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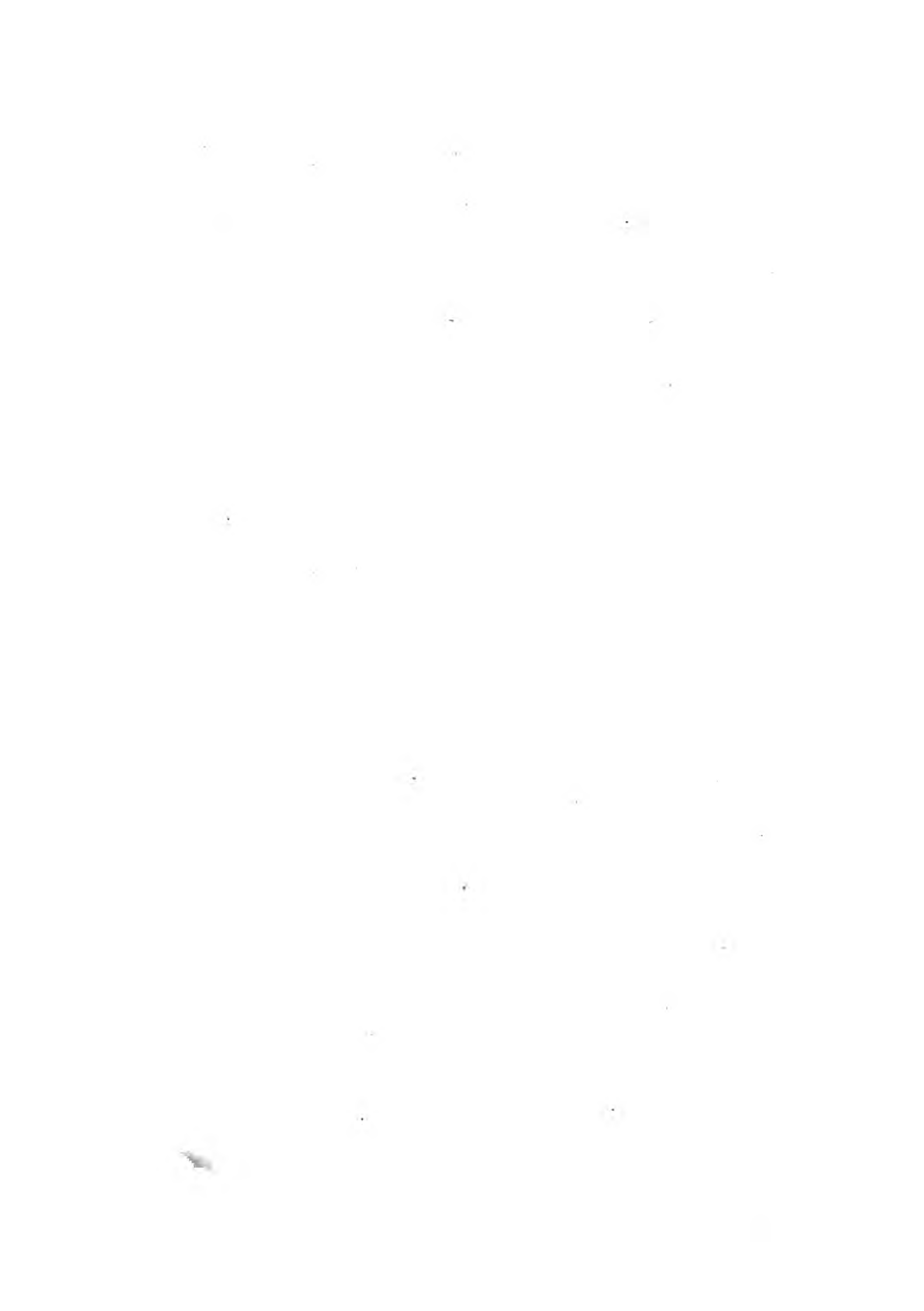
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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
THOMAS GRAY, LL.B.

Late Professor of Modern Languages and History in the University of Cambridge:

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF
HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

THE WHOLE
CAREFULLY REVISED; AND ILLUSTRATED BY NOTES.

TO WHICH ARE ANNEXED,

POEMS

ADDRESSED TO, AND IN MEMORY OF,

MR. GRAY;

SEVERAL OF WHICH WERE NEVER BEFORE COLLECTED.

SECOND EDITION,
CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

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Collection of Mr. Gray's Works.]

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PREFACE.



THE Poems of Mr. GRAY are here presented to the Public in a more elegant style of Typography than they ever before assumed ; but this, it is true, were a very small advantage, if unaccompanied by others better entitled to consideration.

Of Poetry which has incurred the imputation of being difficult to comprehend, it seemed not an ill-bestowed

labour to revise and establish the punctuation. The Edition by Mr. Mason, in Four Volumes, was printed at a provincial Press, and its punctuation is certainly far from accurate; nor can it be discerned, that much attention has been paid to this particular by subsequent Editors. To supply this defect, my best judgment and closest attention have been employed.

It had often occurred to me, that many persons of limited education had been deterred by *imaginary difficulties* from entering with spirit on the perusal of Mr. Gray's Poems; and that much of this was attributable to the uniform manner in which all his Stanzas had

hitherto been printed, however various in metre ; without any of those *indentions* which are so agreeable to the sight, and so properly adapted to the purpose of anticipating in the Reader's mind the change of measure. Through every edition heretofore published, this defect (if it be right to call it so) has been continued. In the present Volume, however, the irregular lines of the Odes, and other alternate verses, are printed with the indentions alluded to, and which may be considered at least as a relief to the eye, if not an assistance to the understanding.

Prefixed or subjoined to the greater number of the Poems, is some explanation of the subject or occasion on which

they were respectively written, or some observation illustrative of their character or tendency.

The *Ode for Music*, performed at the Installation of the Duke of Grafton as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, is printed (to give the reader an idea of its musical arrangement) with the divisions of Air, Recitative, Chorus, &c. adopted by Dr. Randall, the Composer.

To *The Descent of Odin*, and *The Triumphs of Owen*, are appended literal Versions of the *original Poems*, of which Mr. Gray's are imitations*.

* See pp. 68, and 72.

In the *Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard*, are inserted, among the Notes, some Stanzas originally designed as a part of the Poem, but omitted by the Author when he published it.

Among the POSTHUMOUS PIECES of Mr. Gray, is the *Latin Fragment on the Gaurus*; to which is subjoined (for the convenience of the mere English Reader) a Translation that appeared some years since in a respectable Periodical Publication, and the execution of which does great credit to the talents of the unknown Writer.

With the same view to the ease of the unlearned Reader, there are annexed to the *Latin Ode, written in the Al-*

bum of the Grand Chartreuse, two Imitations, in different measures ; for the latter of which the Reader is indebted to the pen of the late William Seward, Esq.

Beside the Posthumous Pieces and Fragments that have been usually published as Mr. Gray's, I have adopted SIX POEMS, hitherto scattered in other publications, but well known to have been written by the same Author*.

After these are inserted several POEMS AND FRAGMENTS ADDRESSED TO, OR WRITTEN IN MEMORY OF MR. GRAY ; only two of which were ever before collected.

* See pp. 123. 180—185.

With respect to the NOTES, which it is hoped will be found neither superabundant nor unsatisfactorily concise, they include all Mr. Gray's own illustrations, together with remarks selected from Mr. Mason, Mr. Scott, Dr. Johnson, and several anonymous commentators ; and if these be found to have been culled with the necessary degree of judgment and discrimination, it is humbly presumed, that the occasional remarks of the Editor will not be found useless nor impertinent.

It has been the common practice to print the Annotations, *en masse*, at the end of the Poems ; and it is allowed, that where the former are so extremely numerous and extensive as to unfit

them for accompanying the text which refers to them, that method certainly becomes expedient. It has here, however, been found possible to insert the notes at the feet of the pages to which they respectively belong, without encumbering the text in any unsightly manner. If a reader have either not time or not inclination to refer to these notes as he proceeds, he can easily pass them over: but if he read with deliberation, and do not think it time mis-spent to assist his understanding by a reference to local or critical explications, these are certainly referred to at the foot of the page with more pleasure, because with less trouble, than by turning on every trivial occasion to the end of the book.

To this SECOND EDITION I have been enabled to give the advantage of more accurate arrangement ; as well as of some useful corrections, additions, and illustrations ; in accomplishing which, I have been greatly assisted by the kind suggestions of ISAAC REED, Esq. whose liberality, I am proud to own, has on several other literary occasions made me his debtor.

By another respected friend (JOHN NICHOLS, Esq.) I was favoured with the Sketch from which the PORTRAIT of Mr. ETOUGH has been engraven. This had long been a *desideratum* in the Republic of Letters, having hitherto been confined to the cabinets of the curious.

To conclude: It may with great truth be said, that the present Collection comprises more poems of Mr. Gray, and miscellanies concerning him, than any heretofore published ; and if the manner in which the whole has been arranged and digested be found deserving of public encouragement, the Editor will be well content to share the merits of the Volume with a correct and elegant Printer.

S. J.

SOME ACCOUNT
OF
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
MR. THOMAS GRAY.

OF a life so sedentary and retired as that passed by the gentleman whose works are here presented to the Reader, the incidents can scarcely be expected to comprise any thing uncommon or remarkable: yet a Reader, who is pleased with the productions of the Poet, very naturally desires to know something of the man.

The parents of our Author were respectable citizens of London. His grandfather had been a merchant of some eminence; his father, Mr. Philip Gray, exercised the trade of a money-scrivener; but, being of a shy and indolent temper,

rather diminished than increased his paternal fortune. He had many children, of whom THOMAS, the subject of this narrative, was the fifth born. All, except himself, died in their infancy; and it has been said, that he narrowly escaped suffocation (owing to too great a fullness of blood, which destroyed the rest), and would certainly have been cut off as early, had not his mother, with a courage remarkable for one of her sex, and especially for so very tender a parent, ventured to open a vein with her own hand, which instantly removed the paroxysm.

According to Mr. Mason, our Poet was born in Cornhill, *December** 26, 1716, and educated at Eton school, under the care of Mr. Antrobus, his maternal uncle, who was at that time assistant to Dr. George, and also a fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to which place Mr. Gray removed, and was there admitted a pensioner in the year 1734.

* Dr. Johnson, I know not on what authority, gives as the date of Mr. Gray's birth, *November* 26, 1716.

While at school he had contracted an intimacy with Mr. Horace Walpole*, and Mr. Richard West†.

The latter of these gentlemen removed from Eton to Christ Church, Oxford, about the same time that Mr. Gray left that place for Cambridge; and from this time an epistolary correspondence was carried on between them.

Mr. Gray's first attempt in English verse, as Mr. Mason tells us, was a *Translation from Statius*‡, in May 1736, which is much in the spirited manner of Dryden.

In April 1738, Mr. West left Christ Church for the Inner Temple, to study the law; and Mr. Gray removed from Peterhouse to Town in the September following, intending also to adopt that

* The late Earl of Orford.

† Son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. His maternal grandfather was the famous Dr. Burnet.

‡ See p. 110.

profession in the same society; for which purpose his father had already either hired or bought him a set of chambers. But on an invitation which Mr. Walpole gave him to be his companion in his travels, this intention was laid aside for the present, and never after put in execution.

With Mr. Walpole he set out in March 1739. They wandered through France into Italy; and his letters, which were published by Mr. Mason, contain a pleasing account of many parts of their journey, enlivened with such glowing descriptions and observations as might be naturally expected from such a genius on classic ground, and some highly-finished pieces of Latin poetry composed on the spot.

During his residence in Italy, Pope Clement XII. died, and the amiable Benedict XIV. was elected, of whom, in one of Mr. Gray's letters, we find the following little speech to the Cardinals in the Conclave, while they were undetermined about an election: "Most eminent Lords, here

“ are three Bolognese, of different characters, but
 “ all equally proper for the Popedom. If it be
 “ your pleasure to pitch upon a saint, there is
 “ Cardinal Gotti; if upon a politician, there is
 “ Aldrovandi; if upon a booby (*coglioni*), here am
 “ I.” But to return:

“ Unequal friendships,” says Dr. Johnson, “ are easily dissolved.” At Rheggio a disagreement arose between Gray and Mr. Walpole, originating, we are told, in the difference of their tempers (the former curious, pensive, and philosophical; the latter gay, lively, and, of course, inconsiderate); but the chief blame of this quarrel Mr. Walpole, who survived Mr. Gray, generously took to himself; and it gives us satisfaction to say, that a lasting reconciliation took place about three years after the dispute. The contention, however, was at the time so sharp between them, that, like Paul and Barnabas, *they departed asunder one from the other*; and Mr. Gray continued his journey, in a manner suitable to his small fortune, with only an occasional *laquais de voyage*,

through Padua, Verona, Milan, Turin, and Lyons, going out of his way to make a second visit to the Grande Chartreuse in Dauphiny, where he enriched the Album of the Fathers with an *Alcaic Ode** worthy of the Augustan age, and marked with all the finest touches of his melancholy muse. He reached London, September 1, 1741.

On his arrival he found his father's constitution almost worn out by the very severe attacks of the gout, to which he had been for many years subject: and, indeed, the next return of that disorder was fatal to him. He died the 6th of November following, at the age of 65.

It has been before observed, that Mr. Philip Gray was of a reserved and indolent temper; he was also morose, unsocial, and obstinate; defects which, if not inherent in his disposition, might probably arise from his bodily complaints. His indolence had led him to neglect the business of his profession; and his obstinacy, to build a

* See p. 119.

country-house at Wanstead, without acquainting either his wife or son with the design (to which he knew they would be very averse) till it was executed. This building, which he undertook late in life, was attended with very considerable expence, which might almost be called so much money thrown away ; for, after his death, it was found necessary to sell the house for two thousand pounds less than its original cost*. Mr. Gray, therefore, at this time found his patrimony so small, that it would by no means enable him to prosecute the study of the law, without becoming burdensome to his Mother and Aunt. These two sisters had for many years carried on a trade separate from that of Mrs. Gray's husband†; by which having acquired what would support them decently for the rest of their lives, they left off business soon after his death, and retired to Stoke, near Windsor, to the house of their other Sister, Mrs. Rogers, lately become a

* It was purchased by Mr. Alderman Bull.

† They kept a kind of India warehouse on Cornhill, under the joint names of Gray and Antrobus.

widow. Both of them wished Mr. Gray to follow the profession for which he had been originally intended, and would undoubtedly have contributed all in their power to enable him to do it with ease and conveniency. He, however, though he had taken his resolution of declining it, was too delicate to hurt two persons for whom he had so tender an affection, by peremptorily declaring his real intentions; he therefore changed, or pretended to change, the line of that study; and, accordingly, the latter end of the subsequent year he went to Cambridge to take his Bachelor's Degree in Civil Law.

The narrowness of his circumstances, however, was not the only thing that distressed him at this period. He had, as we have seen, lost the friendship of Mr. Walpole abroad. He had also lost much time in his travels; a loss which application could not easily retrieve, when so severe and laborious a study as that of the Common Law was to be the object of it; and he well knew that, whatever improvement he might have made in

this interval, either in taste or science, such improvement would stand him in little stead with regard to his present situation and exigencies. Yet this was not all: His other friend, Mr. West, he found, on his return, oppressed by sickness and a load of family misfortunes. These the sympathizing heart of Mr. Gray made his own. He did all in his power (for he was now with him in London) to soothe the sorrows of his friend, and to try to alleviate them by every office of the purest and most perfect affection: But his cares were vain. The distresses of Mr. West's mind had already too far affected a body, from the first, weak and delicate. His health declined daily; he, therefore, left town in March 1742, and, for the benefit of the air, went to David Mitchell's, Esq. at Pope's, near Hatfield, Hertfordshire; at whose house he died the 1st of June following.

In this year Mr. Gray seems to have applied himself seriously to Poetry; for he produced his *Ode to Spring**, his *Prospect of Eton College*†, and

* See p. 3. † See p. 10.

his *Ode to Adversity**. He began likewise a Latin Poem *De Principiis Cogitandi*†, and a tragedy on the subject of *Nero and Agrippina*‡.

It may be collected from the narrative of Mr. Mason, that Gray's prime ambition was to have excelled in Latin Poetry; and Dr. Johnson expresses a wish that he had prosecuted that design.

He now lived only at Peterhouse, where he cultivated his mind, and enlarged his views, without any other purpose than of improving and amusing himself, when Mr. Mason, being elected a Fellow of Pembroke Hall, brought him a companion, who was afterwards to be his Editor.

Of Mr. Mason's acquaintance with Mr. Gray the former gentleman gives us an account, from which we extract the following passage: "It was
" not till about the year 1747 that I had the hap-

* See p. 17. † See p. 138. ‡ See p. 150.

“ piness of being introduced to the acquaintance
 “ of Mr. Gray. Some very juvenile imitations
 “ of Milton’s juvenile poems, which I had written
 “ a year or two before (and of which the Monody
 “ on Mr. Pope’s death was the principal*), he
 “ then, at the request of one of my friends, was
 “ so obliging as to revise. The same year, on
 “ account of a dispute which had happened be-
 “ tween the masters and fellows of Pembroke
 “ Hall, I had the honour of being nominated by
 “ the Fellows to fill one of the vacant Fellow-
 “ ships†. I was at this time scholar of St. John’s
 “ College, and Batchelor of Arts, personally un-
 “ known to the gentlemen who favoured me so
 “ highly; therefore, that they gave me this mark
 “ of distinction and preference was greatly owing

“ *The other two were in imitation of ‘l’Allegro & il Penseroso,’
 “ and intitled, ‘Il Bellicoso & il Pacifico.’ The latter of these I was
 “ persuaded to revise and publish in the Cambridge Collection of
 “ Verses on the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748. The former has since
 “ got into a Miscellany printed by G. Pearch, from the indiscretion, I
 “ suppose, of some acquaintance who had a copy of it.”

“ †Though nominated in 1747, I was not elected Fellow till Fe-
 “ bruary, 1749. The Master refused his assent, claiming a negative ;
 “ the affair was therefore not compromised till after an ineffectual liti-
 “ gation of two years.”

“ to Mr. Gray, who was well acquainted with several of that society, and to Dr. Heberden.”

From the winter of 1742, to the day of his death, Mr. Gray's principal residence was at Cambridge. He indeed, during the lives of his mother and aunts, spent his summer vacation at Stoke; and, after they died, he made little tours on visits to his friends in different parts of the country: But he was seldom absent from college any considerable time, except between the years 1759 and 1762; when, on the opening of the British Museum, he took lodgings in Southampton-Row, in order to have recourse to the Harleian and other Manuscripts there deposited, from which he made several curious extracts*.

It may seem strange, that a person who had conceived an early dislike to Cambridge, and who was now returned to it with this prejudice rather

* These, amounting in all to a tolerably-sized folio, passed into Mr. Walpole's hands, who printed the Speech of Sir Thomas Wyatt from them in the second number of his *Miscellaneous Antiquities*.

augmented, should, when he was free to choose, make that very place his principal abode for near thirty years: But this Mr. Mason thinks may be easily accounted for from his love of books, (ever his ruling passion) and the straitness of his circumstances, which prevented the gratification of it; for to a man who could not conveniently purchase even a small library, what situation so eligible as that which affords free access to a number of large ones? This reason also accounts for another singular fact. During his residence at Stoke, in the spring and summer of the year 1742, he wrote a considerable part of his more finished poems. Hence one would be naturally led to conclude, that on his return to Cambridge, when the ceremony of taking his degree was over, the quiet of the place would have prompted him to continue the cultivation of his poetical talents, and that immediately, as the Muse seems in this year to have peculiarly inspired him; but this was not the case. Reading, he has often declared, was much more agreeable to him than writing: He, therefore, now laid aside composition almost entirely, and ap-

plied himself with intense assiduity to the study of the best Greek authors; insomuch that, in the space of about six years, there were hardly any writers of note in that language which he had not only read but digested; remarking, by the mode of common-place, their contents, their difficult and corrupt passages; and all this with the accuracy of a critic added to the diligence of a student.

In the retirement of Peterhouse, Mr. Gray wrote, in 1747, *An Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat**; and the year afterwards attempted a poem of more importance, *On Education and Government*†, of which the fragments that remain contain some exquisite lines. His next production (1750) was his far-famed *Elegy in a Country Church Yard*‡, which was first communicated to Mr. Walpole, and passed from him into the hands of several persons of distinction§. After having for some

* See p. 7. † See p. 168. ‡ See p. 88.

§ This brought him acquainted with Lady Cobham, and furnished an occasion for his *Long Story*.

time been privately transmitted from one hand to another, it at length found its way to the public eye in "The Magazine of Magazines." This disreputable mode of appearance subjected the author to the necessity of exhibiting it under a less disadvantageous form; and Mr. Bentley soon after, wishing to supply every ornament that his pencil could contribute, drew not only for it, but also for the rest of Mr. Gray's productions, a set of designs, which were repaid by the Poet with some beautiful *Stanzas*, of which, however, only a fragment remains*.

In March 1753, Mr. Gray lost that mother for whom, on all occasions, he showed a most tender regard.

She was buried in the same vault in Stoke Church-yard, where her sister's remains had been deposited more than three years before. As the inscription on the tombstone (at least the latter

* See p. 173.

part of it) is undoubtedly of Mr. Gray's writing, it would here claim a place, even if it had not a peculiar pathos to recommend it, and, at the same time, a true inscriptive simplicity.

IN THE VAULT BENEATH ARE DEPOSITED,

IN HOPE OF A JOYFUL RESURRECTION,

THE REMAINS OF

MARY ANTROBUS.

SHE DIED, UNMARRIED, NOV. V. MDCCXLIX.

AGED LXVI.

IN THE SAME PIOUS CONFIDENCE,

BESIDE HER FRIEND AND SISTER,

HERE SLEEP THE REMAINS OF

DOROTHY GRAY, WIDOW,

THE CAREFUL TENDER MOTHER

OF MANY CHILDREN, ONE OF WHOM ALONE

HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO SURVIVE HER.

SHE DIED MARCH XI. MDCCLIII.

AGED LXVII.

About three years afterward (1756) some young men of the College, whose chambers were near Mr. Gray's, diverted themselves with disturbing him by frequent and troublesome noises, and, as is said, by pranks yet more offensive and contemptuous. This insolence, having endured it a while, he represented to the governors of the society; but, finding his complaint little attended to, he, with becoming spirit, removed himself to Pembroke Hall.

In 1757, he published *The Progress of Poesy**, and *The Bard*†, which have occasioned some sarcastic observations from the pen of Dr. Johnson, who calls them, “two compositions at which the
“readers of poetry were at first content to gaze
“in mute amazement. Some that tried them
“confessed their inability to understand them,
“though Warburton said that they were under-
“stood as well as the works of Milton and Shake-
“speare, which it is the fashion to admire. Gar-

* See p. 20. † See p. 32.

“ rick wrote a few lines in their praise*. Some
“ hardy champions undertook to rescue them
“ from neglect; and in a short time many were
“ content to be shown beauties which they could
“ not see.”

From this splenetic effusion I turn with pleasure to the more just remarks of Mr. Gilbert Wakefield, who says of Mr. Gray's Pindaric Odes, that
“ They have a much greater resemblance to the
“ Odes of the Theban bard than any thing of the
“ kind, in our own, and probably in any other
“ language. Wildness of thought and irregularity
“ of verse, had usually been esteemed the only
“ way to resemble Pindar. The characteristic
“ excellencies of Pindar's poetry are, sublimity
“ of conception, boldness of metaphor, dignity of
“ stile, rapidity of composition, and magnificence
“ of phraseology. If a fair judgment can be
“ formed upon those few specimens which the

* These are inserted in p. 191 of this Volume.

“ desolations of time have spared, in grandeur of
 “ imagery and regularity of thought, he is sur-
 “ passed by Mr. Gray.—These sublime and elab-
 “ orate productions of genius chastised by learn-
 “ ing, and of learning invigorated by genius, are
 “ from their nature by no means calculated to
 “ please the generality of readers, especially upon
 “ a slight acquaintance.—That spirit of lyrical in-
 “ spiration which they breathe; that divine glow
 “ of pathos, which at the same time melts and in-
 “ flames the reader, cannot operate with their full
 “ effect, but on a congenial soul, attuned to the
 “ bold vibrations of enthusiastic poesy.—He who
 “ can continue amidst the blaze of splendour that
 “ bursts around him, amidst the torrent of sub-
 “ limity that pours along, sedately speculating
 “ upon petty blemishes, is certainly a stranger to
 “ those sensations which animated Pindar and
 “ Mr. Gray.”

A vacancy in the office of Poet Laureate was
 in 1757 occasioned by the death of Colley Cibber.
 The Duke of Devonshire, being at that time

Chamberlain, made a polite offer of it to Mr. Gray, through the medium of Lord John Cavendish, his brother ; but, whether on account of the disgrace that had been brought upon that office by the profligacy and inability of some who had filled it, or for what other reason we cannot now discover, Mr. Gray declined it, and it was conferred on Mr. Whitehead.

Our poet's life was now chiefly devoted to literary pursuits, and the cultivation of friendship. It is obvious, from the testimony of his letters, that he was indefatigable in the former, and that he was always ready to perform kind offices in the latter. Sir William Williams, an accomplished and gallant young officer, having been killed at Belleisle, his friend Mr. Frederic Montagu proposed to erect a monument over him, and with this view requested Mr. Gray to furnish the epitaph. His slight acquaintance with Sir William would have been a sufficient reason for declining the task ; but the friendliness of Mr. Montagu's disposition, and the sincerity of affliction with which he was affected,

wrought so powerfully upon Mr. Gray, that he could not refuse him, though he was by no means able to satisfy himself with the verses he wrote*.

The professorship of modern languages and history, in the University of Cambridge, becoming vacant in 1762, through the death of Mr. Turner, Mr. Gray was spirited up by some of his friends to ask of Lord Bute the succession. His application however failed, the office having been promised to Lady Lowther for the tutor of Sir James.

In 1765, Mr. Gray, ever attached to the beauties of nature as well as to the love of antiquities, undertook a journey to Scotland for the purpose of gratifying his curiosity and taste. During his stay in that country Dr. Beattie found the means of engaging his notice and friendship. Through the intervention of this gentleman the Marischal College of Aberdeen had requested to know if the

* See p. 176.

degree of Doctor of Laws would be acceptable to Gray; but this mark of their attention he civilly declined.

In December 1767, Dr. Beattie, still desirous that his country should afford some testimony of its regard to the merit of our poet, solicited his permission to print at the University press of Glasgow an elegant edition of his works; Dodsley had before asked the like favour, and Mr. Gray, unwilling to refuse, gratified both 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 only to illustrate Mr. Bentley's designs.

The death of Mr. Brocket, in the July following, left another opening to the professorship which he had before unsuccessfully sought. Lord Bute however was not in office, and the Duke of Grafton, to preclude a request, within two days of the vacancy appointed Mr. Gray.

Cambridge before had been his residence from choice; it now became so from obligation, and the greater part of his time there was filled up by his old engagements or diverted to new ones. It has been suggested, that he once embraced the project of republishing Strabo; and there are reasons to believe that he meant it, as the many geographical disquisitions he left behind him appear to have been too minute for the gratification of general inquiry. The like observation may be transferred to Plato and the Greek Anthologia, as he had taken uncommon pains with both, and left a MS of the latter fit for the press. His design of favouring the public with the history of English poetry may be spoken of with more certainty, as in this he had not only engaged with Mr. Mason as a colleague, but actually paraphrased the Norse and Welch poems inserted in his Works for specimens of the wild spirit which animated the bards of ancient days. The extensive compass, however, of the subject, and the knowledge that it was also in the hands of Mr. Warton, induced him to relinquish what he had thus successfully begun.

Nor did his love for the antiquities of his country confine his researches to its poetry alone: the structures of our ancestors and their various improvements, particularly engaged his attention. Of heraldry, its correlative science, he possessed the entire knowledge. But of the various pursuits which employed his studies for the last ten years of his life, none were so acceptable as those which explained the economy of Nature. For botany he acquired a taste of his uncle when young: and the exercise which, for the sake of improvement in this branch of the science, he induced himself to take, contributed not a little to the preservation of his health. How considerable his improvements in it were, those only can tell who have seen his additions to Hudson, and his notes on Linnæus. While confined to zoology, he successfully applied his discoveries to illustrate Aristotle and others of the Ancients.

From engagements of this kind Mr. Gray's attention was neither often nor long diverted. Excepting the time he gave up to experiments on

flowers, for the purpose of investigating the process of vegetation, (which can scarcely be called a relaxation from his stated employment) his only amusement was music; nor was his acquaintance with this art less than with others of much more importance. His skill was acquired from the productions of the best composers, out of whose works, when in Italy, he had made a selection. Vocal music he chiefly preferred. The harpsichord was his favourite instrument; but though far from remarkable for a finished execution, yet he accommodated his voice so judiciously to his playing as to give an auditor considerable pleasure. His judgment in statuary and painting was exquisite, and formed from an almost instinctive perception of those graces beyond the reach of art in which the divine works of the great masters abound.

As it was through the unsolicited favour of the Duke of Grafton that Mr. Gray was enabled to follow the bent of his own inclination in the choice of his studies, we shall not be surprised to find,

that on his Grace's being elected Chancellor of the University, Mr. Gray, unasked, took upon him to write those verses which are usually set to music on this occasion* ; and whatever the sarcastic Junius (notwithstanding his handsome compliment to the poet) might pretend, this was the offering of no venal Muse. The ode in its structure is dramatic, and it contains nothing of the complimentary kind which is not entirely suited to the characters employed.

Not long after the bustle of the installation was over, Mr. Gray made an excursion to the sequestered lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland. The impressions he there received from the wonderful scenery that everywhere surrounded him he transmitted to his friend Dr. Warton, in epistolary journals, with all the wildness of Salvator and the softness of Claude. Writing, in May 1771, to the same friend, he complains of a violent cough which had troubled him for three months,

* See p. 49.

and which he called incurable, adding, that till this year he never knew what (mechanical) low spirits were. One circumstance that without doubt contributed to the latter complaint, was the anxiety he felt from holding as a sinecure an office the duties of which he thought himself bound to perform. The object of his professorship being two-fold, and the patent allowing him to effect one of its designs by deputy, it is understood that he liberally rewarded for that purpose the teachers in the University of Italian and French. The other part he himself prepared to execute; but though the professorship was instituted in 1724, none of his predecessors had furnished a plan. Embarrassed by this and other difficulties, and retarded by ill health, the undertaking at length became so irksome, that he seriously proposed to relinquish the chair.

Towards the close of May he removed from Cambridge to town, after having suffered from flying attacks of an hereditary gout, to which he had long been subject, and from which a life of

singular temperance could not protect him. In London his indisposition having increased, the physician advised him to change his lodgings in Jermyn-street for others at Kensington. This change was of so much benefit, that he was soon enabled to return to Cambridge, whence he meditated a journey to his friend Dr. Warton, which he hoped might re-establish his health; but his intentions and hopes were delusive. On the 24th of July, 1771, a violent sickness came on him while at dinner in the College-hall; the gout had fixed on his stomach, and resisted all the power of medicine. On the 29th he was seized by a strong convulsion, which the next day returned with additional force, and the evening after he expired. At the first seizure he was aware of his danger; and though sensible at intervals almost to the last, he betrayed no dread of the terrors of death.

To the foregoing sketch of the Life of Mr. Gray I shall annex a delineation of his Character, which appeared originally in "The Lon-

“don Magazine” for March 1772, and is said by Dr. Johnson to have been written by the Rev. Mr. Temple, rector of St. Gluvias in Cornwall*.

“Perhaps he was the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that not superficially but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; and 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 plan of study; voyages and travels of all sorts were his favourite amusement: 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 well-bred man, a man of virtue and

* In the London Magazine for May 1775, and the Gentleman's Magazine for June 1775, he is styled rector of *Mamhead in Devonshire*.

† He disclaimed any skill in this art, and usually held it in less estimation than I think it deserves, declaring himself to be only charmed with the bolder features of unadorned nature.—*Mason*.

humanity. There is no character without 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

* This is rightly put; it was rather an affectation in delicacy and effeminacy than the things themselves; and he chose to put on this appearance chiefly before persons whom he did not wish to please.—*Mason.*

† I have often thought that Mr. Congreve might very well be vindicated on this head. It seldom happens that the vanity of authorship continues to the end of a man's days; it usually soon leaves him where it found him; and if he has not something better to build his self-approbation upon than that of being a popular writer, he generally finds himself ill at ease, if respected only on that account. Mr. Congreve was much advanced in years when the young French poet paid him this visit; and, though a man of the world, he might now feel that indifference to literary fame which Mr. Gray, who always led a more retired and philosophic life, certainly felt much earlier. Both of them therefore might reasonably, at times, express some disgust, if their quiet was intruded upon by persons who thought they flattered them by such intrusion.—*Mason.*

‡ It was not on account of their knowledge that he valued mankind. He contemned indeed all pretenders to literature, but he did not select his friends from the literary class merely because they were literate. To be his friend it was always either necessary that a man should have something better than an improved understanding, or at least that Mr. Gray should believe he had.—*Mason.*

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 the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge, and the practice of virtue, in that state wherein God hath placed us."

Dr. Johnson's general opinion of Mr. Gray is expressed in the following terms: "What has

occurred to me is, that his mind had 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 obliga-
 ‘ tion to believe it; fifthly, they love to take a
 ‘ new road, even when that road leads nowhere;
 ‘ sixthly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and
 ‘ seems always to mean more than he said.
 ‘ Would you have any more reasons? An inter-
 ‘ val of above forty years has pretty well destroy-

‘ ed the charm. A dead lord ranks with com-
‘ moners ; 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 my kindness for a man of learning and of virtue wishes him to have been superior.”



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

* All the preceding Editions of Gray's Works having contained this Copy of his Will, I have been induced to adopt it, and thereby avoid the charge of imperfection; though, in fact, I see no part of it that so far distinguishes it from the most ordinary legal document of the kind, as to make it an article of curiosity to any reader.

in the vault made by my late dear mother in the church-yard of Stoke-Pogeis, near Slough, in Buckinghamshire, near her remains, in a coffin of seasoned oak, neither lined nor 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 my 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. Nortgeth, 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 Stokeley, 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 Anne 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 Warton, of Old Park, in the bishopric 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 Hempstead, 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 above-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 William 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 second day of July, 1770.

THOMAS GRAY.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Thomas Gray, the testator, as, and for, his last will and testament, in the presence of us; who in his presence, and at his request, and in the presence of each other, have signed our names as witnesses hereto,

RICHARD BAKER,
THOMAS WILSON,
JOSEPH TURNER.

Proved at London the twelfth of August, 1771, before the Worshipful Andrew Coltre Ducarel, Doctor of Laws, and Surrogate, by the oaths of the Reverend William Mason, Clerk, Master of Arts, and the Reverend James Browne, Clerk, Master of Arts, the executors; to whom administration was granted, having been first sworn duly to administer.

JOHN STEVENS,
HENRY STEVENS,
GEO. GOSTLING, jun. } Deputy
Registers.

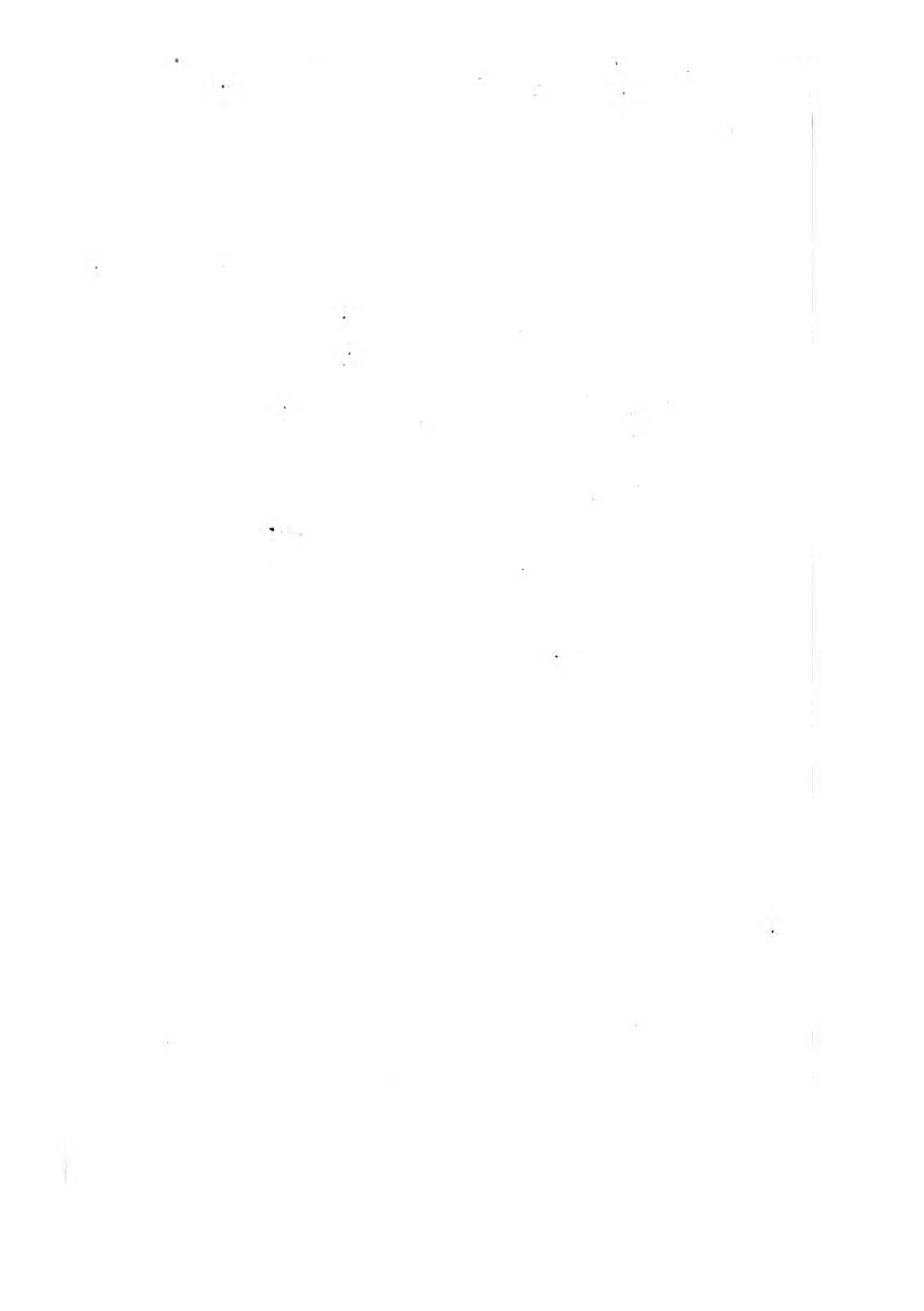


P O E M S

OF

MR. GRAY.

B







C. J. Burney del.

W. Angus Sculp.

Published April 8th 1799. by J. Scatcherd & Maria Lane.



ODES.

ON THE SPRING.

[The title originally given by Mr. Gray to this Ode was
"Noontide."]

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair VENUS' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow'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) *,
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
 How low, how little are the Proud,
 How indigent the Great! [1] *

(a) *O'er-canopies the glade.*

a bank
 O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.
Shakesp. Mids. Night's Dream.

* The Notes referred to by *Italic* letters between parentheses (a) (b) &c. are Mr. Gray's. Those referred to by Figures between brackets [1] [2] &c. are chiefly drawn from the Criticisms and Commentaries of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Mason, Mr. Scott, of Amwell, and various anonymous writers. Among them are occasionally interspersed a few remarks by the Editor; but these are not thought of importance enough to be distinguished.

[1] Variation:—How low, how indigent the Proud;
 How little are the Great.

Thus it stood in Dodsley's Miscellany, wherein it was first published. The author corrected it on account of the point of *little* and *great*. It certainly had too much the appearance of a *Concetto*, though it expressed his meaning better than the present reading.

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 honied spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon : (b)
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some shew their gaily-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun (c).

To Contemplation's sober eye (d)
 Such is the race of Man :
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.

(b) *And float amid the liquid noon.*

Nare per æstatem liquidam—

Virgil Georg. lib. 4.

(c) *Quick glancing to the sun.*

—sporting with quick glance,

Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold.

Milton's Paradise Lost, book 7.

(d) *To Contemplation's sober eye.*

While insects from the threshold preach, &c.

M. Green, *in the Grotto.*

Dodsley's Miscellanies, Vol. 5. p. 161.

Alike the Busy and the Gay
 But flutter thro' Life's little day,
 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.



ON

THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB [2] OF GOLD FISHES.

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dy'd
 The azure flowers, 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 emerald eyes,
 She saw; and purr'd applause.

[2] Mr. Walpole, after the death of Mr. Gray, placed the China vase in question (for it was not a *tub*) on a pedestal at Strawberry-Hill, with a few lines of the Ode for its inscription.

'Twas on *this* Vase's lofty side, &c.

Still had she gaz'd ; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide [3],

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?

Presumptuous 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.

[3] Var.—Two *beauteous* forms.
First edition in Dodsley's Misc.

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, nor 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.



ON A

DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

"Ἀνθρῶπος ἰκανὴ πρόφρασις εἰς τὸ δυσυχεῖν.

MENANDER.

[This was the first English production of Mr. Gray that appeared in print, and was published in folio, by Dodsley, in 1747. About the same time, at Mr. Walpole's request, Mr. Gray sat for his picture to Echart; in which, on a paper which he held in his hand, Mr. Walpole wrote the title of this Ode; and to intimate his own high and just opinion of it, as a first production, he added this line of Lucan by way of motto:

Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre.

Pharsalia, lib. x. l. 296.]

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the wat'ry glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her HENRY's holy shade (*e*);
 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:

(*e*) King *Henry* the Sixth, founder of the College.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
 Ah, fields below'd in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 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 (*f*),
 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 enthral?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

(f) And, redolent of joy and youth.
 And bees their honey redolent of spring.
Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.

While some on earnest business 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 every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by Fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;
 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, show 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 sculks 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 [4],
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;
 And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
 And moody Madness laughing wild (g)
 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 :

[4] *And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye.*

The elision here, observes Mr. Mason, is ungraceful, and hurts this otherwise beautiful line: One of the same kind in the second line of the first Ode makes the same blemish; but I think they are the only two to be found in this correct writer; and I mention them here that succeeding Poets may not look upon them as authorities. The judicious reader will not suppose that I would condemn all elisions of the genitive case, by this stricture on those which are terminated by rough consonants. Many there are which the ear readily admits, and which use has made familiar to it.

(g) *And moody Madness laughing wild.*

And Madness laughing in his ireful mood.

Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.

This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring 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 happiness too swiftly flies?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

[It has been well remarked by a Writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. lxviii. p. 481. that for this beautiful and affecting Ode, we may have been indebted to the following passage in Walton's Life of Sir Henry Wotton:

“How useful was that advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there; and I find it thus far experimentally true,

that at now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sate when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me ; sweet thoughts indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures without mixtures of cares ; and those to be enjoyed when time (which I therefore thought slow-paced) had changed my youth into manhood. But age and experience have taught me, that these were but empty hopes ; for, I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretel, ‘ sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.’ Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreation, and questionless possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death.”







TO ADVERSITY.

———— Ζήνα

Τὸν φρονεῖν Βροτοῦς ὀδω-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μάθ' ἄν
Θέεντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in *Agamemnone*.

[This Ode was originally published by Dodsley, together with "The Long Story," and three or four others, in a 4to Collection, bearing this title: "Poems by Mr. Gray, with Designs by Mr. Bentley," and was then called a "*Hymn to Adversity*." Dr. Johnson says, the hint of the Poem was first taken from "O Diva, gratum quæ Regis Antium;" but Gray has excelled his original by the variety of his sentiments, and by their moral application. "Of this piece," adds the rigid Censor, "at once poetical and rational, I will not, by slight objections violate the dignity."—What is this, after all, but to "*damn with faint praise*?"]

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamant chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied 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 bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild 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 sable 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 general 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,
 Not circled with the 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, oh 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.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνάγντα συνεταῖσιν ἔς
 Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων
 Χατίζει

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

[This highly-finished Ode describes the power and influence as well as the progress of Poetry.]

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake (*h*),
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take:

(*h*) *Awake, Æolian lyre, awake.*

Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.

David's Psalms.

Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, Αἰολίς μολπή Αἰολίδες χορδαί, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ ἀλῶν, Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are here united. The various sources of poetry, which give life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; as well in its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with all the pomp of diction, and luxuriant harmony of numbers; as in its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

The laughing flowers, 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.

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul (*i*),
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,
 And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the sceptred hand (*k*)

(i) Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul.

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

(k) Perching on the sceptred hand.

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

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 (*l*),
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day
 With antic Sport, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures ;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet :
 To brisk notes in cadence beating,
 Glance their many-twinkling feet (*m*).

(*l*) *Thee the voice, the dance obey.*

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

(*m*) *Glance their many-twinkling feet.*

Μαρμαρυγᾶς θηεῖτο ποδῶν· θαύμαζε δὲ θυμῷ.

Homer, *Od.* ②.

Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare [5]:

Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay [6].
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way:
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of
 Love (n).

[5] *Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare.*

This, and the five flowing lines which follow, are (as Mr. Mason observes) sweetly introduced by the short and unequal measures that precede them: the whole stanza is indeed a master-piece of rhythm, and charms the ear by its well-varied cadence, as much as the imagery which it contains ravishes the fancy. "There is" (says Mr. Gray, in one of his manuscript papers) "a *tout ensemble* of sound, as well as of sense, in poetical composition always necessary to its perfection. "What is gone before still dwells upon the ear, and insensibly harmonizes with the present line, as in that succession of fleeting notes "which is called Melody." Nothing can better exemplify the truth of this fine observation than his own poetry.

[6] This line seems to have been imitated from Dryden's Fable of the Flower and the Leaf:

"For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face they bow'd."

(n) *The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.*

Δάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέησι

Παρείησι φῶς ἔρωτος.

Phrynicus apud Athenæum.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await (o) !
 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 giv'n in vain the heav'nly 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 (p)
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts
 of war [7].

(o) *Man's feeble race what ills await!*

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

(p) *Till down the eastern cliffs afar.*

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

Cowley.

[7] An anonymous writer suggests, that Mr. Gray has here been indebted to Euripides *Phœnissæ*, ver. 173.

Ἐμοισιν ὁμοια φλελεθων
 Βολαις αἰλις.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road (*q*),
 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-cinctur'd Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy
 flame.

(*q*) *In climes beyond the solar road.*

Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most 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 lontana dal camin del sole.”

Petrarch, Canzon. 2.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep (*r*),
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering lab'rincths creep,
 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 Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.

(r) Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep.

Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England.
 Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch.
 The Earl of Surry and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and
 formed their taste there. Spenser imitated the Italian writers, and
 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.

When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion! next, thy sea-encircled
 coast.

III. 1 [8].

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling (*s*) 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.

[8] An ingenious person (as Mr. Mason tells us) who sent Mr. Gray his remarks anonymously on this and the following Ode soon after they were published, gives this stanza and the following a very just and well-expressed eulogy: "A Poet is perhaps never more conciliating than when he praises favourite predecessors in his art. Milton is not more the pride than Shakespeare the love of their country: It is therefore equally judicious to diffuse a tenderness and a grace through the praise of Shakespeare, as to extol in a strain more elevated and sonorous the boundless soarings of Milton's epic imagination." The critic has here well noted the beauty of contrast which results from the two descriptions; yet it is further to be observed, to the honour of our Poet's judgment, that the tenderness and grace in the former does not prevent it from strongly characterizing the three capital perfections of Shakespeare's genius; and when he describes his power of exciting terror (a species of the sublime) he ceases to be diffuse, and becomes, as he ought to be, concise and energetical.

(*s*) *Nature's darling.*
 Shakespeare.

This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year:
 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 (*t*)
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and
 Time (*u*):
 The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze (*x*),
 Where Angels tremble while they gaze,

(*t*) *Nor second he, that rode sublime,*
 Milton.

(*u*) *He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time.*
 "— flammantia mœnia mundi."
 Lucretius.

(*x*) *The living throne, the sapphire blaze.*

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.

He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light [9],
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night (*y*).
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
 Two Coursers of ethereal race (*z*),
 With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resound-
 ing pace (*a*).

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn (*b*).

[9] Johnson allows this account of Milton's blindness to be "happily
 "imagined."

(*y*) *Clos'd his eyes in endless night.*

Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε' εἶδε δ' ἠδ' εἶαν ἀοιδῆν.

Hom. Od.

(*z*) *Two coursers of ethereal race.*

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

(*a*) *With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long resounding pace.*

Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

Job.

(*b*) *Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.*

Words that weep, and tears that speak.

Cowley.

Mr. Gray, perhaps, had also an eye to the following line:

In strains that sigh, and *words that weep.*

Mallet's Funeral Hymn.

But ah! 'tis heard no more (c)——
 Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
 Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban Eagle bear (d),
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Thro' the azure deep of air:
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun [10]:
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way

(c) *But ah! 'tis heard no more—*

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 Caractacus:

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

(d) *That the Theban Eagle bear.*

Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιθα Σείον. Olymp. 2. 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.

[10] This passage seems borrowed from the following in Sir William Temple's Essay on Poetry, in his Miscellanies. Speaking of the qualities

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the
Great.

of a poet, "there must be," says he, "a spritely imagination or fancy, "fertile in a thousand productions, ranging over infinite ground, "piercing into every corner, and, by the light of that true poetical fire, "*discovering a thousand little bodies or images in the world, and "similitudes among them, unseen to common eyes, and which could "not be discovered without the rays of that sun.*"



THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE. [11]

[This Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, 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 [12]!
 “ Confusion on thy banners wait ;
 “ Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,
 “ They mock the air with idle state (*e*).

[11] “The Bard” (says Johnson) appears, at the first view, to be, as Algarotti and others have remarked, an imitation of the prophecy of Nereus. Algarotti thinks it superior to its original, and, if preference depends only on the imagery and animation of the two poems, his judgment is right. There is in ‘The Bard’ more force, more thought, and more variety.”

[12] Of this noble exordium, an anonymous Critic thus eloquently expresses his admiration: “This abrupt execration plunges the reader into that sudden fearful perplexity which is designed to predominate through the whole. The irresistible violence of the prophet’s passions bears him away, who, as he is unprepared by a formal ushering-in of the speaker, is unfortified against the impressions of his poetical phrenzy, and overpowered by them, as sudden thunders strike the deepest.”

(*e*) *They mock the air with idle state!*

Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

Shakespeare’s King John.

" Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail (*f*),
 " Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 " To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 " From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride (*g*)
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side (*h*)
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.

(*f*) *Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail.*

The Hauberk 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.

(*g*) ——— *the crested pride.*
 The crested adder's pride.
Dryden's Indian Queen.

(*h*) *As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side.*

Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welsh themselves call *Craigian-eryri*: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built there by King Edward the First, says, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Eryry;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283) "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigo castrum forte."

Stout Glo'ster stood aghast (*i*) in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer (*k*), 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 eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair (*l*)
Stream'd, like a meteor (*m*), to the troubled air) [13]

(*i*) *Stout Glo'ster stood aghast*—

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

(*k*) *To arms! cried Mortimer*—

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.

(*l*) *Loose his beard, and hoary hair.*

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.

(*m*) *Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air.*

Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

[13] Moses breaking the tables of the law, by Parmegiano, was a figure which Mr. Gray used to say came still nearer to his meaning than the picture of Raphael.



Forster del.

Cromek sc.

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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, oh King! their hundred arms they
 " wave,
 " Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
 " Vocal no more, since 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 (*n*) they lie,
 " Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
 " Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;

(*n*) *On dreary Arvon's shore*—

The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

- “ The famish'd Eagle screams, and passes by (o).
 “ Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 “ Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes (p),
 “ Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 “ Yedied amidst your dying country's cries——
 “ No more I weep [14]. They do not sleep.
 “ On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 “ I see them sit, they linger yet,
 “ Avengers of their native land:

(o) *The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.*

Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their ærie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh *Craigianeryri*, or the crags 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.)

(p) *Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes.*

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart——

Shakespeare's Jul. Cæsar..

Mr. Gray might also recollect these lines:

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life,
 Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee.

Otway.

[14] Here (says an anonymous Critic) a vision of triumphant revenge is judiciously made to ensue, after the pathetic lamentation which precedes it. Breaks——double rhymes——an appropriated cadence——and an exalted ferocity of language forcibly picture to us the uncontrollable tumultuous workings of the prophet's stimulated bosom.

“ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 “ And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy
 “ line (*q*).”

II. 1.

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof [15],
 “ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race [16].
 “ Give ample room, and verge enough
 “ The characters of hell to trace.

(*q*) *And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.*
 See the Norwegian ode [The Fatal Sisters] hereafter.

[15] The Critic before-mentioned asks, “ Can there be an image more
 “ just, apposite, and nobly imagined than this tremendous tragical
 “ winding-sheet ?” In the rest of this stanza the wildness of thought,
 expression, and cadence, are admirably adapted to the character and
 situation of the speaker, and of the bloody spectres his assistants. It is
 not indeed peculiar to it alone, but a beauty that runs throughout the
 whole composition, that the historical events are briefly sketched out by
 a few striking circumstances, in which the Poet’s office of rather ex-
 citing and directing, than satisfying the reader’s imagination, is per-
 fectly observed. Such abrupt hints, resembling the several fragments
 of a vast ruin, suffer not the mind to be raised to the utmost pitch, by
 one image of horror, but that instantaneously a second and a third are
 presented to it, and the affection is still uniformly supported.

[16] Dr. Johnson, in his spleen against our Poet, descends to a mean
 witticism: “ Gray (says he) has made *weavers* of slaughtered bards.
 “ They are then called upon to ‘ weave the warp, and weave the woof,’
 “ perhaps with no great propriety; for it is by *crossing the woof with*
 “ *the warp* that men weave the web or piece.” We know not where
 Johnson acquired his knowledge of the weaving trade; but if our in-
 formation be correct, the Critic has made a mistake, for it is by *the*
woof’s being thrown across the warp, that the manufacture is formed.

“ Mark the year, and mark the night,
 “ When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 “ The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkley’s roof that
 “ ring,
 “ Shrieks of an agonizing King (*r*)!
 “ She-wolf of France (*s*), with unrelenting
 “ fangs,
 “ That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
 “ From thee be born (*t*), 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 funeral couch he lies (*u*)!

(r) Shrieks of an agonizing King!

Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-castle.

(s) She-wolf of France—

Isabel of France, Edward the Second’s adulterous Queen.

(t) From thee be born, &c.

Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

(u) Low on his funeral couch he lies.

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

“ No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 “ A tear to grace his obsequies.
 “ Is the sable Warrior fled (*x*)?
 “ Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
 “ The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were
 “ born?
 “ Gone to salute the rising Morn.
 “ Fair laughs the Morn (*y*), and soft the Zephyr
 “ blows [17],
 “ 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 even-
 “ ing-prey.

(x) Is the sable warrior fled?

Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

(y) Fair laughs the Morn, &c.

Magnificence of Richard the Second’s reign. See Froissard and other contemporary writers.

[17] This, and the five lines that follow, convey, perhaps, the most beautiful piece of imagery in the whole Poem.

II. 3.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl (*z*),
 " 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 their baffled Guest.
 " Heard ye the din of battle bray (*a*),
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 " Long years of havock urge their destin'd
 " course,
 " And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their
 " way [18].

(*z*) *Fill high the sparkling bowl.*

Richard the Second, 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 Sir Piers of Exton, is of much later date.

(*a*) *Heard ye the din of battle bray?*

Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

[18] This Stanza (as an anonymous writer remarks) has exceeding merit. It breathes in a lesser compass what the Ode breathes at large, 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. The manner of Richard's death, by Famine, exhibits such beauties of Personification, as only the richest and most vivid Imagination could supply. From

“ Ye Tow’rs of Julius (*b*), London’s lasting
 “ shame,
 “ With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 “ Revere his Consort’s faith (*c*), his father’s
 “ fame (*d*),
 “ And spare the meek Usurper’s holy head (*e*).

thence we are hurried, with the wildest rapidity, into the midst of Battle; and the epithet *kindred*, places at once before our eyes all the peculiar horrors of Civil War. Immediately, by a transition most striking and unexpected, the Poet falls into a tender and pathetic Address; which, from the sentiments, and also from the numbers, has all the melancholy flow, and breathes all the plaintive softness, of Elegy. Again the Scene changes; again the Bard rises into an allegorical description of Carnage, to which the metre is admirably adapted: and the concluding Sentence of personal punishment on Edward is denounced with a solemnity that chills and terrifies.

(b) Ye tow’rs of Julius.

Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, 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.

(c) Revere his consort’s faith—

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

(d) ——— his father’s fame.

Henry the Fifth.

(e) And spare the meek usurper’s holy head.

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

“ Above, below, the rose of snow (*f*),
 “ Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:
 “ The bristled Boar (*g*) 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 (*h*).
 “ (The web is wove. The work is done.)
 “ Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 “ Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn:

(*f*) — *the rose of snow, &c.*

The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

(*g*) *The bristled boar—*

The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*.

(*h*) *Half of thy heart we consecrate.*

Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest 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.

“ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 “ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 “ But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height
 “ Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
 “ Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
 “ Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
 “ No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail (*i*).
 “ All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia’s Issue,
 “ hail (*k*).

III. 2.

“ Girt with many a Baron bold
 “ Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 “ And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old,
 “ In bearded majesty appear.
 “ In the midst a Form divine!
 “ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;

(i) No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.

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

(k) All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia’s issue, hail!

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.

- “ Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face (*l*),
 “ 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 Talliessin (*m*), 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 (*n*),
 “ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.

(l) Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face.

Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, “ And thus she, lion-like rising, “ daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes.”

(m) Hear from the grave, great Talliessin.

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

(n) Fierce War, and faithful Love.

Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

Spenser's Proem to the Fairy Queen.

- “ In buskin’d measures move (o)
 “ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 “ With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 “ A voice, as of the Cherub Choir (p),
 “ Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 “ And distant warblings lessen on my ear (q),
 “ 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 for me: With joy I see
 “ The different doom our Fates assign.
 “ Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,
 “ To triumph, and to die, are mine.”

(o) *In buskin’d measures move.*

Shakespeare.

(p) *A voice, as of the cherub-choir.*

Milton.

(q) *And distant warblings lessen on my ear.*

The succession of Poets after Milton’s time.

He spoke ; and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless
 night [19].

[19] The original argument of this Ode, as its author had set it down on one of the pages of his common-place book, was as follows: "The army of Edward I. as they march through a deep valley, are suddenly stopped by the appearance of a venerable figure seated on the summit of an inaccessible rock, who, with a voice more than human, reproaches the king with all the misery and desolation which he had brought on his country; foretells the misfortunes of the Norman race, and with prophetic spirit declares, that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the noble ardour of poetic genius in this island; and that men shall never be wanting to celebrate true virtue and valour in immortal strains, to expose vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression. His song ended, he precipitates himself from the mountain, and is swallowed up by the river that rolls at its foot."

"Fine (says Mr. Mason) as the conclusion of this Ode is at present, I think it would have been still finer, if he could have executed it according to this plan; but, unhappily for his purpose, instances of English Poets were wanting. Spenser had that enchanting flow of verse which was peculiarly calculated to celebrate *Virtue and Valour*; but he chose to celebrate them, not literally, but in allegory. Shakespeare, who had talents for every thing, was undoubtedly capable of *exposing Vice and infamous Pleasure*; and the drama was a proper vehicle for his satire: but we do not ever find that he professedly made this his object; nay, we know that, in one inimitable character, he has so contrived as to make vices of the worst kind, such as cowardice, drunkenness, dishonesty, and lewdness, not only laughable, but almost amiable; for with all these sins on his head, who can help liking Falstaff? Milton, of all our great Poets, was the only one *who boldly censured Tyranny and Oppression*: but he chose to deliver this censure, not in poetry, but in prose. Dryden was a mere court parasite to the most infamous of all courts. Pope, with all his laudable detestation of corruption and bribery, was a Tory; and Addison, though a Whig and a fine writer, was unluckily not enough of a Poet for his purpose. On these considerations Mr. Gray was necessitated to change his plan towards the conclu-

sion: Hence we perceive, that in the last epode he praises Spenser only *for his allegory*, Shakespeare *for his powers of moving the passions*, and Milton *for his epic excellence*. I remember the Ode lay unfinished by him for a year or two on this very account; and I hardly believe that it would ever have had his last hand but for the circumstance of his hearing Parry on the Welch harp at a concert at Cambridge, which he often declared inspired him with the conclusion.

“ Mr. Smith, the Musical Composer and worthy pupil of Mr. Handel, had once an idea of setting this Ode, and of having it performed by way of serenata or oratorio. A common friend of his and Mr. Gray’s interested himself much in this design, and drew out a clear analysis of the Ode, that Mr. Smith might more perfectly understand the Poet’s meaning. He conversed also with Mr. Gray on the subject, who gave him an idea for the overture, and marked also some passages in the Ode in order to ascertain which should be recitative, which air, what kind of air, and how accompanied. The design was, however, not executed; and therefore I shall only (in order to give the reader a taste of Mr. Gray’s musical feelings) insert in this place what his sentiments were concerning the overture. “ It should be so contrived as to be a “ proper introduction to the Ode; it might consist of two movements, “ the first descriptive of the horror and confusion of battle, the last a “ march grave and majestic, but expressing the exultation and insolent “ security of conquest. This movement should be composed entirely “ of wind instruments, except the kettle-drum heard at intervals. The “ *da capo* of it must be suddenly broke in upon, and put to silence “ by the clang of the harp in a tumultuous rapid movement, joined “ with the voice, all at once, and not ushered in by any symphony. “ The harmony may be strengthened by any other stringed instrument; “ but the harp should everywhere prevail, and form the continued “ running accompaniment, submitting itself to nothing but the voice.”

“ I cannot (says Mr. Mason) quit this and the preceding Ode, without saying a word or two concerning the obscurity which has been imputed to them, and the preference which, in consequence, has been given to his elegy. It seems as if the persons, who hold this opinion, suppose that every species of Poetry ought to be equally clear and intelligible: than which position nothing can be more repugnant to the several specific natures of composition, and to the practice of ancient art. Not to take Pindar and his odes for an example (though what I am here defending were written professedly in imitation of him) I would ask, Are all the writings of Horace, his Epistles, Satires, and Odes, equally per-

spicuous? - Amongst his Odes, separately considered, are there not remarkable differences of this very kind? Is the spirit and meaning of that which begins, "Descende cœlo, & dic, age, tibia," Ode 4. lib. 3. so readily comprehended as "Persicos odi, puer, apparatus," Ode 38. l. 1. and is the latter a finer piece of lyrical composition on that account? Is "Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus," Ode 22. l. 1. superior to "Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari," Ode 2. l. 4. because it may be understood at the first reading, and the latter not without much study and reflection? Now between these Odes, thus compared, there is surely equal difference in point of perspicuity, as between the Progress of Poesy, and the Prospect of Eton; the Ode on the Spring, and the Bard. But, say these objectors, "The end of Poetry is, universally to please. Obscurity, by taking off from our pleasure, destroys that end." I will grant that, if the obscurity be great, constant, and unsurmountable, this is certainly true; but if it be only found in particular passages, proceeding from the nature of the subject and the very genius of the composition, it does not rob us of our pleasure, but super-adds a new one which arises from conquering a difficulty; and the pleasure which accrues from a difficult passage, when well understood, provided the passage itself be a fine one, is always more permanent than that which we discover at the first glance. The lyric Muse, like other fine Ladies, requires to be courted, and retains her admirers the longer for not having yielded too readily to their solicitations. This argument, ending as it does, in a sort of simile, will, I am persuaded, not only have its force with the intelligent readers (the ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙ,) but also with the men of fashion; as to critics of a lower class, it may be sufficient to transcribe, for their improvement, an unfinished remark, or rather maxim, which I found amongst our Author's papers; and which he probably wrote on occasion of the common preference given to his Elegy. "*The Gout de Comparaison* (as Bruyere styles it) is the only taste of ordinary minds. They do not know the specific excellency either of an author or a composition? for instance, they do not know that Tibullus spoke the language of Nature and Love; that Horace saw the vanities and follies of mankind with the most penetrating eye, and touched them to the quick; that Virgil ennobled even the most common images by the graces of a glowing, melodious, and well-adapted expression; but they do know that Virgil was a better poet than Horace; and that Horace's Epistles do not run so well as the Elegies of Tibullus."





1. 8. 5

ODE FOR MUSIC.

[This Ode was performed in the Senate-House at Cambridge, July 1, 1769, at the Installation of his Grace Augustus-Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University. To give the reader an idea of its musical arrangement, we have printed it with the divisions adopted by the Composer, Dr. Randall, then Music Professor at Cambridge.]

AIR.

“ HENCE, 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 bowers
 “ Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in
 “ flowers.

CHORUS.

“ Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
 “ Dare the Muse's walk to stain,

“ While bright-eyed Science watches round :
 “ Hence, away, 'tis holy ground !”

RECITATIVE.

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' every 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 opening soul
 First the genuine ardour 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.

AIR.

“ 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 Me-
 " lancholy."

RECITATIVE.

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 (*r*)
 From haughty Gallia torn,
 And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn (*s*)

(r) Great Edward with the lilies on his brow.

Edward the Third, who added the fleur de lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

(s) And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn, &c.

Mary 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.

That wept her bleeding Love, and princely Clare (*t*),
 And Anjou's Heroine, and the paler Rose (*u*),
 The rival of her crown and of her woes,
 And either Henry there (*x*),
 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.)

[ACCOMPANIED.]

All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,

(*t*) ————— and princely Clare.

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 the First. Hence the Poet gives her the epithet of *princely*. She founded Clare Hall.

(*u*) And Anjou's Heroine, and the paler Rose.

Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College. The Poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in *The Bard*, Epode 2d, line 13th.

Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, hence called the paler rose, as being of the house of York. She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

(*x*) And either Henry there.

Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

And bade these 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 :

QUARTETTO.

“ 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 shower,
 “ The bee's collected treasures sweet,
 “ Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
 “ The still small voice of Gratitude.”

RECITATIVE.

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

(*y*) *The venerable Marg'ret see.*

Countess of Richmond and Derby: the mother of Henry the Seventh,
 foundress of St. John's and Chrits's Colleges.

“ Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
 “ A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace (z).

AIR.

“ Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
 “ The flower unheeded shall descry,
 “ And bid it round Heav'n's altar shed
 “ The fragrance of its blushing head :
 “ Shall raise from earth the latent gem
 “ To glitter on the diadem.

RECITATIVE.

“ Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
 “ Not obvious, not 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,

(z) *A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.*

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.

“ The laureate wreath that Cecil wore (a) 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.

GRAND CHORUS.

“ 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.”

(a) *The laureate wreath that Cecil wore.*

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



THE FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE [20].

[To be found in the *Orcades* of Thormodus Torfæus; Hafniæ, 1697, folio: and also in Bartholinus.

Vitt er orpit fyrir valfalli, &c.

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 *Sictryg 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 *Sictryg* 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 horseback 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. These were the *Valkyriur*, female Divinities, Servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic Mythology. Their 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 *Valkalla*, 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.]

[20] Even Dr. Johnson allows that Mr. Gray's "translations of Northern and Welsh Poetry deserve praise. The imagery (says he) is preserved, perhaps often improved."

NOW the Storm begins to lower,
 (Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)
 Iron-sleet of arrowy shower (*b*)
 Hurtles in the darken'd air (*c*).

Glitt'ring lances are the loom
 Where the dusky warp we strain,
 Weaving many a soldier'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.

(*b*) *Iron sleet of arrowy shower.*
 How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them shot
 Sharp sleet of arrowy shower.—
Milton's Paradise Regained.

(*c*) *Hurtles in the darken'd air.*
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air.
Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt 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, javelins sing,
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(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 Geira, 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 (*d*),
 Ne'er again his likeness see;

*(d) Long his loss shall Eirin weep.
 Ireland.*

Long her strains in sorrow steep :
 Strains of Immortality!

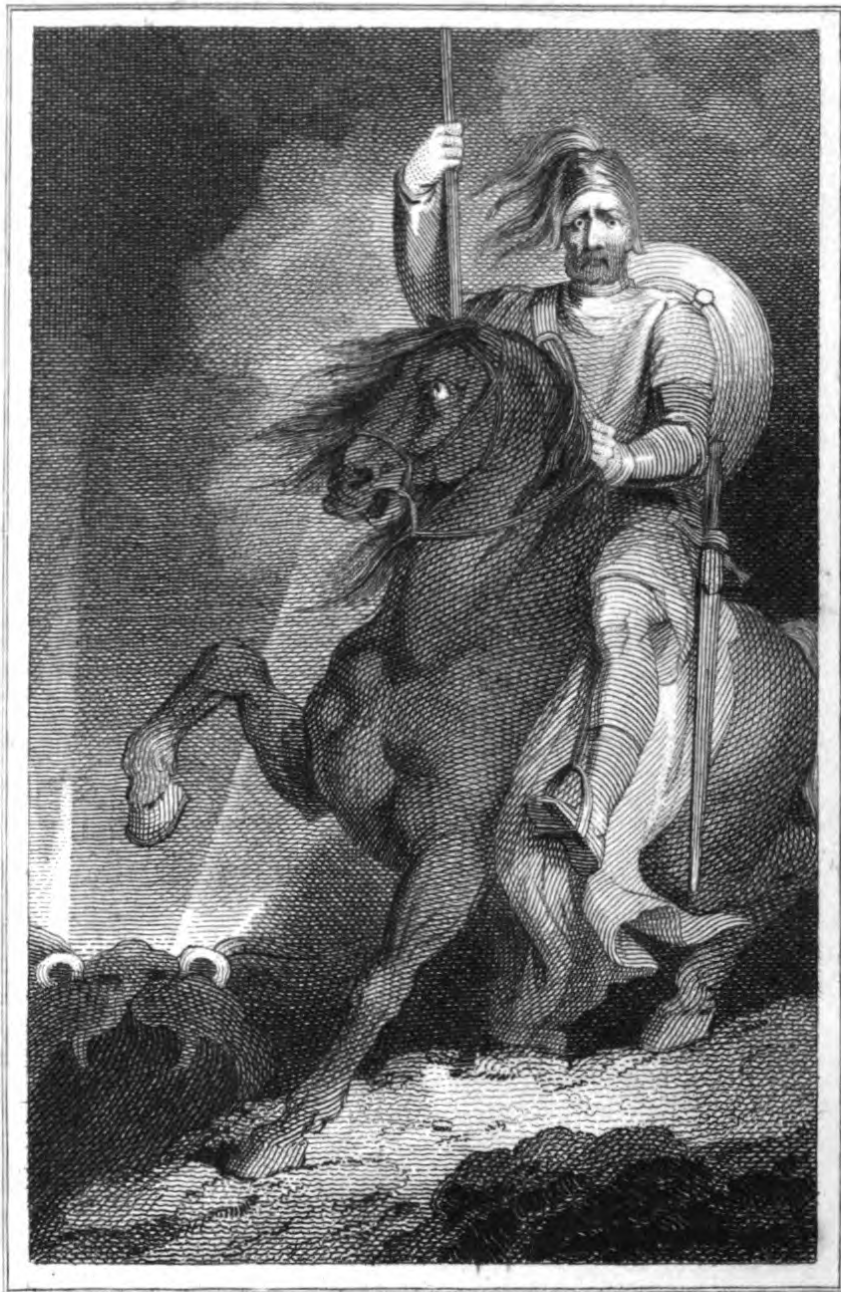
Horror covers all the heath,
 Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death.
 Sisters, cease: The work is done.

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 tenour of our song.
Scotland, thro' each winding vale
 Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:
 Each her thundering faulchion wield ;
Each bestride her sable steed.
 Hurry, hurry to the field.





Porter del.

PA. 60.

Taylor sc.

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THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE.

FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE.

[The original is to be found in Bartholinus, de Causis contemnendæ
Mortis; Hafniæ, 1689, Quarto.

Upreis Odinn allda gautr, &c.]

U
PROSE the King of Men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed:
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to HELA's drear abode (*e*).
Him the Dog of Darkness spied [21];
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:

(e) That leads to Hela's drear abode.

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.

[21] The *Edda* gives this dog the name of Managarmar; he fed upon the lives of those that were to die.

Hoarse he bays [22] with hideous din,
 Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;
 And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
 The Father of the powerful 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 ;
 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.

[22] Several Editions have it *brays*. It is not, however, the nature of the dog, but of the ass, to *bray*. To *bay* is, according to Johnson, to bark, as a dog at a thief.

PROPHETESS..

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 [23],

[23] Odin, we find both from this Ode and the Edda, was solicitous about the fate of his son Balder, who had dreamed that he was soon to die. The Edda mentions the manner of his death when killed by Odin's other son Hoder; and also that Hoder was himself slain afterwards by Vali, the son of Odin and Rinda, consonant with this prophecy.

For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
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 [24].
Prophetess, arise, and say,

[24] Women were looked upon by the Gothic nations as having a peculiar insight into futurity; and some there were that made profession of magic arts and divination. These travelled round the country, and were received in every house with great respect and honour. Such a woman bore the name of Volva Seidkona, or Spakona. The dress of Thorbiorga, one of these prophetesses, is described at large in Eirick's Rauda Sogu, (apud Bartholin. lib. i. cap. iv. p. 688.) "She had on a blue vest spangled all over with stones, a necklace of glass beads, and a cap made of the skin of a black lamb lined with white cat-skin. She leaned on a staff adorned with brass, with a round head set with

What dangers Odin's Child await,
Who the Author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

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?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,

" stones; and was girt with an Hunlandish belt, at which hung her
" pouch full of magical instruments. Her buskins were of rough calf-
" skin, bound on with thongs studded with knobs of brass, and her
" gloves of white cat-skin, the fur turned inwards, &c." They were
also called *Fiolkyngi*, or *Fiol-kunnug*; i. e. Multi-scia: and *Visinda-
kona*; i. e. Oraculorum Mulier: *Nornir*; i. e. Parcæ.

A wond'rous 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 [25],
 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.

[25] These were probably the Nornir, or Parcæ, before-mentioned ; their names were Urda, Verdandi, and Skulda ; and they were the dispensers of good destinies. As their names signify Time past, present, and future, it is probable they were always invisible to mortals : therefore when Odin asks this question on seeing them, he betrays himself to be a god ; which elucidates the next speech of the Prophetess.

PROPHETESS.

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, nor Prophetess of good ;
But mother of the giant-brood [26]!

PROPHETESS.

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 (*f*) ;

[26] In the Latin, "Mater trium Gigantum." He means, therefore, probably Angerbode, who, from her name, seems to be "no Prophetess of good," and who bore to Loke, as the Edda says, three children ; the Wolf Fenris, the great Serpent Midgard, and Hela, all of them called Giants in that wild but curious system of mythology.

(*f*) *Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain.*

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 further explanation of this mythology, see "Introduction a l'His-

Never, till substantial Night
 Has reassum'd her ancient right ;
 Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
 Sinks the fabric of the world.

“ toire de Dannemarc, par Mons. Mallet,” 1755, Quarto; or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and intitled “ Northern Antiquities;” in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.

[The EDITOR thinks he shall render not an unacceptable service to the Reader of taste, by inserting here a literal version of the original Poem, of which the foregoing is an imitation. The Reader may find a pleasure in comparing the rugged materials of the Skald with the polished stanzas and arrangements of the poet. It will be perceived, that either from choice, or the want of a complete Copy, Mr. Gray has passed over the first five stanzas.]

I.

Deep to consult,
 The gods all met;
 To talk aloud,
 The goddesses;
 Debate the holy synod shook
 On Ballder's late
 Portentous dreams.

II.

By turbid slumbers tossed
 The hero weened, he saw
 Amid the gloom of night
 His genius disappear:
 The giants prostrate asked
 The power of oracles,

If in the vision dim
 A secret terror lurked.

III.

The oracles replied
 That Vller's [27] friend elect,
 The darling of all beings,
 Was summoned to his fate:
 Anguish seized
 Freya [28] and Suafne,
 And the celestial host:
 Firm they resolved to send

IV.

An embassy around
 To nature's general race,

[27] Vller the son of Sifia, noted among the gods for beauty, archery, and skill in skating.

[28] Or Frigga, the wife of Odin.

Their unison to ask
 For Ballder's safety:
 Unanimous they took
 An universal oath
 As Freya's self
 Exacted it of each.

V.

The father of the slain
 Suspected still a flaw—
 The fatal absence
 Of the destinies:
 The gods he called anew,
 And their decision asked;
 But discord rent
 The loud assembly.

VI.

Up rose Odin [29]
 The sire of men,
 O'er Sleipner strait
 His saddle threw:
 The road he took
 Of Nifheim dark,
 And met the whelp
 Of murky Hell.

VII.

Gore him distained
 Athwart the breast,
 Wide flash'd his jaw
 Rent to devour:
 Aloud he bark'd,

Amain he yawned,
 And long howled round
 The sire of spells.

VIII.

On rode Odin
 His thunder-shaken path,
 On to the roof
 Of Hela high:
 What spot, before
 The orient-door,
 He knew full well
 Volva was laid.

IX.

Turned to the north,
 The sire of exorcism
 Began to tune
 The song of death:
 The eddying wand,
 The mighty spell,
 Unlocked to moans
 The hell-bound voice.

X. VOLVA.

What wight is he,
 To me unknown,
 That wakes my sense
 To trouble new?
 Snowed o'er with snows
 By showers beat,
 All drenched with dews
 Dead lay I long.

[29] If, in the progress of the Ode, the motive of Odin's descent, the dream of Ballder, had been again hinted at, the abrupt simplicity with which this stanza sets out might account for Mr. Gray's omitting the five preceding ones.

XI. ODIN.

Vegtamr [30] is my name,
The son of Valtams, I ;
Tell thou of Hell,
I can of light:
For whom is spread
Yon radiant board?
That couch for whom
Flooded with gold?

XII. VOLVA.

For Ballder brews
Yon mead-crown'd cup
Its pearly wave.
His the incumbent shield ;
The loud lament
Of Asa's sons.
Unwilling have I spoke!
Dismiss me to my rest.

XIII. ODIN.

Volva say on,—
For I shall ask
Till I know all ;
This one I want to learn:
Beneath whose arm
Shall Ballder fall?
What man shall nip
His bloom of life?

XIV. VOLVA.

That towering thought
Swells the proud breast
Of Haudr homicide!
Fell Haudr nips
The blooming day
Of Odin's son!
Unwilling have I spoke,
Dismiss me to my rest!

XV. ODIN.

Volva say on:
What man shall glut
Revenge for Haudr's rage?
And on the flaming pile
Lift Ballder's foe?

XVI. VOLVA.

Far in her western halls [31]
Rinda to Odin bears
A son—who shall not greet
His second night, or clear
His hand of blood, or comb
His locks, e'er on the pile
He hurls slain Ballder's foe!
Unwilling have I spoke,
Dismiss me to my rest.

[30] Vegtamr, Valtams, names of toil and war.

[31] Mr. Gray follows the common explication of this perplexed passage, and makes Haudr, or Hother, the *brother* of Ballder. *Saxo*, whose information cannot have been much inferior to *Snorro's*, makes him the son of Hodbrodd, Ballder's rival for Nanna, and the declared enemy of the Asi. Lib. iii. Hist. Dan. i.

XVII. ODIN.

Volva, say on!
 What Virgins those [32]
 That flow in tears,
 And heavenward throw
 Their snowy veils!
 This answer yet
 E'er thou repose.

XVIII. VOLVA.

Vegtamr, thou art not
 As I weened!
 Odin, thou art
 The sire of men!

XIX. ODIN.

Volva, thou art not!
 Thou, wizard none!
 The dam thou art
 Of giant-cubs!

XX. VOLVA.

Ride home Odin,
 And triumph now!
 And thus fare he
 Who breaks my sleep,
 Till Lock redeemed
 His fetters bursts!
 And twilight blasts
 The eve of gods!

[32] The oracles had told that Balder might be redeemed from Hela, by what they knew could not happen, the unanimous intercession of the sex. Odin, after having received answers to every question that coincided with the decrees of fate, makes use of an artifice to come at the knowledge of Balder's final destiny, by inventing a vision of female lamentation, and betrays himself by this trick to the prophetess, who saw only realities.



THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE WELCH.

[From Mr. Evans's specimens of the Welch Poetry [33]; London, 1764, Quarto. Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.]

OWEN's praise demands my song,
 Owen swift, and Owen strong ;
 Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
 Gwyneth's shield (*g*), and Britain's gem.

(*g*) *Gwyneth*. North Wales.

[33] The following is the prose version of Mr. Evans, p. 25.

Panegyric upon Owain Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, by Gwalchmai, the son of Melir, in the year 1157.

1. I will extol the generous Hero, descended from the race of Roderic, the bulwark of his country; a prince eminent for his good qualities, the glory of Britain, Owen the brave and expert in arms, a Prince that neither hoardeth nor coveteth riches.
2. Three fleets arrived, vessels of the main; three powerful fleets of the first rate, furiously to attack him on the sudden: one from Jwerdyn (*Ireland*), the other full of well-armed Lochlinians (*Danes*

He nor heaps his brooded stores,
 Nor on all profusely pours ;
 Lord of every regal art,
 Liberal 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 (*h*) plows the wat'ry way ;

(*h*) *Lochlin*. Denmark.

and Normans) making a grand appearance on the floods, the third from the transmarine Normans, which was attended with an immense, though successful toil.

3. The Dragon of Mona's sons was so brave in action, that there was a great tumult on their furious attack ; and before the Prince himself there was a vast confusion, havoc, conflict, honourable death, bloody battle, horrible consternation, and upon Tal Malvre a thousand banners ; there was an outrageous carnage, and the rage of spears and hasty signs of violent indignation. Blood raised the tide of the Menai, and the crimson of human gore stained the brine. There were glittering cuirasses, and the agony of gashing wounds, and the mangled warriors prostrate before the chief, distinguished by his crimson lance. Lloegria was put into confusion ; the contest and confusion was great ; *and the glory of our Prince's wide-wasting sword shall be celebrated in an hundred languages to give him his merited praise.*

There the Norman sails afar
 Catch the winds and join the war:
 Black and huge along they sweep,
 Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
 The Dragon-son of Mona stands *(i)* ;
 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 ;
 Talymalfra's rocky shore
 Echoing to the battle's roar.
 [34] Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
 Backward Menai rolls his flood ;
 While, heap'd his master's feet around,
 Prostrate Warriors gnaw the ground.

(i) The Dragon-son of Mona stands.

The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

[34] This and the three following lines were not in the original Editions, but were added by Mr. Mason from the Author's MS.

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 DEATH OF HOEL.

AN ODE.

FROM THE WELCH.

[This Ode is extracted from the Gododin.
See Mr. Evans's Specimens, p. 71 and 73.]

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, died,
 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 Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting thro' the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.



A LONG STORY.

[Mr. Gray's Elegy in the Country Church-Yard, before it appeared in print, was handed about in manuscript; and amongst other eminent personages who saw and admired it, was the Lady Cobham, who resided at the Mansion-House at Stoke-Pogeis. The performance induced her to wish for the author's acquaintance; and Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at her house, undertook to effect it. These two ladies waited upon the author at his aunt's solitary mansion, where he at that time resided; and not finding him at home, they left their names. Mr. Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit. And as the beginning of this acquaintance wore a little of the face of romance, he soon after gave a fanciful and pleasant account of it in the following copy of verses, which he entitled *A Long Story*.]

IN Britain's isle, no matter where,
 An ancient pile of building stands [35]:
 The Huntingdons and Hattons there
 Employ'd the power of Fairy hands

[35] The mansion-house at Stoke-Pogeis, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The house formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon and the family of Hatton.

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
 Each pannel in achievements 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 [36];
 The seals 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?

[36] Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing.—Brawls were a sort of figure-dance, then in vogue.

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 and tissues [37].

The first came cap-a-pee from France,
 Her conquering 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 teaze her,
 Melissa is her *Nom de Guerre*.
 Alas, who would not wish to please her!

[37] The reader is already apprized who these Ladies were; the two descriptions are prettily contrasted; and nothing can be more happily turned than the compliment to Lady Cobham in the eighth stanza.

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
 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, [38]
 (By this time all the parish know it)
 Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd
 A wicked Imp they call a Poet:

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

[38] It has been said, that this Gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Gray's in the country, was much displeas'd at the liberty here taken with his name; yet, surely, without any great reason. —Since the first Edition of this Volume was published, I have learned, that the allusion here is, to a Mr. Robert Purt, a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; who died of the small-pox, April 1752, soon after the publication of the Poem.

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,
Kummage 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-skurry 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 creased, like dogs-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, whisk, they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.

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

So cunning was the Apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, 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 wou'd 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 sate, 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 (*n*) has often seen the sight)
 Or at the chapel-door stand centry :

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.

(*n*) The Housekeeper.

The Peeress comes. The audience stare,
 And doff their hats with due submission:
 She curtsies, as she takes the 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 (*o*),
 And all that Groom (*p*) could urge against him.

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 Maclean (*q*).

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,)

(*o*) Groom of the Chamber.

(*p*) The Steward.

(*q*) A famous highwayman hanged the week before.

" 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 hagg'd face
 Already had condemn'd the sinner.
 My Lady rose, and with a grace——
 She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner.

" Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
 " Why, what can the Viscountess mean?
 (Cried 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 show 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.

[Originally called by Mr. Gray, "Stanzas written in a Country Church-Yard."

The following Analysis of this Poem, which has been often said to be without a Plan, was sketched by the late Mr. Scott, of Anwell:

"The Poet very graphically describes the process of a calm evening, " in which he introduces himself wandering near a Country Church-yard. From the sight of the place, he takes occasion, by a few " natural and simple, but important circumstances, to characterize " the life of a peasant; and observes, that it need not be disdained " by ambition or grandeur, whose most distinguished superiorities " must all terminate in the grave. He then proceeds to intimate, " that it was not from any natural inequality of abilities, but from " want of acquired advantages, as riches, knowledge, &c. that the " humble race, whose place of interment he was surveying, did not " rank with the most celebrated of their cotemporaries. The same " impediments, however, which obstructed their course to greatness, " he thinks also precluded their progress in vice; and, consequently, " that what was lost in one respect was gained in the other. From " this reflection he not unnaturally proceeds to remark on that uni- " versality of regard to the deceased, which produces, even for these " humble villagers, a commemoration of their past existence. Then " turning his attention to himself, he indulges the idea of his being " commemorated in the same manner, and introduces an Epitaph " which he supposes to be employed on the occasion."

See Scott's Critical Essays, 8vo. 1785.]

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day (*r*),
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering 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 [39].

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

(*r*) *The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day.*

_____ squilla di lontano

Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.

Dante, Purgat. l. 8.

[39] This verse seems to have strong features of similarity with the following in Collins's "Ode to Evening:"

"Now air ishush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
 "With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 "Or where the beetle winds
 "His small but sullen horn."

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 evening-care:
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied 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 power,
 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 Memory 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 sooth 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 [40].

[40] This beautiful comparison of the Gem and the Flower seems borrowed (but with added force and elegance) from Dr. Young :

“ ————— Such blessings Nature pours,
 “ O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores ;
 “ In distant wilds, by human eyes *unseen*,
 “ She rears her *flow'rs*, and spreads her velvet green :
 “ *Pure* gurgling rills the lonely *desert* trace,
 “ And *waste* their music on the savage race.”

Universal Passion, Sat. V.

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 [41].

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,

[41] Mr. Edwards (Author of the Canons of Criticism), who, though an old bachelor, like Mr. Gray, was more attentive to the fair sex than our Pindaric Poet, endeavoured to supply what he thought a defect in this admired Poem, by introducing after this the two following stanzas, the first of which is certainly the happiest effort of the two:

Some lovely fair, whose unaffected charms
 Shone with attraction to herself unknown;
 Whose beauty might have blest a monarch's arms,
 And virtue cast a lustre on the throne:

That humble beauty warm'd an honest heart,
 And cheer'd the labours of a faithful spouse;
 That virtue form'd, for every decent part,
 The healthy offspring that adorn'd their house.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbade to wade through 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 [42].

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 tenour of their way.

[42] After this verse, in Mr. Gray's first MS. of the Poem, were the four following:—

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!

Yet ev'n 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.

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?

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.

And here the Poem was originally intended to conclude, before the happy idea of the hoary-headed Swain, &c. suggested itself to him. The third of these rejected stanzas has been thought equal to any in the whole Elegy.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our Ashes (*s*) live their wonted Fires [43].

(*s*) *Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.*
 Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
 Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiusi
 Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.

Petrarch, Son. 169.

[43] Variation:—Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.

Thus (says Mr. Mason) it stood in the first and some following editions, and I think rather better; for the authority of Petrarch does not destroy the appearance of quaintness in the other: the thought, however, is rather obscurely expressed in both readings. He means to say, in plain prose, that we wish to be remembered by our friends after our death, in the same manner as when alive we wished to be remembered by them in our absence.

An anonymous writer has, in my opinion, much better illustrated the Poet's meaning in the following words:

“After observing the desire which appears in the humblest stations to indulge the melancholy pleasures of ‘erecting some frail memorial, with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd, imploring the passing tribute of a sigh’ for departed friends, the Poet, in the belief that the anticipation of this pious act is consolatory to the deceased themselves in their last moments, bursts into this beautiful interrogatory. Who is there, what indifferent wretch ever existed, who, a prey to dull forgetfulness, left this pleasing anxious being, without casting a longing lingering look behind him? For (he adds) on some fond breast the parting soul relies; that is, some kind consoling friend is ever looked up to on those occasions, in whose soothing attentions, from whose pious tears the closing eye derives comfort, and the pangs of dissolution are assuaged; the companion, the sharer of the sunshine of life, who now, in the last gloomy hour of its evening, promises to pay that last sad and simple tribute which is to supply the place of fame and elegy. For, though sinking into the tomb, arrived at its very border, still ‘is the voice of Nature heard,’ still are we alive to the feelings and sensibilities of humanity; in our very ashes still glow our former passions and affections.”

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 dews away,
 " To meet the sun upon the upland lawn [44],

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 " That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 " His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 " And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

[44] Variation:—On the high brow of yonder hanging lawn.

After which, in the first manuscript, followed this stanza:

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

" I rather wonder (says Mr. Mason) that he rejected this stanza, as it not only has the same sort of Doric delicacy which charms us peculiarly in this part of the Poem, but also completes the account of his whole day: whereas, this Evening scene being omitted, we have only his Morning walk, and his Noon-tide repose."

“ 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 church-way path we saw
“ him borne,
“ Approach and read (for thou can’st read) the
“ lay
“ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged
“ thorn.”

THE EPITAPH [45].

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.

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.

[45] Before the Epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inserted a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted, because he thought that it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The lines however are, in themselves, exquisitely fine, and demand preservation.

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

To some readers they may appear to be a pretty close imitation of the following in Collins's "Dirge in Cymbeline:"

"The female fays shall haunt the green,
 "And dress thy grave with pearly dew;
 "The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
 "Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 "With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs,
 "To deck the ground where thou art laid."

No farther 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 [46].

[46] Of this Elegy Dr. Johnson (who has depreciated Mr. Gray as much as possible for his poetry in general) says, it "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 even 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."



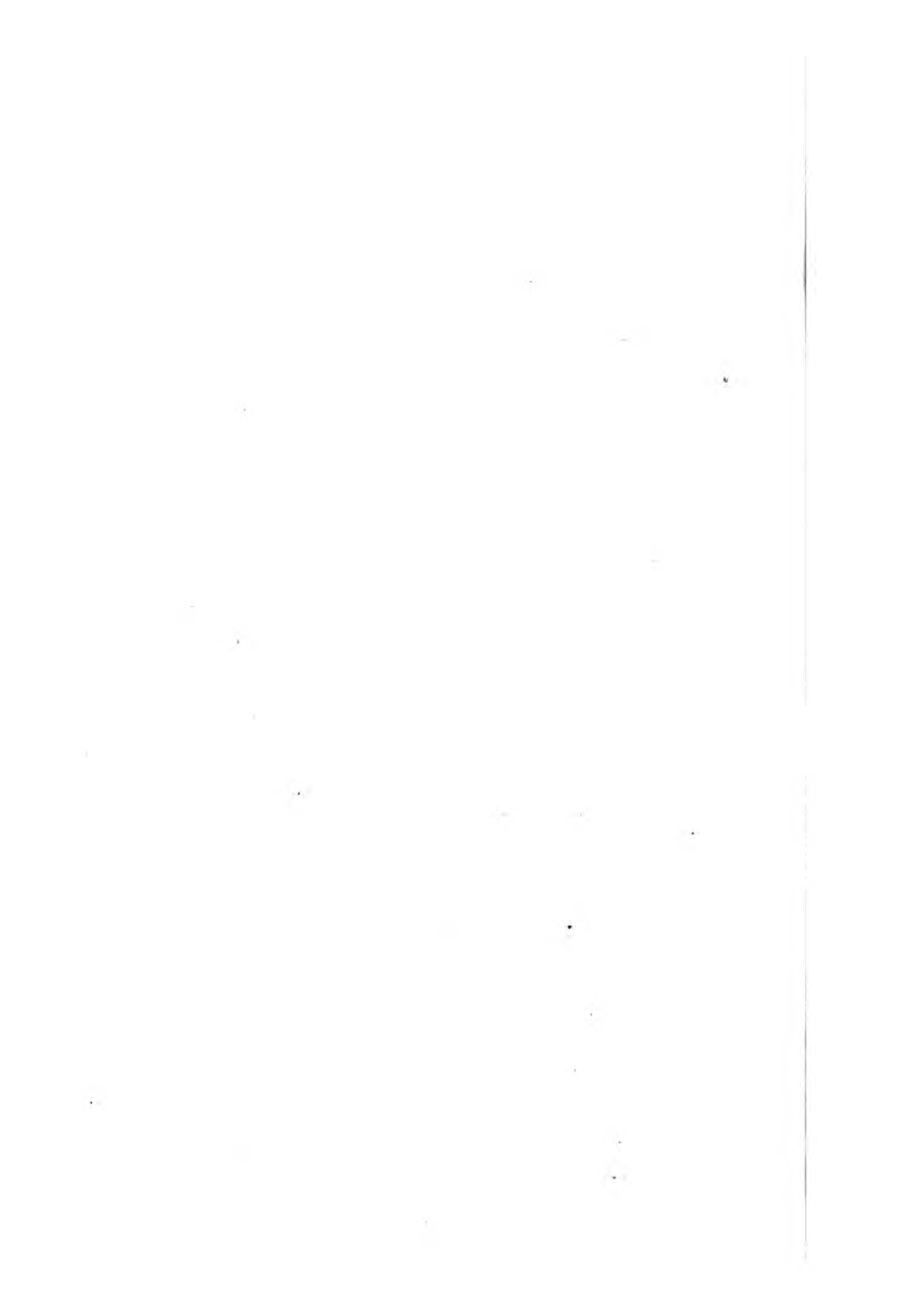
SUPPLEMENT:

COMPRISING THE

POSTHUMOUS POEMS AND FRAGMENTS

OF

MR. GRAY.



ODE

ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM
VICISSITUDE.

*[Left unfinished by Mr. Gray. With Additions, in Italics, by the late
Rev. Mr. Mason.]*

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, tend'rest green.

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

But chief, the Sky-Lark warbles high
 His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;
 And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
 Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my Soul! on wings of fire,
 Rise the rapt'rous Choir among ;
 Hark! 'tis Nature strikes the Lyre,
 And leads the general song:
Warm let the lyric transport flow,
Warm as the ray that bids it glow ;
And animates the vernal grove
With health, with harmony, and love.

Yesterday the sullen year
 Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
 Mute was the music of the air,
 The herd stood drooping by :
 Their raptures now that wildly flow,
 No yesterday, nor morrow know ;
 'Tis Man alone that joy descries
 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,
Or 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.

Humble Quiet builds her cell
 Near the source whence Pleasure flows ;
 She eyes the clear crystalline * well,
 And tastes it as it goes.
*While far below the madding Crowd
 Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,
 Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
 And perish in the boundless deeps.*

Mark where Indolence, and Pride,
 Sooth'd by Flattery's tinkling sound,
 Go, softly rolling, side by side,
 Their dull, but daily round:
*To these, if Hebe's self should bring
 The purest cup from Pleasure's spring,*

* So Milton accents the word:

"On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd."

Par. Lost, Book vi. v. 772.

*Say, can they taste the flavour high
Of sober, simple, genuine Joy?*

*Mark Ambition's march sublime
Up to Power's meridian height ;
While pale-ey'd Envy sees him climb,
And sickens at the sight.
Phantoms of Danger, Death, and Dread,
Float hourly round Ambition's head ;
While Spleen, within his rival's breast,
Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.*

*Happier he, the Peasant, far,
From the pangs of Passion free,
That breathes the keen yet wholesome air
Of rugged Penury.
He, when his morning task is done,
Can slumber in the noontide sun ;
And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast, and calm repose.*

*He, unconscious whence the bliss,
Feels, and owns in carols rude,
That all the circling joys are his,
Of dear Vicissitude.*

*From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day, the peaceful night ;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In Heav'n's best treasures, Peace and Health.*



AN IMITATION FROM THE GODODIN.

[See "The Death of Hoel," p. 76.]

HAVE ye seen the tusky Boar,
Or the Bull with sullen roar,
On surrounding foes advance?
So Caradoc bore his lance.

Conan's name, my lay, rehearse,
Build to him the lofty verse,
Sacred tribute of the Bard,
Verse, the Hero's sole reward!
As the flame's devouring force ;
As the whirlwind in its course ;
As the thunder's fiery stroke
Glancing on the shiver'd oak ;
Did the sword of Conan mow
The crimson harvest of the foe.

The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall ;
The ponderous 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 tyger'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.

Cambridge, May 8, 1736.



FRAGMENT

OF A

LATIN POEM.

[This was sent by Mr. Gray to his friend West, with a reference to the following passage in Sandys's Travels: "West of Cicero's Villa stands
 " the eminent Gaurus, a stony and desolate mountain, in which there
 " are diverse obscure caverns, choked almost with earth, where
 " many have consumed much fruitless industry in searching for
 " treasure. The famous Lucrine Lake extended formerly from
 " Avernus to the aforesaid Gaurus: But is now no other than a little
 " sedgyplash, choked up by the horrible and astonishing eruption
 " of the new mountain; whereof, as oft as I think, I am easy to credit
 " whatsoever is wonderful. For who here knows not, or who
 " elsewhere will believe, that a mountain should arise, (partly out of
 " a lake and partly out of the sea) in one day and a night, unto such
 " a height as to contend in altitude with the high mountains adjoining?
 " In the year of our Lord 1538, on the 29th of September, when
 " for certain days foregoing the country hereabout was so vexed
 " with perpetual earthquakes, as no one house was left so entire as
 " not to expect an immediate ruin; after that the sea had retired
 " two hundred paces from the shore, (leaving abundance of fish, and
 " springs of fresh water rising in the bottom) this mountain visibly
 " ascended, about the second hour of the night, with an hideous
 " roaring, horribly vomiting stones and such store of cinders as overwhelmed
 " all the building thereabout, and the salubrious baths of
 " Tripergula, for so many ages celebrated; consumed the vines to
 " ashes, killing birds and beasts: the fearful inhabitants of Puzzol
 " flying through the dark with their wives and children; naked, defiled,
 " crying out, and detesting their calamities. Manifold mischiefs
 " have they suffered by the barbarous, yet none like this which
 " Nature inflicted.—This new mountain, when newly raised, had
 " a number of issues; at some of them smoking and sometimes
 " flaming; at others disgoring rivulets of hot waters; keeping

“ within a terrible rumbling ; and many miserably perished that
 “ ventured to descend into the hollowness above. But that hollow
 “ on the top is at present an orchard, and the mountain throughout
 “ is bereft of its terrors.”—*Sandys's Travels, book 4, page 275, 277.*
 “ and 278.]

NEC procul infelix se tollit in æthera Gaurus,
 Prospiciens vitreum lugenti vertice pontum :
 Tristior ille diu, & veteri desuetus olivâ
 Gaurus, pampineæque eheu jam nescius umbræ ;
 Horrendi tam sæva premit vicinia montis,
 Attonitumque urget latus, exuritque ferentem.

Nam fama est olim, mediâ dum rura silebant
 Nocte, Deo victa, & molli perfusa quiete,
 Infremuisse æquor ponti, auditamque per omnes
 Latè tellurem surdùm immugire cavernas :
 Quo sonitu nemora alta tremunt; tremit excita tuto
 Parthenopæa sinu, flammantisque ora Vesevi.
 At subitò se aperire solum, vastosque recessus
 Pandere sub pedibus, nigrâque voragine fauces ;
 Tum piceas cinerum glomerare sub æthere nubes
 Vorticibus rapidis, ardentique imbre procellam.
 Præcipites fugere feræ, perque avia longè

Sylvarum fugit pastor, juga per deserta,
 Ah, miser! increpitans sæpè altâ voce per umbram
 Nequicquam natos, creditque audire sequentes.
 Atque ille excelso rupis de vertice solus
 Respectans notasque domos, & dulcia regna,
 Nil usquàm videt infelix præter mare tristi
 Lumine percussum, & pallentes sulphure campos,
 Fumumque, flammisque, rotataque turbine saxa.

Quin ubi detonuit fragor, & lux reddita cœlo;
 Mæstos confluere agricolas, passuque videres
 Tandem iterum timido deserta requirere tecta:
 Sperantes, si forte oculis, si forte darentur
 Uxorum cineres, miserorumve ossa parentum
 (Tenuia, sed tanti saltem solatia luctus)
 Unâ colligere & justâ componere in urnâ.
 Uxorum nusquam cineres, nusquam ossa parentum
 (Spem miseram!) assuetosve Lares, aut rura vide-
 bunt.

Quippe ubi planities campi diffusa jacebat ;
 Mons novus: ille supercilium, frontemque favillâ
 Incanum ostentans, ambustis cautibus, æquor

Subjectum, stragemque suam, mæsta arva, minaci
 Despicit imperio, soloque in littore regnat.

Hinc infame loci nomen, multosque per annos
 Immemor antiquæ laudis, nescire labores
 Vomeris, & nullo tellus revirescere cultu.
 Non avium colles, non carmine matutino
 Pastorum resonare ; adèè undique dirus habebat
 Informes latè horror agros saltusque vacantes.
 Sæpius et longè detorquens navita proram
 Monstrabat digito littus, sævæque revolvens
 Funera narrabat noctis, veteremque ruinam.

Montis adhuc facies manet hirta atque aspera
 saxis :

Sed furor extinctus jamdudum, & flamma quievit,
 Quæ nascenti aderat ; seu fortè bituminis atri
 Defluxere olim rivi, atque effœta lacuna
 Pabula sufficere ardori, viresque recusat ;
 Sive in visceribus meditans incendia jam nunc
 (Horrendùm) arcanis glomerat genti esse futuræ
 Exitio, sparsos tacitusque recolligit ignes.

Raro per clivos haud secius ordine vidi

Canescentem oleam: longum post tempus amicti
 Vite virent tumuli; patriamque revisere gaudens
 Bacchus in assuetis tenerum caput exerit arvis
 Vix tandem, infidoque audet se credere cœlo.

[The following Translation may not be unacceptable to the mere English Reader. It appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for July, 1775:

On the fam'd shore where fierce volcanos glow,
 And overlook the shining deeps below,
 Old Gaurus rears his inauspicious head,
 His vines consum'd, and all his honours fled;
 So near a new-sprung mountain now abides,
 Burning his groves, and thundering at his sides.
 For Fame reports of old, while all around
 The country lay in solemn silence drown'd,
 While rustics, thoughtless of approaching woes,
 Enjoy'd the grateful blessings of repose,
 The swelling surges lash the sounding shores,
 The lab'ring Earth thro' all her caverns roars;
 Loud echoes from the lofty woods rebound,
 Fair Naples from her deepest bay profound,
 And dread Vesuvius, tremble at the sound. }
 Sudden the yawning Earth discloses wide
 Her dreadful jaws; forth-issuing in a tide,
 Black pitchy clouds with bursting flames conspire
 To overwhelm the landscape in a flood of fire.
 The beasts are fled: along the pathless waste
 The frighted shepherd flies with eager haste,
 His ling'ring children calls, and thinks he hears
 Their distant footsteps reach his list'ning ears;
 Then lonely climbs a rock's stupendous height,
 And backward o'er the plain directs his sight,
 If still, perchance, to meet his longing eyes,
 His much-lov'd woods and humble cottage rise.

No object meets his eyes, unhappy swain!
 But dreadful gleams reflected from the main,
 The earth beneath with flames of sulphur torn,
 And fiery stones in whirling eddies borne.

The storms at length subside, the flames decay,
 And op'ning Heav'n restores the face of day:
 When, lo! the gath'ring hinds are seen around,
 With trembling steps to tread the dreary ground;
 In hopes (if yet a slender hope remain)
 To trace their dwellings on the desert plain,
 Their wives' and wretched sires' remains to mourn,
 And decent place within the sacred urn.
 (Small consolation granted to their woes,
 But all, alas! their hapless state bestows.)
 Unhappy men! no wives' or sires' remains
 Shall greet your eyes, or mitigate your pains;
 For where your peaceful dwellings late were spread,
 The new-raised mountain rears his ghastly head,
 With rocks deform'd and hoary ashes crown'd,
 And proud o'erlooks the subject plains around,
 With devastation threats the country o'er,
 And reigns despotic on the lonely shore.

A name ill omen'd hence the country gains,
 And long neglected lay the barren plains.
 No more the plough is seen to break the soil,
 Or fruitful fields to crown the peasant's toil;
 No more is heard the shepherd's cheerful lay,
 Or tuneful birds to hail the rising day:
 So wide is spread a face of ruin o'er!
 And oft the cautious seaman from the shore
 Averts his slender bark, avoids the strand,
 And pointing shews the inauspicious land;
 Relates the horrors of the fatal night,
 And all the dreary landscape rises to the sight.
 Still rough with stones appears the mountain-head,
 His former flames extinct, his terrors fled;
 Whether the sulphurous rivers, which supplied
 Of old his bowels with a constant tide,

By time exhausted, with a fiery store
Suffice at length to feed the flames no more ;
Or whether, while the ruin seems to sleep,
He hoards fresh matter in his caverns deep,
Prepar'd (tremendous thought!) with doubled rage,
To spread destruction in a future age.

The face of nature now is chang'd around,
The hills appear with whit'ning olives crown'd,
And Bacchus, who so long the coast had fled,
Again delights to lift his festive head,
With trembling steps resumes his former stand,
And clothes once more with blushing vines the land.]



ODE

WRITTEN IN THE

ALBUM OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE,

IN DAUPHINY, AUGUST 1741.

OH Tu, severi Religio loci,
 Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
 Nativa nam certè fluenta
 Numen habet, veteresque sylvas ;
 Præsentiorem & conspicimus Deum
 Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
 Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
 Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem ;
 Quàm si repostus sub trabe citreâ
 Fulgeret auro, & Phidiacâ manu)
 Salve vocanti ritè, fesso et
 Da placidam juveni quietem.

Quod si invidendis sedibus, & frui
 Fortuna sacrâ lege silentii
 Vetat volentem, me resorbens
 In medios violenta fluctus :
 Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
 Horas senectæ ducere liberas ;
 Tutumque vulgari tumultu
 Surripias, hominumque curis.

[Thus imitated by a Gentleman of Sunderland :

Hear, awful genius of the solemn grove,
 (And say what title best can please thine ear ;
 Those age-struck woods and native rivers prove
 No common genius bears dominion here.

The trackless rocks, the mountain's savage height,
 The broken cliff, inviting fell despair,
 The deep-brown grove where reigns eternal night,
 And sounding water-falls, the God declare.

In glory more than if the Citrean beam
 And Phidian art its nicest aid bestow'd,
 Or high-wrought gold had shed its richest gleam,
 To deck the fane of the recumbent God ;)

Hear then, dread genius of the solemn grove!
 Now be thy mighty power on me confest,
 Propitious to thy suppliant's wishes prove,
 And give him to the placid joys of rest :

But, if stern Fortune shou'd forbid my flight,
 To taste the sweets of sacred Silence' reign,
 Shou'd she recal me from the darling sight,
 And dash amid the storms of life again ;

At least allow to my declining age
 A calm retreat from all the cares of life,
 Safe from the busy world's tumultuous rage,
 And far beyond the reach of vulgar strife.

Another Imitation of this Ode (by the late Mr. Seward, the elegant Anecdotist) appeared in the European Magazine for 1791; and, as it varies in measure from the preceding, the Reader may not be displeas'd with its insertion.

Oh, Genius of this hallow'd place,
 (The seat of sanctity and grace,)
 Whatever name shall greet thy ear,
 Or holy, reverend, or severe,
 (For ah! no common power pervades
 These sacred streams, these antique glades;)
 And sure we more conspicuous see
 The presence of the Deity
 In rocks abrupt, in foaming floods,
 " In the meridian night of woods *!
 Than if, on throne of ivory plac'd,
 With gold and gems profusely grac'd,
 In robe of Tyrian purple dress'd,
 He Phidias' magic hand confess'd.
 O! thus invok'd, propitious Power,
 The rest of one, one short-liv'd hour
 On thy poor suppliant bestow,
 A wand'rer through this wild of woe.
 For, ah! him cruel fate impels
 To quit thy calm and peaceful cells,
 Where Solitude and Silence reign,
 With all the virtues in their train,
 (Where Contemplation, nymph serene,
 With gentle step and placid mien,
 With Saints and Confessors of old
 High sacred converse seem to hold;
 Where Piety, with up-cast eyes,
 Dissolves in holy ecstasies:

* Mr. Merry.

And scorning aught of this vile earth,
That Heaven seeks that gave her birth;
Where Charity, above the rest,
E'en in the desert spreads a feast;)
But, ah! stern Fate, with ruthless force,
Impels him thro' life's rapid course,
Where his frail bark, by tempests tost,
May in the vast abyss be lost,
And thro' the winds' and waters' roar
Some pitying port in vain implore."]



VERSES

ON

THE MARRIAGE

OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

[This Hymeneal has been omitted in Mr. Mason's and every other Edition of Gray's Poems heretofore published. It is now copied from the Cambridge Collection.]

IGNARÆ nostrûm mentes, & inertia corda,
 Dum curas regum, & sortem miseramur iniquam,
 Quæ solio affixit, vetuitque calescere flammâ
 Dulci, quæ dono divum, gratissima serpit
 Viscera per, mollesque animis lene implicat æstus;
 Nec teneros sensus, Veneris nec præmia nôrunt,
 Eloquiumve oculi, aut facunda silentia linguæ:

Scilicet ignorant lacrymas, sævosque dolores,
 Dura rudimenta, & violentiæ exordia flammæ;
 Scilicet ignorant, quæ flumine tinxit amaro
 Tela Venus, cæcique armamentaria Divi,
 Irasque, insidiasque, & tacitum sub pectore vulnus;
 Namque sub ingressu, primoque in limine Amoris

Luctus & ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ ;
 Intus habent dulces Risus, & Gratiaë sedem,
 Et roseis resupina toris, roseo ore Voluptas:
 Regibus huc faciles aditus; communia spernant
 Ostia, jamque expers duris custodibus istis
 Panditur accessus, penetraliaque intima Templi.

Tuque Oh! Angliacis, Princeps, spes optima
 regnis,
 Ne tantum, ne finge metum; quid imagine captus
 Hæres, & mentem pictura pascis inani?
 Umbram miraris: nec longum tempus, & ipsa
 Ibit in amplexus, thalamosque ornabit ovantes.
 Ille tamen tabulis inhians longum haurit amorem,
 Affatu fruitur tacito, auscultatque tacentem
 Immemor artificis calami, risumque, ruboremque
 Aspicit in fucis, pictæque in virginis ore:
 Tanta Venus potuit; tantus tenet error amantes.

Nascere, magna Dies, qua sese AUGUSTA Bri-
 tanno
 Committat Pelago, patriamque relinquat amœnam;
 Cujus in adventum jam nunc tria regna secundos
 Attolli in plausus, dulcique accensa furore

Incipiunt agitare modos, & carmina dicunt:
 Ipse animo sedenim juvenis comitatur euntem
 Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat,
 Atque auras, atque astra vocat crudelia; pectus
 Intentum exultat, surgitque arrecta cupido;
 Incusat spes ægra fretum, solitoque videtur
 Latior effundi pontus, fructusque morantes.

Nascere, Lux major, qua sese Augusta Britanno
 Committat juveni totam, propriamque dicabit;
 At citius (precor) Oh! cedas melioribus astris:
 Nox finem pompæ, finemque imponere curis
 Possit, & in thalamos furtim deducere nuptam;
 Sufficiat requiemque viris, & amantibus umbras.
 Adsit Hymen, & subridens cum matre Cupido
 Accedant, sternantque toros, ignemque ministrent;
 Illicet haud pictæ incandescit imaginæ formæ
 Uterius juvenis, verumque agnoscit amorem.

Sculptile sicut ebur, faciemque arsisse venustam
 Pygmaliona canunt; ante hanc suspiria ducit,

Alloquiturque amens, flammamque & vulnera
narrat ;

Implorata Venus jussit cum vivere signum,
Fœminæam inspirans animam ; quæ gaudia sur-
gunt,

Audiit ut primæ nascentia murmura linguæ,
Luctari in vitam, & paulatim volvere ocellos
Sedulus, aspexitque novâ splendescere flammâ ;
Corripit amplexu vivam, jamque oscula jungit
Acria confestim, recipitque rapitque ; prioris
Immemor ardoris, Nymphæque oblitus eburnæ.

THO. GRAY, Pet. Coll.



SAPPHIC ODE:

TO

MR. WEST [53].

BARBARAS ædes aditure mecum
 Quas Eris semper fovet inquieta,
 Lis ubi latè sonat, & togatum
 Æstuat agmen!

Dulcius quanto, patulis sub ulmi
 Hospitæ ramis temerè jacentem
 Sic libris horas, tenuique inertes
 Fallere Musâ?

Sæpe enim curis vagor expeditâ
 Mente; dum, blandam meditans Camænam,
 Vix malo rori, meminive seræ
 Cedere nocti;

[53] Mr. Mason calls this the first original production of Mr. Gray's Muse.

Et, pedes quò me rapiunt, in omni
 Colle Parnassum videor videre
 Fertilem sylvæ, gelidamque in omni
 Fonte Aganippen.

Risit & Ver me, facilesque Nymphæ
 Nare captantem, nec ineleganti,
 Manè quicquid de violis eundo
 Surripit aura:

Me reclinatum teneram per herbam ;
 Quà leves cursus aqua cunque ducit,
 Et moras dulci strepitu lapillo
 Nectit in omni.

Hæ novo nostrum ferè pectus anno
 Simplicis curæ tenuere, cœlum
 Quamdiù sudum explicuit Favonî
 Purior hora:

Otia & campos nec adhuc relinquo,
 Nec magis Phœbo Clytie fidelis ;
 (Ingruant venti licet, & senescat
 Mollior æstas.)

Namque, seu, lætos hominum labores
 Prataque & montes recreante curru,
 Purpurâ tractus oriens Eoos
 Vestit, & auro ;

Sedulus servo veneratus orbem
 Prodigum splendoris: amœniori
 Sive dilectam meditatur igne
 Pingere Calpen ;

Usque dum, fulgore magis magis jam
 Languido circum, variata nubes
 Labitur furtim, viridisque in umbras
 Scena recessit.

O ego felix, vice si (nec unquam
 Surgerem rursus) simili cadentem
 Parca me lenis sineret quieto
 Fallere Letho!

Multà flagranti radiisque cincto
 Integris ah! quam nihil inviderem,
 Cum Dei ardentis medius quadrigas
 Sentit Olympus?

ODE

AD

C. FAVONIUM ZEPHYRINUM [54].

MATER rosarum, cui teneræ vigent
 Auræ Favonî, cui Venus it comes
 Lasciva, Nympharum choreis
 Et volucrum celebrata cantu!
 Dic, non inertem fallere quâ diem
 Amat sub umbrâ, seu sinit aureum
 Dormire plectrum, seu retentat
 Pierio Zephyrinus antro
 Furore dulci plenus, & immemor
 Reptantis inter frigora Tusculi
 Umbrosa, vel colles Amici
 Palladiæ superantis Albæ.

[54] Written by Mr. Gray immediately after his journey to Frascati and the cascades of Tivoli, which he had described in a preceding letter.

Dilecta Fauno, & capripedum choris
Pineta, testor vos, Anio minax

Quæcunque per clivos volutus

Præcipiti tremefecit amne,

Illius altum Tibur, & Æsulæ

Audisse sylvas nomen amabiles,

Illius & gratas Latinis

Naiasin ingeminâsse rupes:

Nam me Latinæ Naiades uvidâ

Vidère ripâ, quâ niveas levi

Tam sæpe lavit rore plumas

Dulcè canens Venusinus ales;

Mirum! canenti conticuit nemus,

Sacrique sontes, & retinent adhuc

(Sic Musa jussit) saxa molles

Docta modos, veteresque lauri.

Mirare nec tu me citharæ rudem

Claudis laborantem numeris: loca

Amœna, jucundumque ver in-

compositum docuere carmen;

Hærent sub omni nam folio nigri

Phœbea lucî (credite) somnia,

Argutiusque & lympha & auræ

Nescio quid solito loquuntur.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

MR. WEST, FROM GENOA.

HORRIDOS tractus, Boreæque linquens
Regna Taurini fera, molliorem
Advehor brumam, Genuæque amantes.


ALCAIC FRAGMENT.

O LACHRYMARUM fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo ; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia nympa, sensit.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY

THE SIGHT OF THE PLAINS WHERE THE
BATTLE OF TREBIA WAS FOUGHT.

Qua Trebiæ glaucas salices intersecat undâ,
Arvaque Romanis nobilitata malis.
Visus adhuc amnis veteri de clade rubere,
Et suspirantes ducere mœstus aquas ;
Maurorumque ala, & nigræ increbescere turmæ,
Et pulsa Ausonidum ripa sonare fugâ.

A FAREWELL TO FLORENCE.

* * Oh Fæsulæ amœna
Frigoribus juga, nec nimiùm spirantibus auris!
Alma quibus Tusci Pallas decus Appennini
Esse dedit, glaucâque suâ canescere sylvâ!
Non ego vos posthâc Arni de valle videbo
Porticibus circum, & candenti cincta coronâ
Villarum longè nitido consurgere dorso,
Antiquamve Ædem, & veteres præferre Cupressus
Mirabor, tectisque super pendentia tecta.

IMITATION OF A SONNET OF SIGNIOR
ABBATE BUONDELMONTE.

SPESSE Amor sotto la forma
D'amistà ride, e s'asconde:
Poi si mischia, e si confonde
Con lo sdegno, e col rancor.
In Pietade ei si trasforma ;
Par trastullo, e par dispetto:
Mà nel suo diverso aspetto
Sempr'egli, è l'istesso Amor.

Lusit amicitiae interdum velatus amictu,
Et benè composità veste fefellit Amor.
Mox iræ assumpsit cultus, faciemque minantem,
Inque odium versus, versus & in lacrymas:
Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymanti, aut crede furenti ;
Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.

PART OF AN
HEROIC EPISTLE,

FROM
 SOPHONISBA TO MASSINISSA.

EGREGIUM accipio promissi Munus amoris,
 Inque manu mortem, jam fruitura, fero:
 Atque utinam citius mandasses, luce vel unâ;
 Transieram Stygios non inhonesta lacus.
 Victoris nec passa toros, nova nupta, mariti,
 Nec fueram fastus, Roma superba, tuos.
 Scilicet hæc partem tibi, Massinissa, triumphii
 Detractam, hæc pompæ jura minora suæ
 Imputat, atque uxor quòd non tua pressa catenis,
 Objecta & sævæ plausibus urbis eo:
 Quin tu pro tantis cepisti præmia factis,
 Magnum Romanæ pignus amicitiae!
 Scipiadae excuses, oro, si tardius utar
 Munere. Non nimum vivere, crede, velim.

Parva mora est, breve sed tempus mea fama
requirit:

Detinet hæc animam cura suprema meam.
Quæ patriæ prodesse meæ Regina ferebar,
Inter Elisæas gloria prima nurus,
Ne videar flammæ nimis indulsisse secundæ,
Vel nimis hostiles extimuisse manus.
Fortunam atque annos liceat revocare priores,
Gaudiaque heu! quantis nostra repensa malis.
Primitiasne tuas meministi atque arma Syphacis
Fusa, & per Tyrias ducta trophæa vias?
(Laudis at antiquæ forsân meminisse pigebit,
Quodque decus quondam causa ruboris erit.)
Tempus ego certe memini, felicia Pænis
Quo te non puduit solvere vota deis;
Mœniaque intrantem vidi: longo agmine duxit
Turba salutantum, purpureique patres.
Fœminea ante omnes longe admiratur euntem
Hæret & aspectu tota caterva tuo.
Jam flexi, regale decus, per colla capilli,
Jam decet ardenti fuscus in ore color!
Commendat frontis generosa modestia formam,
Seque cupit laudi surripuisse suæ.

Prima genas tenui signat vix flore juventas,
 Et dextræ soli credimus esse virum.
 Dum faciles gradiens oculos per singula jactas,
 (Seu rexit casus lumina, sive Venus)
 In me (vel certè visum est) conversa morari
 Sensi ; virgineus perculit ora pudor.
 Nescio quid vultum molle spirare tuendo,
 Credideramque tuos lentius ire pedes.
 Quærebam, juxta æqualis si dignior esset,
 Quæ poterat visus detinuisse tuos:
 Nulla fuit circum æqualis quæ dignior esset,
 Asseruitque decus conscia forma suum.
 Pompæ finis erat. Totâ vix nocte quievi:
 Sin premat invitæ lumina victa sopor,
 Somnus habet pompas, eademque recursat imago
 Atque iterum hesterno munere victor ades.

* * * * *



FRAGMENTS OF A POEM

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN ENTITLED,

DE PRINCIPIIS COGITANDI.

LIBER PRIMUS.

AD FAVONIUM.

UNDE Animus scire incipiat: quibus inchoet
orsa

Principiis seriem rerum, tenuemque catenam
Mnemosyne: Ratio unde rudi sub pectore tardum
Augeat imperium; & primum mortalibus ægris
Ira, Dolor, Metus, & Curæ nascantur inanes,
Hinc canere aggredior. Nec dedignare canentem,
O decus! Angliacæ certe O lux altera gentis!
Si quâ primus iter monstras, vestigia conor
Signare incertâ, tremulâque insistere plantâ.
Quin potius duc ipse (potes namque omnia)
sanctum

Ad limen, (si ritè adeo, si pectore puro,)

Obscuræ reserans Naturæ ingentia claustra.
 Tu cæcas rerum causas, fontemque severum
 Pande, Pater; tibi enim, tibi, veri magne Sa-
 cerdos,
 Corda patent hominum, atque altæ penetralia
 Mentis.

Tuque aures adhibe vacuas, facilesque, Favonî,
 (Quod tibi crescit opus) simplex nec despice
 carmen,

Nec vatem: non illa leves primordia motus,
 Quanquam parva, dabunt. Lætum vel amabile
 quicquid

Usquam oritur, trahit hinc ortum; nec surgit ad
 auras,

Quin ea conspirent simul, eventusque secudent.
 Hinc variæ vitæ artes, ac mollior usus,
 Dulce & amicitæ vinclum: Sapientia dia
 Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno
 Humanas aperit mentes, nova gaudia monstrans,
 Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores:
 Scilicet & rerum crescit pulcherrima Virtus.
 Illa etiam, quæ te (mirùm) noctesque diesque
 Assiduè fovet inspirans, linguamque sequentem

Temperat in numeros, atque horas mulcet inertes ;
Aurea non aliâ se jactat origine Musa.

Principio, ut magnum fœdus Natura creatrix
Firmavit, tardis jussitque inolescere membris
Sublimes animas ; tenebroso in carcere partem
Noluit ætheream longo torpere veterno :
Nec per se proprium passa exercere vigorem est,
Ne sociæ molis conjunctos sperneret artus,
Ponderis oblita, & cœlestis conscia flammæ.
Idcirco innumero ductu tremere undique fibras
Nervorum instituit: tum toto corpore miscens
Implicuit latè ramos, & sensile textum,
Implevitque humore suo (seu lympha vocanda,
Sive aura est) tenuis certè, atque levissima quædam
Vis versatur agens, parvosque infusa canales
Perfluit ; assidue externis quæ concita plagis,
Mobilis, incussique fidelis nuntia motûs,
Hinc indè accensâ contage relabitur usque
Ad superas hominis sedes, arcemque cerebri.
Namque illic posuit solium, & sua templa sacra vit
Mens animi: hanc circum coëunt, densoque fe-
runtur

Agmine notiæ, simulacraque tenuia rerum :

Ecce autem naturæ ingens aperitur imago
 Immensæ, variique patent commercia mundi.

Ac uti longinquis descendunt montibus amnes
 Velivolus Tamisis, flaventisque Indus arenæ,
 Euphratesque, Tagusque, & opimo flumine Ganges,
 Undas quisque suas volvens, cursuque sonoro
 In mare prorumpunt: hos magno acclinis in antro
 Excipit Oceanus, natorumque ordine longo
 Dona recognoscit venientûm, ultròque serenat
 Cæruleam faciem, & diffuso marmore ridet.
 Haud aliter species properant se inferre novellæ.
 Certatim menti, atque aditus quino agmine com-
 plent.

Primas tactus agit partes, primusque minutæ
 Laxat iter cæcum turbæ, recipitque ruentem.
 Non idem huic modus est, qui fratribus: am-
 plius ille
 Imperium affectat senior, penitusque medullis,
 Visceribusque habitat totis, pellîsque recentem
 Funditur in telam, & latè per stamina vivit.
 Necdum etiam matris puer eluctatus ab alvo
 Multiplices solvit tunicas, & vincula rupit;
 Sopitus molli somno, tepidoque liquore

Circumfusus adhuc: tactus tamen aura lacessit
 Jamdudum levior sensus, animamque recludit.
 Idque magis simul, ac solitum blandumque ca-
 lorem

Frigore mutavit cœli, quod verberat acri
 Impete inassuetos artus: tum sævior adstat,
 Humanæque comes vitæ Dolor excipit; ille
 Cunctantem frustrà & tremulo multa ore que-
 rentem

Corripit invadens, ferreisque amplectitur ulnis.
 Tum species primùm patefacta est candida Lucis
 (Usque vices adè Natura bonique, malique,
 Exæquat, justâque manu sua damna rependit)
 Tum primùm, ignotosque bibunt nova lumina
 soles.

Carmine quo, Dea, te dicam, gratissima cœli
 Progenies, ortumque tuum; gemmantia rore
 Ut per prata levi lustras, & floribus halans
 Purpureum Veris gremium, scenamque virentem
 Pingis, & umbriferos colles, & cærula regna?
 Gratia te, Venerisque Lepos, & mille Colorum,
 Formarumque chorus sequitur, Motusque decentes.
 At caput invisum Stygiis Nox atra tenebris

Abdidit, horrendæque simul Formidiniſ ora,
 Pervigilesque æſtus Curarum, atque anxius Angor:
 Undique Lætitiâ florent mortalia corda,
 Purus & arridet largis fulgoribus Æther.

Omnia nec tu ideò invalidæ ſe pandere Menti
 (Quippe nimis teneros poſſet vis tanta diei
 Perturbare, & inexpertos confundere viſus)
 Nec capere infantes animos, neu cernere credas
 Tam variam molem, & miræ ſpectacula lucis:
 Nescio quâ tamen hæc oculos dulcedine parvos
 Splendida percuffit novitas, traxitque ſequentes;
 Nonne videmus enim, latis inſerta fenestris
 Sicubi ſe Phœbi diſpergant aurea tela,
 Sive lucernarum rutilus colluxerit ardor,
 Extemplo hùc obverti aciem, quæ fixa repertos
 Haurit inexpletum radios, fruiturque tuendo.

Altior huic verò ſenſu, majorque videtur
 Addita, Judicioque arctè connexa potestas,
 Quod ſimul atque ætas volventibus auxerit annis,
 Hæc ſimul, aſſiduo depaſcens omnia viſu,
 Perſpiciet, viſ quanta loci, quid polleat ordo,
 Juncturæ quis honos, ut reſ accendere rebus
 Lumina conjurant inter ſe, & mutua fulgent.

Nec minor in geminis viget auribus insita
virtus,

Nec tantum in curvis quæ pervigil excubet antris
Hinc atque hinc (ubi Vox tremefecerit ostia pulsu
Aëriis invecta rotis) longèque recurset :
Scilicet Eloquio hæc sonitus, hæc fulminis alas,
Et mulcere dedit dictis & tollere corda,
Verbaque metiri numeris, versuque ligare
Repperit, & quicquid discant Libethrides undæ,
Calliope quotiès, quotiès Pater ipse canendi
Evolvat liquidum carmen, calamove loquenti
Inspiret dulces animas, digitisque figuret.

At medias fauces, & linguæ humentia templa
Gustus habet, quæ se insinuet jucunda saporum
Luxuries, dona Autumni, Bacchique voluptas.

Naribus interea consedit odora hominum vis,
Docta leves captare auras, Panchaïa quales
Vere novo exhalat, Floræve quod oscula fragrant
Roscida, cum Zephyri furtim sub vesperis horâ
Respondet votis, mollemque aspirat amorem.

Tot portas altæ capitis circumdedit arci
Alma Parens, sensûsque vias per membra recludit;
Haud solas : namque intus agit vivata facultas,

Quâ sese explorat, contemplatusque repentè
 Ipse suas animus vires, momentaque cernit.
 Quid velit, aut possit, cupiat, fugiatve, vicissim
 Percipit imperio gaudens ; neque corpora fallunt
 Morigera ad celeres actus, ac numina mentis.

Qualis Hamadryadum quondam si fortè sororum
 Una, novos peragrans saltus, & devia rura ;
 (Atque illam in viridi suadet procumbere ripâ
 Fontis pura quies, & opaci frigoris umbra)
 Dum prona in latices speculi de margine pendet,
 Mirata est subitam venienti occurrere nympham :
 Mox eosdem, quos ipsa, artus, eadem ora gerentem
 Unâ inferre gradus, unâ succedere sylvæ
 Aspicit alludens ; seseque agnoscit in undis.
 Sic sensu interno rerum simulacra suarum
 Mens ciet, & proprios observat conscia vultus.
 Nec verò simplex ratio, aut jus omnibus unum
 Constat imaginibus. Sunt quæ bina ostia nôrunt ;
 Hæ privos servant aditus ; sine legibus illæ
 Passim, quà data porta, ruunt, animoque propin-
 quant.

Respice, cui a cunis tristes extinxit ocellos,
 Sæva & in eternas mersit natura tenebras :

Illi ignota dies lucet, vernusque colorum
 Offusus nitor est, & vivæ gratia formæ.
 Corporis at filum, & motus, spatiumque, locique
 Intervalla datur certo dignoscere tactu:
 Quandoquidem his iter ambiguum est, & janua
 duplex,
 Exclusæque oculis species irrumpere tendunt
 Per digitos. Atqui solis concessa potestas
 Luminibus blandæ est radios immittere lucis.
 Undique proporrò sociis, quacunque patescit
 Notitiæ campus, mistæ lasciva feruntur
 Turba voluptatis comites, formæque dolorum
 Terribiles visu, & portâ glomerantur in omni.
 Nec vario minus introïtu magnum ingruit Illud,
 Quo facere & fungi, quo res existere circùm
 Quamque sibi proprio cum corpore scimus, & ire
 Ordine, perpetuoque per ævum flumine labi.
 Nunc age quo valeat pacto, quâ sensilis arte
 Affectare viam, atque animi tentare latebras
 Materies (dictis aures adverte faventes)
 Exsequar. Imprimis spatii quam multa per
 æquor
 Millia multigenis pandant se corpora seclis,

Expende. Haud unum invenies, quod mente
licebit

Amplecti, nedum propriùs deprendere sensu,
Molis egens certæ, aut solido sine robore, cujus
Denique mobilitas linqvit, texturave partes,
Ulla nec orarum circumcæsura coërcet.

Hæc conjuncta adeò totâ compage fatetur
Mundus, & extremo clamant in limine rerum,
(Si rebus datur Extremum) primordia. Firmat
Hæc eadem tactus (tactum quis dicere falsum
Audeat?) hæc oculi nec lucidus arguit orbis.

Inde potestatum enasci densissima proles ;
Nam quodcunque ferit visum, tangive laborat,
Quicquid nare bibis, vel concava concipit auris,
Quicquid lingua sapit, credas hoc omne, necesse
est

Ponderibus, textu, discursu, mole, figurâ
Particulas præstare leves, & semina rerum.
Nunc oculos igitur pascunt, & luce ministrâ
Fulgere cuncta vides, spargique coloribus orbem,
Dum de sole trahunt alias, aliasque supernè
Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammâs.
Nunc trepido inter se fervent corpuscula pulsu,

Ut tremor æthera per magnum, latèque natantes
 Aurarum fluctus avidi vibrantia claustra
 Auditûs queat allabi, sonitumque propaget.
 Cominûs interdum non ullo interprete per se
 Nervorum invadunt teneras quatientia fibras,
 Sensiferumque urgent ultrò per viscera motum.

* * *



LIBER QUARTUS.

HACTENUS haud segnis Naturæ arcana retexi
 Musarum interpres, primusque Britanna per arva
 Romano liquidum deduxi flumine rivum.
 Cum Tu opere in medio, spes tanti & causa
 laboris,
 Linquis, & æternam fati te condis in umbram!
 Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
 Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem;
 Et languere oculos vidi, & pallescere amantem
 Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fidesque,
 Altus amor Veri, & purum spirabat Honestum.
 Visa tamen tardi demùm inclementia morbi

Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore Salutem
 Speravi, atque unà tecum, dilecte Favoni!
 Credulus heu longos, ut quondàm, fallere Soles:
 Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
 Heu mæstos Soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
 Per desideria, & questus jam cogor inanes!

At Tu, sancta anima, & nostri non indiga
 luctûs,
 Stellanti templo, sincerique ætheris igne,
 Unde orta es, fruerè; atque ô si segura, nec
 ultra

Mortalis, notos olîm miserata labores
 Respectes, tenuesque vacet cognoscere curas;
 Humanam si fortè altâ de sede procellam
 Contemplêre, metus, stimulosque cupidinis acres,
 Gaudiaque & gemitus, parvoque in corde tu-
 multum

Irarum ingentem, & sævos sub pectore fluctus;
 Respice & has lacrymas, memori quas ictus amore
 Fundo; quod possum, juxtâ lugere sepulchrum
 Dum juvat, & mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ.

* * *

THE
FIRST SCENE OF A TRAGEDY,
DESIGNED IN 1742, BY MR. GRAY,
 ON THE SUBJECT OF
THE DEATH OF AGRIPPINA [47].

[Mr. Mason's account of this Fragment is as follows: "The Britannicus
 " of M. Racine, I know, was one of Mr. Gray's most favourite plays;
 " and the admirable manner in which I have heard him say that he
 " saw it represented at Paris, seems to have led him to choose the
 " death of Agrippina for this his first and only effort in the drama.
 " The execution of it also, as far as it goes, is so very much in Racine's
 " taste, that I suspect, if that great poet had been born an English-
 " man, he would have written precisely in the same style and man-
 " ner. However, as there is at present in this nation a general pre-
 " judice against declamatory plays, I agree with a learned friend,
 " who perused the manuscript, that this fragment will be little re-
 " lished by the many; yet the admirable strokes of nature and cha-
 " racter with which it abounds, and the majesty of its diction, pre-
 " vent me from withholding from the few, who I expect will relish
 " it, so great a curiosity (to call it nothing more) as part of a tragedy
 " written by Mr. Gray. These persons well know, that till style and
 " sentiment be a little more regarded, mere action and passion will
 " never secure reputation to the Author, whatever they may do to
 " the Actor. It is the business of the one " to strut and fret his hour
 " upon the stage;" and if he frets and struts enough, he is sure to find

[47] See Tacitus' Annals, Book xiii. xiv.

" his reward in the plaudit of an upper gallery ; but the other ought
 " to have some regard to the cooler judgment of the closet: For I
 " will be bold to say, that if Shakespeare himself had not written a
 " multitude of passages which please there as much as they do on the
 " stage, his reputation would not stand so universally high as it does
 " at present. Many of these passages, to the shame of our theatrical
 " taste, are omitted constantly in the representation: But I say not
 " this from conviction that the mode of writing, which Mr. Gray
 " pursued, is the best for dramatic purposes. I think myself, that a
 " medium between the French and English taste would be preferable
 " to either ; and yet this medium, if hit with the greatest nicety, would
 " fail of success on our theatre, and that for a very obvious reason.
 " Actors (I speak of the troop collectively) must all learn to speak as
 " well as act, in order to do justice to such a drama.

" But let me hasten to give the reader what little insight I can into Mr.
 " Gray's plan, as I find, and select it from two detached papers. The
 " Title and Dramatis Personæ are as follow :

AGRIPPINA,

A TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Agrippina, the Empress mother.

Nero, the Emperor.

Poppæa, believed to be in love with *Otho*.

Otho, a young man of quality, in love with *Poppæa*.

Seneca, the Emperor's preceptor.

Anicetus, Captain of the Guards.

Demetrius, the Cynic, friend to *Seneca*.

Aceronia, Confidant to *Agrippina*.

SCENE, the Emperor's villa at Baïæ.

" The argument drawn out by him, in these two papers, under the idea
 " of a plot and under-plot, I shall here unite ; as it will tend to show
 " that the action itself was possessed of sufficient unity.

“ The drama opens with the indignation of Agrippina, at receiving her
 “ son’s orders from Anicetus to remove from Baiæ, and to have her
 “ guard taken from her. At this time Otho having conveyed Poppæa
 “ from the house of her husband Rufus Crispinus, brings her to
 “ Baiæ, where he means to conceal her among the crowd; or, if his
 “ fraud is discovered, to have recourse to the Emperor’s authority;
 “ but, knowing the lawless temper of Nero, he determines not to
 “ have recourse to that expedient but on the utmost necessity.
 “ In the meantime he commits her to the care of Anicetus,
 “ whom he takes to be his friend, and in whose age he thinks
 “ he may safely confide. Nero is not yet come to Baiæ; but
 “ Seneca, whom he sends before him, informs Agrippina of the ac-
 “ cusation concerning Rubellius Plancus, and desires her to clear
 “ herself, which she does briefly; but demands to see her son, who,
 “ on his arrival, acquits her of all suspicion, and restores her to her
 “ honours. In the mean while Anicetus, to whose care Poppæa had
 “ been entrusted by Otho, contrives the following plot to ruin Agrip-
 “ pina: He betrays his trust to Otho, and brings Nero, as it were by
 “ chance, to the sight of the beautiful Poppæa; the Emperor is im-
 “ mediately struck with her charms, and she, by a feigned resistance,
 “ increases his passion; though, in reality, she is from the first daz-
 “ zled with the prospect of empire, and forgets Otho: She therefore
 “ joins with Anicetus in his design of ruining Agrippina, soon per-
 “ ceiving that it will be for her interest. Otho hearing that the Em-
 “ peror had seen Poppæa, is much enraged; but not knowing that
 “ this interview was obtained through the treachery of Anicetus, is
 “ readily persuaded by him to see Agrippina in secret, and acquaint
 “ her with his fears that her son Nero would marry Poppæa. Agrip-
 “ pina, to support her own power, and to wean the Emperor from
 “ the love of Poppæa, gives Otho encouragement, and promises to
 “ support him. Anicetus secretly introduces Nero to hear their dis-
 “ course; who resolves immediately on his mother’s death, and, by
 “ Anicetus’s means, to destroy her by drowning. A solemn feast, in
 “ honour of their reconciliation, is to be made; after which she
 “ being to go by sea to Bauli, the ship is so contrived as to sink or
 “ crush her; she escapes by accident, and returns to Baiæ. In this
 “ interval, Otho has an interview with Poppæa; and, being duped a
 “ second time by Anicetus and her, determines to fly with her into
 “ Greece, by means of a vessel which is to be furnished by Anicetus;
 “ but he, pretending to remove Poppæa on board in the night, con-

“veys her to Nero’s apartment: She there encourages and determines Nero to banish Otho, and finish the horrid deed he had attempted on his mother. Anicetus undertakes to execute his resolves; and, under pretence of a plot upon the Emperor’s life, is sent with a guard to murder Agrippina, who is still at Baiæ in imminent fear, and irresolute how to conduct herself. The account of her death, and the Emperor’s horror and fruitless remorse, finishes the drama.”]

ACT I. SCENE I.

AGRIPPINA, ACERONIA.

AGRIPPINA.

’TIS well, begone! your errand is perform’d:

[Speaks as to Anicetus entering.

The message needs no comment. Tell your master,
His mother shall obey him. Say you saw her
Yielding due reverence to his high command:
Alone, unguarded, and without a Lictor,
As fits the daughter of Germanicus.
Say, she retired to Antium; there to tend
Her household cares, a woman’s best employment.
What if you add, how she turn’d pale, and trem-
bled;
You think, you spied a tear stand in her eye,

And would have dropp'd but that her pride re-
strain'd it?

(Go! you can paint it well) 'twill profit you,
And please the stripling. Yet 'twould dash his joy
To hear the spirit of Britannicus
Yet walks on earth: at least there are who know
Without a spell to raise, and bid it fire
A thousand haughty hearts, unus'd to shake
When a boy frowns, nor to be lur'd with smiles
To taste of hollow kindness, or partake
His hospitable board: They are aware
Of th' unpledg'd bowl, they love not aconite.

ACERONIA.

He's gone; and much I hope these walls alone
And the mute air are privy to your passion.
Forgive your servant's fears, who sees the danger
Which fierce resentment cannot fail to raise
In haughty youth and irritated power.

AGRIPPINA.

And dost thou talk to me, to me, of danger,
Of haughty youth and irritated power,

To her that gave it being, her that arm'd
 This painted Jove, and taught his novice hand
 To aim the forked bolt; while he stood trembling
 Scar'd at the sound, and dazzled with its bright-
 ness?

'Tis like, thou hast forgot, when yet a stranger
 To adoration, to the grateful steam
 Of flattery's incense, and obsequious vows
 From voluntary realms, a puny boy,
 Deck'd with no other lustre than the blood
 Of Agrippina's race, he liv'd unknown
 To fame, or fortune; haply eyed at distance
 Some edileship, ambitious of the power
 To judge of weights and measures; scarcely dar'd
 On expectation's strongest wing to soar
 High as the consulate, that empty shade
 Of long-forgotten liberty: When I
 Op'd his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness;
 Shew'd him where empire tower'd, and bade him
 strike

The noble quarry. Gods! then was the time
 To shrink from danger; fear might then have worn

The mask of prudence ; but a heart like mine,
 A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,
 If bright Ambition from her craggy seat
 Display the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
 Gain the rough heights, and grasp the dangerous
 honour.

ACERONIA.

Thro' various life I have pursued your steps,
 Have seen your soul, and wonder'd at its daring :
 Hence rise my fears. Nor am I yet to learn
 How vast the debt of gratitude which Nero
 To such a mother owes ; the world, you gave him,
 Suffices not to pay the obligation.

I well remember too (for I was present)
 When in a secret and dead hour of night,
 Due sacrifice perform'd with barb'rous rites
 Of mutter'd charms, and solemn invocation,
 You bade the Magi call the dreadful powers,
 That read futurity, to know the fate
 Impending o'er your son : Their answer was,
 If the son reign the mother perishes.

Perish (you cry'd) the mother! reign the son!
 He reigns, the rest is heav'n's; who oft has bade,
 Ev'n when its will seem'd wrote in lines of blood,
 Th' unthought event disclose a whiter meaning.
 Think too how oft in weak and sickly minds
 The sweets of kindness lavishly indulg'd
 Rankle to gall; and benefits too great
 To be repaid, sit heavy on the soul,
 As unrequited wrongs. The willing homage
 Of prostrate Rome, the senate's joint applause,
 The riches of the earth, the train of pleasures
 That wait on youth, and arbitrary sway;
 These were your gift, and with them you bestow'd
 The very power he has to be ungrateful.

AGRIPPINA.

Thus ever grave and undisturb'd reflection
 Pours its cool dictates in the madding ear
 Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.
 Say'st thou I must be cautious, must be silent,
 And tremble at the phantom I have rais'd?
 Carry to him thy timid counsels. He

Perchance may heed 'em: Tell him too, that one
 Who had such liberal power to give, may still
 With equal power resume that gift, and raise
 A tempest that shall shake her own creation
 To its original atoms—tell me! say,
 This mighty Emperor, this dreaded Hero,
 Has he beheld the glittering front of war?
 Knows his soft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
 And outcry of the battle? Have his limbs
 Sweat under iron harness? Is he not
 The silken son of dalliance, nurs'd in Ease
 And Pleasure's flowery lap?—Rubellius lives,
 And Sylla has his friends, tho' school'd by fear
 To bow the supple knee, and court the times
 With shows of fair obeisance; and a call,
 Like mine, might serve belike to wake pretensions
 Drowsier than their's, who boast the genuine blood
 Of our imperial house.

ACERONIA.

Did I not wish to check this dangerous passion,
 I might remind my mistress that her nod

Can rouse eight hardy legions, wont to stem
 With stubborn nerves the tide, and face the rigour
 Of bleak Germania's snows. Four, not less brave,
 That in Armenia quell the Parthian force
 Under the warlike Corbulo, by you
 Mark'd for their leader: These, by ties confirm'd,
 Of old respect and gratitude, are yours.
 Surely the Masians too, and those of Egypt,
 Have not forgot your sire: The eye of Rome
 And the Prætorian camp have long rever'd,
 With custom'd awe, the daughter, sister, wife,
 And mother of their Cæsars.

AGRIPPINA.

Ha! by Juno,
 It bears a noble semblance. On this base
 My great revenge shall rise; or say we sound
 The trump of liberty; there will not want,
 Even in the servile senate, ears to own
 Her spirit-stirring voice; Soranus there,
 And Cassius; Vetus too, and Thræsea,
 Minds of the antique cast, rough, stubborn souls,

That struggle with the yoke. How shall the spark
 Unquenchable, that glows within their breasts,
 Blaze into freedom, when the idle herd
 (Slaves from the womb, created but to stare,
 And bellow in the Circus) yet will start,
 And shake 'em at the name of liberty,
 Stung by a senseless word, a vain tradition,
 As there were magic in it? Wrinkled beldams
 Teach it their grandchildren, as somewhat rare
 That anciently appear'd, but when, extends
 Beyond their chronicle—oh! 'tis a cause
 To arm the hand of childhood, and rebrace
 The slacken'd sinews of time-wearied age.

Yes, we may meet, ungrateful boy, we may!
 Again the buried genius of old Rome
 Shall from the dust uprear his reverend head,
 Rous'd by the shout of millions: There before
 His high tribunal thou and I appear.
 Let majesty sit on thy awful brow,
 And lighten from thy eye: Around thee call
 The gilded swarm that wantons in the sunshine

Of thy full favour ; Seneca be there
 In gorgeous phrase of laboured eloquence
 To dress thy plea, and Burrhus strengthen it
 With his plain soldier's oath, and honest seeming.
 Against thee, liberty and Agrippina:
 The world the prize ; and fair befall the victors.

But soft! why do I waste the fruitless hours
 In threats unexecuted? Haste thee, fly
 These hated walls that seem to mock my shame,
 And cast me forth in duty to their lord.

ACERONIA.

'Tis time we go, the sun is high advanc'd,
 And, ere mid-day, Nero will come to Baiæ.

AGRIPPINA.

My thought aches at him ; not the basilisk
 More deadly to the sight, than is to me
 The cool injurious eye of frozen kindness.
 I will not meet its poison. Let him feel
 Before he sees me.

ACERONIA.

Why then stays my sovereign,
Where he soon may——

AGRIPPINA.

Yes, I will be gone,
But not to Antium— all shall be confess'd,
Whate'er the frivolous tongue of giddy fame
Has spread among the crowd ; things that but
whisper'd
Have arch'd the hearer's brow, and rivetted
His eyes in fearful ecstasy: No matter
What; so't be strange, and dreadful,— Sorceries,
Assassinations, poisonings—the deeper
My guilt, the blacker his ingratitude.
And you, ye manes of Ambition's victims,
Enshrined Claudius, with the pitied ghosts
Of the Syllani, doom'd to early death,
(Ye unavailing horrors, fruitless crimes!)
If from the realms of night my voice ye hear,
In lieu of penitence, and vain remorse,
Accept my vengeance. Tho' by me ye bled,

He was the cause. My love, my fears for him,
 Dried the soft springs of pity in my heart,
 And froze them up with deadly cruelty.
 Yet if your injur'd shades demand my fate,
 If murder cries for murder, blood for blood,
 Let me not fall alone ; but crush his pride,
 And sink the traitor in his mother's ruin.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

OTHO, POPPÆA.

OTHO.

Thus far we're safe. Thanks to the rosy queen
 Of amorous thefts: And had her wanton son
 Lent us his wings, we could not have beguil'd
 With more elusive speed the dazzled sight
 Of wakeful jealousy. Be gay securely ;
 Dispel, my fair, with smiles, the tim'rous cloud
 That hangs on thy clear brow. So Helen look'd,
 So her white neck reclin'd, so was she borne

By the young Trojan to his gilded bark
With fond reluctance, yielding modesty,
And oft reverted eye, as if she knew not
Whether she fear'd, or wish'd to be pursued.

* * * * *



HYMN TO IGNORANCE.

A FRAGMENT.

[This is supposed to have been written about the year 1742, the time when Mr. Gray returned to Cambridge.]

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 do'st thou still oppose
 Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes?
 Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
 The massy sceptre o'er thy slumb'ring 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 transient 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

* * * * *



THE
ALLIANCE
 OF
 EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.
 A FRAGMENT [48].

ESSAY I.

——— Πόταν ᾗ γειθέ; τῶν γὰρ αἰδῶν
 Οὐτι πω εἰς Αἶδαν γε τὸν ἐκλελάστον αὖ φυλαξέεις.

THEOCRITUS.

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:

[48] In a Note in his Roman History, Mr. Gibbon says, " Instead of
 " compiling Tables of Chronology and Natural History, why did not
 " Mr. Gray apply the powers of his genius to finish the philosophic
 " poem of which he has left such an exquisite specimen?"

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,
 Unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
 That health and vigour to the soul impart,
 Spread the young thought, and warm the open-
 ing heart:

So fond instruction on the growing powers
 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 showers of plenty o'er the land:
 But Tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
 To check their tender hopes 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 memory to retain,
 They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain ;
 Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
 The event presages, and explores the cause ;
 The soft returns of gratitude they know,
 By fraud elude, by force repel 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 the 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 issued, host impelling host,
 The blue-eyed 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 drowns her lessening
 lands ;
 And sees far off with an indignant groan
 Her native plains, and empires once her own?
 Can opener skies and suns 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?

An iron-race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
 Foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
 For where unwearied 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 Ægypt 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

* * * * *

SONNET

ON

THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST [49].

IN vain to me the smiling Mornings shine,
 And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire :
 The birds in vain their amorous 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 the 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 warm their little loves the birds complain :
 I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
 And weep the more because I weep in vain.

[49] Only Son of Lord Chancellor West, of Ireland.

EPITAPH ON MRS. CLARKE.

[This Lady, the Wife of Dr. Clarke, Physician at Epsom, died April 27, 1757 ; and is buried in the Church of Beckenham, Kent.]

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 Wound 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?
 A Pang, to secret sorrow dear ;
 A Sigh ; an unavailing Tear ;
 Till Time shall ev'ry grief remove,
 With Life, with Memory, and with Love.

EPITAPH

ON SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS [50].

[This Epitaph was written at the request of Mr. Frederick Montagu, who intended to have inscribed it on a Monument at Belleisle, at the siege of which this accomplished youth was killed, 1761 ; but from some difficulty attending the erection of it, this design was not executed.]

HERE, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,
 Young Williams fought for England's fair re-
 nown ;

His mind each Muse, each Grace adorn'd his frame,
 Nor Envy dar'd to view him with a frown.

At Aix, his voluntary sword he drew [51],
 There first in blood his infant honour seal'd ;
 From fortune, pleasure, science, love he flew,
 And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.

[50] Sir William Peere Williams, bart. a Captain in Burgoyne's dragoons.

[51] Sir William Williams, in the Expedition to Aix, was on board the *Magnanime* with Lord Howe ; and was deputed to receive the capitulation.

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,
Victor he stood on Belleisle's rocky steeps—
Ah, gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
Where melancholy Friendship bends and weeps.



STANZAS TO MR. BENTLEY.

A FRAGMENT.

[These were in compliment to Mr. Bentley, who drew a set of Designs for Mr. Gray's Poems, particularly a Head-piece to *The Long Story*.

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 Shakespeare's or in Milton's page,
 The pomp and prodigality of heav'n.

As when conspiring in the diamond'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 confest*,
 A sigh of soft reflection *heave the heart* [52].

* * * * *

[52] The words in *Italick* were supplied by Mr. Mason.

SONG.

[This was written, at the request of Miss Speed, to an old Air of Germani: the thought from the French.]

THYRSIS, when he left me, swore
 In the Spring he would return—
 Ah! what means the op'ning flower!
 And the bud that decks the thorn!
 'Twas the nightingale that sung!
 'Twas the lark that upward sprung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
 Why such unavailing haste?
 Gentle gales and sky serene
 Prove not always Winter past.
 Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,
 Spare the honour of my love.

THE

ENQUIRY.

[The following amatory Lines having been found among the MSS. of Gray, but bearing no title, I have ventured, for the sake of uniformity in this Volume, to prefix the above. The Lines themselves will be found in a Note in the second volume of Warton's Edition of Pope's Works, lately published.]

WITH Beauty, with Pleasure surrounded, to
 languish—
 To weep without knowing the cause of my an-
 guish ;
 To start from short slumbers, and wish for the
 morning—
 To close my dull eyes when I see it returning ;
 Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected—
 Words that steal from my tongue, by no mean-
 ing connected !
 Ah, say, fellow-swains, how these symptoms be-
 fel me ?
 They smile, but reply not—Sure DELIA CAN
 TELL ME !

TOPHET:

AN

EPIGRAM.

[Mr. Etough [53], of Cambridge University, was a person as remarkable for the eccentricities of his character, as for his personal appearance. A Mr. Tyson, of Bene't College, made an etching of his head, and presented it to Mr. Gray, who wrote under it the following lines:]

THUS Tophet look'd ; so grinn'd the brawling
fiend,
Whilst frighted prelates bow'd, and call'd him
friend.
Our mother-church, with half-averted sight,
Blush'd as she bless'd her grisly proselyte ;
Hosannas rung thro' Hell's tremendous borders,
And Satan's self had thoughts of taking orders.

[53] Some information respecting this gentleman (who was Rector of Therfield, Herts, and of Colmworth, Bedfordshire) will be found in the Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. LVI. p. 25. 281. For the SKETCH of his PORTRAIT I am indebted to the kindness of JOHN NICHOLS, Esq.



Designed by the Rev. H. Mason.

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IMPROMPTU,

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW, IN 1766,

OF THE

SEAT AND RUINS OF A DECEASED NOBLEMAN,

AT KINGSGATE, KENT.

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
 Here H—d form'd the pious resolution
 To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
 A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice ;
 Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighb'ring sand ;
 Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
 And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to
 land.

Here reign the blust'ring North and blighting East,
 No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing ;
 Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,
 Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.

Here mould'ring fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monast'ries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

“ Ah!” said the sighing peer, “ had B—te been
“ true,
“ Nor M—'s, R—'s, B—'s friendship vain,
“ Far better scenes than these had blest our view,
“ And realiz'd the beauties which we feign.

“ Purg'd by the sword, and purify'd by fire,
“ Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
“ Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
“ And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's.”



THE
CANDIDATE ;

OR,

THE CAMBRIDGE COURTSHIP.

[This *jeu d'esprit* was written a short time previous to the Election of a High Steward of the University of Cambridge, for which Office the Noble Lord alluded to made an active Canvas.]

WHEN sly Jemmy Twitcher had smugg'd up
 his face,

With a lick of court white-wash, and pious grimace,
 A wooing he went, where three sisters of old
 In harmless society guttle and scold.

Lord! sister, says PHYSIC to LAW, I declare,
 Such a sheep-biting look, such a pick-pocket air!
 Not I for the Indies!—You know I'm no prude,—
 But his name is a shame,—and his eyes are so lewd!
 Then he shambles and straddles so oddly—I fear—
 No—at our time of life 'twould be silly, my dear.

I don't know, says LAW, but methinks for his look
 'Tis just like the picture in Rochester's book ;
 Then his character, *Phyzzzy*,—his morals—his
 life—

When she died, I can't tell, but he once had a wife.
 They say he's no Christian, loves drinking and
 w——g,

And all the town rings of his swearing and roaring !
 His lying and filching, and Newgate-bird tricks ;—
 Not I—for a coronet, chariot and six.

DIVINITY heard, between waking and dozing,
 Her sisters denying, and Jemmy proposing :
 From table she rose, and with bumper in hand,
 She strok'd up her belly, and strok'd down her
 band—

What a pother is here about wenching and roaring !
 Why, David lov'd catches, and Solomon w——g :
 Did not Israel filch from th' Egyptians of old
 Their jewels of silver and jewels of gold ?
 The prophet of Bethel, we read, told a lie ;
 He drinks—so did Noah ;—he swears—so do I :

To reject him for such peccadillos, were odd ;
 Besides, he repents—for he talks about G**—

[To Jemmy]

Never hang down your head, you poor penitent elf,
 Come buss me—I'll be Mrs. *Twitcher* myself.

* * * * *
 * * * * *



SKETCH

OF

HIS OWN CHARACTER.

[This was written in 1761, and was found in one of his pocket-books.]

TOO poor for a bribe, and too proud to impo-
tune ;

He had not the method of making a fortune:
Could love, and could hate, so was thought some-
what 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 [54].

[54] At that time Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards Bishop of St. David's.

POEMS:

ADDRESSED TO, AND IN MEMORY OF,

MR. GRAY.

[EXCEPT THE *SECOND* AND *EIGHTH*, NONE OF THESE
WERE EVER BEFORE COLLECTED.]



TO

MR. GRAY, UPON HIS ODES.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. [55]

REPINE not, Gray, that our weak dazzled eyes
Thy daring heights and brightness shun ;
How few can trace the eagle to the skies,
Or, like him, gaze upon the sun !

Each gentle reader loves the gentle Muse,
That little dares, and little means ;
Who humbly sips her learning from *Reviews*,
Or flutters in the *Magazines*.

No longer now from Learning's sacred store
Our minds their health and vigour draw ;
Homer and *Pindar* are rever'd no more,
No more the *Stagyrite* is law.

[55] From the original MS. in the possession of ISAAC REED, Esq.

Tho' nurst by these, in vain thy Muse appears
To breathe her ardours in our souls ;
In vain to sightless eyes and deaden'd ears,
The lightning gleams, the thunder rolls :

Yet droop not, Gray, nor quit thy heaven-born art,
Again thy wond'rous powers reveal ;
Wake slumb'ring Virtue in the Briton's heart,
And rouse us to reflect and feel !

With ancient deeds our long-chill'd bosoms fire,
Those deeds that mark Eliza's reign !
Make Britons Greeks again, then strike the lyre,
And *Pindar* shall not sing in vain.



ODE TO MR. GRAY,

ON

THE BACKWARDNESS OF SPRING.

BY THE LATE MR. RICHARD WEST.

DEAR Gray, that always in my heart
Possessest far the better part,
What mean these sudden blasts that rise
And drive the Zephyrs from the skies?
O join with mine thy tuneful lay,
And invoke the tardy May.

Come, fairest Nymph, resume thy reign!
Bring all the Graces in thy train!
With balmy breath and flowery tread,
Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed;
Where, in elysian slumber bound,
Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round.

Awake, in all thy glories drest,
Recal the Zephyrs from the west ;
Restore the sun, revive the skies,
At mine, and Nature's call, arise !
Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,
And misses her accustom'd May.

See! all her works demand thy aid ;
The labours of Pomona fade :
A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree ;
Each budding flow'ret calls for thee ;
The birds forget to love and sing ;
With storms alone the forests ring.

Come then, with Pleasure at thy side,
Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide ;
Create, where'er thou turn'st thine eye,
Peace, Plenty, Love, and Harmony ;
Till ev'ry being share its part,
And Heav'n and Earth be glad at heart.

ODE

ON

THE DEATH OF MR. GRAY.

Me quoque Musarum studium sub nocte silenti
 Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet.

CLAUDIAN.

ENOUGH of fabling, and th' unhallow'd haunts
 Of Dian' and of Delia, names profane,
 Since not Diana nor all Delia's train
 Are subjects that befit a serious song ;
 For who the bards among
 May but compare with thee, lamented Gray!
 Whose pensive solemn lay
 Drew all the list'ning shepherds in a ring,
 Well pleas'd to hear thee sing
 Thy moving notes, on sunny hill or plain,
 And catch new grace from thy immortal strain.

O wood-hung Menai, and ye sacred groves
 Of Delphi, we still venerate your names,
 Whose awful shades inspir'd the Druids dreams.
 Your recess, tho' imagin'd, Fancy loves,
 And thro' these long-lost scenes delighted roves:
 So future bards perhaps shall sing of Thames,
 And as they sing shall say,
 'Twas there of old where mus'd illustrious Gray!
 By Isis' banks his tuneful lays would suit
 To Pindar's lofty lyre, or Sappho's Lesbian lute.

Oft would he sing, when the still Eve came on,
 Till sable Night resum'd her ebon throne,
 And taught us, in his melancholic mood,
 To scorn the great, and love the wise and good;
 Told us, 'twas virtue never dies,
 And to what ills frail mankind open lies;
 How safe thro' life's tempestuous sea to steer,
 Where dang'rous rocks and shelves and whirl-
 pools oft appear.

And when fair Morn arose again to view,
A fairer landscape still he drew,
That blooms like Eden in his charming lays,
The hills and dales, and Heav'n's cerulean blue,
Brighten'd o'er all by Sol's resplendent rays.
The musky gale, in rosy vale,
And gilded clouds on azure hills,
The fragrant bow'rs, and painted flow'rs,
And tinklings of the silver rills ;
The very insects, that in sun-beams play,
Turn useful monitors in his grave moral lay.

But, ah! sad Melancholy intervenes,
And draws a cloud o'er all these shining scenes.
'Tis her, alas! we often find,
The troubler of each great unbounded mind,
And leagu'd with her associate Fear,
Will tremble lest the turning sphere,
And sinking earth, and reeling planets run
In dire disorder with the falling sun.

But now, great Bard, thy life of pain is o'er ;
'Tis we must weep, tho' thou shalt grieve no more.
Thro' other scenes thou now dost rove,
And cloth'd with gladness walk'st the courts above,
And listen'st to the heav'nly choir,
Hymning their God, while seraphs strike the lyre.
Safe with them in those radiant climes of bliss,
Thou now enjoy'st eternal happiness.



ODE

ON

THE DEATH OF MR. GRAY,

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

EARL OF CARLISLE.

WHAT spirit's that which mounts on high,
Borne on the arms of every tuneful Muse?
His white robes flutter to the gale:
They wing their way to yonder opening sky,
In glorious state through yielding clouds
they sail,
And scents of heavenly flowers on earth diffuse.

What avails the poet's art?
What avails his magic hand?
Can he arrest death's pointed dart,
Or charm to sleep his murderous band?

Well I know thee, gentle shade!
 That tuneful voice, that eagle eye. —
 Quick bring me flowers that ne'er shall fade,
 The laurel wreath that ne'er shall die ;
 With every honour deck his funeral bier,
 For he to every Grace, and every Muse was dear!

The listening Dryad, with attention still,
 On tiptoe oft would near the poet steal,
 To hear him sing upon the lonely hill
 Of all the wonders of th' expanded vale,
 The distant hamlet, and the winding stream,
 The steeple shaded by the friendly yew,
 Sunk in the wood the sun's departing gleam,
 The grey-rob'd landscape stealing from the view.
 [56] Or wrapt in solemn thought, and pleasing
 woe,
 O'er each low tomb he breath'd his pious strain,
 A lesson to the village swain,
 And taught the tear of rustic grief to flow!—

[56] This alludes to Mr. Gray's Elegy written in a Country Church-yard.



[57] But soon with bolder note, and wilder flight,
 O'er the loud strings his rapid hand would run :
 Mars hath lit his torch of war,
 Ranks of heroes fill the sight !
 Hark! the carnage is begun!
 And see the furies through the fiery air
 O'er Cambria's frighten'd land the screams of
 horror bear!

[58] Now led by playful Fancy's hand
 O'er the white surge he treads with printless feet,
 To magic shores he flies, and fairy land,
 Imagination's blest retreat.
 Here roses paint the crimson way,
 No setting sun, eternal May,
 Wild as the priestess of the Thracian fane,
 When Bacchus leads the madd'ning train,
 His bosom glowing with celestial fire,
 To harmony he struck the golden lyre ;

[57] *The Bard*, a Pindaric Ode.

[58] *The Progress of Poetry*, a Pindaric Ode.

To harmony each hill and valley rung!
 The bird of Jove, as when Apollo sung,
 To melting bliss resign'd his furious soul,
 With milder rage his eyes began to roll,
 The heaving down his thrilling joys confest,
 Till by a mortal's hand subdued he sunk to rest.

[59] O, guardian angel of our early day,
 Henry, thy darling plant must bloom no more!
 By thee attended, pensive would he stray,
 Where Thames soft-murmuring laves his
 winding shore.

Thou bad'st him raise the moralizing song,
 Through life's new seas the little bark to steer;
 The winds are rude and high, the sailor young;
 Thoughtless he spies no furious tempest near,
 Till to the poet's hand the helm you gave,
 From hidden rocks an infant crew to save!

[59] Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.

[60] Ye fiends who rankle in the human heart,
 Delight in woe, and triumph in our tears,
 Resume again
 Your dreadful reign:
 Prepare the iron scourge, prepare the venom'd
 dart,
 Adversity no more with lenient airs appear:
 The snakes that twine about her head
 Again their frothy poison shed ;
 For who can now her whirlwind flight controul,
 Her threatening rage beguile?
 He who could still the tempest of her soul,
 And force her livid lips to smile,
 To happier seats is fled!
 Now seated by his Thracian sire,
 At the full feast of mighty Jove
 To heavenly themes attunes his lyre,
 And fills with harmony the realms above!

LINES

TO

THE MEMORY OF MR. GRAY,

EXTRACTED FROM THE THIRD BOOK OF

MASON'S "ENGLISH GARDEN."

CLOS'D is that curious ear, by death's cold
hand,

That mark'd each error of my careless strain
With kind severity ; to whom my muse
Still lov'd to whisper, what she meant to sing
In louder accent ; to whose taste supreme
She first and last appeal'd, nor wish'd for praise,
Save when his smile was herald to her fame.
Yes, thou art gone ; yet friendship's fault'ring
tongue

Invokes thee still ; and still, by fancy sooth'd,
Fain would she hope her Gray attends the call.
Why then, alas ! in this my fav'rite haunt,

Place I the urn, the bust, the sculptur'd lyre[61],
 Or fix this votive tablet, fair inscrib'd
 With numbers worthy thee, for they are thine?
 Why, if thou hear'st me still, these symbols sad
 Of fond memorial? Ah! my pensive soul!
 He hears me not, nor ever more shall hear
 The theme his candour, not his taste approv'd.

Oft, 'smiling as in scorn,' oft would he cry,
 "Why waste thy numbers on a trivial art,
 "That ill can mimic even the humblest charms
 "Of all-majestic Nature?" at the word
 His eye would glisten, and his accents glow
 With all the Poet's frenzy, "Sov'reign queen!

[61] Mr. Gray died July 31st, 1771. This book was begun a few months after. The three following lines allude to a rustic alcove the author was then building in his garden, in which he placed a medallion of his friend, and an urn; a lyre over the entrance with the motto from Pindar, which Mr. Gray had prefixt to his Odes, ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ, and under it, on a tablet, this stanza, taken from the first edition of his Elegy written in a Country Church-yard.

Here scatter'd oft, the loveliest of the year,
 By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
 The redbreast loves to build and warble *here*,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

“ Behold, and tremble, while thou view’st her
 “ state
 “ Thron’d on the heights of Skiddaw: call thy
 “ art
 “ To build her such a throne; that art will feel
 “ How vain her best pretensions. Trace her
 “ march
 “ Amid the purple craggs of Borrowdale;
 “ And try like those to pile thy range of rock
 “ In rude tumultuous chaos. See! she mounts
 “ Her Naiad car, and, down Lodore’s dread cliff
 “ Falls many a fathom, like the headlong bard
 “ My fabling fancy plung’d in Conway’s flood;
 “ Yet not like him to sink in endless night:
 “ For, on its boiling bosom, still she guides
 “ Her buoyant shell, and leads the wave along;
 “ Or spreads it broad, a river, or a lake,
 “ As suits her pleasure; will thy boldest song
 “ E’er brace the sinews of enervate art
 “ To such dread daring? will it ev’n direct
 “ Her hand to emulate those softer charms
 “ That deck the banks of Dove, or call to birth

“ The bare romantic craggs, and copses green,
 “ That sidelong grace her circuit, whence the
 “ rills,
 “ Bright in their crystal purity, descend
 “ To meet their sparkling queen? around each
 “ fount
 “ The hawthorns crowd, and knit their blossom'd
 “ sprays
 “ To keep their sources sacred. Here, even here,
 “ Thy art, each active sinew stretch'd in vain,
 “ Would perish in its pride. Far rather thou
 “ Confess her scanty power, correct, controul,
 “ Tell her how far, nor farther, she may go;
 “ And rein with reason's curb fantastic taste.”

Yes, I will hear thee, dear lamented shade,
 And hold each dictate sacred. What remains
 Unsung shall so each leading rule select
 As if still guided by thy judgment sage ;
 While, as still modell'd to thy curious ear,
 Flow my melodious numbers; so shall praise,
 If aught of praise the verse I weave may claim,
 From just posterity reward my song.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. GRAY.

* * * * *

Fair are the gardens of the Aonian mount,
 And sweet those blooming flow'rs
 Which paint the Maiden's bow'rs.
 And clear the waters of the gurgling fount:
 Swift they wind through chequer'd allies;
 Huddling down to th' open vallies;
 Where the quick ripple in the sunbeams plays,
 Turning to endless forms each glance of twinkling
 blaze.

O'er the gay scene th' enamour'd inmates roam:
 And gather fresh ideas as they rise
 From Nature's manifold supplies.
 Alas! for whom!

Many a gleam of sprightly thought,
 Many a sad and sable mood,
 Whether from dazzling lustre brought,
 Or nurs'd by shades of darksome wood,
 Keep death-like silence on their native shore,
 Since he, that gave them speech, is heard no more.

Flown is the spirit of GRAY
 Like common breath to mingle with the air:
 Yet still those Goddesses peculiar care,
 That breathe harmonious lay.
 Retir'd to yonder grassy mound
 In leaves of dusky hue encompass'd round,
 They bid their plaintive accents fill
 The covert hollows of the bosom'd hill:
 With liquid voice and magic hand
 Calliope informs the band:
 Hush'd are the warblers of the grove, attentive
 to the sound.

" Soft and slow
 " Let the melting measures flow,
 " Nor lighter air disturb majestic woe.

“ And thou, sage Priestess [62] of our holy fire,
 “ Who saw’st the Poet’s flame expire,
 “ Thy precious drops profusely shed
 “ O’er his well-deserving head.
 “ Thou nurtur’dst once a grateful throng,
 “ When Milton pour’d the sweets of song
 “ On *Lycidas sunk low* [63].

“ Now wake that faithful lyre — mute Dulness
 “ reigns:
 “ Your echoes waft no more the friendly theme;
 “ Clogg’d with thick vapours from the neighb’ring
 “ plains,
 “ Where old Cam hardly moves his sluggard
 “ stream.
 “ But when some public cause
 “ Claims festive song, or more melodious tear,
 “ Discordant murmurs grate mine ear.
 “ Ne’er model’d by Pierian laws,

[62] Cambridge University, where Gray died.

[63] In 1638 the University published a volume of poems to the memory of Mr. Edward King, Milton’s *Lycidas*.

“ Then idly glares full many a motley toy,
 “ Anacreontic grief, and creeping strains of joy.

“ Far other modes were thine,
 “ Victim of hasty fate,
 “ Whom now the powers of melody deplore ;
 “ Whether in lofty state [64]
 “ Thou bad'st thy train divine
 “ Of raptures on Pindaric pinions soar :
 “ Or hoping from thyself to fly
 “ To *childhood's careless scenes* [65],
 “ Thou sent'st a warm refreshing eye
 “ On Nature's faded greens :

“ Or when thy calm and steadfast mind
 “ With philosophic reach profound
 “ *Self-pleasing* vanities resign'd,
 “ Fond of the look, *that loves the ground* [66] ;
 “ Discern'd by Reason's equal light,
 “ How gaudy Fortune cheats the sight ;

[64] See Gray's Pindaric Odes.

[65] Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College.

[66] Hymn to Adversity.

“ While the coarse maid, inur'd to pain,
 “ Supports the lab'ring heart, and Virtue's happiest
 “ reign.

“ But most the music of thy plaintive moan [67]
 “ With lengthen'd note detains the list'ning ear,
 “ As lost in thought thou wander'st all alone
 “ Where spirits hover round their mansions
 “ drear.

“ By Contemplation's eye serenely view'd,
 “ Each lowly object wears an awful mien:
 “ 'Tis our own blindness veils the latent good:
 “ The works of Nature need but to be seen.

“ Thou saw'st her beaming from the hamlet-sires
 “ *Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade ;*
 “ Where now, still faithful to *their wonted*
 “ *fires* [68],
 “ Thy own dear ashes are *for ever laid.*”

[67] Church-yard Elegy.

[68] Gray was buried at Stoke, the scene of the Elegy.

STANZAS

ON

THE DEATH OF MR. GRAY.

BY A LADY.

WHERE sleeps the Bard who grac'd Museus'
hearse

With fragrant trophies by the Muses wove!
Shall Gray's cold urn in vain demand the verse,
Oh! can his *Mason* fail in plaintive love?

No; with the Nine inwrapp'd in social woe,
His lyre unstrung, sad vigil he must keep;
With them he mourns, with them his eyes o'erflow,
For such a Bard immortal Maids can weep.

Their early pupil in the heav'nly lore
Of sacred poesy and moral song,
They taught the youth on eagle wing to soar,
And bore him thro' aërial heights along.

Fancy, obedient to their dread command,
 With brilliant Genius, marshall'd forth his way;
 They lur'd his steps to Cambria's once-fam'd land,
 And sleeping Druids felt his magic lay.

But vain the magic lay, the warbling lyre,
 Imperious Death! from thy fell grasp to save;
 He knew, and told it with a Poet's fire,
 " The paths of Glory lead but to the grave."

And shall the Bard, whose sympathizing mind
 Mourn'd o'er the simple Rustic's turfy cell,
 To strew his tomb no grateful Mourner find,
 No Village Swain to ring one parting knell?

Yes, honour'd shade! the fringed brook I'll trace,
 Green rushes culling thy dank grave to strew;
 With mountain flow'rs I'll deck the hallow'd place,
 And fence it round with osiers mix'd with yew.

THE

TEARS OF GENIUS:

AN ODE.

BY MR. TAITE.

ON Cam's fair banks, where Learning's hal-
low'd fane

Majestic rises on the astonish'd sight,
Where oft the Muse has led the favourite swain,
And warm'd his soul with Heaven's inspiring
light,

Beneath the covert of the sylvan shade,
Where deadly cypress, mix'd with mournful yew,
Far o'er the vale a gloomy stillness spread,
Celestial Genius burst upon the view.

The bloom of youth, the majesty of years,
 The soften'd aspect, innocent and kind,
 The sigh of sorrow, and the streaming tears,
 Resistless all, their various pow'r combin'd.

In her fair hand a silver harp she bore,
 Whose magic notes, soft-warbling from the
 string,
 Give tranquil joy the breast ne'er knew before,
 Or raise the soul on rapture's airy wing.
 By grief impell'd, I heard her heave a sigh,
 While thus the rapid strain resounded thro' the sky :

Haste, ye sister powers of song,
 Hasten from the shady grove,
 Where the river rolls along,
 Sweetly to the voice of love.

Where, indulging mirthful pleasures,
 Light you press the flow'ry green,
 And from Flora's blooming treasures
 Cull the wreaths for Fancy's queen.

Where your gently-flowing numbers,
 Floating on the fragrant breeze,
 Sink the soul in pleasing slumbers
 On the downy bed of ease.

For graver strains prepare the plaintive lyre,
 That wakes the softest feelings of the soul ;
 Let lonely Grief the melting verse inspire,
 Let deep'ning Sorrow's solemn accents roll.

Rack'd by the hand of rude Disease
 Behold our fav'rite Poet lies!
 While every object form'd to please
 Far from his couch ungrateful flies.

The blissful Muse, whose favouring smile
 So lately warm'd his peaceful breast,
 Diffusing heavenly joys the while,
 In Transport's radiant garments drest,
 With darksome grandeur and enfebl'd blaze,
 Sinks in the shades of night, and shuns his eager
 gaze.

The gaudy train, who wait on Spring [69],
 Ting'd with the pomp of vernal pride,
 The youths who mount on Pleasure's
 wing [70],
 And idly sport on Thames's side,
 With cool regard their various arts employ,
 Nor rouse the drooping mind, nor give the pause
 of joy.

Ha! what forms, with port sublime [71],
 Glide along in sullen mood,
 Scorning all the threats of time,
 High above Misfortune's flood?

They seize their harps, they strike the lyre,
 With rapid hand, with freedom's fire.
 Obedient Nature hears the lofty sound,
 And Snowdon's airy cliffs the heavenly strains re-
 sound.

[69] Ode on Spring.

[70] Ode on the Prospect of Eton College.

[71] The Bard, an Ode.

In pomp of state, behold they wait,
 With arms outstretch'd, and aspects kind,
 To snatch on high to yonder sky,
 The child of Fancy left behind:
 Forgot the woes of Cambria's fatal day,
 By rapture's blaze impell'd, they swell the artless
 lay.

But ah! in vain they strive to sooth,
 With gentle arts, the tort'ring hours;
 Adversity [72], with rankling tooth,
 Her baleful gifts profusely pours.

Behold she comes, the fiend forlorn,
 Array'd in Horror's settled gloom;
 She strews the briar and prickly thorn,
 And triumphs in th' infernal doom.
 With frantic fury and insatiate rage,
 She gnaws the throbbing breast and blasts the
 glowing page.

[72] Hymn to Adversity.

No more the soft Æolian flute [73]
 Breathes thro' the heart the melting strain ;
 The powers of Harmony are mute,
 And leave the once-delightful plain ;
 With heavy wing, I see them beat the air,
 Damp'd by the leaden hand of comfortless Despair.

Yet stay, O! stay, celestial pow'rs,
 And with a hand of kind regard
 Dispel the boist'rous storm that lours
 Destructive on the fav'rite bard ;
 O watch with me his last expiring breath,
 And snatch him from the arms of dark, oblivious
 death.

Hark the Fatal Sisters [74] join,
 And with Horror's mutt'ring sounds,
 Weave the tissue of his line,
 While the dreadful spell resounds.

[73] The Progress of Poesy.

[74] The Fatal Sisters, an Ode.

"Hail, ye midnight sisters, hail,
 " Drive the shuttle swift along ;
 " Let your secret charms prevail
 " O'er the valiant and the strong,

 " O'er the glory of the land,
 " O'er the innocent and gay,
 " O'er the Muse's tuneful band—
 " Weave the fun'ral web of Gray."

'Tis done, 'tis done—the iron hand of pain,
 With ruthless fury and corrosive force,
 Racks every joint, and seizes every vein :
 He sinks, he groans, he falls a lifeless corse.

Thus fades the flow'r nipp'd by the frozen gale,
 Tho' once so sweet, so lovely to the eye :
 Thus the tall oaks, when boist'rous storms assail,
 Torn from the earth, a mighty ruin lie.

Ye sacred sisters of the plaintive verse,
 Now let the stream of fond affection flow ;
 O pay your tribute o'er the slow-drawn hearse,
 With all the manly dignity of woe.

Oft when the Curfew tolls its parting knell
 With solemn pause yon Church-yard's gloom
 survey,
 While Sorrow's sighs and tears of Pity tell
 How just the moral of the Poet's lay [75].

O'er his green grave, in Contemplation's guise,
 Oft let the pilgrim drop a silent tear:
 Oft let the shepherd's tender accents rise,
 Big with the sweets of each revolving year ;
 Till prostrate Time adore his deathless name,
 Fix'd on the solid base of adamantine fame.

[75] Elegy in a Country Church-Yard.

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EPITAPH

ON

MR. GRAY'S MONUMENT,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY MR. MASON.

NO more the Grecian Muse unrivall'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay!
She boasts a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of GRAY.



C. WHITTINGHAM, *Printer,*
Dean Street, Fetter Lane.



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