Stoke Pogeis. The performance inducing her to wish for the Author's acquaintance, Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at her house, undertook to introduce her to it. These two ladies waited upon the Author at his aunt's solitary habitation, where he at that time resided, and not finding him at home, they left a card behind them. Mr. Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit ; and as the beginning of this intercourse bore some appearance of romance, he gave the humourous and lively account of it which the Long Story contains.

IN Britain's isle, no matter where,
 An ancient pile of building stands ; *
 The Huntingdons and Hattons there
 Employ'd the pow'r of Fairy hands.

* The mansion-house at Stoke-Pogeis, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The style of building which

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each pannel in atchievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper * led the brawls :
The seal and maces danc'd before him.

His bushy-beard and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,
Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning,
Shame of the versifying tribe !
Your hist'ry whither are you spinning ?
Can you do nothing but describe ?

A house there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of warriors, † not in buff,
But rustling in their silks aud tissues.

we now call Queen Elizabeth's, is here admirably described, both with regard to its beauties and defects ; and the third and fourth stanzas delineate the fantastic manners of her time with equal truth and humour. The house formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon and the family of Hatton.

* Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing.—Brawls were a sort of a figure-dance then in vogue, and probably deemed as elegant as our modern cotillons, or still more modern quadrilles.

† The reader is already apprized who these ladies were ;
the

The first came *cap-a-pee* from France,
Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other amazon kind heav'n
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire !
But Cobham had the polish giv'n,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her ;
Melissa is her *nom du guerre* ;
Alas ! who would not wish to please her :

With bonnet blue and capuchin,
And aprons long, they hid their armour,
And veil'd their weapons, bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. P—t, *
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked imp they call a Poet.

the two descriptions are prettily contrasted ; and nothing can be more happily turned than the compliment to Lady Cobham in the eighth stanza.

* I have been told that this gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Gray's in the country, was much displeased at the liberty here taken with his name, yet surely without any great reason.

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dry'd up the cows and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermin.

The heroines undertook the task ;
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry scurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber.

Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books, a huge imbroglio !
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creas'd like dog's-ears in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops,
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says ; (who will believe)
But that they left the door a-jar,
Where safe, and laughing in his sleeve,
He heard the distant din of war ?

Short was his joy : he little knew
The power of magic was no fable ;
Out of the window wisk they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle
The Poet felt a strange disorder ;
Transparent birdlime form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The pow'rful pot-hooks did so move him,
That will he nill to the great house
He went as if the devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The godhead would have back'd his quarrel ;
But with a blush, on recollection,
Own'd that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was sat, the culprit there ;
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping,
The lady Janes and Joans repair
And from the gallery stand peeping :

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Styack * has often seen the sight)
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry ;

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd
Sour visages enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour once that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary !

The peeress comes : the audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission ;
She court'sies, as she takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

The Bard with many an artful fib
Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Disprov'd the arguments of squib, †
And all that Groom ‡ could urge against him.

* The Housekeeper.

† The Steward.

‡ Groom of the chamber.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen ;
A sudden fit of ague shook him ;
He stood as mute as poor Macleane. *

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
“ How in the park, beneath an old tree,
“ (Without design to hurt the butter,
“ Or any malice to the poultry,)

“ He once or twice had penn’d a sonnet,
“ Yet hop’d that he might save his bacon ;
“ Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
“ He ne’er was for a conj’rer taken.”

The ghostly prudes, with hagged † face,
Already had condemn’d the sinner :
My Lady rose, and with a grace——
She smil’d, and bid him come to dinner. ‡

* A famous highwayman, hanged the week before.

† Hagged, *i.e.* the face of a witch or hag. The epithet *hagard* has been sometimes mistaken as conveying the same idea, but it means a very different thing, viz. wild and farouche, and is taken from an unreclaimed hawk, called an Hagard.

‡ Here the story finishes, the exclamation of the ghosts, which follows, is characteristic of the Spanish manners of the age when they are supposed to have lived ; and the 500 stanzas said to be lost, may be imagined to contain the remainder of their long-winded expostulation.

“ Jesu-Maria ! Madam Bridget,
 “ Why, what can the Viscountess mean !”
 Cry’d the square hoods, in woeful fidget;
 “ The times are alter’d quite and clean !

“ Decorum’s turn’d to mere civility !
 “ Her air and all her manners shew it :
 “ Commend me to her affability ;
 “ Speak to a Commoner and Poet !”

[Here 500 stanzas are lost.]

And so God save our noble king,
 And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
 That to eternity would sing,
 And keep my lady from her rubbers.

ELEGY.

Written in a Country Church-yard.

THE cerfew tolls * the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o’er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

* —squilla di lontano

Che paila’l giorno pianger, che si muore.

Dante Purgat. l. 8.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envy'd kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud ! impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad ; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, *
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

* This part of the Elegy differs from the first copy. The following stanza was excluded with the other alteration.

Hark ! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply,
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes * live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
" Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
" To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
" That wreaths its old fantastic root so high,
" His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
" And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

* Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, et due begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner dropo noi pien di faville.

Petrarch, Son. 169.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 " Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
 " Now drooping, woeful wan ! like one forlorn,
 " Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

 " One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 " Along the heath,* and near his fav'rite tree ;
 " Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 " Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he !

 " The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 " Slow thro' the churchway-path we saw him borne :
 " Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 " Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn." †

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

* Mr. Gray forgot, when he displaced, by the preceding stanza, his beautiful description of the evening haunt, the reference to it which he had here left :

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
 While o'er the heath we hy'd, our labour done,
 Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,
 With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

† In the early editions the following lines were added, but the parenthesis was thought too long :

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
 By hands unseen, are show'rs of vi'lets found ;
 The readbreast loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear ;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose*)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

EPITAPH

ON MRS. MARY CLARKE. †

LO! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps ;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell :
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death, resign'd,
She felt the wounds she left behind.
Her infant image here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe,
Whom what awaits while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days ?

* —Paventosa speme. *Petrarch*, Son. 114.

† This lady, the wife of Dr. Clarke, physician at Epsom, died April 27th, 1757, and is buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.

A pang, to secret sorrow dear,
A sigh, an unavailing tear,
Till time shall every grief remove,
With life, with mem'ry, and with love.



TRANSLATION FROM STATIUS.

THIRD in the labours of the disk came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon ;
Artful and strong he pois'd the well-known weight,
By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mnestheus' fate, }
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vig'rous arm he try'd before he flung,
Brac'd all his nerves and ev'ry sinew strung,
Then with a tempest's whirl and wary eye,
Pursu'd his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high ;
The orb on high, tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory :
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Trembles ere it precipitates its fall ;
The pond'rous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock,
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar ;

'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulysses 'scap'd his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay,
A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.



GRAY OF HIMSELF.

TOO poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune;
Could love and could hate, so 'twas thought something odd;
No very great wit, he believ'd in a God:
A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left church and state to Charles Townshend and Squire.

FINIS.

